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FOR 1878-79.

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PREFACE.

WITH this number we have reached to the close of our Sixth Volume.

Publisher and Editor heartily thank alike Contributors and Subscribers, and trust that in the future, as in the past, in all their efforts to advance the interests of Masonic investigation, and to develope the need and utility of the *Masonic Magazine*, they may be cheered and encouraged by that same fraternal consideration which has accompanied their preceding labours, and is the only guarantee we have for the extension of our "Maga," or the diffusion of a healthy and interesting and improving Masonic literature amongst us.

May 24th, 1879.

CONTENTS.

Address on the death of Mozart, 247.
Adventures of Don Pasquale, The 14.
Amabel Vaughan. 26, 64.
Anderson's List of Lodges for 1738, 433.
Another Roman Catholic Attack on Freemasonry, 313.
Anti-Masonry, 51.
Are you a Master Mason, 547.
Art Jottings in Art Studios, 17, 56, 115, 158, 205 284, 308, 352.
Assyrian Discoveries, 230.
Autumn Leaflets, 161.
A Catalogue of Masonic Books in the British Museum, 438, 486, 557. 183 Y4L 7
,, Correct list of the Regular Lodges under the Constitution of England, 7, 177, 242.
,, Masonic Address, 62.
,, Memorable day in Jersey, 60.
,, Mystic Legend of St. John the Evangelist, 465.
,, Perfectly Awfully Lovely Poem, 547.
,, Queer Career, 534.
,, Review.—Islam, 82.
,, Sad Chapter of French History, 466.
,, Visit to Ashover Churchyard, 169.
,, Visit to Tetaun forty years ago, 323.
An Allegory, 415.
,, Amusing Correspondence, 315.
,, Ancient Charge, 19.
,, Evening with the *Adelphoi* Lodge, 369.
,, Hermetic Work, 2, 77, 234, 286, 365, 475.

Barry, M. E., on Architecture, 470.
Beatrice, 54, 107, 155, 201, 258, 306, 349, 405, 461, 516.
Boy's Homes, 321.
Bro. Hughan's New Work, 341.
Bye-laws of an Old Lodge, 386.

Central Asian Races, 262.
Ceylon, 479.
Charter of Scoon and Perth Lodge, 146.
Cleopatra's Needle, 109.
Cyprus, 261.

English and Foreign Masonry in 1878, 290.

Fashionable Slang, 279.
Fell from Aloft, 458.
Freemasonry, 84, 99.
Freemasonry in Kelso, 23.
Freemasonry, its Origin, History, and Design, 299.
From Oxford to London by Water, 222.
From Portland to Bantry Bay in one of Her Majesty's Ironclads, 111.

Gothic Architecture, 311, 345, 423, 564, 570.
Guilds, 293.

Hermes Trismegistus, 555.

In Memoriam, 67.
Insanity and Freemasonry, 495.

Killed by the Natives, 396.

Legends of the Past, 228.
Les Francs-Maçons, 407.
List of Lodges (Constitutions) 1756, 481.
Lost and Saved; or *Nellie Power*, the Missionary's Daughter, 41, 71, 121, 172, 217.

Masonry Veiled in Allegory, 463.
Masonic Notes and Odds, 526.
Masonry and Christianity, 152.
Minutes of Old Lodges in the Provinces of Peebles and Selkirk, 265, 255.
Monthly Masonic Summary, 1, 49, 97, 145, 194, 241, 289, 383.
Modern and Ancient Lodges in America on the Roll of the English Grand Lodge, A.D. 1813, 28.
Masonic Thinkers, 47.
Mildred: An Autumn Romance, 118, 165, 208, 269, 318, 361.

Notes for a History of Freemasonry, 359.
Notes on Science, Literature, and Art, 38, 87, 125, 179, 211, 250, 331, 429, 471, 564.

Obituary for 1878, 378.
Oration on Freemasonry, 102.

Papers on the Great Pyramids, 9.

Reviews, 34, 140, 272, 274, 278, 370.
Records of Old Lodges, 4.

Speeches, 497.
Sketches of Character, 377.
Sketch of an Old Lodge at Falmouth, 50.
St. Alban's Cathedral, 574.

The Beni Mzab, 227.
,, Anglo Saxon Language, 253.
,, Great Pyramid, 387, 455.
,, Grave of Will Adams, 412.
,, Masonic Charities, 510.
,, Heroic Defence of Rorke's Drift, 520.
,, Modern Order of Knights Templar in the British Dominions, 182.
,, Literary Experiences of a Young Man with a Future, 554.
,, Locke MS., 194.
,, Oberammergau Play, 255.
,, Earth's Population, 263.
,, Peasant Countess, 278.
,, Scottish Cradle of Freemasonry, 338.
,, White Rose of the Cherokees, 372.
,, Theatres, 383.
,, Platt Memorial, Oldham, 198.
,, Mason's Trust, 45.
,, Condition of Art in this Country, 93.
,, International Masonic Gathering, 128.
,, So-called Locke MS., 148.
,, Origin and References of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry, 31, 94, 190, 195.
,, Relation of Theism to Freemasonry, 391.

The Proposed Restoration of the West Front of St. Alban's Cathedral, 422.
Tortured by Degrees, 389.
Transmission of Masonic Art and Symbolism in the Fourth Century, 529.
Turf Smoked, 498.
Thoughts on the Good of Freemasonry, 100.

What is Truth, 73.

Under the Garland, 448.

Poetry :—
An Elegy, 204.
Alone, a Mother's Song, 37.
A Dream, 59.
A Chant of Spring, 494.
An Impromptu, 163.
An Opening Ode, 151.
Am Rhein, 267.
A Reverie, 336.
A Similar Case, 330.
A Song for Supper, 153.
Autumn, 202.
At the Last, 92.

Be not Unkind, 36.

Charles Theodore Korner, 283.

Do Thy Duty Bravely, 203.

Entertaining her Big Sister's Beau, 120.

Five Points of Fellowship, 154.
Faithfully, 214.
Faith, Hope, and Charity, 394.
Forward, 48.

Good-Bye, 354.
God's Ways, 70.

Hail, Brothers, 257.
Hamlet's Soliloquy on the Turkish Bath, 330.
Hail and Farewell, 22.
Have Courage to say No, 114.

In Memoriam, 292, 343.
Il Sait Gagner qui Sait Attendre, 469.

Joy of my Life, 522.

Lend A Helping Hand, 160.
Lorelei, 163.

My Hand-in-Hand Companion, 144.
Masonic Light, 351.
My Cousin, 468.
Masonic Friendship, 21.

New Year's Day, 304.

Old Winter is coming, 249.
On Laying the Corner Stone, 106.
Old Letters, 268.

Past and Present, 444, 506.
Patience, 329.

She would be a Mason, 91.
Sonnet, 16, 178.
Something Found, 215.
Sonnets from the Pyrenees, 281.
Shalom Alchem, 288.

The Brookside, 216.
„ Better Part, 226.
„ Changeful Seasons, 282.
„ Country, 390.
„ Dying Mason to his Brother, 528.
„ New Year, 291.
„ Name of God, 46.
„ Past, 546.
„ Song of Songs, 248.
„ Wall of the New Jerusalm, 305.
„ Way of the World, 384.
„ Years and Masonry, 105.
„ Words of Strength, 240.
„ Yule Log, 357.
Ten Years After, 382.
Time's Changes, 404.
Thankfulness—a Confession,
To Arthur, 548.

What of the Day, 59.
Whist, 395.

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A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

JUNE has passed away and July has come in, and the London Lodges are closing, and some of the brethren are moving away from the "Little Village." We have not much to report, except that the progress of consecration of new Lodges and Chapters continues, and we are especially glad to note, new R.A. Chapters are increasing amongst us. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught presides at the Anniversary Festival of the Boys' School at the Alexandra Palace, and we shall duly chronicle in our next Summary the result of this our last great Charity Festival for 1878.

We understand that a new Lodge is about to be formed, to be named the "Creaton," in honour of our gallant Bro. Lt.-Col. Creaton; and we rejoice to know that such is the case, as no better Mason, no more hard working Brother, no more zealous friend to our charities, and no more urbane and kindly companion exists.

We regret to have to mention that certain irregularities have been committed in the last voting for the Board of "General Purposes," but they are in course of investigation by the authorities, and the evils are already redressed.

A lively contest for the vacant Secretaryship of the Girls' School is going on. We trust that merit will again win the day; as if there is any one thing as Masons we should set ourselves against, it is yielding to private influence or personal consideration. We, with our avowed principles of Masonic action, ought to maintain inviolate the great principle that in such public offices and responsible duties merit and service, not interest and personality, should be considered.

We say no more, as—like our contemporary, the *Freemason*—we do not officially support any one candidate: we hope, however, that the *best* man will be elected.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 581.)

CHAPTER II.

The Testimony of divers illustrious Authors of this Arcanum.

FIRST, *Paracelsus*, in the *Signature of Natural things*, fol. 358. This is a true sign of the tincture of philosophers. That by its transmuting force, all imperfect metals are changed, *viz.* (the white) into Silver, and (the red) into the best Gold, if but the smallest part of it be cast into a Crucible upon melted metal, etc.

Item, For the invincible *Astrum* of metalls conquereth all things and changeth them into a nature like to itself, etc. And this Gold and Silver is nobler and better than that brought out of the Metallick Mines; and out of it may be prepared better Medicinal *Arcana's*.

Item, Therefore every Alchymist who hath the *Astrum* of the Sun, can transmute all red Metals into Gold, etc.

Item, Our Tincture of Gold hath Astral Stars within it: it is a most fixt substance, and immutable in the Multiplication. It is a powder having the reddest colour, almost like Saffron, yet the whole corporeal substance is liquid like Rosin, transparent like Christal, frangible like glass. It is of a Ruby colour, and of the greatest weight, etc.

Read more of this in *Paracelsus Heaven of Philosophers.*

Item, *Paracelsus* in his seventh book of Transmutation of natural things saith, The Transmutation of Metals is a great natural mistery, not against natures course, nor against God's order, as many falsely judge. For the imperfect Metals are transmuted into Gold, nor into Silver, without the Philosopher's Stone.

Item, *Paracelsus* In his Manual of the Medicinal Stone of Philosophers saith, Our Stone is a heavenly Medicine, and more than perfect, because it cleanseth all filth from the Metals, etc.

Secondly, *Henry Khunrade*, in his *Amphitheater of the eternal wisdom.*

I have travelled much and visited those esteemed to know somewhat by experience, and not in vain, etc. (Amongst whom, I call God to witness, I got of one the universal Green Lyon, and the blood of the Lyon: That is, Gold, not vulgar but of the Philosophers. I have seen it, touched it, tasted it, and smelt it. O how wonderful is God in His works!) I say they gave me the prepared Medicine, which I most fruictfully used towards my poor neighbour in most desperate cases, and they did sincerely reveal to me the true manner of preparing their medicine.

Item, This is the wonderful method which God only hath given me immediately and mediately, yet subordinately through Nature, Fire, Art, and masters, help (as well living as silent) corporal and spiritual, watching and sleeping.

Item, *Fol.* 202. I write not Fables, with thine own hands shalt thou handle, and with thine eyes see the *Azoth*, *viz.* the Universal Mercury of the Philosophers, which alone, with its internal and external fire, is sufficient for thee to get our Stone; nevertheless with a sympathetick Harmony, being Magick-physically united with the Olympick fire, by an inevitable necessity, etc.

Item, Thou shalt see the Stone of the Philosophers (our King) go forth of the bed-chamber of his Glassie Sepulchre, in his glorified body, like a Lord of Lords, from his Throne into this Theater of the world: That is to say, regenerated and

more than perfect; a shining Carbuncle; a most temperate splendour, whose most subtile and depurated parts are inseperably united into one, with a concordial mixture exceedingly equal, Transparent like a Chrystal, Compact and most ponderous, easily fusible in fire, like rosin, or Wax, before the flight of quicksilver: yet flowing without smoak, entring into solid bodies, and penetrating them like oyle through Paper, dissoluble in every liquor, and comiscible with it, fryable like glass, in a powder like Saffron: but in the whole Mass shining red like a Rubie (which redness is a sign of a perfect fixation and fixed perfection) Permanently colouring or tinging; fixt in all temptations and tryals, yea, in the examination of the burning Sulphur its self, and the devouring waters, and in the most vehement persecution of the fire, always incombustible, and permanent as a *Salamander*, etc.

Item, The Philosopher's Stone being fermented in its parts in the great world, transforms itself into whatsoever it will by the fire; hence a Son of art may perceive why the Philosophers have given their *Azoth* the name of *Mercury*, which adheres to bodies, etc.

And further, in the same place it is fermented with Metals, *viz.* The Stone being in its highest whiteness, is fermented with pure Silver to the white. But the Sanguine Stone, with pure Gold to the red. And this is the work of three days, etc.

Thirdly, *Helmont* in the Book of *Eternal Life*. *Fol.* 590.

I have oft seen the Stone and handled it, and have projected the fourth part of one grain wrapped in paper, upon eight ounces of quicksilver boyling in a crusible, and the quicksilver with a small noise presently stood still from its Flux, and was congealed like to yellow wax, and after a flux by blast, we found eight ounces wanting, eleven grains of the purest Gold; Therefore one grain of this powder would transmute nineteen thousand, one hundred and eighty-six parts of Quicksilver into the best Gold: so that this powder is found to be of Similary parts amongst Terrestrials, and doth transmute infinite plenty of impure metal into the best Gold, uniting with it, and so defends it from Canker, rust, rottenness, and death, and makes it in a manner immortal against all tortures of fire and art, and transfers it to a Virginean purity of Gold, requiring only a fervent heat.

Item, In his *Tree of Life*, *fol.* 630. I am constrained to believe there is a Gold and Silver making Stone or powder; for that I have divers times made projection of one grain thereof, upon some thousand grains of boyling quicksilver, to a tickling admiration of a great multitude. And further as before is rehearsed in the first Chapter. He also saith,

He who gave me that powder had so much at least as would transmute two hundred thousand pounds worth of Gold.

Item, He gave me about half a grain and thence were transmuted nine ounces and three quarters of quicksilver into gold, and he who gave it me was but of one evening's acquaintance, etc. Besides,

The most noble expert man in the art of Fire, Doctor *Theodor*, *Retius* of *Amsterdam*, gave me *John Helvetius* a large medal with this inscription, *Theo-Divine Metamorphosis*, etc. It was of Count *Russ* his making of *Styria*, and *Carynthia* in *Germany*, of which one grain transmuted three pound of quicksilver into pure Gold at all assayes.

Item, It is written that sixty years since *Alexander Scotus* made such a projection at *Hanaw* in high *Germany*, etc.

I cannot here pass by Dr. *Kufler* in an extract of his Epistle.

First I found (in my Laboratory) an *Aqua fortis*, and another in the Laboratory of *Charles de Roy*; I poured that *Aqua fortis* upon the Calx of gold prepared after the vulgar manner, and after its third Cohobation, The Tincture of that gold did rise and sublimed into the neck of the retort, which I mixed with two ounces of silver precipitated in a common way, and I found that ounce in an ordinary Flux transmuted an ounce and an half of the said Silver into the best gold, and a third of the remainder into white gold, and the rest was the purest Silver fixt in all examinations of the Fire;

but after that time I could never find more of that *Aqua fortis.* And I *Helvetius* saw his white gold.

Item, Another rare experiment done at the *Hague.*

There lived at the *Hague*, 1664, a Silver Smith, named *Grill*, well exercised in *Alkymy*, but poor according to the custome of Chymists. This *Grill* got some Spirit of Salt, not of a vulgar preparation, from one *Caspar Knotner*, a Cloth Dyer, to use as he said for metals. The which afterwards he poured upon one pound of common Lead in an open glass, dish or platter, usual for confections or conditures; and after two weeks there appeared a most curious Star of Silver, swimming upon it, as if it had been delineated with a Pensel and pair of Compasses by some ingenious Artist. Whereupon the said *Grill* told us with joy he had seen the Signat Star of the Philosophers, whereof by chance he had read in *Basilius:* I with many others saw the same to our great admiration. The Lead in the interim remaining in the bottom of an ashy colour. After seven or nine days in *July*, the Spirit of Salt being exhaled by the heat of the air, the Star setled on the Lead or Feces in the bottome, and spread itself upon it, which many people saw. At last the said *Grill* took a part thereof, and out of that pound of Lead, he found by computation twelve ounces of cupelled Silver; and out of that twelve ounces, two ounces of the best Gold; and I *Helvetius* can shew some part of that spongeous Lead with part of the Star upon it, and also some of the said Silver and Gold. Now whilst this envious Silly *Grill*, concealing the use, endeavoured to get more of that spirit of Salt from *Knotner*, the said *Knotner* having forgot what sort it was or else not finding it suddenly; was shortly after drowned. and *Grill* with his family died of the *Plague;* so that none could make further benefit or tryal of the said Progress afterwards. Indeed it would move admiration, that the Lead's inward nature should appear in such a noble outward form by the simple maturation of the said spirit of Salt; neither is it less wonderful, that the Philosopher's Stone should so suddenly transmute all Metals to Gold or Silver, having its vertue potentially implanted within itself, and raised into an active power; as is manifest in Iron toucht with the Load Stone.

But enough of this.

(To be continued.)

RECORDS OF OLD LODGES.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

IN continuing our sketches of old lodges, which is our special Masonic vocation, we cannot do better than refer to "The Royal Cumberland Lodge," Bath, England. Its history has been written by one of the respected Past Masters who grace the lodge-roll—Bro. Thomas Payne Ashley. The history, however, is but a glance at the eventful career of the lodge, contains but few extracts from the Minutes, and wants the copy of the warrant of the year 1733. The fact is, but few particulars have been preserved, and the exact origin of the lodge had not been discovered. We have carefully searched our Books of Constitutions and lists of "deputations," etc., and find that a lodge was warranted for Bath "at the Bear, 18th March, 1732—3 and meets 1st and 3d Friday." (Const. 1738, p. 193.) The warrant was issued by the authority of Lord Montague,—a name familiar to all American Masonic students, from being the nobleman from whom Bro. Price, of Boston, Mass., received his deputation, and who for many years was erroneously styled Lord Montacute by our Massachusetts brethren.

The extraordinary researches as to this nobleman's name and family are graphically described by M. W. Bro. W. S. Gardner and others in the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. The strange thing about the lodge in the city of Bath is, that the members had assembled previously as a lodge, and yet no evidence has transpired as to their authority for so doing. The warrant, be it remembered, was granted April 26th, 1733. The first record preserved commences December 28th, 1732, and is as follows:—

"The Lodge met at Brother Robinson's, the Bear, in Bath, and regularly form'd themselves.

"Present: Mr. Hugh Kennedy, Master; Mr. Wm. Howell, Mr. Steph. Martin, Wardens.

"Members: Mr. George Rainsford, Mr. Charles Gomm, Mr. Thos. Collins, Mr. Johnson Robinson, Mr. St. John Smyth, Mr. Joseph Wooley, Mr. Christopher Fleming."

Our able Brother Ashley considers that "it is evident this was not the commencement of this lodge, for it is to be noticed that the year before the date of the warrant, it is stated, as in the ordinary way of entry, that the lodge met, it had *then* its own Master and Wardens, without any mention of their being elected, —was initiating and raising members, and performing ceremonies; thus making it probable that this was one of the private lodges already referred to, as having destroyed its records for fear of their falling into strange hands, and, like one of the four old London lodges (No. 3), "whose constitution was from time immemorial, yet thought it better to come under a new constitution, tho' they wanted it not," and we are the more warranted in saying this, from the minute entered on the 18th May, 1733, when the new warrant was read. The minute mentioned by Bro. Ashley is a very curious one indeed, and well worthy of careful consideration by all interested in such inquiries. It is rarely we meet with any of such an age now, and especially is this true as respects England, which possesses but few Masonic records prior to the last century, whereas Scotland has them back to the 16th century.

"Friday, the 18th of May. Lodge met and by warrant from ye G. M. Ld. Montague, were Constituted into a Regular Lodge. When ye officers chosen were:—

"Hugh Kennedy, Master.

"Charles De Labelly, Sen. Warden; Steph. Martin, Jun. Warden.

"*Fellow Crafts Present*:—Mr. Thos. Bragg, Mr. Jno. Wiltshire, Mr. Jno. West.

"*Masters Present*:—Mr. Jno. Plummer, Mr. Jas. Vaughan, Mr. Wm. Howel, Mr. Geo. Wrainsford, Mr. St. Jno. Smith, Mr. Jos. Woolley.

"*Pass'd Masters*:—Mr. Johnson Robinson, Mr. Felix Farley, Mr. Philip Greenslade, Mr. Rutland Gill.

"*Absent*:—Mr. Thos. Collins.

"*Accounts of ye Lodge*:—Ballanc'd this night when due to Box, one Pound, one Shilling, one Penny."

According to the foregoing, there were 16 brethren present, and the character of the record fully confirms Bro. Ashley's supposition that 1733 did not witness the beginning of the lodge, the only point to elucidate being when the lodge originated as mentioned in the record of December, 1732. We shall again investigate the matter prior to closing this "*spark*," and seek to discover a little light where it is so much needed, in order that the interesting history may be fully completed as respects the commencement of actual masonic work at Bath.

It will be noted that the record of May 18th, 1733, is a most important one, and allows plenty of scope to our imagination in seeking to determine its exact bearing. The lodge, before 1773, might have met under "*dispensation*."

As to its being of especial value there cannot be a doubt, because of the title "Pass'd Master." There were *three* classes present, and, including the "entered apprentices" of which there were none at that date, comprised, in fact, FOUR masonic

degrees, or positions. We all know as to the "Fellow Crafts," and by "Masters" we shall not, we think, err in considering them Master Masons, to which degree, evidently, the Bro. Wm. Howel, therein mentioned, belonged, and who was Junior Warden in December 1732. But what are we to understand by "Pass'd Masters"? May we not take them as representing those who had "passed the chair" of a lodge, or, in other words, those who have served as *Masters* of the lodge for six months, as was the custom then? If so, that would give the lodge an existence from 1731, and in addition, presents an instance of a very early use of the term. The custom later on was to allow brethren to simply "pass the chair" *as a ceremony* by approval of the lodge, without any actual service, to render them eligible to be exalted as Royal Arch Masons. That, however, was a custom springing out of a still earlier regulation, for prior to *virtual* "Pass'd Masters," we must look for *actual* "Past Masters," and, from the Royal Arch degree being originally only conferred on Past Masters, the law was subsequently violated in spirit, by allowing brethren, in an imperfect sense and wholly imaginary, to *pass the chair* without ever being elected actually as Masters of lodges, thus only in an honorary sense, to secure the pre-requisite for Royal Arch Masonry. This plan of making Honorary Past Masters ornamental "nothings" has continued to the present day, and, excepting where the English system is adopted, no one is eligible for *exaltation* unless he possesses the qualification of being a "Past Master" of *nothing!* In Dr. Dassigny's time (A.D. 1744), evidently *Royal Arch Masons* were actual Past Masters prior to their exaltation. Under the "Ancients," in England, from about A.D. 1756, brethren wishing the degree were made *nominal* Past Masters by vote of the members present, and a lodge certificate issued accordingly. The same custom seems also to have been followed by the "Moderns," but after the "Union of 1813," the United Grand Lodge having recognized the Arch degree, did not require the Past Master to be a pre-requisite for its ceremonies, but wisely, we think, permitted Master Masons to be exalted.

The minute of the lodge at Bath concludes as follows, of date 18th May, 1733:—

"The same night. For ye many good offices, useful Instructions, and unnumber'd Favors the Lodge have receiv'd from their worthy Brother Charles De Labelly (through his zealous endeavours to promote Masonry) they unanimously desir'd the Right Worshipful, the Master, to return him their Hearty Thanks in Form, wch was accordingly done and a memorandum thereof order'd to be enter'd in the Lodge Book; wch is here by the order of ye worshipful lodge, in obedience thereto most willingly done."

Another record is made, evidently referring to the same meeting, as follows:—

"This night our worthy Brother Charles Labelly (his private occasions requiring his presence in London for a considerable Time) mov'd ye Lodge for leave to resign ye Badge of his office, wch, upon reasons satisfactory given, was obtain'd, and by ye by-Laws in this Lodge to be observ'd ye next lodge night a Junior Warden was then to be by ye Lodge regularly chosen."

In early days Wardens and even Masters of lodges were elected, and appointed from the Fellow Crafts, for the simple and sufficient reason that Master Masons were not *degrees* then, but only positions of trust, official titles, and generally employers of labor. The *Master* Mason meant the Master of the masons engaged about any special work, and only qualified men were so styled until the last century, unless whilst Master of a Lodge.

The first time that the term "Passed Master" is used on any MS. that we have been able to trace is in the *add. MSS. British Museum*, folio 23,202, and must have occurred prior to the 18th February, 1724, but not necessarily more than a few days. The minute in question speaks of four gentlemen "who were regularly passed Masters in the before mentioned lodge in Hollis street." The MS. (not strictly a lodge record, but accounts of a musical and architectural society) contains an illustrated page of twelve coloured sheets representing the arms of certain members. The extract we have alluded to occurs at page 7, the MS. itself occupying 296 pages, or 409 inclusive of blank leaves.

It also says that before the Society was founded "a lodge was held consisting of Masters sufficient for the purpose." The members of the Society had all to be Freemasons, and the register of its doings is valuable, because of the proof it affords of the Master Mason's degree being worked by an individual lodge as early as 1724.

That "pass'd Master" sometimes meant, 1720—50, what has since been termed "*Raised* Master" is evident from the fact that the 6th by-law of a lodge of date A.D. 1731 provides:—

"That all & every Person or Persons recommended & accepted as above, shall pay for his or their making the sum of Three pounds three shillings, and for their admittance the sum of five shillings, and every Brother who shall *pass* the Degrees of F. C. & M. shall pay the further sum of seven shillings and six pence."—*Freemason*, London, April 27th, 1872.

The 15th by-law of the Lodge of Bath is especially clear on this point of A.D. 1746:—

"Every Fellow Craft who is found able & cunning in the Judgment of the Officers, and desirous to *pass Master* shall pay Five shillings into the Treasurer's hands for the Benefit of the Lodge."

It is clear, however, "Masters" in the minute of the Lodge at Bath of date 18th May, 1733, really represented the "*Master Masons*," as we now term them, or in other words, those who had been *raised* to the "*Third* Degree."

That being the case it seems equally clear to us that the four brethren who were present at the same meeting and designated "Pass'd Masters," must either describe those who had served in the chair of a lodge for the legal time, and thus, actually Past Masters of lodges, as we describe them in England, or they were the *Masters* of four *other* lodges present. The latter is most unlikely to have occurred in Bath as early as 1733, and would rarely ocurr now, and so we must hold to the belief that the minute under consideration is illustrative of the fact that the "Pass'd Masters" mentioned, described *Past* Masters, and that "Masters" alluded to Master Masons; "Pass'd" being intended *sometimes* to describe the modern term of "Raising," as well as the still earlier one of *Past* Master.

Similar minutes are to be found in the records of a lodge held at London, and dated December 5th, 1732, when ten shillings and six shillings were charged for being Pass'd Master, and on December 3rd, 1734, the Secretary speaks of it as the "Degree of Master," but the term "Raising" does not occur.

Since writing the former part of this "Spark" and whilst our "masonic anvil" was enjoying rest, we obtained a copy of the warrant of the lodge which is the subject of our sketch. We had well-nigh despaired of securing the transcript, for apparently insuperable difficulties stood in the way, and the warrant itself was in a most awkward part of the lodge, up high, in an old cumbersome frame, and covered with dust and cobwebs. Thanks, however, to Bro. Ashley, and the assistance of some men as operatives, the original has been exactly copied, and we append a faithful reproduction, which, for the first time, will now be seen in print since the origin of the lodge, and is, moreover, the earliest copy of a warrant we ever remember seeing in England.

MONTAGUE (L. S.) G. MR.

"*Whereas*, A Petition has been presented unto us and signed by several Brethren residing at present in and about the city of Bath, humbly praying that they may be constituted into a regular lodge.

These are, therefore, to Impower and Authorise our Worshipful and well-beloved Brother, Mr. Hugh Kennedy, to convene our Brethren at Bath aforesaid who have signed the said petition, and that he do in our place and stead, constitute them into a regular lodge in due form (He, the said Mr. Hugh Kennedy, taking special care that they and every of them have been regularly made Masons) with like privileges as all other regular lodges do enjoy, and that they be required to conform themselves to all and every the Regulations contained in the printed Book of Constitutions, and observe

such other rules and instructions as shall from time to time be transmitted to them by us, or Thomas Batson, Esq., our Deputy Grand Master, or the Grand Master, or his Deputy for the time being. And that they do send to us or our Deputy a list of the members of their lodge, together with the rules agreed on to be by them observed to the end they may be entered in the Grand Lodge Book. And upon the due Execution of this our Deputation the said Mr. Hugh Kennedy is hereby required to transmit to us or our said Deputy a Certificate under his hand of the time and place of such Constitution. In order that the same may be entered in the book of regular lodges.

Given under our hand and Seal of Office at London, this 26th day of April, 1733, and of Masonry 5733.

By the Grand Master's Command,
Tho. Batson, D. G. Mr.
G. Rooke, S. G. W.
Jo. Smythe, J. G. W.

Doubtless the above will be particularly valued by the readers of the *Voice of Masonry* in Massachusetts, as this warrant was issued the same month, in fact, only four days earlier than the Deputation to "Mr. Henry Price in behalf of himself and several other Brethren in New England," constituting that gentleman Provincial Grand Master of New England, a copy of which is inserted in Bro. W. S. Gardner's address as Grand Master, 27th December 1871, which on the side of those who accept Price's deputation as genuine, is a most masterly production. The name of the Grand Secretary or *Secretary*, as that officer was termed then, is absent from both documents, which is so far confirmatory of the deputation to Mr. Price, and their general agreement in style cannot fail to be noticed by all students.

The warrant at Bath has "Montague G. Mr." but in the "Book of Constitutions" for 1738 the name is spelt without the "*e*" The former mode agrees with the Price deputation, as also the names of the S. G. W. being G. Rooke, and of the J. G. W. J. Smythe, though the various editions of the "Constitutions" of the Grand Lodge of England have "George *Rook*" and "James Moor Smyth." It is a singular fact that all the editions of these "Regulations" *after* 1738, and to 1784, inclusive, represent the Grand Master's name of 1732-3 to be "Anthony Brown, Lord Viscount Montac*ute*," which doubtless was the origin of the title being chosen of the "Montac*ute* Lodge," Mass., and which resulted in such an exhaustive examination and report by the committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, finally terminating in the name of the lodge being altered. The report of the committee itself is worth a perusal by those not connected in any way with the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, for it is amongst the best of its kind ever submitted to a Grand Lodge, and it is a model of research, fidelity, and completeness.—*Voice of Masonry, February*, 1875 (with corrections).

Constitution of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, containing the Charge, Regulations, E.A. Song, etc. A copy should be in possession of every Brother. It may be obtained for 2s. at the office of the *Freemason*, or will be sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of twenty-five penny stamps. Address, Publisher, 198, Fleet-Street, London.—ADVT.

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(*Continued from page* 586.)

V.—Its Masonic Teaching.

THOSE who have followed me thus far in tracing the historical and scientific features of the Great Pyramid must, I think, admit that everything connected with the building lends itself in a remarkable manner to illustrate Masonic lore. We have seen how the master mind which designed it formed upon a square base a monument of that peculiar geometrical figure which still retains in the East its character of the Divine Symbol, and chose the centre of the earth for the site of his work.

Having five sides and five points, it also gives a reasonable origin for that mysterious reverence for the number 5, still so remarkable in the East, especially upon the banks of that river which divides with the Nile the interest centring round the early home of Masonic knowledge. By the banks of the Ganges, clinging to the traditions of the Past, the native Hindoo bases upon them his system of local government, which Professor Monier Williams tells us has survived alike repeated conquests and the more modern innovations of Western civilization. "The Voice of God is in the Council of Five," says the Hindoo; and he but echoes a sentiment and a tradition not unknown in the West, but having its origin, we are taught, in the East.

It was the symbol of deliverance from the land of servitude, when our great ensample, Moses, led forth the people whom the Lord had made free, and they marched forth from the land of their sore travail and affliction by *five* in a rank.* They went forth too with a *high hand;* the uplifted hand being itself the symbol of 5. Nor did they choose the number unwittingly. It had been the favourite number of their forefathers. It was the symbol of their separateness from the Egyptians, and thus became to the Egyptian, and is to this day, an aversion, a number never used. So Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, and adds that even on their watches the obnoxious number is omitted, and the 0 substituted.

It appears to have been an object of aversion even in the days of Joseph, who, when anxious to obtain for his father and brethren a suitable settlement in the land of Egypt, and yet to avoid the absorption of their descendants among the native populations, instructed them in the answers they were to make, and then "took some of his brethren, even *five* men, and presented them to Pharaoh.†

Thus do we find an affinity in symbol between the race of Israel in its earliest days with that monument which was erected by their Semitic ancestors in the land of Egypt, and an agreement with the great constructive number of the Tabernacle and the Temple. But this, to suit the prejudices of those who pride themselves on being matter-of-fact people, may be regarded as purely an imaginary connection,—a pretty fancy, of no material value unless corroborated by evidence of a more direct nature. Can such be produced? There is no written record. We have seen how careful those

* Such is the generally received meaning of the word rendered "harnessed" in the account of the Exodus. See margin of Bible.

† Genesis xlvii. 2.

early Masons were to leave no record of their secrets, and how, having finished their work, they appear to have been separated in the earth. Thus it is only by the survival of fragmentary traditions and by the guidance of the volume of the Sacred Law that we are able to see dimly into the darkness of the Past.

In shape, in place, in date, we have seen a marvellous agreement with Masonic tradition,—tradition which, like all other, must have had its rise in matters of fact. Events originate traditions, though tradition often, in course of time, so misplaces and transforms the memory that it becomes useless. But what is the use of Masonry if it does not preserve a true tradition? Can we not picture to ourselves how valueless it would be. The life-blood would be drained from the ritual. It would become a mere form, an empty show, a meaningless mummery. How then does this view of Masonry affect the rise and existence of the Order? Does it run counter to the views of the great Masonic writers who have found pleasure and honour in the study of the history of the Craft. I think not. It the rather harmonises and blends theories which appear opposed into one complete whole. There are who speak slightingly of what they term the exaggerated claims of Freemasonry, yet who is there, acquainted with history and not wilfully blinded by prejudice, who cannot conceive an unwritten memory of the Past being treasured through succeeding ages by men who told of the wonderful things that God did in their time and the old time before them?

To such a theory of Masonry the Pyramid origin lends not only probability but absolute certainty. The connection of Speculative and Operative Masonry is placed on a satisfactory basis, and the latter proved to be the means of preserving the former, until the day is fully come when nothing shall be taught in secret that shall not be proclaimed publicly, and nothing hid that shall not be revealed. Little by little the darkness of the world has fled before the Light, and the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man ceased to be a doctrine treasured in secret by the few who still preserved a glimmering of the truth.

In these days of wide-spread knowledge and multiplication of books there is a tendency to forget the times when the oral tradition formed the learning of the people. Nor could it be well otherwise when manuscripts were scarce and costly. Yet many of the older records are but written traditions more or less true. Some even would have it that the Scriptures themselves are but the traditions of a nation, and valuable only as such, and as containing clearer and more highly developed views of morality and philosophy. Traditions in truth they are, but their record is true, and the Sons of Light have ever jealously guarded them from corruption.

We have seen how the master-builder of the Pyramid was guided in his work by the understanding of geometric truth, and thus sought to glorify God the Creator by reference to His works as T.G.A.O.T.U., and utterly refuted the idea of Chance being a factor in the creation work by showing that the Universe itself was subject to certain established laws and bore evidence of preconceived plan and design. Thus it was not without reason that those instructed in the deep mysteries of the science which had ruled the proportions of this early monument, should have attached a sacred import to the art of building, and hence the reason that the memory of the early work was handed on in connection with the Mason's craft.

"God in Nature," the summation of the religion of the so-called Aryan races, does not, however, constitute a full revelation of the Divine Being. It lacks what is called the Semitic teaching of "God in History." We know the early Egyptian faith centred on the great doctrines of the resurrection, and of future rewards and punishments. The Rev. E. B. Zincke calls this the Aryan faith,—an instinct which clings to the whole Aryan family, and from the influence of which its members cannot escape. But even this is not enough, and though we were inclined to receive the teachings of the theory which classes all the great races of the earth under the term Aryan as entirely distinct from the Semitic families, we could not as Masons accept a revelation which omitted to teach reverence and love for the Creator, not only as the Almighty Father, but also as the Supreme Director of the affairs of men; which gave to its believers

no trust in an All-Good Providence; nor taught the dependence of earthly authority upon the "Most High who ruleth in the kingdom of men." *

This is the highest conception of the Deity and the unending theme of the Prophets of Israel; as it was also the great truth which their nation was destined to manifest to the world. By the very nature of the case, this doctrine constitutes a subject for higher mysteries than those which I have endeavoured to illustrate by Great Pyramid Science. Its proof being found in history must have given rise to other and later traditions than are found in the E.A., F.C., and M.M. degrees, and being but acquainted with the ritual and tradition thus far and no further, I cannot, even if it were permitted me, so handle the subject as to make the references direct and intelligible to the instructed. Yet my slight acquaintance with Masonic writings has convinced me of the existence of certain teachings with regard to the symbolism of figures, and its origin and import, that I cannot conclude these papers without some remarks on Great Pyramid teachings which may serve to explain, or at least obtain an interest for, the peculiar significance of the Divine attribute in the M.M. degree.

It is in this light, then, that we must consider the theory that the passages of the Great Pyramid have a historical import, and record the duration of certain eras on the scale of a Pyramid inch to the year. If readers will refer to the lengths of the passages as given on page 444 (March Number) and also to the brief remarks on this subject in the May Number, they will see that this theory requires that human history, or such part thereof as may be there referred to, should be divided into three grand epochs: the first covering a period of 986; the second, 1542 years; and the third, 1881½ nearly. On these *data* and in the confusion prevailing in ancient chronology, Professor Smyth and his fellow workers and believers in Great Pyramid truths have adopted a chronology which I have ventured to dispute as neither consistent with history nor agreeable with those Scriptures to the truth of which they maintain the Pyramid was intended as a witness. Yet it does not necessarily follow that because they may be, and I believe are, mistaken in applying the *data* in the manner they do, therefore the theory of chronological signification in the passages is wrong also. On the measurements of the passages, there is of course agreement; the Professor's careful measures being accepted and corroborated. But it is the application of those measures to the historical events, which they have hitherto been assumed to indicate, that I have called in question, and shown that the Scriptures themselves point to a different application. For, whereas the first length of 986 inches is divided by the lines ruled on the sides of the passage into two lengths of 358 inches and 628, there were also, to follow the *text* of the Scriptures literally, 358 years from the Flood to Abraham, and 628 years from Abraham to Moses; and the next length of 1542 inches would therefore require to represent a like number of years between Moses and Christ. The next length would then cover a period on the verge of completion, and mark 1881-2 as the beginning of a new dispensation. On this point much misrepresentation has been made of Pyramid teaching, and its believers are credited with following Mother Shipton in an insane belief that the end of the world is at hand; or, on the other hand, that the millenium is about to commence. Neither the one nor the other may take place. The years may pass by, and the signs of the times be apparent only to a few. But this is not the place to discuss the subject, even were I so inclined. I would not have referred to it, but that the theory requires that the last length of 1881½ inches should also mark an epoch and typify a new turning-point in the world's history. Suffice it for us that Providence is over all, and that whatsoever is hidden in the counsels of God shall be revealed in His own good time. For nearly eighty years was Israel ignorant of the mission of Moses, and for thirty years was the world unaware of the life of Him we own as Lord. Not for us then is it to say "this shall be" or "that shall occur." Of what is in the future may be a subject for faith and hope; but of what lies in the past only can we expect to possess knowledge. It is not therefore for any to say, I will wait and see what 1882 may bring

* Daniel iv. 32, and vii.

forth before I interest myself in this subject, for until the certainty of the dates is established even the history of the past is enveloped in a cloud, and we walk as men blindfolded.

It cannot be for nothing that during the last thirty years the histories of Egypt, Babylon and Nineveh have been unfolded to our eyes, and the fetters of false traditions, which, because written, obtained credence as history, burst asunder. The day cannot be far distant when the systems of Bible dates now in use in our schools and colleges will be revised, and the biblical history, no longer distorted by false dates, stand forth as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

If any would like to learn the effect of modern researches on the conventional system of chronology now in vogue, I can refer them to the writings of Mr. Bosanquet, F.R.A.S., etc. in the *Transactions of the Biblical Archæological Society* for 1874 and 1876, where will be found many proofs which I was unable to adduce in my own work. I have to thank Colonel Gawler for calling my attention to Mr. Bosanquet's labours, for although his conclusions do not exactly agree with the Great Pyramid chronology, they come so near as to constitute a most important and unbiassed confirmation. I am alluding now, of course, to that period where proof is attainable from the concurrent histories of Assyria and Egypt. He lowers the dates throughout the monarchial period of Israel's history, twenty-five years; and if he falls into errors in the closing years of Judah's monarchy and the times of the destruction and re-building of the Temple, it is the result of the conflicting accounts of that period, and no proof of the correctness of the present conventional dates. Indeed he does not hesitate to affirm, that while these dates are allowed to disfigure sacred history, it is in vain to attempt to find any confirmation of it in the monumental records of Egypt and Assyria. He says they tend to bring the sacred writings into disrepute, and have already cast doubts on the Book of Daniel.

Now the Pyramid chronology lowers the dates about thirty years during the duration of the great Masonic temple of King Solomon, and ninety-nine at the completion of the re-building under Zerubbabel, at the same time that it makes the return from captivity coincide with the first year of XERXES. This is perfectly consistent with both sacred and profane history, and will also account for the existence of the tradition which made Josephus connect the great Persian monarch with *a* return of the Jews instead of *the* return, which he had already recorded as having occurred in the reign of CYRUS *the Mede*, who was not and could not be the CYRUS *the Persian* of *Chronicles* and *Ezra*.

Having in another place gone into the subject in its historical bearings as fully as I am able, I do not intend saying more here on this point, but will conclude with a few suggestions connected with the two reckonings as they appear to me to have been likely to be affected by, or be the outcome of, oral tradition.

We are so accustomed to reckon Ancient History according to the years before Christ, that we are liable to pass over lightly the earlier reckonings which must have been in common use.

Let it now be understood that I am claiming nothing for Freemasonry beyond the preservation by its means of certain traditions which from time to time may from various causes have been in danger of falling into oblivion, or through the prevalence of other teaching have been abandoned as untenable. Such a view is neither preposterous nor founded on exaggerated ideas of Masonic teaching. We simply say that a traditional history must have lingered in the minds of men, and that in succeeding generations the more earnest and enlightened men may have sought to preserve such particular truths as appeared to them important by means of a process of initiation of disciples who were sworn to be true to the trust given to them to hand on. Ancient History affords ample proof that such was indeed the case, and therefore it is not unreasonable to believe that Freemasonry in its modern form may have had its rise in such a necessity.

Now the merest tyro in Masonic literature must be aware that whatever traditions may linger in the Craft, they are pre-eminently of an Israelitish character, and although referring remotely to a previous connection with Egypt, are associated with a great event in the national history of Israel. It therefore follows that the original retailers of the traditions must have been Israelites, for on no other ground can we account for the

prominence given to events which would fail to interest people of another race. Indeed it is of this people only that we have direct evidence that their artificers and skilled workmen engaged in a particular work were *free*, for we are told that "of the children of Israel did Solomon make no bondmen."*

Now the era from which the foundation of the Temple was reckoned was that of the Exodus, and the next era that we find in general use among the scattered families of Israel is that of the Captivity of the Ten Tribes in the days of Hosea. Mr. Bosanquet places this event in the year 696 B.C., while Great Pyramid reckoning gives 690 B.C. Now the year of the invasion, 693 B.C., was 729 years after the entrance under Joshua, while the first year of Hosea was the 729th year before our Lord began to manifest forth His power in the thirtieth year of His life. Such a coincidence could not have failed to impress Christian Israelites of the Captivity, for the period of 729 years lends itself very easily to that love of symbolism which is said still to characterise the use of figures in the East, for $9 \times 9 \times 9 = 729$, and thus afforded an easy means of keeping the number in mind.

Here, however, it is to be noted that it is quite possible an earlier date than 690 B.C. was adopted as the era of the Captivity of Israel, and one which would lend itself even more closely to this $9 \times 9 \times 9$ reckoning. Thirty years before Shalmaneser completed the deportation of the ten tribes, their captivity had commenced in the days of Pekah, who conspired against Pekahiah and warred against Judah. Pekah succeeded to the throne in 729 B.C., and it was at this time that Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria, "took Ijon, and Abel-beth-maachah, and Janoah, and Kedesh, and Hazor, and Gilead, and Galilee, all the land of Naphthali, and carried them captive to Assyria." This was really the first blow that fell on Israel, and Dr. Oliver therefore misapplies this term by using it with reference to the invasion of Shalmaneser.

Having now shown why I believe the question of dates to be one with which traditions may have readily been connected, the difficulty which is next to be met is as to the errors which have crept into the received reckoning. Are they the result of ignorance or falsification? I am not prepared to answer this definitely. So far as I can learn there appears to have been a wilful falsification of dates during the dark ages; but whether this be so or not, the corruption of the text of Josephus—for it is hard to believe that he inserted six or eight different reckonings himself—together with the prevalence of corrupt traditions elevated to the dignity of history, will sufficiently account for the adoption of the conventional dates, for convinced as all may ultimately become of their incorrectness, there can be no doubt that they were the best which could be used to make an apparent agreement with so-called history.

If then through the prevalence of error on this subject *Truth* has been compelled to hide for a time its head, and to seek refuge from the world until such time as light should shine in the darkness, and the facts of History be revealed, we ought to search for evidences of that truth among the Sons of Light.

I must now bring this series of papers to a close, and I shall be well content if anything I have written awakens an interest in the heart of but one Brother who may be able to pursue the inquiry further than I am, and to assist others in that work which ought to be dear to all Masons, the pursuit of Truth for Truth's sake.

W. ROWBOTTOM.

Alfreton, June 1st, 1878.

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

* 1 Kings ix. 22.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

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

Chapter XIII.

"Thus the tale ended."—Longfellow.

I DO not exactly know how Rory O'More made out that there was "luck in odd numbers," though his practical proof of the assertion was, as perhaps my readers may remember, as pleasurable as anything here well can be; yet on the whole, I am not inclined to quarrel with his dogmatic declaration. And it is just possible, moreover, I am disposed to think, that my readers may welcome this thirteenth chapter as the conclusion of my truthful tale, though it be an unlucky number as good old times declare, as much, as if I had prolonged it even to a fourteenth chapter. And the truth must be fairly stated;—I have come to the close of the first part of Paesiello's autobiography as far in fact as for reasons of state, as well as for private considerations, I think it safe or prudent now to communicate to the sympathetic readers of the *Masonic Magazine*.

If ever I continue these veracious memoirs; if ever I lift the veil which hangs over the "Kismet" of Paesiello; if at any time my sense of duty or decorum will permit me to resume this eventful history, I shall have the greatest satisfaction in making my kind and forbearing audience *au fait* of the mysteries and marvels, the joys and sorrows, the trials and the temptations which surrounded the onward journey of our hero. But for obvious reasons, and on personal grounds, I think it better, more discreet, not prematurely to open out the "Aporreta" of his hopes and fears, his struggles and his cares, his pleasures and his pains.

Very few lives, after all, are worth "the telling," and that is the reason that we have so many senseless biographies in the world, as for the most part we are very silly mortals indeed, our existence petty and jejune beyond description. As Horace Walpole puts it, if the "angels can smile," how they must laugh at the inconsistencies and littleness, yes, and the absurdities of us all alike! No exception, my masters: in this we are all, be we who we may, true children of Adam and Eve,—faithful inheritors of the frailty of the one, and the weakness of the other! It must be by this time evident even to the dullest of my readers, (and what a lot of dull people one has to meet and deal with daily!), that as far as the *dramatis personæ* of our little "genteel comedy" are concerned, all is with them a "*parti pris*," and that the *dénoûement* approaches, which will close this short but authentic narrative.

Stanelli and Bechner soon recovered their normal health on the whole, despite their wounds, and returned to the wonted ways and habits of civilized life. For them their soldiers' duty was over, and unless, which was not likely, war should again throw into hostile camps the Austrian and the Italian armies, though they never forgot that they once had formed part of a goodly array, yet henceforth, as we have said, theirs was the "civil line," and as peaceful, loyal citizens, they left the voice of camps for the sweet voices of dear home companions.

I doubt very much whether any soldier ever forgets, in whatever subsequent vocation he may be found, that he once formed part of a gallant army. There is something so pleasant in the *camaraderie* of arms, something so cheery in the memories of old days, of drill and discipline, of pleasant mates, and kindly chums,—the active life, the buoyant emotions, and the vivid anticipations, to say nothing of the exhilarating blessings of health, youth, strength, that, go where we will, be what we may, we often recall

with a sigh those glad days of old, and kindly voices and smiling faces, from out of the dim and vanished past. It is affecting at times to remember how the old band of friends, fast and unselfish, has been disassociated, dissevered, and dispersed by the relentless march, the resistless episodes of years!

Thackeray, in well-known words, has said, and said most truly, though the reflection be perhaps trite after all,—

"There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage,
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet,
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage,
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette.
On James's head the grass is growing,
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank and ate the 'Bouillabaisse.'"

And thus as "Time" runs away, and brings with it "its strange conceits," as it does with us all, we like to re-people the scene with the forms and faces and voices and sympathies of the past, (we have none so pleasant in after times),—we seek to re-colour the now dimmed landscape with the brightness of early dawn, or the brilliant lights of happy maturer years. But alas! all in vain. The "inexorable Three"* have clouded over alike our hopes and fears, in that gloom of evening which settles down upon the meads and on the hills of Life. But as I said before I question really whether the old soldier ever can forget that he once was a soldier, just as I believe, "*inter alia multa*," that Orton was most truly an impostor "*de la premiere qualite*," because he did not know what "telling off" meant. No real soldier could have forgotten such "ground work" of all drill and movements. Yes, all of us who once have "shouldered a musket," like to recall the past days and friends of "ours," though—

"Jeffrey sleeps 'neath flowers at Nice,
And Paul's forgotten in Kensal Green."

The soldier remains the soldier to the end of his days, notwithstanding the changes and chances of Life, and, like the "old war dog" "Black Dawson" commemorated by Chandler, they follow with beating heart the "old battalion," go where it may, do what it will.

Ere long with our heroes and heroines those inevitable preparations began, which terminated in that serious crisis of their destiny which changed their condition and controlled their lives. For marriage, look at it as lightly and carelessly as you will, is a very ticklish step. It may lead you to happiness; it may be a leap in the dark, which may land you—where? Well, who can tell?

But, as Madame Allegri liked to observe, "now its all settled, why should we have any more delays? There's nothing sentimental about marriage,—it's all matter-of-fact." And so, according to her sagacious arrangements, the three couples were all properly married and blessed the same day by a Roman Cardinal of high lineage and great amiability, who paid Madame Allegri and the two brides many charming compliments: and, as Compton irreverently remarked, they were carefully "tied up and done for." And Paesiello records in his diary these striking words:—"I have seen to-day three couples married, six human beings bound, fast bound, to one another for the rest of their journey. If they are "simpatico," if their tastes and tempers agree, all is well with them; but if they don't—what then? I don't like to anticipate what the lot of such unthinking mortals must be, and so I wish them good luck. But marriage is a very serious thing." (This passage he has underlined.) "Let us hope that it is all for the best!"

* For fear our young men don't understand the allusion, we mean the "Fates."

Marriage with our friends, however, unlike some couples you and I know of, dear readers, has been a very happy episode, and nothing has ever happened to dim the sunshine of their lives, or make them regret that they took what Compton always jokingly terms "a header."

Bechner has made himself a happy home in his old chateau, where a young Bechner is duly trained to fight, if need be, as his father fought, "Fur Gott, fur Kaiser, und Vaterland."

Stanelli's home is at Venice, where he too is bringing up some young Italians devoted to "United Italy."

Madame Allegri passes from one home to the other at stated times, for ever useful, agreeable, and charming, and never in the way (some mothers-in-law can't say that); and while Balthazar makes the most complaisant and sententious of husbands, is the most sagacious if pleasant of companions.

Paesiello and Compton are still unmarried, and spend much of their time alternately at each other's house, and in the Tyrol, and at Venice. A fast friendship unites them, which nothing can weaken or dissolve. What may be their future lot, who can say? Will they succumb to woman's eyes or woman's wit? will they learn to be cold and cynical, worldly and frivolous? or will some good fairy still help them along life's dusty pathway, and preserve them pure-hearted and generous, "tender and true," to the last? We must leave to Time, the great discoverer of all secrets here (except Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask), to reveal, if ever it can be revealed, the subsequent fate of our hero and his friend. And thus the curtain falls at the prompter's call. *Valete et plaudite, omnes!*

SONNET.

NATURE—false fashion's inroads to restrain—
No pref'rence, or but little, doth profess
For arts of female pride; nor grants access
To those her modest teachings who disdain.
Though bright the golden peacock's spangled train,
The peahen's garb how plain in loveliness;
How splendid the cock's military dress,
His hens, less fair attir'd, how little vain;
And so of other fowls, or wild or tame.
Yet maids, wives, widows, this wise lesson scorn,
And still themselves extravagantly adorn
With meretricious graces, all the same;
As if not theirs the far more flatt'ring boast,—
"Beauty, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

28, *Sun Street, Tunstall,*
North Staffordshire.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

INTRODUCTORY.

"When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'——"

DEEP in the buried past, but clear as deep, written in imperishable characters, stand revealed the souls of men, and it is in the storehouse of antiquarian research that we can read the characters of nations, for no truer test of a people's advance in civilization is there to be found than is made manifest in the treasures of the archæologist.

In the page of history, where even it exists, interpolations may have crept in; the very truth of history itself may have been so overlaid with mis-representation or corrupt tradition that its story may be nothing worth; but in the remnants of a nation's Art, be they never so few, never so mutilated, there stands recorded, in letters that can be neither doubted nor denied, its perception of the beautiful and therefore of the true.

For what is Art?—

It is not our purpose here to write a treatise upon the nature or characteristics of this divine gift to man, but rather to describe in a brief and popular manner some few of the processes by which it is brought home to the homes of the many, and therefore a simple definition will suffice.—

Art is the silent language of truth, its embodied reality presented in visible form to the inner eye of man; in other words, the presentment of true beauty enforcing upon the human mind the precepts of divine perfection. There are those who would tell us that Art is the creation of civilization; we hold the very reverse, that civilization is the creature of Art. We do not for a moment pretend to deny that in the gradual dawn of culture and refinement the work of men's hands will grow more true to that of which it is the presentment, and that thus it will step-by-step grow more and more beautiful; but what we affirm is this, that Art-work is ever striving to recall an idea once possessed, now lost, but gradually being and to be regained.

Peoples, as individuals, are but re-acquiring a long-lost status; and the gradual growth of civilization is but the nearer-and-nearer approach to a standard of perfection, once existing, once lost, but evermore being strained after and more or less nearly attained to again. Who, with our record before him, can doubt that man, in his original state, had a knowledge as perfect as humanity could possess it? who deny that this perfection was lost in man's fall? who doubt, but that in his renewal and restitution, man shall arrive at it once more?

As, then, man sank from this former standard of God-given knowledge, he became correspondingly degraded and corrupt; when man gradually comes back to the perception of the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth, so does he gradually draw near to that estate from which he has so long been severed and estranged.

We know that there are those who tell us that man's religious practice, not his religious instinct, has cultivated in him the pursuit of Art,—that religious teaching has awakened a fervour in his soul that has forced him to clothe his ideal in material form; but if we look at the Art-productions of a savage race in the way of religious embodiment we shall form but a poor estimate of the spirit that leads him to represent the good and the beautiful in such barbarous guise; rather as it seems to us, does something within him, the spirit of Art let us call it, bid him materialise the truth, and then his pursuit of his object softens and moulds him, so that at last the beautiful is attained and there stands revealed the true.

In what, once more, does Art consist? Not the mere presenting to the eye the picture of that which strikes us as the beauty of form, but rather in the reading a lesson to our inner sense of sight whilst it shows us the counterfeit of perfection as near to life as human hand can fashion it.

How has Art been given again to man? He has, as one commonly says, discovered and improved. Rough untutored man, savage may be, yet endued with intelligence, has found a knotted piece of wood or rugged fragment of stone; in it he has seen a slight resemblance to some thing of life; a few touches of his knife or such rough tool has improved the likeness; improvement begets practice, practice improvement; till the work of his hand, rude enough at first, has become a closer imitation of his model. Practice, ever-increasing, guides his effort, and his work becomes more and more beautiful; whilst, as his hand becomes more skilful, his mind becomes more cultivated, and as his representation approaches the true he attains to the beautiful, so too, as he produces the beautiful he begins to realise the true; and from merely representing to the eye the likeness of the real, he gradually comes to picture to the mind the perfection of the ideal. And so the sculptured block becomes capable, in his hands, of passing beyond the presentment of the frailty of this present state to the picturing of the perfection of the long-distant past and the ever-nearing future.

The girl who traced her lover's shadow with the charcoal on the wall strove to keep with her his presence in their parting, so the true Artist strives, and to a great extent succeeds in presenting to our view, the permanent resemblance of a beauty and a truth, of whose reality we have here but a fleeting, evanescent glimpse.

Amphion, wandering by the restless sea, picked up the hollow tortoise shell; letting slip, by accident, the tightened cord by which he bore it, a resonant note resulted: here was the foundation of music. Probably the note of the beating wave produced with that of the vibrating string a pleasing whole, whence might have resulted Harmony; but how? Could this one sounding note have taught man music? Could this single chord have generated the gamut? Is it not more feasible to suppose that man had within him some long dormant melody that this one stray taste of sweetness called into action,—some sleeping memory of heavenly song, long forgotten and laid aside, that this feeble glimmer awoke to the full perception of the "concord of sweet sounds"? In short, was it not rather the Music within the man that became developed, than that the faculty was formed by the extraneous influence of the accidental sound? Surely we have our great master of song with us when we recall his sweeping condemnation of the man within whose breast there is no innate trace of melody:—

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted."

Such then is, or at least seems to us to be, the origin of Art.—A heaven-born gift, implanted in man's nature in the time of his innocence; lost, or at best marred, in his fall, and overlaid by the savage ignorance into which he drifted; called again to life, however, by some chance touch, like melody awakened from the rusted string of the dis-used harpsichord by the passing breeze; recognised by some intuitive quality of soul; harboured and given a home in some cobwebbed corner of the mind; appreciated, and fostered and nurtured by man's better nature, till the outcome is the beautiful and true.

Its work a reflective one, as well as a diffusive—like mercy,—

> ——"It is twice bless'd,
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes":

for it not only spreads its influence far and wide over a man's surroundings, but it acts and reacts upon himself. The soul that has once arrived at a true conception of true

beauty, is one educated as nearly to perfection as may be; but this is not all, for in this educative process, progressive as it must be, the man becomes, not in this one particular of Art-appreciation but in every other mental quality, gradually softened and moulded, until complete civilization in the individual is the result. Nor is this process, once more, going on in the individual, without its results in his surroundings; hence, one true Artist—that is true appreciator and expounder of this mental quality—might, nay must, in time, mould the people to which he belongs; wherein consists the true value of Art.

Once more, we do not, in the papers to which this preparatory one is but an introduction, intend to lay down the principles of Art, so much as to give our readers some practical information in a concise form of the various processes used in "The Arts," and by thus beginning, as it were at the bottom of the ladder of Art learning, we hope to awaken such an inquiring spirit as may lead them to tread its rounds for themselves, assuring them that every upward step will more than repay them for the toil expended in the ascent. Nor should they delay, for as a poet-artist reminded us:—

> "Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
> And our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

AN ANCIENT CHARGE.*

I CONGRATULATE you, my Brother, on being initiated into the ancient and venerable order of F. and A. Masons, an order which has often been decried and calumniated, and which you may have heard represented as wicked or trifling, whilst you may have heard our meetings designated as assemblies of riotous jollity or of destructive intemperance. I am glad that such misrepresentations have had no ill effect upon your mind, and that they have not deterred you from entering amongst us. You were doubtless aware that men the most renowned for Wisdom and Honour, and who lived in the practice of every domestic and public virtue, had in all ages, as well as in the present, been members of our Society, and most zealous to promote its present welfare and future prosperity, and you must have been assured that this could not have been the case if such men had found themselves betrayed into anything wicked, trifling, or ridiculous.

If we look into the page of history, we shall find that from the commencement of the world to the present moment no other institution has ever been universal or durable. The most celebrated law-givers have been unable to render their institutions permanent, whatever were their laws, however excellent their systems, they could not be extended into every age and every country. They had chiefly in view victories and conquests, and the elevation of one people above another. They, therefore, could not be reconciled to the interests, or congenial to the feelings of every nation. Philanthropy was not the basis on which their systems were founded. The love of country, badly understood and carried to excess, frequently destroyed the love of humanity.

Men are not essentially distinguished by the difference of language they speak, the garb they wear, or the dignities with which they are invested. The whole world is one great Republic, of which every nation is a family and every individual a child. To

* For this interesting Charge we are indebted to the Editor of our excellent contemporary, the "Canadian Craftsman," who had received it from Bro, Jas, Wilson, P,M, Occident Lodge, 346, Toronto.

revive and spread abroad these maxims, drawn from the nature of man, is one of the ends of our establishment. We unite men of every description, wherever dispersed over the face of the earth, by the great principle of genuine philanthropy. Thus our interests are identified with those of all mortals; hence the remote antiquity, boundless extent, and unceasing duration of our institution. Masonry instructs us in our duty to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, to our neighbours and ourselves. To God by never mentioning His name but with that reverence and awe due from the creature to the Creator; by esteeming Him our chief good; by imploring His aid in all our undertakings, and making His sacred word the rule and guide of our conduct. To our neighbour, by ever considering him as entitled to partake with ourselves of every blessing which Providence has bestowed on us, and by doing unto him on every occasion as we would wish him under similar circumstances to do unto us. To ourselves, by not abusing the bounties of Providence, impairing our faculties by irregularity, or debasing the dignity of our nature by intemperance. It teaches us to be good subjects of the Rite, true to our sovereign and just to our country. To pay due obedience to lawful authority, and to maintain on every occasion the real interest of the community. To consult the public good, undeterred by the fear of power, and uninfluenced by private advantage. It teaches us Truth, Peace, and Concord. It bids us open our ears to the cry of the unfortunate, and extend our hand to them with the cup of consolation. It annihilates all parties, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who by their Almighty Father were made one blood, to be also of one heart and one mind. It shows us we are all upon a level, and that merit is the only distinction. It orders us to live within the Compass and always to act upon the Square. It forbids intemperance, but encourages rational mirth and innocent pleasure. It makes us brethren firmly bound together by an indissoluble tie—the love of our God and the love of our species.

Pure morality is the second disposition required in our Society. Let a man's religion or the mode thereof be what it may, we do not exclude him from the benefits and advantages of our Order, provided he believes in the Almighty Architect of Heaven and Earth, and practises the sacred duties of morality. We are directed to expand our hearts with the most generous sentiments, to root out bigotry and to stop the cruel hand of persecution. We are to unite with the virtuous of every persuasion in the firm and pleasing bond of fraternal love. It is our duty freely to extend to all the benefits which we derive from society, to make them the participators of every good which we possess, to view their errors with compassion, and by the purity of our own lives to demonstrate to them the superior faith which we possess. How lovely is an institution fraught with sentiments like these! How congenial of every liberal and benevolent mind! How agreeable must it be to Him who is seated on a throne of mercy; to that God who is no respecter of persons.

We have secrets amongst us, my Brother, some few of which have been communicated to you. These form a language, sometimes mute and sometimes eloquent, to be communicated at a distance and by which we know a Brother, let his country or his language be what it will. We can boast of what never has happened to any other Society. Our lodges have been established from the earliest ages, and are spread over the whole civilized world, yet amongst such innumerable multitudes no Brother has yet betrayed our secrets. Dispositions the most volatile, the most indiscreet and the least trained up to secrecy, learn this great science as soon as they enter amongst us, so great an empire over the mind has the idea of brotherly union. This inviolable secrecy powerfully tends to link together the subjects and citizens of different states, and to facilitate and render mutual between them the communication of benefits. We have many instances of this in the annals of our Order. Brethren travelling over distant countries have been often relieved from distress and raised from penury and want. The horrors of captivity have been softened, the gloom of the dungeon has been dissipated, and thousands have been thus restored to life and liberty. May you, my Brother, if ever reduced to similar distress, find affectionate brethren where others might only meet unfeeling strangers, or unrelenting enemies. If any of us should ever fail in the performance of those solemn promises which connect us together as

Masons, we know there can be no greater punishment than that which would follow in the remorse of conscience, the infamy of perfidy, and the penalty of exclusion from our Society.

The fourth qualification necessary to enter into our Order is a taste for the useful sciences and liberal arts of every kind. These improve the heart as much as the understanding, moderate the selfish affections, sweeten and harmonize the temper, and better fit man for social happiness, that happiness which Freemasons most zealously endeavour to promote. Who, indeed, in this polished, this improving age is insensible to the attractions, the excellences, the utility of the fine arts and liberal sciences? Who, in this peculiarly humane and philanthropic era, is cold to the call of benevolence? that never-failing attendant on the ingenious arts, that all-pervading and all-performing virtue which in one short and easy precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," compresses all duty, and consummates the round of moral perfection. The name of Freemason, therefore, ought not to be taken in a literal, gross, and material sense, as if we were simple workmen in stone and marble. We do not consecrate our talents and our riches to the construction of external temples, but to enlighten, edify, and protect the living Temples of the Most High.

Formed as *this Temple* and enriched with the ornaments of the creative wisdom—consummate architect of thy Master's building—Man! We look up to Thee to inspire with understanding, with virtue, with science, with all which can dignify, refine, and exalt our nature and render the temple at least not wholly unworthy of its sacred inhabitants. To this end, direct us to make the blessed volume of Thy instructive wisdom the never-erring *Square* to regulate our conduct; the compass within whose circle we may ever walk with safety and peace; the infallible plumb line and criterion of rectitude and truth. Enable us to fill up every sphere of duty with correctness and honour, and by our amiable attention to all the sweet and blessed charities of social life, teach us to win the love of all those who unite with us in those tender charities; and as fathers, husbands, friends, and worthy men and worthy Masons, to distinguish and exalt the professions which we boast, so that those who have spoken evilly or lightly of our Order, behold our conduct and see our light so usefully shine, their evil speaking may be silenced, their foolish prejudices removed, and they may be thus convinced that Masonry is a useful and venerable structure, supported by the great and everlasting pillars of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

"False friends, you say, are falling fast,
As ebbs your fortune's tide,
Swept by dark sorrow's wintry blast,
Like sere leaves from your side:
But cast grief's shadows from your brow,
And joy's bright smiles awaken,
Tho' false friends go, dear Brother know,
A Mason 's ne'er forsaken.

"The storm that quenches friendship's ray,
But fans Masonic love,
And still the darker grows life's day,
The fonder it shall prove;
Then cast grief's shadows from your brow,
And joy's bright smiles awaken,
Tho' false friends go, dear Brother know,
A Mason 's ne'er forsaken."

"HAIL AND FAREWELL."

"HAIL and farewell!" We meet to part
Even with the greeting on our lips.
As those who 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,
The 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, 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!"

FREEMASONRY IN KELSO.

BEING A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. JOHN'S LODGE, KELSO, No. 58.

Transcribed from the Old Records by Bro. W. Fred Vernon, R. W. M., Tweed Lodge, No. 261, and communicated to the "Scottish Freemason."

WE come now to the "Acts and Resolves" so far as they have been preserved in this old minute-book, but unfortunately these only refer to the resolutions contained in the minutes we have already published. That there were other acts or rules is plainly evident, for the reader will notice in the minute for the 27th of December "*that acordeinge to the acks of our books* ther be some time spent every Saint Johns day by them in eximinitioun & those not found Qualified is not to be admitted to be passed." Now, none of the acts following contain this rule, proving incontestably that there were former acts promulgated at a period anterior to the date of this book (1701), and that they were likewise written in books which have, unfortunately, been lost or destroyed. There is much that is interesting, however, in the fragmentary materials before us: for instance, while the Lodge was most particular about the observance of "Holy St. John's day" on the 27th of December, their "summer St. John's" was held near, but never upon, the day dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In England the latter Saint's day is more generally observed, the Scottish Masons religiously holding St. John the Evangelist's day, but this is by the way; the following rules speak for themselves:—

"A short abridgement of the most materiall Acts & Resolves of the honourable society of masons belonging the Lodge of Kelso, collected out of their former sederunts."

"Kelso 27 Decr. 1701 being Holy St. Johns day

jmo Resolved that, that sederunt and all following be registrat in a book to be keept by the Tresaurer and subscribed by the master or next officer in case of absence.

2 d That all entred apprentiss shall pay eight pounds scots with their gloves.

3to All the gentlemen who are the honourary members obleidged themselves to pay three pounds scots yearly on holy Saint Johns day & all tradesmen to pay 12 p scots yearly on the said day.

v Appointed that the first tuesday of June shall be a day for general meeting of the said Lodge about the affairs of the same as well as Saint Johns day to be held att Kelso.

v That all absents from the meetings either of the said days whither honourary members or otherways shall pay to his quoties three pounds scots unless he send a reasonable excuse as shall be sustained by the meeting and that to be contained in the days sederunt.

vi Enacted that when ane Entered apprentise is received as master and fellow of the craft he shall pay five shster to the companys stock and neu gloves to the members.

vii That all fines be received by the Tresaurer as funds which mony or any part of it, is to be disbursed att sight of master warden Tresaurer to indigent persons or on other occassions in which the honour or interest of the company is concerned they being ansuerable to the next meeting.

viii Concluded that all former fines be remitted to the discretion of the persons lyable for the intertainment of the company.

St. Johns day Decr. 1702.

The company continued the further consideration of their resolve last sederunt

anent the members subscribing their names in the book and obleidgeing themselves to observe the order of the company.

ii Again ordered that the treasurer should provide a book for containing and regrating sederunts & decrees of the society and that all members shall subscribe their names bearing title.

iii Ordered for the future that all absents from the meetings on St. Johns day both honourary members and mechanicks shall pay half ane croun unless he send such excuse as shall be sustained by the company & that to be payed to the treasurer betwixt & St. Johns day next thereafter under the penalty of paying the double besyde the ordinary stent.

20 Jany 1704 in place of St. Johns day day before.

j A proposition being given in by the mechanicks about entrants in writing was ordered to ly in the box & be considered next St. Johns day.

ii The company considering that in all trads, one keeps the box as Theseurrer and anoyther the key ordered that the said form shall be observed in the said company, the keeper of the key being obleidged to leave the same with the master or warden if he be to be one night from Kelso.

iii Ordered that the Thesaurer instruct to the master and warden that he hath given three severall wranings to the deficients in stent, & fines for absence, to be subt by the master and produced next St. John's day.

St. Johns day 1704

j The proposition given by the mechanicks former sederunt sustained wt some small variations the tenor whereof follows."

The "tenor," however, is not inserted, although a large space is left blank, but the following is inserted, bearing date St. John's day, 1709:—

"The variation you will finde set down in the book page* that Eight pounds is only to be payed for ane enterd aprentis."

ii Upon representation made by the honable master that the stent for honorary members was too great and stoped people to join with the company ordained for the future commencing from this day that the stent shall be half ane croun."

Here the "short abridgement" ends, and then follows the last minute recorded for ten years, a hiatus occurring between St. John's day, 1706, and the 31st of December, 1716. We give them both in their order, and it will be seen that some of the arrears and fines tabulated in the last minute have been paid.

St. Johns day 1706

"A particular accompt given in by the Thesaurer of what is ouing by the members for fines and stent which lyes in the box

Received from the Laird of Cliftoun in part of what he ous	3lb	0	0
Received from the Laird of Stodrig for deficiency of stent & diner his fine being forgiven	2	2	0
It. from Sir Pringle his for dinner	0	12	0
It. from James Binnie his stent fine being forgiven	0	12	0

The said day the honable members of Lodge of Kelso mett the honable master the Laird of Thirlestane, worshippfull warden Andrew Brown Smailholm, Thesaurer, & all the rest of the members except the following absents

Cornett Drummond
Laird of Chirrietrees
Laird of Grubett
Mr. Ker in Banff mylen
John Esart
John Jamison

The members went to choise a master the vote being stated they unanimously choised

the Laird of Cliftoun master, Walter Scot warden & continued Andrew Don of Smailholm Thesaurer.

The absents fined according to the statutes of the Lodge.

Robert Latie payed eight poun scots for which the company had his ticket & gave it up to him & discharged, there was Like ways 3^{lb} scots payed be William Lowrie which he owed the com. The members present payd in their stents which came to sextein pound ten shillings scots.

Robert Young entered this day & payd dew. What is received this day with the money in the Thesaurers hands extends in all to 77^{lbs} 19^{ss} 8^{ds} ordered that the Thesaurer give out of the said sum to Mrs. Hall ten ss ster & to Janet Young relict of the deceast Robt. Wait 5 ss ster & to the officer 2^{lb} scots.

Elect officer for the ensuing year William Laurie Elder."

In the above minute it will be noticed that the secretary has called the treasurer Andrew Brown in one place and in another Andrew Don—this proves that the offices of secretary and treasurer were not held conjointly. The carelessness of the office-bearers, of which this is a small specimen, seems to have culminated about this time, as there is no minute in the book until we come to one dated, "Att Kellso the 31 of Decemb. 1716 years."

The next minute is somewhat confusing in its dates, as the Lodge *continues* the office-bearers for two years previous to the date of meeting. Here is the minute *in extenso*:

"Att Kelso the 27 day of December 1717

The hounerable sosity of masonse being mett acording to ther order and our hounerable Lodge have taking to ther consideration that the altersion of members yearly was not nedfull so we continue them for the year 1715 & the year 1716 also the year aforsaid we have shosen Andrew Brown master & William Laidley wardin, James Mein Box master & James Lourie for to kepe the kie & the wholle members of the hounerable Loge payed ther stents & entered prentisis geve ther tickites. So much for the year 1717."

The secretary has, in the above minute been trying evidently to make one minute do for several; however, things were improving, and on the next St. John's day an important resolution was passed, as will be seen by a perusal of the following minute which we have already alluded to:—

"Att Kelso ye 27 day of Decr 1718

Sederent for Saint Johns day according to the apoyntment & by the Lodge of Kelso met on the day aforsaid & that day is passed into the box the sum of siventine pounds eliven pence scots money of which soume was payed that same day for denner and Drink twilfe pound twilfe shil scots so ther is remaining in box four pound money & that same day the Lodge taking into ther couriouse consideration that some of our enttered prentises and some of our pased men also is not so dilligentt in proveing of ther lessons as could saitesfie the lodge therefor we with consent of our master and warding with a sertein number of our members that acordeinge to the acks of our books ther be soum time spent every Saint Johns day by them in Eximinatioun & those that are not found Qualified is not to be admitted to be passed, it is also passed this day that all who hath Bonds or bills or tikits is to renew the saime or find sufishentt casionery this is all our sederent on holy Saint John's day in the year 1718."

We think that this resolution of the old Masons of one hundred and fifty years ago might well be adopted and acted upon by many Masonic Lodges in the present day. Too many Masons are *passed* and *raised* because they claim their degrees as a right, when it should be remembered they are given as a mark of proficiency and merit, or as these old Masons put it, they must be "so dilligentt in proveing of ther lessons as to saitesfie the lodge."

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST APPEAL.

IN due course, and without any particular adventure, Mark arrived at Wolverston, and was received very cordially by Mr. Seymour, pleasantly by Fitz—who was not quite so cordial and off-hand, he thought, as usual, but no doubt it was only imagination—and kindly by Mabel.

From something he saw between the two cousins, he was perplexed to know in what relative position they stood to each other, and, in order to solve all doubts, he made up his mind to speak to Mabel. The poor fellow had quite made up his mind to ask her to share his home; and she, feeling it would be better to give him an early opportunity, knowing by her woman's instinct what he wished to say, soon managed to grant him the desired interview. It was a morning or two after he had arrived, and they were sitting in the drawing-room alone after lunch, the rest having gone out to some skating party. Mark had not told Mabel of the good news about the presentation, for fear it should look as if he came with a bribe in his hand, and he scorned to take any advantage, resolving that, if she would have him, it should be for himself alone, and not for anything he had done or might do to please her.

Was he right or wrong? I do not know. I only know he was a noble-hearted young fellow any girl might have been proud to have as a lover, and I know that this girl, in her heart of hearts, knew that he was.

"Mabel," Mark began, "you say that I must not write to you any more. Why may I not?"

"Because—because—what would be the use?" Mabel evasively replies.

"Oh! Mabel—what would be the use? Have you not long learned that secret which I thought you knew long ago? Have you forgotten the past? You cannot mean it Mabel—I know you cannot.

"I have loved you as no man loved before. I loved you the first moment I saw you. I loved you when your sweet eyes looked in mine as we walked in those beautiful courts when you were in London. I loved you when I saw you sitting quietly working in the Parsonage, and my whole thoughts have been of you from that day to this.

"Do not draw your hand away from me—do not turn your face away. Oh! Mabel, is it true, can you love another?"

The young man had started to his feet at the last words, and was looking imploringly at the proud, beautiful coquette, waiting for an answer.

"Mabel, I entreat you, speak. I will forgive you, though you have wronged me sorely. Tell me now, and put me at once and for ever out of my misery."

And Mabel answered quietly and sadly; yes, sadly, for she was woman after all, and she could not but feel for his grief:—

* 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.

"I am engaged to my cousin Reginald," was all she said.

With a sudden cry of pain the young man sank down into a chair, and burying his head in his hands, sobbed like a child.

There is something terrible in a man's grief, when it is so great a grief as this. To see a strong man weep is pitiful indeed.

Mabel, with a woman's tenderness, tried to soothe him in vain with words of sympathy, but at last, with a great effort, he mastered his emotion, and then the rush of pride came back upon him, and he was a man again.

"Good-bye, Mabel," said he, with a proud quietude of manner; "good-bye, and may your cousin make you happier than I could have done."

"Nay, Mark, do not go yet," she answered. "Will you not stay with us at least for to-day?" and seeing his pale face and the big tears trembling in his eyes, she fell at his feet saying: "Oh! forgive me, forgive me: I did not know."

And he lifted her up very gravely and very courteously, took her hand, pressed it to his lips, but never said a word, and then went away.

Chapter IX.

THE WEAPON SALVE FOR LOVE.

It was night, and the moon shone full upon the town of Wolverston, and lighted up the sea. The shadows now fell darker on the shade, and the brightness of the glow upon the waves seemed brighter from the contrast of the gloom. It was bitter cold, and the keen frosty air swept by in gusty eddies of rude wind, which sighed and moaned as if in mighty sorrow for some lost soul.

Nothing disturbed the silence of the night but those sad winds which seemed to wail a mournful requiem for the dead. But hark! Was that a voice—a human voice—that cried above the winds?

No; it is but the scream of some night bird, disturbed by the fierce howling of the coming storm.

Again that shriek; surely it is a drowning cry!

The great pier is shrouded awhile in the darkling of a cloud that is passing swiftly ghost-like across the moon.

A moment, and it is bright again—and suddenly, solemnly still.

But where is the voice now—that despairing, awful shriek—that pierced the air anon. Oh! nevermore shall that sad cry be heard, and nevermore shall those sad eyes be seen.

Two days after the interview between Mark Seaton and Mabel Vaughan, some fishermen came to Mr. Seymour on important business.

They said that one of them had been out the night before with his mate in their fishing boat, off the new pier at Wolverston, when they fancied they heard a cry of distress. Imagining that it came from the neighbourhood of the breakwater, they rowed thither with some difficulty, for there was a heavy swell on, but nothing could be seen.

It was then high tide, and about two o'clock in the morning.

Being certain that something had gone wrong they laid by till morning, when, as the tide ebbed away, leaving the rocks bare at the end of the pier, they found the body of a drowned man. Nothing was discovered about his person which could identify him—indeed the body was fearfully mangled, and the face cut so as to defy recognition; but on the pier above, from which he had fallen,—so it appeared,—there lay a pocket-book, with the name Marcus Seaton written therein, and a letter addressed to him at "The Elms, Wolverston."

Little doubt remained in the minds of our friends, then, that poor Mark had come

to an untimely end, and Mabel, who knew his passionate disposition, trembled, as she feared she was to blame for this, and the melancholy event cast a gloom over the party at the Elms, which was not soon removed. Mr. Seymour gave Mabel the pocket-book: she took it to her room, and one of her cousins coming in two or three hours after, found her weeping bitterly—and on the floor was a folded paper, evidently taken out of the pocket-book. She opened it and read the following fragment:—

But very sad and sorrowful your letter ends to me,
With those quiet words and sober, that "it is not to be;"
I must not write to you, nor hope to hear from you again;
I must not love you secretly, nor yet may use my pen
To write your praises, or to speak my love thoughts wild and free,
Nor think of you by *day* or *night*, for it is not to be.

The world is growing dreary, and the skies they seem so cold:
And I am getting weary, and the days will soon be told,
When all sorrows shall be ended, and life's troubles shall be o'er,
And the body shall *go downward*, the spirit upward soar.

For what are life and pleasure when joy is at an end,
When the earth is full of trouble, and Death thine only friend?
And its sting is welcomed kindly, for it cometh from above,
And proveth now itself to be the weapon salve for love.

The sun hath lost its shining, or shineth not for me;
The dim clouds sail by sombrely, and settle o'er the sea;
And the air is thick with vapours, and earth is full of care,
But the heavens above are pure and bright, I wish that I was there.

The fields look dead, no longer glistening greenly in the light;
The very cattle and the sheep seem, to my altered sight,
As if they, too, were weary; and all things seem to prove,
That Death 's the only healer, the weapon salve for love,

M. S.

(To be continued.)

MODERN AND ANCIENT LODGES IN AMERICA, ON THE ROLL OF THE ENGLISH GRAND LODGE, A.D. 1813.

WM. JAMES HUGHAN.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has arisen of late, as to the names, ages and localities of the lodges under the two rival Grand Lodges of England, immediately *before* and *after* the union of 1813. In order to assist in the solution of the various problems propounded, I have carefully compiled the following, and am quite willing to add thereto, if needful, as time permits. The material at our command is contained in the Calendars of the Regular Grand Lodge to 1814, really issued in 1813; the printed lists of the seceding Grand Lodge of A.D. 1807, and 1813, all published, and the Calendar of the United Grand Lodge of England of A.D. 1815, issued early in A.D. 1814. Various other lists, of an unofficial character, have, likewise, been consulted. The lodges of the regular Grand Lodge, "Moderns," in America A.D. 1813 were as follows, according to the roll of lodges of that body, excepting military lodges:

"QUEBEC: 151, Merchants' Lodge, 1762; 152, St. Andrew's Lodge, 1762; 153, St. Patrick's Lodge, 1762; 155, Select Lodge, 1762.

"MONTREAL: 154, St. Peter's Lodge, 1762; 424, St. Paul's Lodge, 1787; 428, Select Lodge, 1787; 522, St. John's Friendship Lodge, 1793.

"DETROIT: 289, ——— Lodge, 1773; 320, Union Lodge, 1775.

"FORT WM. HENRY: 426, Lodge of Unity, 1787.

"CATARAQUI: 427, James Lodge, 1787.

"OSWEGATCHIE: 429, New Lodge, 1787.

"NIAGARA: 430, St. John's Lodge, 1787.

"THE LAKES: 498, Rawdon Lodge, 1792.

"CORNWALL: 521, Union Lodge, 1793.

"MICHILIMACINAC: 376, St. John's Lodge, 1785.

"NEWFOUNDLAND: 367, Lodge of Placentia, 1784; 381, Harbor Grace, 1785.

"NOVA SCOTIA: 82 (No. 1), Halifax, 1749.

"NEW BRUNSWICK: 450, Fredericton, 1789.

"NEW ENGLAND: 39, Royal Exchange, Boston, 1733; 81, Second Lodge, Boston, Br. Coffee H., King Street, 3d Wednesday, 1749; 83, Marblehead Lodge, Massachusetts Bay, 1750; 85, New Haven Lodge, in Connecticut, 1750; 130, Providence Lodge in Rhode Island, 1757; 370, *African Lodge, Boston*, 1784.

"NEW YORK: 135, St. John's Lodge, Ann Street, New York, No 2, 1757.

"MARYLAND: 195, Lodge at Joppa, in Baltimore county, 1765.

"VIRGINIA: 102, Royal Exchange, Norfolk, 1753; 119, Swan, at York Town, 1755; 296, Williamsburg Lodge, at Williamsburg, 1773; 297, Botetourt Lodge, at Botetourt, 1773.

"GEORGIA: 302, Unity Lodge, No. 2, at Savannah, 1774; 315, Grenadier's Lodge, at Savannah, 1775.

"NORTH CAROLINA: 114, Lodge at Wilmington, on Cape Fear river, 1755; 223, Royal White Hart Lodge, Halifax, 1767.

"SOUTH CAROLINA: 45, Solomon's Lodge, Charleston, 1735; 46, Solomon's Lodge, Charleston, 1735; 75, Prince George Lodge, Georgetown, Winyaw, 1743; 116, Union Lodge, Charleston, 1755; 125, A Master's Lodge, at Charleston, 1756; 126, Port Royal Lodge, 1756; 163, St. Mark's Lodge, 1763."

I have added the years of constitution so as to make the list complete, and supplement the information by reproducing the list of Military Lodges on the roll of A.D. 1813, "Moderns," prior to the Union. Some of these lodges were in England at the time, and others, possibly, abroad; and all, excepting those with a †, were struck off the register of the lodges at the Union of December 1813, *as also all the foregoing forty-three American lodges!* Many of the latter, however, had previously been working under their own local constitutions, and should have been struck off the roll of English lodges long before; however, as they had not returned their warrants, or intimated that they had left the Grand Lodge of England, I presume the English authorities still retained them on the register. At least so it appears.

"LODGES IN MILITARY CORPS, NOT STATIONARY, 'MODERNS:' 112, in the 8th or King's Own Regiment of Foot, 1755; 156, in the 52nd Regiment of Foot, 1762; 233, in the 24th Regiment of Foot, 1768; †322, Royal York Lodge of Perseverance, Coldstream Regiment of Guards, 1776; 335, in the 6th or Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons, 1777; 342, Lodge of St. George, in the 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, 1780; †356, St. George's E. York Militia Lodge, in East Riding Regiment of York Militia, 1782; 377, Barry Lodge, in the 34th Regiment, 1785; 378, Rainsford Lodge, in the 44th Regiment, 1785; 425, in the Regiment of Anhalt Zerbft, 1787; †541, Lodge in Royal Regiment of Cheshire Militia, 1794; †571, Lodge of Truth, in 1st Regiment of Life Guards, Cadogan Arms, Sloane Street, London, 1798; 587, Lodge in Regiment of Loyal Surrey Rangers, 1800; †618, Royal Cornwall Lodge, in Cornwall Regiment of Militia, 1810; †626, Union York Lodge, in 2nd Regiment of West York Militia, 1811."

Number 618, now 330, still exists, and is located as a civic lodge at Bodmin, Cornwall. The others have, for years, ceased to work. I cannot well afford the time to trace the changes in the numbers of the lodges during the various alterations, but, in

illustration of them, will give the numbers of the lodge at Boston from its No. 126, in 1733, to its constitution. In 1740, it became 85. In 1756, it was raised to 65, and, in 1770, to 54. Then, in 1781, the number was made 42, and finally, in 1792, it was placed at No. 39.

The lodges under the "Ancients" are not so easily arranged as those of the "Moderns," and there is no authoritative record of the date of their constitution. I have for years endeavoured to obtain the latter by reference to the old warrants of such lodges, and have partly succeeded, added to which my good friend and Brother, John Constable, has been busy in the columns of the *Freemasons' Chronicle*, and has published transcripts of several warrants, of considerable value in this inquiry. The date of the warrant, however, is not always a sure indication of the age of the lodge, as many lodges obtained a higher position on the roll by assuming the number of a dormant, or extinct lodge. Of the lodges in America, I find the following in the register of the "Ancients" for A.D. 1813, printed shortly before the Union was constituted.

"CAPE BRETON (Island of North America): †326, in garrison.

"CHARLESTON, South Carolina: 190, York Lodge; 236, no name given.

"HALIFAX: N. S.: 65, Provincial Grand Lodge, F. M. H.; 65, granted Dec. 27th, 1757; 66, granted Dec. 27th, 1757 (Row Barge); 67, granted Dec. 1757 (King's Arms); †155, St. Andrew's Lodge, Halifax; 211, St. John's Lodge.

"MISCELLANEOUS: *1, Prov. Union Lodge, Halifax; *2, Virgin Lodge, Halifax; *3, Paris Lodge, Shelburne; *6, Digby Lodge, Digby; *7, Temple Lodge, Guysborough; *9, Chester Lodge, Chester; *10, Hiram Lodge, Shelburne; *11, St. George's Lodge, Cornwallis; *19, St. George's Lodge, Mangervill's, New Brunswick; *21, Sion Lodge, Sussex Vale, New Brunswick; *22, Solomon's Lodge, Fredericton, New Brunswick; *25, Annapolis Royal; *26, St. John's Lodge, Charlotte Town; *27, Hibernia Lodge, Liverpool; *29, St. John's Lodge, New Brunswick; *30, Trinity Lodge, Halifax; *31, Midian Lodge, New Brunswick; *32, Wentworth Lodge, Yarmouth.

"NEW YORK: 169, New York; 210, New York; 212, Royal Exchange, New York; 219, New York.

"MONTREAL (Upper Canada): †274, Provincial Grand Lodge.

"QUEBEC (Lower Canada): †273, Provincial Grand Lodge; †9, Fourth Battalion Royal Artillery; 40, Merchants' Coffee House; 241, Royal Artillery,

"PHILADELPHIA: 69, at Philadelphia; 89, Provincial Grand Lodge.

"NASSAU, New Providence: †242, Freemasons' Hall."

Of the Military Lodges of the "Ancients," I find the following, some of which are included in the foregoing, and will be easily recognized by their numbers, while others were, previously, civil lodges, and some which had military warrants in 1807, or before, subsequently exchanged for private lodge constitutions.

"†9, Royal Artillery, Quebec; 18, 17th Regiment of Foot; 42, 40th Regiment of Foot; 52, 37th Regiment of Foot; 58, 14th Regiment of Foot; 75, 72nd Regiment of Foot; 86, Royal Artillery; 90, 33rd Regiment, Chatham; †101, Royal Artillery, Eastbourne; †112, 50th Regiment of Foot; †120, 2nd Royal Lancers, Militia, Portsmouth; 123, Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons; †147, 3rd Royal Lancers, Militia, Chatham; †148, Royal Artillery, Gibraltar; †153, Shropshire Regiment of Militia, Portsmouth; †156, Royal Horse Artillery, Colchester; †170, 96th Regiment, St. Croix; †175, Royal Regiment of Cornish Miners, Cahir; †183, 9th Regiment, Valenciennes; †187, Royal Artillery; †191, 91st Regiment; †209, K. O. Regiment Stafford Militia; †213, Royal Artillery; †215, R. Cumberland Militia, Halifax; †216, E. Devon Militia, Ireland; †232, Recten's Hanoverian Brigade; †237, Berwickshire Militia; †241, Royal Artillery, Quebec; 248, 76th Regiment of Foot; 252, 23rd Regiment of Foot; †262, 7th Regiment of Light Dragoons; 228, North Devon Militia, Gosport; †260, Royal Marine Lodge, Barracks, Chatham; †282, Wiltshire Regiment of Militia; †284, 9th Regiment of Dragoons; †285, 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons; †291, Parkehurch Barracks, Isle of Wight; †292, R. W. London Militia; †298, 85th Regiment, Barbourne Lees; †311, 6th Dragoons, Dublin; †317, Royal Artillery, Calcutta; †321, 91st Regiment of Foot; 322, 78th Regiment of Foot; †329, Royal Artillery, Ceylon;

†332, 58th Regiment, Portugal; †333, 92nd Regiment of Foot; †338, 14th Regiment of Foot, Calcutta; †340, 34th Regiment; †343, 4th Garrison Battalion, Guernsey; †345, Royal Artillery, Portsmouth; †347, 14th Regiment, Calcutta; †348, 68th Regiment, Barbourne Lees; †351, 1st Veteran Battalion, Harwich; †353, 5th Regiment, Fermoy; †354, Royal Artillery, Cape of Good Hope."

In 1807, Nos. 7, 41, 197, 198, 272, 312 and 313 were Military Lodges, but since changed for civil warrants, and 335 and 339, Military warrants, were withdrawn after 1807 and before 1813. The occurrence so frequently of "Royal Artillery" refers to the different battalions of the same class of soldiers, which were widely distributed over the world at that time. All those marked with a † were included in the register of lodges at the Union of December, 1813, but the majority ceased to work soon afterwards, if indeed they had not ceased before. Those not so marked were struck off during 1813. Those with a *, 1 to 32 inclusive, at Nova Scotia, etc., are included in the list of lodges in "Ahiman Rezon" of A.D. 1807, their numbers being local, but are entirely omitted in the Register of the Ancients of A.D. 1813! The only lodges on the roll of the United Grand Lodge of England, A.D. 1863, when the numbers were last changed, were 9, 147, 148, 153, 155, 175, 211, 213, 232, 241, 284, 292 and 317, *all of which had ceased to be military lodges.** At the Union some thirty "Ancients" were struck off, or, in other words, some seventy American lodges connected either with the "Moderns" or "Ancients" were removed from the roll, immediately before the Union of December, 1813! What has become of these lodges thus struck off the register of English Freemasons, should form another chapter in Masonic history, to be written by one of our competent American Craftsmen, of whom there are several.—*Voice of Masonry, November*, 1876.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(*Continued from page* 617.)

IN concurrence with the above traditions, the Deliverer or Mediator was expected by the heathen to purify mankind from their sins; make reconciliation with the offended deities, and reveal the true system of human salvation. The conduct of the Persian Magi, who came to make offerings to the new-born Babe at Bethlehem, forms a striking corroboration of the hypothesis. Bishop Porteus says that these men "were a set of ancient philosophers, living in the eastern part of the world, collected together in colleges, addicted to the study of astronomy and other parts of natural philosophy, and highly esteemed throughout the East, having juster sentiments of God and His worship than any of the ancient heathens, for they abhorred the adoration of images, and worshipped one only God; they were, therefore, evidently the fittest of all the ancient heathens to have the first knowledge of the Son of God, and of salvation by Him, imparted to them."

If these wise philosophers had not received their knowledge of the above fact from *tradition*, and possessed implicit faith in its credibility and truth, is it likely that they would have abandoned the important duties of their office as princes or priests, to follow the guidance of that preternatural star, that they might worship the expected Deliverer, and offer the enjoined oblations? Is it likely that they would have rejoiced with

* We give the original numbers only.

exceeding great joy,* when they beheld the star which conducted them to Him who was born King of the Jews, if they had not believed that His salvation would extend to the Gentiles also?

Some learned writers entertain the opinion that this tradition was originally derived from the Jews, after their captivity and dispersion into various countries. But there appears to be one inseparable objection to the hypothesis. When the star made its appearance, and Christ was born, the Jews, who were in undoubted possession of the more correct version of the prophecy, in all its forms, whether as enunciated by the Divine promise to Adam, Noah, or Abraham, or by the more explicit words of Jacob, Balaam, or any of the Jewish Prophets, refused to acknowledge Him as the Prince or Lawgiver referred to by the prediction; how then could it be expected that the three heathen hierophants, whose knowledge of the tradition would be weak and imperfect if derived only from the Jews, for whom they entertained very little respect, would have thus travelled from far distant countries consentaneously to offer sacrifices to the newly-born King? And how could the Gentiles have been so ready to receive Him as the expected Deliverer after He had been rejected by the Jews, if the prophecy had been derived from them alone?

Thus then it appears that while God communicated freely with His favoured people, He did not entirely desert those who had strayed the farthest from His fold. The Light shone amidst the darkness, although the darkness comprehended it not.† The idea of an expiatory sacrifice is perceptible in all the mysterious systems of religion practised by heathen nations, although perhaps its precise nature and typical reference were not distinctly understood. But every country in the world, how ignorant soever its inhabitants might be respecting the general truths of religion, was prepared for the atonement of the Messiah, by an universal belief in the efficacy of bloody sacrifices, as will be explained at large hereafter; and these always accompanied initiation. The most benighted savages, as well as the refined philosophers of Greece and Rome, were alike imbued with this overwhelming tenet.

Now it cannot be supposed that infinite wisdom acts without design, or that God would thus prepare the minds of His creatures for an event which was never to be verified. At length, therefore, after frequent plain declarations of His intention to the Jews, and amidst the universal expectation of the Gentiles—taught in their mysteries, and embodied in their symbols—by a wondrous display of power, God sent forth His only-begotten Son into the world, made in fashion as a man, and leading a human life on earth, sin only excepted. Born of a pure virgin at the precise period of time when all mankind expected a new incarnation of the Deity; in the province and town foretold by the Prophet Micah several centuries before; attended by a blazing star, as had been predicted by Balaam, and universally transmitted in the mystical celebrations of the heathen; and His birth announced by a multitude of the heavenly hosts.

And to prevent any mistake in the application of the prophecies, He is referred to as a Star in many places of Scripture. St. Luke uses the word ανατολη, ORIEUS,‡ translated "Dayspring;" and corresponding with the και ιδου, ο αστηρ, ον ειδον εν τη ανατολη of St. Matthew. In like manner St. Peter uses the phrase φωσθορος ανατειλη,§ the Star in the East. This word, which means the Blazing Star of Freemasonry, denoted amongst the cabalistic Jews, *the eternal* WISDOM *of God;* which is the same as the *eternal* WORD *of God*, or Christ. Hence the early Christians, when they prayed, turned their faces towards the East, which is the dayspring of light, and the same practice constitutes an essential ceremony in the lodges of Freemasonry, where WISDOM is placed in the east. Eusebius uses the same imagery when he says, speaking of the descent of Christ into hell, "the deeps of hellish darkness saw the most bright Star of heaven."

Every circumstance, whether prophetical or typical of the Messias of the Jews, and the expected Deliverer of the Gentiles, was exactly completed and fulfilled in the person of Jesus Christ. At His advent the heathen oracles ceased to yield responses,

* Matt. ii. 2, 10.
† John i. 5.
‡ Luke i. 78.
§ 2 Pet. i. 19.

and even bore a reluctant testimony to His Divine mission;* the symbols and hieroglyphics of the Spurious Freemasonry were superseded; and the empire of Satan was overthrown by the universal sovereignty of the PRINCE OF PEACE.†

The question of the heathen oracles is a doubtful one, and too much encumbered with difficulties for discussion here. It should appear from various passages of Scripture that Jehovah condescended, in ancient times, to dictate their answers;‡ although he abandoned them in their subsequent degeneracy, and they were probably inspired by demons. However, we have the testimony of heathen writers to prove that they ceased generally at the advent of Christ. Thus the oracle at Delphos said to Augustus:—

> Me puer Hebræus divos Deus ipse gubernans
> Cedere sedu jubet, tristemeque redire sub orcum;
> Aris ergo dehinc tacitus discedito nostris.

Occasionally, however, as it is said, they were heard after this event, as when the Emperor Julian inquired of the oracle at Daphne why the gods refused to communicate with their worshippers? The oracle replied that he was prevented by the bones of a Christian saint which had been deposited near. Julian ordered the bones to be removed, and almost immediately afterwards the temple of Daphne was burnt to the ground. And St. Athanasius said that when the idolaters sacrifice to their gods, if a Christian used the sign of the cross, the devils would be put to flight, the oracles would be silent, and the magical arts of the people would be of no avail.

It is true paganism maintained a long and arduous conflict with Christianity, and the powers of darkness struggled to recover their dominion over the mind of man; yet it rapidly declined. Constantine gave it an effectual check, and in the reign of Theodosius, the whole system, complicated as it was, sank to rise no more. The superstitions of Greece and Rome, of Gaul and Scandinavia, have been utterly abolished; Egypt and Chaldea have renounced their fabled deities; and the countries of the New World have embraced the Gospel of Christ. And the day, as we sincerely hope, is not far distant when all the kingdoms of the earth shall bow down at His footstool, and worship His Holy Name.

This was the Deliverer who had been embodied in the great anaglyph of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry; and was expected by both Jews and Heathens to make atonement for the sins of men. The Jews still expect Him, and look with great anxiety for His herald, the star which appeared when Joshua conquered the land of Canaan. When this constellation shall at length manifest itself, they look for the most awful prodigies in nature to announce His descent. The most sanguinary wars shall desolate the globe; a dew of blood shall fall down from heaven; plague and famine shall ravage the earth; and the most venomous reptiles and the most savage monsters of the desert are to be let loose on mankind. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, according to Joel's prophecy; but in thirty days shall recover their pristine lightness. "Men," says the Gemara, "formidable with two heads and numerous eyes, burning like fire, shall come from the extremities of the earth; and a powerful and despotic monarch finally prevailing, shall govern the universe with a rod of iron."§

This, however, is a fabulous belief. The Deliverer is already come. By His blood-shedding the darkened mind of the pagan has been enlightened by the rays of truth; and the austere bigotry of the Jew will ultimately be softened into the humility of a sincere believer; and both freely and completely reconciled to God. Christ died for our sins, rose again for our justification, and ascended into heaven to re-occupy that blessed seat which He had with God before the world began, as our Mediator; and at the final consummation of all sublunary things, will again appear as the appointed Judge of quick and dead.

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

* Suid in voc. Delphi.
† Strabo. l. vii.
‡ See Job iv. 13; xxxvii. 18; Acts xiv. 15; Rom. i. 19.
§ Gemara, quoted by Maurice, Ind. Ant. vol. v., p. 833.

REVIEWS.

We have the greatest pleasure in transferring to our pages the kindly and paternal review of *Kenning's Cyclopædia* by our courteous and sympathetic *confrère* Clifford MacCalla, Editor of that excellent paper the Philadelphia *Keystone*.]

WE have the pleasure of introducing to our readers a new and valuable addition to the Masonic literature of the day.* Its author, P.G.C. Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., the editor of the London *Freemason*, and an occasional correspondent of *The Keystone*, has long been favourably known, on both sides of the Atlantic, as a Masonic student, archæologist and writer, of rare ability and scholarship, and we have no hesitation in saying that the Cyclopædia of Freemasonry that he has just given to the world (which is the result of several years' conscientious labour) will surely increase his reputation, and itself become a standard authority among the Craft.

The Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, and Lexicons of Freemasonry are growing to be numerous, but no one of them is superfluous. The writer of each has written skilfully and intelligently, with the works of his predecessors before him, and has produced in every instance a work of more or less distinctive interest and value. The leading authors of these Encyclopædias are, Bros. Dr. A. G. Mackey, Robert Macoy, and Dr. Rob. Morris, in this country, and Bros. the Rev. George Oliver, Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie (a nephew of our able Philadelphia Brother, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor of the *Press*) and Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, editor of the London *Freemason*, and the *Masonic Magazine*, abroad. By far the fullest work is Mackey's, which is a miracle of industry, and an undoubted authority—indeed, a perfect library of Masonic information; the most compendious work is Bro. Morris's; while Bro. Woodford's is the latest in time, occupies a medium position in size, and is the painstaking production of a skilled Masonic scholar. It is especially noticeable for its frequent and correct mention of American subjects, including some that were overlooked by Bro. Mackey. At the same time, it does generous justice to this now venerable and always able Brother, in the following language, which we take from its preface: "I can, and ought to, specially mention Mackey's invaluable work—one of the most remarkable Masonic compilations ever achieved: the more so, as I have followed on his 'lines,' though I have always mentioned when I agree with him, and above all when I venture to disagree with him. . . . No Masonic Cyclopædia is henceforth possible which does not work on his foundation." This is a deserved tribute to Bro. Mackey, and a creditable and fair statement from Bro. Woodford; but while the latter thus modestly disclaims originality, to a certain extent, as to plan and matter, he nevertheless has given to the Masonic world a book of positive merit, which will, we cannot doubt, find a ready sale in all English-speaking countries.

We will indicate some of its distinctive features. It is unusually accurate in its facts, and in information is abreast with the latest discoveries of Masonic archæologists and writers. It is conservative, not radical in tone. It has no rubbish in its pages, such as frequent or long accounts of extinct secret societies that had no connection with Freemasonry, or numerous details regarding modern high or side degrees. It espouses no Masonic heresies, but boldly exposes them. It gives frequent biographical notice of famous American Freemasons, living as well as dead, including Bros. A. G. Mackey, Stephen Girard, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, C. W. Moore, Rob. Morris, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic hero, and others in America, and Bros. W. J. Hughan, D. Murray Lyon, and many others in Great Britain. It is especially liberal in its notices of American subjects. For example (in a matter which we fraternally

* *Kenning's Masonic Cyclopædia*, and Handbook of Masonic Archæology, History, and Biography. Edited by the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P.G.C. of England. London: George Kenning, 198, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

appreciate), it frequently refers, approvingly, to this journal—in one place saying: "The pages of the *Keystone* . . . most emphatically prove the right of Pennsylvania to claim priority in Masonry for all America;" and in another: "At the present moment, journalism is well represented in the Old and New World, and we can especially commend the *Voice of Masonry* and *The Keystone*, as ably edited and truly Masonic papers."

Of so-called Adoptive Masonry, he says: "Such institutions are not Freemasonry, never can be Freemasonry, and it is very doubtful whether they can do any real good or be of any lasting use." "We do not affect to understand its position, or sympathise with its end." So-called Masonic baptism he sensibly terms "a very unmeaning and unmasonic practice, sometimes so-called and carried out abroad, but happily unknown in Great Britain, and we believe not practised either in Canada or the United States." He is misinformed, however, as to the United States, where, on several occasions, under the A. and A. Rite, miscalled Masonic baptisms have taken place.

Under the title "Pennsylvania," Bro. Woodford says:—

"The early history of Freemasonry in America has lately had to be re-written consequent upon the discovery of documents which prove that Philadelphia is, as Bro. Hughan styles it, 'the premier Masonic city, and Pennsylvania the first Provincial Grand Lodge in America,' instead of Boston, Mass., as formerly stated. . . . Bro. Clifford P. MacCalla, in his 'Philadelphia the Mother City of Freemasonry in America,' has collected a number of valuable facts on this important subject, and has demonstrated the right of that city to such a special and unique title. . . . It appears that the 'City of Brotherly Love' has led the way in every Masonic movement on the American continent. Philadelphia had the first lodge in America, in 1730, the first Provincial Grand Master (with New York and New Jersey), in 1730, the first Masonic Hall, erected in 1754, the first Royal Arch Chapter (before 1767), the first Grand Chapter (1795), and the first Masonic Magazine (1811), besides the first of everything else worth having, in Freemasonry, or ought else, according to our esteemed Bro. MacCalla."

Bro. Woodford espouses the Guild theory of the mediæval history of Freemasonry and asserts the Craft's connection with the monasteries—to our mind the only satisfactory theory; and he wisely makes *no* mention of certain subjects connected with the "secrets" of Masonry. He is also generous in his references to his Brother scholars—the only exception we have noted being that of Bro. George F. Fort, whose general ability and unequalled work, "The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," entitles him to the amplest recognition. This must have been an oversight, which doubtless will be corrected in future editions of the Cyclopædia.

The Cyclopædia is the most comprehensive form that information can be arranged in, and gives to the purchaser the most knowledge for the least money. We have no doubt the present work will be welcomed by a large circle of readers—indeed, it had nearly one thousand subscribers prior to publication, including some thirty or more lodges. The book is issued by Bro. Kenning in very handsome style, bound in blue cloth, with characteristic gilt stamping. It will prove ornamental and useful to any Freemason, and be "handy to have" about the house or lodge. We wish it the success which it merits, and will be sure to attain.

KENNING'S MASONIC CYCLOPÆDIA.—*Vade-mecum* d'Archéologie, d'Histoire et de Biographie Maçonnique, par le Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, docteur eslettres. 1 vol. grand in-8° de 666 pages. (Langue anglaise.)

Un de nos amis, savant modeste et Maçon zélé, causant récemment avec nous, se plaignait amèrement de ce que, selon lui, la Maçonnerie n'avait jusqu'à cette heure donné le jour à aucune œuvre importante à aucun écrivain de grand mérite. Nous ne protestâmes que faiblement contre cette objurgation, sachant que l'objection même en était la source et que, semblable à ces amants passionnés qui ne peuvent souffrir la

moindre imperfection dans leur idole, notre interlocuteur rêvait pour notre Ordre des Tacite et des Homère.

Aujourd'hui, si nous reprenions ce sujet nous appellerions son attention, comme nous le faisons pour vous cher lecteur, sur une œuvre magistrale, qui fait grand honneur et à l'Institution qui l'a inspirée et aux FF.·. KENNING et WOODFORD qui l'ont menée à bonne fin.

L'*Encyclopédie Maçonnique de* KENNING, que nous avons en ce moment sous nos yeux, forme un beau volume richement relié en toile gaufrée représentant nous principaux attributs Maçonniques, gracieusement entrelacés et au milieu desquels se detachent en or les portraits des trois Grands-Maîtres actuels de la Francmaçonnerie des Iles britanniques.

Nous avons souvent constaté que pour découvrir d'une façon nette et sûre la pensée vraie d'un auteur et le but poursuivi, il fallait s'en rapporter à la préface. Nous avons donc lu la préface du F.·. WOODFORD et nous n'avons pas été déçu.

Ce que les FF.·. KENNING et WOODFORD ont eu en vue, en rédigeant et publiant cette encyclopédie, a été de réunir en un volume tout ce qui, sous le rapport historique, archéologique et biographique, peut intéresser la Maçonnerie. Et ce n'est pas un pitre labeur qu'exige une telle entreprise. Aussi, comme le dit le F.·. WOODFORD lui-même, oser espérer que toutes les erreurs ou les omissions ont été évitées serait trop demander à la faiblesse humaine. Et cependant nous nous plaisons à le reconnaître hautement, elles sont bien rares les omissions que nous avons pu constater, et nous ne doutons pas que, dès la première des nombreuses éditions auxquelles nous semble appelée cette œuvre, ces légères imperfections disparaitront.

Tel qu'il est, cet ouvrage, qui contient près de 5,000 articles, nous semble appelé à orner et à enrichir la bibliothèque de tous les Maçons intelligents et desireux d'approfoundir les beautés de notre Institution. Comme livre à consulter, chaque Loge devrait en garnir sa bibliothèque.

Le prix de ce beau volume magifiquement relié *ad hoc* est de 10 shillings 6 pence (13 francs) seulement, ce qui le met à la portée de toutes les bourses.

BE NOT UNKIND.

BE not unkind to the needy and lowly—
Charity's mission is lovely and holy:
Hard is the heart that feels not for its neighbour
Doom'd by misfortune to groan and to labour.

Be not unkind to the aged and weary—
Life at its close must be darksome and dreary:
Bear their complainings and foibles with meekness,
You may grow old and display the same weakness.

Be not unkind to the youthful offender—
He to the accents of love will surrender:
Force for a time his wild passions may fetter,
But in the end will it render him better?

Be not unkind to a soul that comes near you—
Harshness and anger may cause one to fear you:
But what a recompense waiteth above you,
If you can teach the rebellious to love you.

ALONE: A MOTHER'S SONG.

Written for the "Masonic Magazine."

Mild was the morning,
Still was the sea,
Soft came the breezes
Over the lea;
And the great sun rose
Right royally.

Balmy the evening,
Gone was the day,
And the ship sailed by
Out into the bay;
My sailor went:
Ah!—lack-a-day!

The moon riseth pale,
Death in her face,
With stedfast beauty
And queenly grace;
And my soul goes forth
Into the space.

Cometh he never
To me again,
My own bonny boy
Who felt not pain
At that sad parting—
Freedom to gain?

For many go forth,
And some reach home,—
From the far far north
No longer roam.
But will he return?
Ah!—never come.

I have dreamed, and know
My dream is true;
Turned up to the sky,
Celestial blue,
A pallid face and
A form I knew.

On the heaving waves
He rocks to rest,
And his soul has gone
To the land so blest;
And I am alone,
And sore distrest.

Emra Holmes.

June, 1878.

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.

ETA MAWR (whose numerous poems have been highly commended by Lord Lytton, Sir John Herschel, the Rev. George Gilfillan, James Gregor Grant, Dr. Thomas Dick, and many others, and whose beautiful volume, *The Story of Count Ulaski, &c.*, is worthy of a very wide circulation), has kindly lent me the manuscript of an unpublished poem, entitled *The Tour of "the Sax,"*—for so the Scotch dubbed herself and five female companions who made the tour of Scotland, visiting most of the places of public interest, without a single male defender, nearly half a century ago:—

"And some did say *the Sax's* praise
Should be the subject of their lays,
But that the critics all agree,
Without some flowery simile,
Poetic compliments won't do,
And are, in fact, not worth a *sous*,—
A rule establish'd in such cases;
And oh, ye hapless Nymphs, to you
No classic simile was due,
Since for the Muses three too few,
And three too many for the Graces!"

As Melrose Abbey, like all the noble works of art left us by our ancient operative brethren, cannot be without interest to any true Freemason, I here publish, for the first time, the lines she wrote in the Guide's register of visitors to that classic pile:—

"MELROSE ABBEY.

"Oh! fair are the scenes that bright Albyn displays,
And worthy the wanderer's transport to raise;
Where the wild charms of Nature, the soft ones of Art,
Still dazzle the eyes and enrapture the heart.

And where o'er a scene, so attractive *alone*,
A spell of enchantment by song has been thrown,
Then sacred becomes what was lovely before,
We more than admire it—we almost adore!

Favour'd Ruin! more fortunate though in decline
Than if still in the light of thy youth thou couldst shine;
Since Fame has arrested fleet Time on his way,
And Genius has given fresh life to Decay.

We leave thee, fair Albyn! but deeply imprest
On Memory's tablets thine image shall rest;
And longest her glances shall love to repose
On the grey mould'ring turrets of lovely Melrose.

Still the harp of the Minstrel shall sound on our ear,
Still to Fancy the forms of the Past shall appear:
Oh! ne'er can the scene or the bard be forgot,
Where the scene was a *Melrose*—the bard was a *Scott!*"

Mr. Angus Macpherson, the author of numerous clever books both in prose and poetry, has just published a small work on *Good Templary*, in which order—or rather

in one of which orders, for already the Good Templars are split up into two bodies—he is a District Deputy. I have no wish to introduce into the *Masonic Magazine* any discussion on total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; though I may be allowed to remind my Masonic readers, that on their first introduction into the Craft they were taught, among other important duties, the necessity of such a prudent and well regulated course of discipline as may best conduce to the preservation of their corporeal and mental faculties in their fullest energy; thereby enabling them to exert the talents wherewith God has blest them, as well to His glory as to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Judge, then, my surprise, shortly after I had received the above instruction, on being asked by the old secretary of a lodge where I was a visitor, if I really did not think that Freemasonry had led many a man to his ruin by causing him to become a drunkard? My reply was then, as it would be now, that men had got drunk at christenings, at marriages, at funerals, at public auctions, at visitations, at meetings of benefit clubs, and such like, but the drunkenness was no part of the institution; and that the Mason who gave himself up to the dominion of any passion, was a false Brother, who had better never have been admitted to its privileges. The true Mason, whether a teetotaler or otherwise, will be quite ready to exclaim with Mr. Macpherson:—"Alas! how many men stoop from their gifted stature, and reel along the path of life, shrivelling up their nobler nature into something worse than that of brutes, cowering basely within the bounds of the lowest animal propensities. Take the very elements out of which he builds the physical stature of his life. Does he build up his own body as he would the dwelling within which he houses it? How well he cuts his clothes and fits them to his body! How ill he fits his body to the requirements of his soul! As he advances in civilization, his art touches hardly anything but what it adorns—except himself. When he tries to manipulate himself, the inspiration of his art seems to fail him. He seems in fact to have lost his nature in his art, forgetting that true art is but 'nature dressed to advantage.'" And too truly he remarks, that "man has fallen from his high estate, and lies weltering in sensualities." "The leading features of our constitution," he remarks, "are the Fatherhood of God, and the universal Brotherhood of Man," adding:—"Under the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, which are indispensable articles of our faith and practice, we comprise the whole duty of man." So that an atheist can no more be a Good Templar than he can be a Freemason. Of their secresy he remarks:—"There is no more secresy about our proceedings, than there is in those of any domestic family; and the whisper that opens a welcome to every lodge in the world, is but the confidential latch key, which proclaims the entrance of a member of the family. Our secret signs are merely symbols of brotherly affection, and of aspiration towards heaven and God: Our regalia are ensigns of the royal yoke of duty we have undertaken as subjects of the King of kings, and are intended to impress our minds that our duty should be pure as the snow, true as the blue of heaven, and lofty as the imperial purple. Everything around us in our lodge points to truth of thought, charity of purpose, nobility of action. We may not rise to the height of our principles, but there they are continually symbolized before us." So it is too with our dear old Craft!

That Angus Macpherson has thoughts, and knows how to express them, the following specimen of his pencraft will show:—

"Working men, who use the reason God gave you to think by, let me sketch before your mind's eye a picture you may verify for yourselves. The night is dark and gloomy, but the flaming furnaces beat back the darkness and the gloom, and glow with a strong, stern light. Swart sons of Vulcan stand by those furnaces, kneading the molten iron into pliant forms for the purposes of man. Carefully they supply the fierce fuel which melts the iron, and renders it obedient to their will. A bad workman he, who burns his iron and sends it up the chimney stack. Proudly the good workman turns out a full weighted bloom of metal on the anvil of the steam hammer. And yet the men who are so careful of their iron, and turn out with honest pride the full weight of metal, will burn the precious metal out of their nature, by the force of strong drinks, and bring a seriously defective bloom to be laid on the anvil of life."

About twenty tons of grapes are sent every year from Jersey to Covent Garden Market.

In Mr. Robert White's pleasing book on *Worksop, the Dukery and Sherwood Forest*, the library chimney-piece at Thoresby, which, he tells us, "is 14 feet 6 inches high, and 10 feet wide," is described as follows:—"The principal subject of the design is a scene in Sherwood Forest, magnificently carved by Robinson, of Newcastle, in Birkland oak, introducing that monarch of the forest the Major or Queen Oak, a herd of deer, with a foreground of beautifully rendered fern, &c., supported on either side of the fireplace by statuettes of Robin Hood and Little John."

The "Major Oak" above alluded to—which Spencer Hall calls "that king of all the forest"—stands near one of the footpaths from Budley to Edwinstowe. "The late Christopher Thompson (venerated name)," he says, "made a special measurement of the Major Oak. A considerable portion of its tendons are seen above ground, and measuring these half-way between their trunk and their insertion in the earth, they gave a circumference of nearly thirty yards; the circumference of the trunk at nearly six feet from the ground—the height at which begin the branches—was thirty feet; the circumference of one of the arms, at a distance of four feet from the trunk, was twelve feet; the circumference of the out-spread tree at the utmost extent of its branches, was two hundred and forty feet. The recess in its trunk—for, with all its superincumbent mass of branch and leaf, it is quite hollow—afforded a diameter of nearly seven feet, and a height of fifteen feet—was, in short, not unlike one of those dark circular towers we sometimes find in ruined castles. Seven persons at once have been known to partake a meal in it; while, no doubt, with a little contrivance, it might have accommodated more. This cavity has a narrow but convenient opening, to the south, and commands a pleasant look-out into the forest, whilst affording excellent shelter. It was at one time called the *Cock-pen tree*, from its interior being occupied as a hen-roost. Many a poor wanderer has passed a winter's night in a worse place; and yet, notwithstanding its internal decay, it is externally one of the most noble and perfect trees in the kingdom."

Only the other day, I measured the trunks of two decayed oaks, in what was formerly the park of Skelton Castle, and found one to be twenty-one feet in circumference, and the other twenty-two feet six inches. They are close to the footpath leading from Skelton Ellers to Slapeworth, and must have been spreading their boughs to the breeze in the days when the De Bruses or the Falconbergs were the lords of the soil in which they flourished. Would that they could write their reminiscences of the events that have happened within a moderate distance of the ground they have grown upon! What a valuable contribution it would be to my *People's History of Cleveland!*—worth all the dry dusty documents I can examine in a life time.

The late Sir Francis Goldsmid, M.P., has left to University College, London, and its Hospital, to both of which institutions he was treasurer, the princely sum of £50,000. I am glad to see also that a new Supplemental Charter has been granted by the Crown, to enable this non-sectarian University to bestow its honours and privileges on female students. An address, signed by 1,960 women, has been presented to the Senate, expressing their "heartfelt gratitude for the noble part it has taken in coming forward first among the Universities of Great Britain to propose to open all its degrees to women, and thereby to place them in the position so long coveted, of free intellectual activity, alike unhindered by mistaken protection, and unfettered by ancient prejudice."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says:—"I have found the convolvulus major, or 'morning glory,' of considerable practical value as a test for acids and alkalis. In the first place the flower itself is very sensitive, indicating the trace of nitric acid in

a thunderstorm. The flowers show red spots whenever rain-water has wetted the surface after a shower during the night. A few of the flowers rubbed in a glass of water will give a bright blue liquid, which will instantly redden if a drop of nitric or other acid be put in; and the blue will be restored by neutralisation. But if the alkali is much in excess, it will turn green, and return to blue on neutralising again. Water coloured by the red convolvulus will turn blue on the addition of an alkaline salt, but is not so sensitive as the blue."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. VIII.—*Continued.*

AND so time passes; time that destroys great cities, mammoth structures, and great minds; time that in its flight causes hearts that were young to grow old, that changes fond hopes into despair, that makes the small great, and then blots the great out of existence; that reaches its great hand over all the world, and gathers everything within its grasp, and slowly but surely crushes out its life.

Five weeks had passed, and the "Sparkling Sea" was again on the bosom of the great ocean. Within a short week after entering port she had been loaded, and once more her anchor had been raised, not to be again dropped until thousands of miles had been sailed over.

During those five weeks, there had been some pleasant days, and some days that were not pleasant. During this time, the crew aboard the "Sparkling Sea" had spun yarns, and cracked jokes, as countless as the stars.

Jacko had performed any quantity of funny tricks on the shrouds and stays of the vessel, much to the amusement of his mistress; while the parrot, which had been christened like all other parrots, Poll, had done so many bad things that many vows had been made by the captain and his officers to sooner or later close its book of life. A great many times he had roused the captain out of a sound sleep, by the cry of "all hands on deck," or "eight bells," which he had learned to speak in the voices of the different officers. Hearing an officer speak would give him his key-note, and during that officer's watch, Poll did all his talking in that person's tone of voice.

It was on an evening, just five weeks after leaving port, that the crew of the "Sparkling Sea" were gathered around the forecastle employed in their usual evening vocation of spinning yarns. Each man had his little black pipe, and clouds of smoke, which, although not made by the most costly tobacco, made beautiful wreaths in the eyes of the men as they sailed along over their heads and disappeared.

"Barney," said Dick Flynn, "I votes ye pass along that 'ere tobaccy can, an' then after we've all filled up again, I votes Tom Mooney sings us that ere splendiferous song, o' hisen, 'Down on the Rio Grande.'"

"That's it," cried the men in a chorus, "give it to us, Tom."

"Now shipmates don't be askin' me for the same, for I forgot it long ago. But there's Dick Flynn, hisself, that has a v'ice loike a crow, so swate it is, an' he can sing as many songs as iver there was in the oild Muther Goose book."

"No, no, Tom, give us a song," cried the men.

"Well thin, I'll do the bist I can, but I'll not go to warrant that I'll plaze you."

After taking two or three whiffs on his pipe to keep it agoing while he sung, he said, "Now here it is. It's a name I give it, whin I composed it on my last voyage, for I was a poet on that voyage, more or less, for the men knew no songs, and I had to make thim. It's the 'Irish Sailor Lad,' and goes in this wise:—

THE IRISH SAILOR LAD.

There was a lad from Limerick,
Who niver crossed the raging sea;
His hair was red as Yorkshire brick,
His nose was long as it could be.
He was a funny sort of feller,
The good ship's hold he called a cellar."

Here the men joined in the chorus:—

"He was a funny sort of feller,
The good ship's hold he called a cellar.

The cook gave him a fish head soup,
A noice stewed mess of ropes and tar;
And overboard he throwed thim up,
And says to me, 'How sick I are.'
His eyes, that looked into his nose,
Were crossed in love, the sayin' goes.

CHORUS:—

His eyes, that looked into his nose,
Were crossed in love, the sayin' goes.

He had an ind, so this man had,
Which would have made ye drop a tear;
He saw a shark come up, bedad,
Who says to Jack, 'I want ye here.'
And he has gone 'way down below,
Where all the greenhorn sailors go.

CHORUS:—

And he has gone 'way down below,
Where all the greenhorn sailors go."

The men greeted this song with a loud cheer, and Nellie, who had been a silent listener, broke out in a hearty laugh.

As Tom sung the last verse, he fastened his eyes on Slow Simon, and all the men, following Tom's eyes, fastened their eyes on Simon, and now he had finished, Sam Watson said,—

"Simon, simple Simon, I'm afeared that will be the fate o' ye; leastwise, the first shark wot ye see, that ye think is hungry, ye just step over to him. If ye don't, we will appoint ourselves as a committee, to see that the shark has its dues."

"Ah! but that song was a stunner," said Barney Risley. "Did ye gravitate at the univarsity, Tom?"

"You had better larn your spillin' book, so you had, and not be making such bad jokes at the bist man as iver was in Dublin College. If gravitation had only been up instid of down, you would have the brains in your head at this minute that you have in your boots," said Tom, as he went to work filling his pipe, which had gone out during the song.

"I guess, Tom, ye were a schoolmate olong of Dave Blackman, for ye both have the same classical countenance," said Sam Watson.

"I guess he was never at school at all, but only dreamed of it," said Dick Flynn, who had great faith in dreams.

"I had a dream wonce that was worse than dreaming you was in college. But if

you had only had more college dreams yoursilf you would have more riverence for your superiors," said Tom.

"Give us your dream, Tom," cried two or three at once.

"So I will," said Tom. "You see I was on the 'Franklin,' and we were whalin' in the Arctic. One evenin', me and the starboard crew went out huntin' seals. We had just started for a couple of seals that we saw, when the ice broke, and the pieces went all ways. I was on a piece no bigger than the top of this fok-sail, and a sailin' out into the middle of the ocean. You may reckon I was scart. I said all the prayers Father Murphy iver sid when he came acourtin' my mother, who was a widder, and for which he was renounced by the Church. He made her Mrs. Murphy, so he did, but that's not my story. I sid my prayers, but it was no use, I saw nothin' of the vessel, and I laid down to contemplate the glorious chance I had to make an hero of mysilf, by floating to China on a cake of ice. While I was meditating thusly, the cake floated near the shore, and a boat crew of haythens came off and took me aboard. When we reached the shore, what do you suppose them fellers did? It was meal toime with them, and they touched off the fire and put the kittle on, which, as I remarked, was a big wone. They sid it was the wone they used when they had company, and cooked a whole boat's crew at once. I sat down and watched them make preparations. Wone of them had eyes loike a pair of green goggles, and he was starin' at me, and smackin' his lips, loike as though he thought I would make a rare taste. But there was another feller among them who was near and dear to me. He had a mouth which reached from ear to ear, makin' the top of his head a peninsular, and he poked me in the ribs, and felt of my legs, to see how fat I was. Bad luck to him. I looked at him hard because I knew he meant bus'ness. The other feller had the eyes, but this feller had the stomach. When I looked at my future abidin' place I made up my moind to lay so hard in that feller's bread basket that the ache I would give him would last him a sixth month. I inspected him, shipmates, very much loike you would the vessel you were to sail in. But I didn't have much toime for inspection, or to take the measure of the rist of them, for that water biled the quickest of any water I iver saw. I was aggravated at it, so I was, for I niver could make the water bile as quick as that at home, when the oild woman hoisted me out of bed, of a cold mornin', to warm water for her leg that had the rumatticks. It was many a discussion we had over the bilin' of that water, and them discussions always resulted in my leavin' the house followed by the broom and the fire shovel. So of course when I saw this water bilin' so quick loike, I could not help thinkin' of the obstinacy of my oild kittle. But I had not much toime to think of them things, for them fellers came, and takin' an arm and leg each, they swung me for'ard and aft, till I was well under way, when they let go of me, and I went head furst into the hottest place iver I was in durin' my existence. I didn't have much opinion of them nagurs as Christians, for they niver asked me did I want to say my prayers or offer to take any word to the oild woman, so when they chucked me in I gave a yell that would make the biggest fog whistle on Dobney Shoals envious, and"——

Here Slow Simon interrupted Tom by asking, "How in the world did you live to tell of it, Tom?" At the beginning of the yarn Slow Simon had sat the farthest from the speaker, but as the story progressed he had hitched along, until now he was close under Tom's nose. He could not see how it was that Tom had been thrown into boiling water, and perhaps eaten by the cannibals, and still was alive to tell about it.

"Have you no manners to be interruptin' a speaker. Besides he wasn't chawed up, you greenhorn; didn't he say how it was a dream," said Peter, provoked to think that Tom was interrupted just at the most exciting part of the tale.

"It mought have been a day dream with his senses wide open," said Barney Risley.

"Now Barney Risley, what don't know a day dream from a sea gull," returned Peter, "keep still, and let us hear how Tommy got out of his scrape. I know myself how it was, he was so tough that they could neither boil or eat him. But go on Tommy and tell us in your own words, but keep the truth on your side."

"Well, thin, as I was agoin' to say, when this ere useless, who ought to have taken to an edication instid of the sea, interrupted me, I yelled. I know that I yelled, because them haythens jumped tin feet straight up, and thin they put loike as though they thought the Oild Boy was after them. Says I, Tom, now is your toime to escape; at that I tried to jump out of the pot, but somehow I could not move, and the yell, and the exertions I made in tryin' to get out awoke me, for I had gone to sleep on the ice, and where do you suppose I was, shipmates?"

"After all ye went through we'd none of us venture an opinion on that," said Risley.

"Well, thin, I was flat on my back on that ice froze solid, and whin I was tryin' to jump out of the pot, I was tryin' to get free from that ice. When I found out how things was, I give another yell, which moight have been mistook for Gabriel's trumpet, and started the sleepers from the bottom of the ocean. Just thin the ice knocked agin what afterwards proved to be the vessel, and I'd drifted tin miles on that ere cake of ice. I was soon in more comfortable quarters, but the men who helped me off that ice sid I clung to it loike a man to his mother-in-law, dreadful affectionate loike."

The men had been so interested in listening to Tom's dream, that they had not noticed the large frowning storm clouds, which had gathered in the western sky.

A flash of lightning, which lit the whole ocean, first called their attention to the danger. The loud peal of thunder which followed the lightning had hardly died away when the captain's voice was heard crying to the mate,—

"Mr. Evans, tie up the fore and main royals, fore and main top-gallant sails, jib and flying jib, and have the men look alive."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. "Lay aloft there somebody and furl the fore and main royals, and fore and main top-gallant sails. Look alive. Lay out on the boom somebody, and tie up the jibs." The mate, while giving his orders, sprung forward to the down hauls. The men leaped into the rigging with their accustomed alacrity, and were soon working as if for dear life. The air now became close and oppressive, and the whole heaven was streaked with the lightning which continually flashed across its surface, followed by repeated peals of thunder, which shook the whole ocean. Great drops of water came pouring down with a deafening sound, and the wind began to blow a gale. The night became pitchy dark, and the sea lashed itself into a fury, which made the vessel roll and plunge violently, as it struggled with the elements. Tom, who had been aloft, now came aft, and touching the captain's shoulder, asked him if there was anything more to be done. "Yes," replied the captain, "we must tie up the foresail, and double reef the spanker. Where are the men who laid out on the boom to tie up the jibs, have they got in yet? I'm afraid they have been washed off, she has put her bows under two or three times since they went out." At that moment a flash, more vivid than any that had preceded it, lit up the scene for an instant, long enough to reveal the men who had been out on the jib-boom, and who having waited a favourable time, were now scrambling along toward the deck, which they were trying to reach before the vessel should again bury itself beneath the seething billows.

The clap of thunder which followed this flash cannot be described, a hundred cannons belching forth their fire and hail would be something of a comparison. It showed how near the electric fluid was to them. The little vessel shook from stem to stern with the concussion. The heavens rolled in continual flames, and the water, like huge mound tains, seemed to threaten the complete overwhelming of the "Sparkling Sea." Twice she had been thrown on her beam ends, but being a stout sea boat, she had immediately righted, and again started off before the wind like a racehorse.

The topsail was blown into shreds, and the "Sparkling Sea" was now scudding under a double reefed spanker, and foretopmast staysail.

(To be continued.)

THE MASON'S TRUST.

BY BRO. ROBERT RAMSAY.

Written for the "Keystone."

EVERY Brother recollects the solemn moment, when, amidst profound silence, he answered before his brethren the momentous question that involved the basis of his trust. No matter how negligent he may have become in after life; no matter how carelessly he may have performed his duties as a Mason; no matter how indifferently he may have upheld the principles of the Fraternity, he cannot forget that he has openly, before his brethren, professed his belief in One Supreme God, the Great Architect of the Universe.

We, as Masons, from time immemorial have declared that man must look forward to a great and glorious hereafter; that we must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death;" that we must rely upon something more than the puny wisdom (?) of man's finite mind; that we must place faith in Him who created the heavens and the earth, who from mother earth formed man, and who inspired him with vitality by His breath, and who developed at the same moment an everlasting, never-dying soul by His will. The answer, therefore, of the Freemason is clear as the noonday sun and bright as the star that guided the wise men of the East to the stable in which rested the infant form of the Gentle Nazarene. No Mason can hesitate. His belief is in the Giver of all good, the Grand Geometrician of the Universe.

Brethren, we have proclaimed it to the world; we have not "hidden our light under a bushel;" we have published to all mankind that our institution is based upon a belief in the Wisdom of all the acts of God, in the Strength of His enduring, never-tiring love for man, in the Beauty of that Divine Holiness that has promised to the good and true a bright and glorious hereafter in the Grand Lodge above. Brethren, it is upon this that we have erected our time-honoured institution; it is upon this that every ceremony of our Order is based; it is upon this that our symbolism is created; it is upon this belief, and this alone, that we wish farewell to our deceased Brother, and with loving hands cast the emblem of immortality, the cherished sprig of acacia, into our Brother's grave—we trust in God alone.

The time has arrived when we must answer this query anew, with a more decided tone than before—when like a clarion note, clear and loud, the answer shall be heard in the valleys and echoed on the hill tops. For years we have been accused of treachery, of perjury, and worse than perjury, by narrow-minded bigots of spurious protestant organizations, by wild fanatical bodies, composed of scoffers at religion and mockers of the Word of God, by the influence and weight of the ancient and learned Church of Rome. For years we have borne this, silently and steadily progressing, drawing within our fold the great and good of every class, sect, creed and nation, receiving only those whose faith was placed in the Adonia. The time now has come when silence would be a crime, the hour has arrived for Freemasons of every clime to boldly declare, and prove by their acts, that their faith rests in the Fatherhood of the Creator of the Universe.

Masons, hesitate no longer to buckle on your armour, and prove to the world that every Brother has a faith in common, a faith in God, and a hope in immortality. Outside assailants could do us little or no harm; we have received a stab from those whom we ever welcomed as Brothers. Cæser exclaimed, when stabbed by his supposed son, Brutus: "*Et tu, Brute!*" and so might we exclaim, "And thou, oh! Grand Orient of France!" We sicken as we think of the injury that has been done to our cause by the recent action of those who claimed to be Brothers and Craftsmen. No blot hitherto has ever soiled the spotless escutcheon of Freemasonry; her flag was the emblem of purity and fidelity; her lodge rooms were consecrated to God, and in our Temples were

taught the sublime truths of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, founded upon a belief in the Great Fatherhood of God and the Great Brotherhood of Man.

By the late action of the so-called supreme Masonic body of France, we are told we must fraternize with those who deny the very existence of a God; who sneer at the thought of a hereafter; who would place that puny, weak, miserable thing, the mind of man, upon a level with the infinite soul of an infinite God; who would raise man, the created, to a higher point than the Creator; who would declare this life to be the beginning and ending of all, forgetting that He who first fashioned man from mother earth is, Himself, the *Alpha* and *Omega*. Such being the case, we repeat, no time is to be lost in reiterating our belief in the Great I AM. Our voice must no longer be silent—we must not only declare it, but we must act up to it; we must guard our portals with tenfold greater care; we must, by precept and example, teach our younger members that Masonry is something nobler and grander than a mere symbolism; that it is a living, vital institution, inculcating great truths, pregnant with noble thoughts, surrounded by generous sentiments and based upon an undying trust in the Wisdom, Goodness and Greatness of the Jehovah.

We have declared it, and now before the world we must prove it. If many of us have been lax and careless amidst the cares and business of every day life; if when surrounded by the pleasures of the hour, we have forgotten, as it were, our duties, it is not too late to return to them. Our mission has become far more difficult, since now we find traitors, and worse than traitors, in our midst. True, most of the Grand Lodges and Supreme Bodies have severed connection with those who have betrayed us, and forbidden Masonic intercourse with them; still, we must not overlook the fact that the Grand Orient of France is a powerful organization, that her action will be commented upon by those who oppose us, that it will be a weapon in their hands, which they will freely wield against us, and against which it will be hard for us to shield ourselves. We can only do so by acting up to our principles, by being still more careful in admitting candidates to our mysteries and being doubly and trebly particular with regard to our own acts and actions. The time, then, has come for Freemasons of every branch and rite throughout the globe, to sever all connection with the Atheistical Grand Orient of France, and to prove to friend and foe alike, that a Mason's hope is in the immortality of the soul, and his trust in the wisdom of the Divine Essence of an Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent Being, whose *Wisdom* is everywhere seen, whose *Strength* is beyond the comprehension of weak, miserable man, and the *Beauty* of whose Holy Will can never be even faintly understood, till the soul of man is welcomed into the abode of the Great I AM, the Adonai, the Alpha and Omega, the Everloving, Everlasting Jehovah.

Orillia, Ontario.

THE NAME OF GOD.

F. IN N. Y. DISPATCH.

We sing Jehovah, God most High,
Possessor of the earth and sky,
The great Elohim on His throne,
The Holy, High, and Lofty One;
El-Shaddai shows Almighty power;
El-Holam reigns for ever more;
El-Roe sees us when we stray;
El-Bethel meets us by the way;
To rise and seek a better land,
The God of Abram gives command;
The God of Isaac guards us there,

The God of Jacob hears our prayer,
His saints Jehovah-Jireh feeds,
The war Jehovah-Nissi leads,
The strife Jehovah-Shalom quells,
With us Jehovah-Shammah dwells.
What wrongs the God of Patience bears,
The God of Hope, He calms our fears,
The God of Peace His thunder stills,
Our cup the God of Noah fills.
One fearful name bespeaks His ire,
Our God is a consuming fire;
But, O Immanuel, Thou canst prove
That God is Light, and God is Love.

MASONIC THINKERS.

By W. W. Hibben.

In the "Iowa Advocate."

AN intelligent member of the Masonic Fraternity, who ranks among the first of the Craft in the Queen City, said to us a few weeks ago: "Masons, as a body, are not a reading people." The expression was sincere, and was evidently uttered with reluctant regret.

We passed from his presence with the reflection, that his assertion was probably true, notwithstanding the general intelligence of the body in business affairs, and in the general interests of the country. The conviction is doubtless too common, that the communication of the degrees in the lodge rooms of the Craft, is the chief thing necessary to make one a Mason. But however common this conception, the very idea is erroneous, because it tends to the building up of communities of mere Masonic automatons, who never know anything more of the Craft, than, that it is an old secret society. It is a pity that any such Masons are ever made and turned out upon the world as the representatives of the Fraternity. They misrepresent the true animus of its philosophic antiquity, and never learn the great mystic fact that no better foundation of fraternal and intelligent society has ever been laid than is comprehended in the moral teachings and philosophic principles of Ancient Craft Masonry. To them ignorance and indifference are most unfortunate, for these hold all such in the outer courts, where even Masters compare only with Entered Apprentices, and where they are never able to work, save where more competent Masters prepare the trestle-board.

To teach them to think, to act, and to feel, not for themselves alone, but for their fellow men, is the true Masonic philosophy, which makes known to the Craft the higher trestle-board—the grander and more noble work of the moral and social men, where intelligence distinguishes the good from the bad among the sons of humanity, and where the rewards of virtue add to the distinctions of life and give happier sunsets to its dying scenes. All men may not read, yet they should all think, for thought makes the great differences between man and man, and distinguishes him from the brute and from all lower animals. This, indeed, is an obligation which is imposed on us by nature itself and we cannot ignore it without driving from our presence our higher manhood, and sacrificing the life-time luxury of delightful travel through the mystic regions of what may be truly termed the Masonic heaven of light and knowledge.

If man had not been a thinking being, then it would not have been necessary to have placed in his hands any revelation of God or of himself. The primitive elements of his nature might have served him for all time, and he could have been left to run the

race of his generation without an effort of thought or act of morality. But this is not the animus of our endowment or the order of our being. We were constituted in the beginning creation's capstone—nature's lords—and to us have been committed the oracles of God, which obligate us to "read, think and inwardly digest" the Word of Life and best basis of human civilisation the world has yet received.

To the intelligent Mason this book is the more valuable because he remembers that when he received his first ray of Masonic light the sacred writings were before him. The book was open for him to read, and the compass and square pointed him to the significant passages of truth which constituted his first lesson in the mystic philosophy of life. Here is where every Mason must meet us and have his memory refreshed; but alas, how many stop just there! They go no further, only as they are led, as it were, by a cable-tow. They never learn to walk alone, and the obstacles in their way appear to be of their own erection. They bear on their persons the insignia of the Craft, while the inner man knows nothing, comparatively, of that higher life, where thought kindles its fires and throws the bright glare of its mystic effulgence everywhere along the corridors of the future.

To think, to reflect, and to investigate are the manly duties which alone can elevate us in the world of intellectual life, and he who never enters there may bear physical affinity with our race; but he knows nothing of that sun that makes the higher, broader and more beautiful sphere where philosophy strews its flowers, and where moral and social activities find the true basis of their enjoyment. Ignorance and Masonry can never travel together; the one is light and the other is darkness. This lives by progression, while that finds its home only in the dulness of stagnation. The one demands the elevations of intelligence, while the other is pleased to sit down anywhere and listen to the songs of idle pantomimes.

Every element of ignorance is anti-Masonic. The bigotry that breathes intolerance —the pride that makes distinctions—the tyranny that is cruel and oppresses the poor —the arrogance that inaugurates its own monopolies, and the selfishness that plants itself within the narrow confines of sectarianism, as well as the devilish nature that lives and dies ignorant of humanity and charity, are all anti-Masonic. The Craft cannot recognise them in any shape or form, and if any of them ever show their heads in a lodge-room, the spirit of Masonry vanishes like ember fires before the destructive avalanche. No, the very first element of Masonry is light, and he that will comprehend it and enjoy its beauties must become a Masonic Thinker.—*Ia. Advocate.*

FORWARD.

Let us on, oh, faithful Brethren,
To the end which lies before;
Let us, true and loyal Craftsmen,
Gladly seek yon distant shore.

There the Master, in His glory,
Welcomes patient labourers all;
There no more of pain or sorrow
Can this mortal heart befall.

All is peace and all is gladness,
All is happiness and rest;
In that Grand Lodge, Divine and radiant,
Angel officers "tile" the blest.

W.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 62.—Vol. VI. AUGUST, 1878. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE Anniversary Festival of the Boys' School has taken place at the Alexandra Palace under the distinguished presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. It was a very brilliant gathering, with two hundred and twenty stewards, and the returns amounted to £10,100. This in itself is a very large sum compared with what other Societies raise on like occasions, and what we Freemasons did ourselves, only a few years back. Remembering, too, that in 1875, Bro. Binckes announced, we believe, £12,700 in round numbers; in 1876, £12,100, and in 1877, £13,100, we might be tempted hastily, at first, to exclaim, "Oh, what a falling off is here!" But so rash a verdict would neither be just to the Boys' School nor to Brother Binckes. It must be remembered that he has had an exceptional state of things to deal with, in that trade has been bad, and commerce agitated. Under the circumstances of the case, a great margin was unavoidable, as between 1877 and 1878. So on the whole we may all feel grateful that it is no worse, and that so large a sum has been raised by the exertions of the stewards, and the zealous friends of the Charity, most useful and valuable as it really is. The £10,100 will be £10,500 probably before the end of 1878. We feel bound to remark that, from No. 1700, our Lodges seem to be "faineants" in the cause of Charity, inasmuch as only five have helped Bro. Binckes in 1878.

When we remember the current expenses of these Lodges, we feel sorry to think *how little yet they have done for charity, that charity which is often on their lips, but, it is clear, has not yet reached their hearts or pockets.* There is great room for improvement in this respect, which we trust, as regards all the Charities, our returns will show. Another point to be noted is that Lodges and Chapters, as well as individual brethren, have to do a good deal more for the Charities. There are only fifty-two Lodges and Chapters, for instance, Vice-Presidents of the Boys' School far too small a proportion, and it is not too much to say that six-tenths of the brethren, and two-thirds of the Lodges and Chapters, have as yet done nothing whatever for the Charities. Bro. Hedges has been elected, by a large majority, Secretary of the Girls' School. He was returned simply on Masonic grounds, and, to use a young man's expression, "public-running," and there can be no, doubt that the Life Governors and Voters have done wisely and well.

They have shown that, as Masons, they were bound to act on principle, and not for "persons," and that, true to their colours and teaching, they rallied round, if a humble candidate, one who united in himself all the needful and proper qualifications for the office, the business of which he perfectly understood. All honour to them!

SKETCH OF AN OLD LODGE AT FALMOUTH.*

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, P.G.D., ENGLAND.

THERE are not many lodges that date before the existence of Grand Lodges, and the number now working by virtue of warrants older than a hundred years ago is not so plentiful as to make it a matter of no importance when we have to chronicle a few particulars of a lodge that was the first constituted in Cornwall, and after a lapse of 127 years is as vigorous and energetic as ever. The lodge of "Love and Honour," No. 75, Falmouth, was chartered by the Grand Lodge of England, June 12th, 1751, as No. 146. The number has since been altered many times, the last change being in 1863. These changes in the numerical position of lodges in this country are rather awkward, as it is not easy to trace old lodges, especially as, years ago, they were generally only known and described as held at "*such and such*" an inn. The records have been kept in no less than ten ponderous volumes; some being beautiful specimens of caligraphy, while at times the secretary appears to have suffered from Saint Vitus' Dance, if the shaky handwriting is any test of such a disease. The first Worshipful Master was called Pye, who, in the following year became Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall. The first clergyman admitted in the county was the Rev. William Borlase, who, after he "saw the light," in 1752, often preached the "*Annual Sermon.*" The fees then were two guineas for the three degrees, now they are seven guineas. Then, there was but one lodge in the county, the membership not being a dozen Brethren, whereas at the present time there are twenty-seven lodges and about 1,600 members scattered over the Province. In early days, the first and second degrees were frequently given in one evening, and even the *three*, on a pressing emergency; but such rapid promotion has been prohibited by the Grand Lodge for many years, and whether the candidate be a prince or a peer, a month must elapse between each degree. The officers were generally elected and installed on the day of the Annual Festival, and according to the By-Laws every member was required to be in attendance on such occasions, "*in order to proceed to church in due form,*" the procession being of as imposing a character as possible, the "constable and sergeants with their maces" generally walking as aids to the lodge. August 18th, 1755, Captain R. V. Lacey and Lieut. A. A. Fitsingh, of the "Waterland," from America, were initiated, after a unanimous ballot. May 18th, 1757, the Brethren were presented with gloves by the widow of a deceased member, whose funeral they had attended, and the gift was ordered to be recorded in the minutes. The members were as ready to pay their respects "to departed merit," in the person of an old Tyler, as to one more favourably situated. They were most attentive in that respect, and more than once undertook the whole expense of interment of their "Outer Guard," after he had succumbed to the last enemy. Bro. Wellins Calcott visited the lodge in 1763, apparently to introduce his well-known work, "Candid Disquisitions on Freemasonry," and succeeded fairly in Cornwall, having obtained 80 subscribers. In 1764, the ballot was taken for the admission of a Brother as a member, when "*all black balls*" were cast! It was agreed that in consequence of the "severe imputations upon his character, not only as a *Mason, but as an honest man, his apron shall be burnt in the lodge, that no brother shall defile himself by ever wearing of it in future!*" Feb. 27th, 1766, the captain of a ship then anchored in Falmouth harbour, was "initiated," and "passed," such rapid advancement being explained by the secretary, that "*he was only dependent upon the wind.*" The old warrant of 1751 being lost, it was confirmed by a charter (duplicate),

* This interesting article is reprinted from the *Voice of Masonry*, for May, 1878.

Feb. 23rd, 1780, by authority of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Duke of Manchester. Colonel Rogers (an American officer) was relieved, with a sufficient sum to carry him to London, July 12th, 1780. The minutes frequently speak of pecuniary aid being sent to prisoners of war at the Castle. Feb. 12th, 1873, £25 was subscribed by the lodge to assist in building the Freemasons' Hall, London, by virtue of which the Master, for the time being, was empowered to wear a silver medal, indicative of the fact, and which was presented by the Grand Lodge. Alas, however, the medal is *non est*, and no living member has any knowledge of its whereabouts, and did not know it once belonged to the lodge until our search in the minutes revealed the information. Two guineas, voted to a member in distress, is recorded to be *presented to him "in the most private and delicate manner"* (*May* 1*st*, 1786). May 10th, 1787, Mr. Richard Williams was "*to be initiated gratis*," for painting the portraits of the Past Masters! Several copies of Bro. the Rev. J. Inwood's sermons, Linnecear's works, etc., were ordered by the lodge, the members being anxious for more light, and not averse to paying for it. May 1st, 1799, the Brethren attended their Lodge of Instruction, and "continued at work *seven hours*." In 1801, Finch's work was ordered. He was the noted Masonic charlatan of Canterbury. In 1809, the lodge took part in a Grand procession, in honour of the fiftieth year of the reign of his Majesty George III., and then distributed many pounds amongst the poor of the town. In 1814, 120 poor persons were "fed for some time," at the expense of the lodge. Two visitors acted as interpreters at the initiation of a Spaniard, in 1820. Of late years the lodge has proved itself worthy of its eventful history, but its deeds having been chronicled, we only say, "hearty good wishes" to lodge and members.

ANTI-MASONRY.*

WHATEVER may have been the origin of the Institution of Freemasonry, whether of comparatively near or more remote antiquity, it is well settled that opposition to it has arisen in every country wherein the Order has existed. The reason of this is not inherent in the Institution itself, but rather in that quality in the character of man which so readily prompts him to look with a jealous eye upon anything in which he cannot freely participate.

Shrouded in so much of secrecy as was necessary to protect it against evil and designing men, it also acquired an air of mystery which the curious have not been able to penetrate, nor the envious to dispel. Possibly the occasions of assembling together as Masons may have been used for other purposes than those strictly Masonic; civil governments may have been discussed, oppressions denounced, injustice censured, tyrannies, civil and religious, reproached; but these things are not permitted in Lodges, neither are they necessary in any country where right prevails over wrong, nor "in which political or civil liberty is the very end and scope of the constitution"—certainly not in any country governed by "those equitable rules of action by which the meanest individual is protected from the insults and oppression of the greatest."

If Masonry in any country ever did exceed the rules of conduct permitted by Masonic law, they found ample excuse for it in the unreasonable jealousies and restraints to which they were subjected, by bigotry and superstition on the one hand, by blind and oppressive tyranny on the other.

In the early history of the Order, as an operative society, the Masons were

* We take this interesting *resumé* of Masonic history from our ab'y edited contemporary, the *Liberal Freemason*.

employed in building churches and cathedrals, palaces and fortified cities, so that the rich and the noble, as well as the rulers in Church and State, were its protectors and patrons, till at length the Fraternity became conspicuous not only for its works in art and architecture, but in its speculative character, as an associate and instructor of the most refined. In this latter character, rapidly developed in the midst of unreasoning bigotry, it could not altogether escape the observation of the Church, nor did it fail to excite its jealousy. Civil governments became suspicious, till at length opposition to Freemasonry arose, and in the third year of the reign of Henry VI. of England, "the Masons were forbidden to confederate in Chapters and Congregations." This law, however, was never enforced, and it is safe to say that since that time Masonry has met with but little serious opposition in England.

The most bigoted, as well as chief opponent, has been the Roman Catholic Church, which has issued frequent edicts against the Institution, and these have been ably discussed by Mackey, under the head of *Persecutions*, to which we refer for a very intelligent and concise account. One of the first persecutions was in Holland, and broke out in October 16th, 1735. This was stimulated and enkindled by some of the clergy; the States-General yielded to it, and prohibited the meetings of Lodges, one of which persisted, till its members were arrested, when, says Mackey, "the Master and Wardens defended themselves with great dexterity; they freely offered to receive and initiate any person in the confidence of the magistrates, and who could then give them information upon which they might depend, relative to the true designs of the Institution. The proposal was acceded to, and the town clerk was chosen. His report so pleased his superiors that all the magistrates and principal persons of the city became members and zealous patrons of the Order."

In France, the Government feared that the Lodges concealed designs hostile to it. In 1737, an attempt was made to prevent the meetings, and, in 1745, the members of a Lodge were dispersed, the furniture and jewels seized, and the landlord of the hotel where the meeting was held was heavily fined.

The Empress, Maria Theresa, became excited against the Fraternity, and issued an order to arrest all the Masons in Vienna; but this was prevented by the Emperor, Joseph I., who was a Mason.

The persecutions in Italy and other Catholic countries were more extensive and permanent. Pope Clement XII. issued his famous bull against the Fraternity on April 28th, 1738. In this he says, "We have learned, and public rumour does not permit us to doubt the truth of the report, that a certain society has been founded, under the name of Freemasons, into which persons of all religions, and all sects, are indiscriminately admitted;" the bull further declares that "these societies have become suspected by the faithful, and that they are hurtful to the tranquillity of the State, and to the safety of the soul." Hence, all bishops, superiors, and ordinaries were directed to punish the Freemasons "with the penalties which they deserve, as people greatly suspected of heresy, having recourse, if necessary, to the secular arm," and this was interpreted by Cardinal Firrao, who, in promulgating the bull, forbade the meetings of Lodges under the "*pain of death*," without hope of pardon. This bull was not blindly received in France, and the "parliament of Paris positively refused to enrol it." The effects of this bull were cruelly felt in Tuscany, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and, indeed, in all countries where unreasoning submission to the Pope and the Church of Rome was conceded. The dungeons of the Inquisition, with pains and penalties, were employed; the Grand Lodge of England obtained the liberation of a man, named Crudeli, arrested at Florence, and condemned to long imprisonment, on the charge of having furnished an asylum to a Masonic Lodge. A Frenchman, named Tournon, was convicted in Spain for practising the Rites of Masonry, imprisoned, and afterwards banished the kingdom. John Coustos was subjected to torture in Portugal, and, with two companions, was sentenced to the gallows, from which they were finally released by the efforts of the British Ambassador.

In 1745, the Council of Berne, in Switzerland, prohibited the assembling of Masons under severe penalties. In 1757, the Synod of Sterling, in Scotland, by

resolution, debarred all Freemasons, who adhered to the Fraternity, from the ordinances of religion; and fanaticism, which Mackey *justly observes* is everywhere the same, stimulated the Divan at Constantinople, in 1748, to cause a Lodge to be demolished, its jewels and furniture seized, and its members to be arrested; but they, too, were released by the intervention of the English Minister, though the Government prohibited the introduction of the Order into Turkey.

Anti-Masonic books, more or less virulent, have been published by various authors, some by professed seceding Masons, and others by men who had no personal knowledge of the esoteric work of the Institution. In 1686, Dr. Robert Plot, in a book called "The Natural History of Staffordshire," made an attack on Freemasonry. Samuel Pritchard was more vindictive, in 1730, in his attack, which he called "Masonry dissected, being an universal and genuine description of all its branches from the original to the present." This was replied to by Dr. James Anderson, in 1738, so successfully as to secure the recent commendation of Dr. Mackey. Other books and pamphlets followed under a variety of titles, but all professing to tell something about Masonic mysteries. In 1768, a sermon was published in London, entitled, "Masonry the Way to Hell; a Sermon wherein is clearly proved, both from Reason and Scripture, that all who profess the Mysteries are in a State of Damnation." This sermon was translated into French and German, but so offensive was it that it called out numerous replies, one of which was called "Masonry the Turnpike-Road to Happiness in this Life, and Eternal Happiness Hereafter."

In 1797, John Robinson issued his "Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the secret meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati and Reading Societies;" this work was the production of a Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; hence, it is said to be more decorous in language than such books usually are, and the last of any note published by the Anti-Masonic press of England.

In France several works of like character have appeared; one in Paris, 1734, called "La Grande Lumière," others at brief intervals, and, in 1797, the most important of all, by Abbe Barruel, in four volumes, called "Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme." Of this work Dr. Mackey says: "The general scope of his argument was the same as that which was pursued by Professor Robinson; but while both were false in their facts and fallacious in their reasoning, the Scotchman was calm and dispassionate, the Frenchman vehement and abusive. No work, perhaps, was ever printed which contains so many deliberate misstatements as disgrace the pages of Barruel."

In Germany the Masonic Institution was less frequently attacked. The Council of Dantzic issued a decree against the Order; and, in 1764, a book was published entitled, "Proofs that the Society of Freemasons is in every country not only useless, but, if not restricted, dangerous, and ought to be interdicted." Other Anti-Masonic publications appeared, but chiefly as pamphlets.

In the United States, the Morgan excitement broke out in 1826, when William Morgan, who was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1775, published his famous book, which pretended to be an *Exposition of Masonry*. It is very well understood that this book originated in consequence of the refusal of the Masons of Leroy to admit him to membership in their Lodge and Chapter. Of its consequences, and of the Anti-Masonic mania which subsequently prevailed, and which separated friends, divided and sundered Churches, poisoned politics, scandalized virtuous households, and attacked reputations hitherto unimpeached, which made neighbours to be enemies, and created distrust and fear in all matters of religion as well as of politics, we shall discuss hereafter.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I was looking over my "Sketch Book," like "Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman," of olden time, to see how I could best help the *Masonic Magazine*, I came upon the "jottings," if somewhat crossed out and blurred, which make up the following truthful little narrative.

I tell it, as I find it told, in much simplicity of diction, and in all the reality of veritable pathos, as one of those little chapters in the history of the human heart which always have abiding interest, come what may, for the thoughtful and the sympathetic.

I fear me, that those who take up with the high-spiced tales of the hour will, however, hardly be pleased or improved by it: "Heaven save the mark!"

I have no tale of villany to unfold, to startle the gentle and the innocent. No monsters in disguise stalk over my humble scene, sombre and sanguinary, in slouched hats, or with scowling faces. I have no she-devil in petticoats to frighten us all with her pranks; and I do not pretend to record the feats, the conversation, or the elegant manners of fascinating ticket-of-leave heroes, dissipated roués, or heartless swells, who ruin you, their wives, their parents, their children, their friends, with consummate grace and fashionable *savoir faire*.

No, mine is a very humble little story, "ower true;" in that it represents faithfully alike what is going on amongst us all day by day, in the society in which we ourselves live contented and flourishing. As a story, the pages which follow this will appear, no doubt, humdrum to many, far too matter-of-fact to more; and if that be the case, if they neither serve to amuse, to instruct, to please, to edify, why then, in the name of all that's prosaic and uninteresting, let the readers of our *Masonic Magazine* turn over the well printed contribution alike with a yawn of relief and a sigh of satisfaction.

If beauty will "have none" of them, if wit looks down upon them, if intelligence finds in them "nothing worth reading," they must be relegated to that obscurity which is perhaps their proper position, to that forgetfulness which is so often the lot of all things and persons human!

I once sojourned, for a space of time, in a comfortable town of this good land of ours which was noted for three things,—an old church, a new corporation, and very pretty young women. Where that charming *locale* is, I cannot and dare not tell my readers; for I know enough of some of my Brethren to be aware that, were they to be able to find out the way to it in faithful Bradshaw, I might innocently be the cause of much suffering to susceptible bosoms and gentle hearts.

Well, in that same town I sojourned for a space, as I said before, and made the acquaintance of many of its inhabitants. It was one of those towns, common still in England, where the people for the most part are well-to-do, independent, and quite contented with their lot. Their forefathers had lived in the old place, or the same home for generations; and, as they had all the enjoyments of civilized life, little to them did it matter what people said or did elsewhere. A large portion of them had never left, and never intended to leave, their native county; and London was still to them a place of distance and awe, a place to hear sad tales about—a place to moralize upon, as the old clergyman always did, when he called it the "great and sinful Babel,"

but a place to be avoided by ingenuous youths and unsophisticated maidens. Some of the old crones liked to repeat a saying of an ancient pastor, who had been a great favourite in his day, that "No good ever came of going to Lunnun," and accordingly if any one (except those whose business legitimately took them there) left the good grass-green streets of Cayley for the "little village," they were wondered at and pitied accordingly—people even shook their heads at them.

It was, in truth, a town, according to our modern lights, "much behind the age." I am not sure that it was any the worse for that, but I do not wish to begin a discussion here, which, "stale, flat, and unprofitable" at all times, is alike endless and undecidable.

Among the denizens of Cayley there were two persons in whom I for one, like many more, soon learned to take a great interest, namely, Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter Beatrice, about whom a slight veil of mystery had been thrown through various causes, which added to the agreeability of their acquaintance and the charms of the situation. Mrs. Mortimer was a daughter of a very good old English family, who had done what other daughters of good old English families have done and will do to the end of time; namely, she had fallen in love with a bright-looking young officer, the son of a gentleman, too, and general officer; who unfortunately had not as "many pennies" as he had good looks, but a cultivated understanding and a warm heart.

She had a little portion of her own, (not much, it's true), but an old maiden aunt had left her an annuity, and another small sum to her only child Beatrice, with whom, after the death of her husband in the early part of their otherwise happy marriage, she had taken up her residence in Cayley, in the little old-fashioned house which her kind and ancient relative had left her. And here the two had lived, she bringing up her pleasant little girl, and Beatrice repaying her fond mother's care by growing up as charming and docile and artless a little creature as could well be found for miles, yes, many long, long miles, I make bold to add.

When I first saw Beatrice Mortimer she was just eighteen, and as fascinating a picture of English girlhood as you well could contemplate. Tall and active, she walked and moved with pleasant grace; and when once you came within the range of those dark, calm, grey eyes of hers, you found, as others have found, that a spell was over you which you could not resist or even describe! Not that Beatrice ever sought for admiration: on the contrary, she was most reserved and self-possessed and reticent, and had that indescribable charm, *de se faire valoir*, which is always so pleasant to behold in young women, and which, let men say what they will, is ever the most potent of attractions to the considerate and discerning. Of course she had had many admirers, as will be seen as this story progresses, but so far no one could say that Beatrice Mortimer had ever shown the slightest preference, or even betrayed the smallest interest for any gentleman whatever, either in her words, or doings, or presence.

Their society was limited, and it might have been supposed that they led a dull life. But such a view has always appeared to me to be most unworthy of us, whether as "ruminant" or rational animals. Life is only dull to those that make it dull, and I do contend, and always shall contend, that, given a good library, and a few pleasant friends, they must be very stupid or bad-conditioned persons who find life dreary, or existence a bore.

We cannot always be living in excitement; it would be very bad for us if it were so. We do not want always to be parading in the world, in full uniform, in court dress, or high and low habiliments, as the case may be, with the masks we all more or less wear in society. The part we all more or less play is often very fatiguing, and therefore it is good for us, really good, to be at times in "*mufti*," to be at ease, to be natural, and to speak the truth, and to live at home!

One of the habitual visitors at the Mortimers' attracted my attention—he was a German by birth, naturalised in England—the organist at the church, and who was the teacher of the young ladies of Cayley, in music, and who had a rosy-cheeked niece, called Lisette, who kept his house, and put buttons on his shirt.

He rejoiced in the name of Brummer, and was a pleasant, gay, chatty Hanoverian,

who had never lost his love for the "Vaterland," an appreciation for "Kanaster," or an inordinate habitude of snuff. He had also not parted with his German inflection, and he always spoke German-English. He was, however, a very kindly, honest, true-hearted man—with a good deal of natural humour, and a quaint way of looking at things and men, which was as irresistible as it was amusing. Now, don't, my dear friend Miss Melinda Jones, turn up your nose already at such society. People always have to make society for themselves, and, as a rule, the society we live in is the best for us all!

As you will remember, kind reader, Mrs. Mortimer was not rich, and therefore she naturally did not affect that circle, which too often has only to boast that it is made up of "parvenus" and pretentious vulgarity; but she cheerfully lived in the society in which she was cast, made all things pleasant to everybody,—the more so, as in it she became a sort of natural leader. And when I add that the clergyman and his wife, a retired colonel and his family, her old family lawyer, and one or two of the smaller country gentry also frequented her pleasant little drawing-room, I think, for one, that we were in very good company and in very good "case." After all, most of the belongings of life are accidental, not essential, passing, not eternal, and the truest philosophy of all is that which never exaggerates, never undervalues anything here!

(To be continued.)

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

SCULPTURE.—I.

"Sermons in stones."

ALTHOUGH by the term "Sculpture" we usually understand what is perhaps better designated as "Statuary," for our present purpose—a series of technical papers—we prefer to use the word in its original and broad sense; any work of Art produced by the act of cutting.

The forms in which this branch of Art presents itself to us are many and various, at one time exhibiting to us the majestic group instinct with almost more than life, at another barely asserting itself to our view by the scarcely traceable scratches upon some rude rock-face. In the present series of papers we shall divide it as well as we can into groups generally recognised, because marked out by certain tolerably definite characteristics.

If we seem, at the first glance, to be somewhat bewildered by the almost infinite gradations of the different modes of treatment, we shall feel quite as great astonishment when we reflect upon the well-nigh endless variety of substances that have received the impress of the sculptor's hand. Marble and coarser stone of every variety; ivory and bone; wood and shell; iron and lead; brass and bronze; gold, silver, and well-nigh every precious gem; all alike have afforded material for human skill to work upon. Whilst, again, that skill has taken quite as many forms: "the round," "relief,"—both "high" and "low," "intaglio," "cameo," with others that we shall hope to touch upon in their turn; many in number, yet all serving one definite purpose, the embodiment in visible shape of the sculptor's idea.

As being, perhaps, the most perfect form of the Art, we will begin with

"In the Round."

Whether in ancient times sculptors chiselled their productions directly from the block it is, of course, now impossible to say for certain, but there is a great probability that such was the case. Further on, in another branch of the Art, we shall show that this was really done, as we know it was by more than one master-hand of more modern times. Both Paris (the Louvre) and Florence possess unfinished works thus "roughed-out" by Michael Angelo, in which the vigour of his style of manipulation, even within one-eighth of an inch of the finished surface, is evidenced by the long chisel-marks remaining. In the ordinary course this masterly method of procedure is too dangerous, as one unlucky stroke might spoil the labour of many a long day, besides causing the waste of valuable and costly material. The usual mode adopted by the artist is to model his design in clay, generally in a small size at first. This model is afterwards enlarged and improved by "study from the life," that is, by copying the actual things to be represented—men, animals, draperies, and the like.

For this enlarging (as we are informed by Messrs. Wills, the eminent sculptors of Euston Road, whose works of Lord Mayo, Sir Humphrey Davy, Ashworth, Mayor of Rochdale, unveiled in June last, etc., are well known and universally admired) an iron frame-work or skeleton is made to support the mass of clay; in this clay the "study" is first made of the subject "in the nude," so that a due natural proportion of figure may be obtained; after which the drapery is added. Upon this clay "model," when perfect, a mould is formed, from which is taken a plaster cast.

The plaster figure is next placed by the side of the marble or stone, which is, by the hands of pupils or inferior workmen, reduced to the requisite dimensions, the form being obtained by means of a "pointer." This consists of a needle placed upon a measuring-rod. The needle, having been applied to "the cast" (or plaster figure), is turned to "the block," which is then pierced or drilled until the pointer shows that it has gone deep enough. This is done over and over again, until, by cutting down to the depth indicated, the rough figure alone is left. The master-hand then passes over the whole until the work is perfect. The work is then smoothed or rubbed down, and, in some cases, even polished (as in some of Michael Angelo's works, and those of still more ancient masters); but this latter process is generally objected to, as the reflected lights tend to injure the outline of the form.

Although, as a rule, sculpture suffers in comparison with painting from the want of colour and background, we find, in ancient examples, that the former was sometimes actually applied; many old statues—notably those on tombs and monuments—being coloured "to the life." Egyptian and Ninevitish sculptors frequently painted their works "up to the life," and even the Greek masters sometimes employed colour in the same way. In the British Museum there is a head that has been thus treated, whilst in the Vatican there is a bust which still shows that enamelled eyes and black eyelashes were inserted in the marble. In our own day Mr. Gibson has exhibited tinted female figures, but the experiment has not found universal favour.

Space forbids us to give a history of this noble Art, but we cannot pass on without noticing the prolific hand of Phidias, the Greek, and the antiquity of the works of the Egyptian sculptors, who worked probably 2,000 years before the Christian era. Following these came the Etruscans, and these again were followed by the Roman artists. The art was revived in Italy in the tenth century, coming down to Michael Angelo in the sixteenth. Cibber, who sculptured in England, was a Dane; Thorwalsden, a native of Iceland; Canova, an Italian; whilst Flaxman brings us down to our own days.

An explanation of two or three technical terms of the remains of ancient sculpture may here be not amiss: "Busts" are heads, or heads and chests; a "Torso" is a body without limbs; whilst statues consisting of a head on a square post are called "Terminal," from their having been employed as boundary marks.

We have next to notice a very beautiful form of this branch of the art, and one that is becoming more practised every day, and deservedly so, as it is that by means of which true artistic work can be introduced into homes to which no such princely adjunct as a sculpture-gallery can by any possibility be annexed—we refer to sculpture in its miniature form of the "statuette." In this *bijou* shape may be found work quite as true to Art, coupled with as exquisite beauty of design, as in the largest group that can leave the sculptor's hand. Another reason for the general favour in which statuettes are held is their adaptability for the introduction of portraiture.

By the kind courtesy of an artist who has successfully devoted much of his time to the development of this branch of his art (Mr. Rowe, of Buckingham Palace Road)—as is abundantly testified by the exhibition, by Her Majesty's command, of a beautiful little statuette of the eldest daughter of our Royal Grand Master in this year's Academy—we are enabled to say a few words about its manipulation.

A piece of "modelling-clay" of the required size, being placed upon a convenient stand, has first of all imparted to it the outline of the intended bust, figure, or group. This "modelling-clay" consists of potter's-clay mixed with a proportion of finely pulverized sandstone so that it may work freely. The sculptor then, by means of small tools, gradually assimilates the features and form to the likeness of his sitter; adding any details of surroundings, etc., that may, to his artist's eye, make the grouping perfect. Thus in the statuette to which we have referred just above, the little princess is standing in a childishly negligent attitude by a rustic garden-seat; in another exquisite little portrait group by the same artist, a boy is throwing a ball to a dog which is lying at his feet. From the model, when complete, a mould is taken; the subject is then cast in "terra-cotta," unless the group was to have been directly sculptured in marble. This "terra-cotta" (Italian for baked clay) has been usually taken to mean any manufacture of brick-earth used for ornamental purposes, especially those of an architectural character; it was thus much used in Great Britain about the beginning of the eighteenth century, but during the reigns of the Georges its use was discontinued until it was revived some quarter of a century ago; it is almost unnecessary to add that the "terra-cotta" used for the casting of these statuettes is of the finest description.

After the group or figure leaves the mould the joints have to be smoothed off, and it is then carefully "fired" or "burnt," when the process is complete.

With one other instance of work "in the round" we must close this present paper; we refer to statues in metal, for wood-sculpture can be more appropriately treated under its special head of "Carving!" whilst in diminutive sculptures many materials are employed—ivory, gold, silver, and the like; but as these, too, come more properly under this same head of "Carving," we will defer the consideration of them for a future opportunity.

The metal usually employed for statue-casting is bronze—a reddish-yellow alloy of fine grain of copper and tin in proportions varying according to the use to which it is to be put; when well made, bronze is, with the exception of the precious metals, the most durable metallic material with which we are acquainted.

For a bronze, or other metallic casting, a mould is prepared and the metal cast in it; on its removal the figure passes under the finishing hand of the master in the same way that the statue of stone or marble owns his last artistic touch.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED a gracious dream of other days,
A dream of fervent joy, a dream of light,
When little I recked of earthly blame or praise,
When all was very pleasant to my sight!
That dream was once to me, ah! very dear,
And full of glad Hope's dominating pow'r,
Absent was doubt—distant far was fear,
Unknown the storms, or passing clouds which low'r.
For she was standing gaily at my side:
I watched her sunny smile, I heard her voice,—
Oh, best and truest of heart-friends tried,
Her gentle presence made my heart rejoice!
No darkness then had settled on our way,
In the full light, we ran our "weird" apace;
A bright companionship threw then, day by day
On all our longings, a light of trust and grace!
Alas! That dream has faded! past and gone
Its pleasant hours, each sympathetic scene,
And flitted softer souvenirs one by one,
Filling the dimmer region of what "once has been."
So pass away all gracious dreams from life,
Sad memories oft of happiness gone and past,
But ever witnesses, amid sad earthly strife,
Of dear Realities, which one day yet will last!

W.

WHAT OF THE DAY?

WHAT of the day that has passed us by,
Oh! what of the day may we say—
Have we gathered fruit, or sown the seed
That will brighten life's dusky way?
Have we hastily pluck'd the flowers that grew
Around us in beauty and pride,
Cherishing but for an hour or two,
Then heedlessly casting aside?

Have we joined in the chase of light-wing'd things
That invite yet elude the touch—
Of pleasure, of fame, or power, whose charms
In possession dissolve so much?
What roots were planted and briars cut down,
What branches been trained to the sun,
And weeds uprooted that cumbered the ground,
Where blossoms immortal should come?

What of the day that has passed us by,
Oh! what of the day must be told?
That with good intentions 'twas boldly met,
Which slipped from our careless hold;
That we laboured and toiled for phantoms all,
Till the shadows grew heavy, and lay
So chill, so drear, we waked from our dreams
To the fact of—a wasted day!

MONICA E. FELL.

A MEMORABLE DAY IN JERSEY.

ON Friday, the 7th of June, was a memorable and mournful day in the annals of Freemasonry in the Province; for on that day a beloved and esteemed Brother was borne to his last place of rest. It was an event which will be engraven on the hearts of all those who were present, for it was the last sad duty of friendship and love paid to Wor. Bro. Albert Schmitt, P.M. 590, P.Z. 244, 491, 590; P.P.G.S.W. & P.G. Scribe E. For some time past Bro. A. Schmitt had shown signs of ill health, but little did his friends think that his end was so near at hand. On Thursday, the 30th of May, he was present at his Mother Lodge, "La Cesarie," and installed the new W.M. in the chair, and did all the duties relative thereto. The ceremony of installation being over, he was obliged to leave the Lodge, and the banquet was deprived of his presence; from that day bronchitis set in, and on the 3rd of June he breathed his last. At the news of his death it is needless to say that there was but one general wish in the Province, and that was that he should be buried with Masonic honours, to which request the Very Wor. the D.P. Grand Master willingly gave his assent. And on Friday, the 7th of June, all the respect that can be paid to mortal man was done that day by the Craft.

On Thursday evening the body was lying in state from 7 to 9.30 p.m., and on the Friday morning, from 10 to 12 a.m., upwards of a thousand people came to witness the scene. It was of a most imposing nature.

The coffin, which was covered with blue cloth, ornamented with *ormolu* handles, lay in the centre of the Lodge Room, supported on a white pedestal; all the jewels of the deceased, as well as regalia, were exquisitely arranged on the lid; four crowns of *immortelles* were lying at the base of the pedestal, and a beautiful bouquet of orange-blossoms on a small pedestal at the end of the coffin; the twelve Royal Arch ensigns encircled the whole, with the Provincial Grand Tyler to keep watch. The gas was lowered in order to bring out the Star in the East, which was lit up; the *ensemble* giving such an impression of solemnity and grandeur that it will not be forgotten by those who came to witness it.

The Brethren met at the Masonic Temple, and all the Lodges of the Province were fairly represented by the members present. The Provincial G.T.° was very numerous. At two o'clock the Lodge was opened by the newly installed W.M., who received the Very Wor. the Deputy P.G.M. and the officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge, after which the care of the ceremony was entrusted to the P.G. Director of Ceremonies, Wor. Bro. W. H. Chapman, assisted by Wor. Bros. Moss and Le Sueur.

The procession started from the Temple shortly after three o'clock, in the following order:—

Two Tylers with drawn swords.
Band of music.
Visitors who were not members of any Lodge in the Province.
Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1003.
Banner of Lodge, carried by the Junior Member.
Inner Guard.
Members two by two.
Junior and Senior Deacon.
Treasurer and Secretary.
Junior and Senior Warden.
Worshipful Master.
St. Aubin's Lodge, No. 958.
Royal Sussex Lodge, No. 491.
Mechanics' Lodge, No. 245.
Yarborough Lodge, No. 244.

All the above-mentioned in the same order as the Prince of Wales' Lodge.

"*La Cesarie Lodge,*" No. 590.
Banner of Lodge, craped in deep mourning.
Inner Guard.
Members two by two.
Treasurer.
Corinthian Light, borne by a M.M.
Junior Warden's Column, borne by a M.M.
Junior Warden, carrying Plumb Rule.
Doric Light, carried by M.M.
Senior Warden's Column, carried by M.M.
Senior Warden, carrying Level.
Ionic Light, borne by M.M.
Senior Deacon. Worshipful Master. Junior Deacon.

Provincial Grand Lodge.

Banner of Lodge.
Provincial Grand Officers in rotation, according to their rank.
The Right Wor. the Rev. Stewart Patterson.
P.P.G. Master for Manitoba.
Director of Ceremonies. The Very Wor. the Deputy Provincial Grand Master. Assistant Director of Ceremonies.
The Jewels of deceased, carried by a Provincial Grand Officer.
The Sacred Law, with Square and Compasses, carried by a Past Grand Warden.
Clergyman. Doctor.

PALL-BEARERS.		PALL-BEARERS.
Wor. Bro. A. Viel.	THE BODY.	Wor. Bro. Renauf.
„ Pallot.		„ Benham.
„ du Jardin.		„ Durele

Chief Mourners.
Provincial Grand Tyler.
Members of the Royal Hall Club, of which deceased was the Librarian.

The procession was led to the Wesleyan Chapel, of Grove Place, where the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Dupuy, Wor. Bro. E. Dowden presiding at the organ.

On leaving the Chapel the procession was again re-formed, and proceeded to Almarah cemetery, where the remains of the deceased were deposited. Immediately after the funeral service a brother countryman of the deceased came near the grave, and drawing a little bag of earth from his breast, sprinkled a few pinches on the coffin. That earth was from their dear native Poland, for be it said they were both political exiles from that country.

The Worshipful Master of "La Cesarie" next came forward, and delivered an oration, which for eloquence is rarely surpassed.

The procession was once more re-formed and marched back to the Temple, where a vote of thanks was ordered to be presented to the Rev. Dupuy, and likewise a donation of five guineas to be distributed amongst the poor of his congregation, after which the Lodge closed in due form.

Thus ends the career of our respected Bro. Schmitt. He was one of those who devoted his existence to the welfare of the Craft; from his initiation to the day of his death he was for ever in Masonic harness. His loss will be mourned for years to come, for he was a good man and a genuine Mason.

A MASONIC ADDRESS.

From the "Masonic Herald."

THE following was delivered by W. Bro. J. W. Handley, at the conclusion of the funeral service held by the Members of Lodge "Perfect Unanimity," in memory of the late District Grand Master of Madras, R. W. Bro. John Miller. It was sent to us by our esteemed Brother, P. D. Shaw, Barrister at Law, High Court, Madras, who has always evinced a kindly feeling towards us, for which we are thankful. It would have been published in our last issue, with the Obituary Notice, but as it came in a little too late, it could not therefore be inserted, but for its excellence we strongly commend it to attention, as we are sure that those who read it will not rise unedified. We also hope that the suggestion offered therein will be attended to by the Fraternity at Madras, viz., to build, as a memorial, a Masonic Temple there. The subject is worthy of attention, and we trust it will be duly considered and carried out.

BRETHREN,—

You have asked me to undertake the melancholy duty of delivering the address usual on these sad occasions. In such a case your word is a command, and to hesitate would have been unbecoming; so I shall attempt the task, though fully conscious that there are many here present of longer standing in the Craft, and perhaps more intimately acquainted with our deceased brother, who would have discharged it better. None, however, could come to the task with deeper feelings of regard and esteem for our departed brother and friend, nor with more heartfelt sorrow for the loss which Masonry as an institution, and we, both as Masons and members of society, have sustained by the untimely death. And perhaps it is not altogether inappropriate that this tribute of respect and esteem to our departed brother should be paid by myself as being, I believe, the senior member of his profession, who is also a member of this Lodge; for next to being a Mason Bro. John Miller gloried in being a Barrister. He loved his profession, and took a lively interest in its details, and threw himself into his cases with an energy and enthusiasm which was one great secret of his success. With a natural keen love of justice, and hatred of oppression and wrong, he found in the exercise of his profession, I believe, not merely the satisfaction which all men feel in that in which they succeed, but also a means of gratifying those inherent feelings of his nature; and thus, whenever he had to plead the cause of the poor, the wronged, the unfortunate, even the guilty, upon whom he thought the strong hand of power was bearing hardly and unfairly, he did it with an enthusiasm and sincerity which impressed all who heard him with the feeling that they were listening, not merely to the hired advocate pleading the cause in which he had been retained, but to the lover of truth and justice, the enemy of oppression and wrong, speaking out of the fulness of his own generous heart, for those whom he believed required his aid in their struggle to obtain their rights. It is fitting, therefore, that one of his own profession,—who has often been opposed to him in forensic warfare, but who can bear witness that, in that warfare, with all its occasionally irritating and exasperating incidents, never did anything occur to impair for one moment the feelings of closest friendship,—that such a one should be the mouthpiece of the Lodge this evening to express our feelings of loving remembrance of our departed brother, and of deepest sorrow for his loss.

But it is with his Masonic career that we are principally concerned to-night, for we are gathered here together as Masons, upon whom has fallen a sorrow such as that which fell upon King Solomon and the builders of the first temple in the untimely death of their Master-Builder. Masonry in Madras has lost its head and chief ruler, and that a head and ruler not merely in name, but one who, ever since he assumed that high

office, has made his presence known and felt amongst all Masons in this Presidency, and has directed and ruled the Craft with a tact and wisdom which must make his loss universally felt and deplored. But perhaps another time and place will be more appropriate for a tribute to the merits of our departed District Grand Master as a Ruler of the Craft. It is Lodge "Perfect Unanimity" which to-night laments the loss of a brother, and therefore it is upon our brother's character, as a brother and a Mason, I would wish to dwell to-night. A slight sketch of his Masonic career may not be out of place. Initiated in November, 1860, in this Lodge, he filled successively the offices of Steward, J. D., S. D., J. W., which latter office he filled during two years, 1864 and 1865, and finally was Master of his Lodge for two years in succession, 1866-67. In District Grand Lodge he passed through the offices of D. G. R. D. G. S. W., and lastly, in June 1875, in compliance, I believe, with the unanimous wish of the Masons of this Presidency, he was nominated by the Grand Master, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, District Grand Master.

In other branches of Masonry, R. W. Bro. Miller was equally indefatigable, and attained also to the highest rank; but of these there is now no time to speak in detail. In Lodge "Perfect Unanimity" he always took the deepest interest. Even after he attained to his exalted position in the Craft he never forgot his mother Lodge, attended its meetings regularly, and took an active part in all business connected with it. In particular, you must all remember how much interest he took in our various discussions as to the project of building a new Masonic Temple in lieu of that one on the beach built by the founders of "Perfect Unanimity," but which was disposed of as unsuited from its locality to the present wants of the Craft, and how anxious he was that immediate steps should be taken for the erection in Madras of a worthy Temple of Masonry. I would suggest that when the question is discussed, as doubtless it will be before long, of some memorial to our late District Grand Master, it will be a matter for consideration whether the most fitting memorial will not be the erection of a building such as he hoped to see, in which all the Lodges in Madras might find a proper habitation, and thus carry out one of the most cherished wishes of his heart.

Brethren, our brother has gone from amongst us. In life always a true and consistent Mason, he has received, as he would certainly have wished, the last sad offices at the hands of Masons. Masons placed his body in the coffin after performing the appropriate rites around it. Masons bore him to his grave, and around that grave united in the mystic bonds of fraternity, and now the members of his own Lodge and a large number of other Lodges have met to celebrate the Masonic Requiem for a brother departed. He is gone, but has left us his example, by which he "being dead yet speaketh." Upon the inducements which his career holds out to all, of honours and offices of trust in store for those who pursue the Masonic vocation with zeal and industry, I will not now dilate. I would rather dwell upon those moral qualities, as a man and as a Mason, of which our brother set us so bright an example. And I think the great feature of his character in this respect was the way in which he carried the principles of Masonry into ordinary life. For many Masons leave these principles at the door of the Lodge, but not so with our departed brother. The seeds of those great principles of Masonry, Brotherly-love, Relief, and Truth, falling upon a kindly and genial nature, produced a crop of good deeds and generous actions, the full extent of which is probably known to but few. Most of us know of many instances of his liberality to the poor and distressed, both within and without the Craft, in which his helping hand has preserved the unfortunate from ruin, or has enabled those to struggle on to success in life who, but for him, might have sunk beneath the withering blight of poverty. In his loss, we deplore the loss of a friend and benefactor, whose ear was ever open, and whose purse strings ever loose at the cry of suffering humanity.

Another great principle of Masonry was also, I think, carried out by our brother in a very high degree. You all remember that noble principle of the Craft as to the duty which we owe to a brother's honour in his absence. This also, I think, you will all agree with me, our brother carried into life and acted upon, both as to brother Masons and the world at large. On the day of his death, a member of this Lodge said to me,

"Miller never said ill-natured things about people," and I repeat it here, because it seems to me very high praise for a very rare virtue. We can all remember how often he would, when others were speaking hardly of the absent, interpose with a kindly remonstrance, or plead extenuating circumstances; and I think we must all have noticed how seldom he initiated any conversation upon the faults or failings of others, and when a friend or brother was attacked, he would often wax warm in his defence.

Brethren, I must now close, having, I fear, very imperfectly discharged my duty. The task is a difficult one. It is like the artist taking up the pencil to portray a departed friend. To the imagination the thing seems easy. Every feature and line of the countenance is easily recalled; but when the attempt is made, the lines are uncertain and faint, the paper is blotted with tears, and the result is but an indistinct outline of the face and form, which, in the mind's eye, are photographed with clearness and precision. So is it with the attempt to draw with loving hand a sketch from memory of our departed friend and brother. Each one of us can call up in imagination the living presence of the departed, the honest, open face with its ever kindly smile, the hearty voice, the cordial grasp of the hand, these memory can reproduce for us with unerring accuracy; but when we come to try and paint the portrait of the man, we can only put in a line here and there, and produce but a shadowy impression of what he was. You, however, know, without the help of feeble words of mine, what he was, and it is for us to strive to follow the example he has left us, that, when our time shall come, it may be said of each of us as it truly can be said of him, "He was a true and faithful brother."

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER AND ITS RESULTS.

A FORTUNATE RENCONTRE.

IT is said that misfortunes never come singly; certainly Mabel found it so, for a few days after the melancholy event chronicled in the last chapter she received an anonymous letter, which ran thus:—

"Knowing the interest you take in Reginald Fitzgerald, I am desirous of showing you his real character, and wish to enlighten you on certain points of his conduct. You remember the bespeak at the Theatre in November, and Mr. Fitzgerald's absence from your box almost all the evening. He was behind the scenes with one of the actresses, your rival, Miss Nellie Longmore. Ask him if he lifted her down after the balcony scene. As, perhaps, he may deny my statement (and, like the rest of his countrymen, I believe, he is not remarkable for veracity), I send you his own card, making an appointment with the young *lady* in question. All this is well known, and everyone pities you.

"YOUR FRIEND AND WELLWISHER."

* 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.

The spiteful malignity of this composition was but too apparent, and but for the last sentence Mabel would have treated it with that contempt which it deserved. But to be the laughing stock of Wolverston, to be pitied by the people there, was too bad. What did Reginald mean by putting this insult upon her!

The end is soon told. Mabel accused Fitz of being with Miss Longmore that evening. He did not deny it, and the engagement was broken off. It was, so far as the world was concerned (the little world of Wolverston), a thing of mutual consent—incompatability of temper—anything.

* * * * * *

Three years have passed away, and Mabel is sadly changed; but she is still as beautiful as ever, so many think. Fitzgerald's conduct (though it was not so very dreadful, as the reader knows) had deeply wounded her pride, and Mark's death had affected her much. How she pitied him!

Yes, he must be dead, poor fellow, though since that horrid night some things had occurred which tended to throw doubt upon the evidence given at the inquest as to his falling off the pier. A boat bottom upwards had been cast ashore close to the pier the day after the finding of the corpse, with one side battered in against the rocks, and a shred of blue cloth similar to that found on the body was found fastened by a nail to its timbers. But then, if Mark had been alive, they must certainly have heard tidings from him ere this.

"Poor Mark, if he were only alive now!" Mabel said, and sighed; but she did not finsh the sentence.

Mabel was no longer the flirt of former days; she had refused all offers to marry, and was living with her widowed uncle, Mr Brig. Mr Seymour had died, leaving Mabel the mistress of a few thousands, as well off as his own daughters. The vicar of Trinity Church was no longer vicar, but he had risen to the dignity of Canon of Canchester. It had come curiously about. He was so grateful to Mr Tyssen for getting his young relative into Christ's Hospital, that he called a day or two after he received the letter from Seaton informing him of his success in procuring the nomination through the kind exertions of the chief of his department—to thank that gentleman personally for his kindness, and to acknowledge the deep obligations under which he rested. For a presentation was as good as a gift of £300 or £400 when one considers that a boy receives a first-rate education, is clothed and boarded for eight years, and if he shows marked ability, and is persevering enough to become a Grecian, is sent to Oxford or Cambridge to finish.

Mr. Tyssen received him very courteously, spoke very highly of his young friend Marcus Seaton, and astonished him somewhat by stating that for some totally unexplained cause Seaton had suddenly thrown up his appointment, the reason for which no one knew.

Strange to say, no one had seen him since, and one of his great friends at the office had called at his lodgings, found that he had suddenly left them, and could glean no intelligence whatever as to his whereabouts.

Mr. Brig did not then know of the distressing news which would reach him when he went home—where he found a letter from his niece awaiting him, conveying the melancholy account of Mark's supposed death.

Mr. Tyssen was very much shocked when Mr. Brig called upon him some days afterwards to tell him what he had heard, for Mark was a great favourite with every one in the office, and Mr. Tyssen, though he was careful to show no partiality, had really a special regard for the young man.

Somehow the event and mystery which surrounded it made these two men friends,—there was a sort of bond of sympathy between them—for Mr. Brig, though he knew very little about Mark, had taken a very great fancy to him when he made his acquaintance (as for the matter of that most people did); and I don't know exactly how it happened, but I think Mr. Tyssen expressed a wish to hear Mr. Brig preach, and the latter had asked him out one Sunday to dine with them at Trinity Parsonage. Anyhow, Mr.

Tyssen found himself one day in the unfamiliar part of London in which Mr. Brig's parish lay, and after that they often met. Then one day Mr. Tyssen induced his friend, Lord Kilmalloch, to accompany him to Trinity Church, and the noble lord was very much pleased with the vicar's earnestness and manifest piety, and afterwards offered him a very good family living which happened to fall in about this time.

Mr. Brig had been ill with typhoid fever, caught whilst visiting some sick parishioner who lived in one of the evil-smelling, badly-drained parts of his parish, and they were many, alas! Poor Miss Griss had succumbed indeed to the dread disease, and the clergyman was left alone. Then Mabel had come to him, and had kept his house now for more than a twelvemonth.

Mr. Brig, at Brakesbourne Rectory, had more time on his hands than when he was in the midst of a teeming population, and was able to turn his attention to those literary pursuits which had first made him fame at Oxford, and won him the Newdegate, and one or two articles of his on theological and ecclesiastical questions had made their mark. Lord Kilmalloch, a very good Churchman, recognised and admired his learning, and bore testimony to his worth as a parish priest in the proper quarter, and just before Mr. Seymour's death he was appointed to a canonry in Canchester Cathedral.

Canon Brig's first three months' term of residence in the old cathedral town of Canchester was now at an end. They had left his new residence, which was in the cathedral precincts, and known as the Oaks, with regret, for it was a quaint old house with a lovely lawn and terrace garden, bounded by the city wall, and with an old ruined fort crowning the terraced slope, a "coign of vantage" from which one had a beautiful view of the great Bell Harry Tower, and the eastern end of the stately fabric in which some of our mightiest kings and princes were buried centuries ago, and a crowd of memories centred round the spot of traditions and events reaching back a thousand years or more, far away to the times when Christianity itself was young, and Britain itself slowly emerging from barbarism.

But the worthy canon did not altogether like the look of Mabel's pale face, and large, lustrous melancholy eyes—and he had taken her to Paris in hopes that the change might do her good. It was July, and they were walking through the galleries of the Louvre, accompanied by young Gilbert Dawson, who was spending his holidays with them. Dawson was strolling off to look at some French battle-piece, where the French and English were in action, and the French were getting very much the best of it, much to Gilbert's disgust; Mabel was lingering over a lovely picture of the Madonna, which was not at all to the Blue Coat Boy's taste.

Uncle Brig had gone to look for the boy at the other end of the vast chamber; of course, with spectacles on nose and guide-book in hand, he was prepared to be "the good Mr. Barlow" for the occasion, and instruct his young *protégé* as to the perversion of history—and everything else from Hebrew to conic sections. Dawson liked his elderly relative as much as most boys do, but he strongly objected to be instructed, so he was always dodging his Reverence and enjoying himself in his own way.

Presently, young Dawson heard the familiar phrase, "Hullo, Brother Crug!" And turning round, saw a pleasant, grave-looking stranger, with curly brown hair, and a rather military aspect.

"Well, young fellow," said the stranger, "it does me good to see a Blue Coat Boy in Paris. I was a Blue Coat Boy once."

"Were you?" said the boy—and they were friends in a moment. And young Dawson was very communicative, and told the gentleman he had come over with his cousins, one of whom was a Canon of Canchester.

"What's your name, my boy?" the gentleman said, giving him a four-franc piece.

"Dawson," the boy answered, thanking him like a gentlemanly little fellow as he was, for his cadence—quite frankly.

"Dawson!" the gentleman exclaimed, with a little start, which was however quite perceptible to the sharp eyes of the boy. "What age are you?" he said, with nervous eagerness.

"Thirteen," said young Dawson, wondering what possible interest the gentleman could have in his age.

"And your cousins," said the gentleman, "are they here?"

"Yes," Dawson answered; "that lady in mourning, with her back to us, is my cousin."

The gentleman, with a few swift steps, was at her side, and, looking apparently at the Madonna, was in reality intently examining the lineaments of a woman still so beautiful though so sad looking that at the Grand Hotel where she was staying she was known as *La Belle Anglaise*. Mabel was stills tanding with hands clasped in front of her, looking dreamily and vacantly at the picture, when looking up suddenly she was startled with the appearance of the tall military-looking stranger, whom she had caught a glimpse of before as she entered the Palace, and who had brought about a train of thought we found her in just now, and after gazing earnestly upon him for a moment, she was about to pass on, when he turned round full upon her, looked and looked again, and then at last came up to her exclaiming, "Mabel is it you?"

Mabel just uttered that one word "Mark!" and the shock overcame her, and she fainted away.

* * * * * *

Marcus Seaton and Mabel Vaughan are now man and wife.

It appeared that when Mark left Wolverston, which he did immediately after wishing Mabel good-bye, he started off immediately for London. In a few days he was out of England, and a short time afterwards, through the influence of his friends, he got his resignation altered to an exchange from Somerset House into the military store department, was sent out to Hong Kong as military storekeeper, and was just returning home by way of Paris when the friends met.

He had written once to Mr. Seymour, thanking him for his kindness, but the letter had miscarried, and not receiving a reply, he had never written again.

On his return to England Mark was promoted to be lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and is now major.

It was never found out who was the drowned man, but it was supposed it had been some fisherman; and the pocket-book Mark himself had dropped in taking out his handkerchief as he walked on the pier. As it contained nothing of importance, he had made no inquiry about it.

Mabel told Mark afterwards, however, that it was that melancholy event and those sad verses which first showed her what were her real feelings towards him.

Fitz is still a bachelor, gay and volatile as ever, and he and Mark are friends again. Dawson used to come and see him on leave-days sometimes, and was always made welcome in his chambers, and tipped liberally. He is the author of two or three works of fiction, and is now dramatic critic on the *Evening Post*, and he "wears his heart upon his sleeve, but not for daws to peck at."

Young Dawson is now curate-in-charge at Brakesbourne, having entered the Church after leaving Oxford. He rose to be a Grecian at Christ's Hospital, and was sent to college at the expense of that noble institution for the sons of decayed gentlemen.

FINIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

HOW often in life, day by day, do we have to mourn the loss of relatives, friends, brethren—a loss which we never forget—a loss for which we are never recouped here. For life, after all, to us all, is in one sense an individualism, in that our feelings, like our associates, are individual, personal to us: that is, alike in the attractions they present, and the interest they evoke.

Any life which is spent apart from the gentler emotions of humanitarian fellowship, which is dead, as it were, to the voice of friends or the living reality of companionship,

is a life without real aim or true bias,—a life not a life in itself to us, and worthless to mankind. To use the words of the Great Duke, "Isolation is bad for individuals as well as nations."

We may fancy, indeed—as the old hermits in Egypt seem erroneously to have fancied,—that the world is too bad and dangerous a world to live in, and that therefore we must exist out of it; but then, we should also bear in mind carefully that the strong mind of Dr. Johnson has disposed of the fallacy of this unreal argument, as when he said at Paris to the Abbess of some female Benedictines, about a hundred years ago, "Madam, you are not here from love of virtue, but from fear of vice." Leaving, then, the fanatical view of the case out of the question, let us begin by laying down the proposition that gregariousness is not only advisable but needful for man,—qua the homo. And in that essential and happy condition of "gregariousness," moreover, we form acquaintanceships which are amiable, and friendships which are firm; just as we give full play to all those emotions of tenderness, and sympathy, and personal attachment which constitute the charm of life, and are such affecting evidences, to the thoughtful and the reverent, of an after life, of a better life, of a life eternal and perfect, beyond the grave.

Indeed we have often thought that, were it not for this persuasion, nothing more dreary could well be conceived than the "outcome" of this earthly life of ours, with all its fond associations, enjoyable companionships, gentle links, and engaging sympathies. And for this reason, that all is so precarious and so shortlived. The best gifts and graces of earth are only for a little season; and how often, in a moment when we least expect it, the voice of friendship is hushed, the heart of affection beats no more, the loving smile fades away in that sad hour when

> "decays effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,"

and we miss from amongst us, for ever here, the friend, the attraction, the companion of years. In vain, then, are the gifts and graces of earth; in vain the scholar's mind or the statesman's power; passed away as a shadow never to return are the beauty which entranced, the wit which delighted, and the nobility which graced; and as no rank of men is exempt from these mournful changes of life, the palace of kings, just as the house of the professional man, or the cottage of the poor, is equally visited, is equally affected. All our common life is permeated by this great controlling law of humanity, and hardly a day passes over our heads but we have to lament the sudden death, or the premature decay, the mysterious visitations of an inscrutable Providence; the end of hope, and love, and friendship, and tenderness; the close of domestic happiness and personal attachment; the conclusion, in Time, of a companionship which has been endearing, of an affection which has been fragrant, and of an intimacy which has been most intimate.

Supposing that all did end here—what then? What more could life be or do for any of us? Nothing—positively nothing! What would remain for us of hope or expectation? Still more indisputably—nothing! Like the Roman of old, we should have to say, to the dearest and best of earth, "Valeas in æternum"—for ever farewell! There would be no more of possible hope, trust, or gladness for any of us. A few short years had witnessed the birth and the death of vain emotions and vainer attachments. A few shortlived hours had listened to voices, and songs, and utterances which were hushed—and hushed for ever.

What, then, would be left for man? What would man be? Nothing but the dreariest outlook that the mind is capable of conceiving; nothing but a destiny alike hopeless and sad beyond all measure to record or realize! For "annihilation" must then be the "Ultima Thule" of man's hopes and fears, and life and pilgrimage. With the grave all would sink into utter oblivion, silence, and darkness.

Man, himself an atom among atoms, would pass away unnoticed and unknown, to be absorbed in that Infinity which is left for that "Atomism" of humanity of which some like to write.

But, happily, as Masons we believe in something higher, and better, and truer than anything of that most mournful nonsense which perverts and distresses the minds of many at the present hour.

We lose friends, as all do; but we do not lose them *for ever*. We part from friends, as all here must do; but we hope to meet them again.

Life comes, and life goes, and death draws near us all hour by hour; but we have learned to look for death as the gate to a better country, the portal of an Eternal Life.

And so, though we mourn for friends and bewail their loss to us, they still come "In Memoriam" every moment of the day, in that, to us, they are not dead; but still live on, behind and within the veil.

As Longfellow so beautifully puts it:—

"There is no Death, what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
'They live' whom we call dead!"

And just as the poet adds so let us also say in each hour of mortal sorrow:—

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Yes, the "In Memoriam" of to-day will change, in a brighter and better hour, for the "In Visum" of gratified and beatified affection, and the temporal loss of time will be exchanged for the eternal gain of immortality. Some of us may remember Lord Derby's beautiful translation of some very touching Latin verses, which we will give both in the original and the translation, as alike true and suggestive, full of soothing memories, and better, because eternal hopes for us all alike.

"Cara vale! ingenio præstans pietate pudore,
Et plusquam natæ nomine cara vale!
Cara vale! donec veniat felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum sim modo dignus ero.
Cara redi! læta tunc dicam voce paternos
Eia age in amplexûs. Cara Maria redi!"

"Dear child farewell! Thou didst in worth,
Wit, piety, so far excel;
By closer ties than those of birth
Knit to my heart—dear child farewell!
Dear child, farewell! Till time bring round
Those blessed ages yet in store,
When I, if haply worthy found,
Shall meet thee face to face once more.
Dear child, oh come! No more to part,
Shall I exclaim in rapture then,—
To bless a father's arms and heart,
My child, my Mary, come again!"

W

GOD'S WAYS.

How few that from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the vision of the way
In colours soft, and bright, and free;
How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire
Who pant and toil for God and man,
And view with eyes of keen desire,
The upland way of toil and pain;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm of tranquil breast;
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

A lower task on them is laid,
With love to make the labour light,
And then their beauty they must shed,
On quiet homes and lost to sight;
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labour there;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thinks, with pain,
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil,
And if it dared its life to scan
Would ask but pathway low and still;
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known
Will lead His own.

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. IX.—*Continued.*

"MR. EVANS," said the captain, just after a huge sea swept the vessel, carrying everything that lay loose about the decks through the side into the ocean; "that was a pretty narrow escape; one more such may be the means of winding up our earthly career. You had better get for'ard, and order the men aft to stand by the spankard halyards. We shall have to scud her under bare poles."

This order, which the mate went forward to give, was not to be so easily executed, and for this reason the captain had held on, hoping there would be a few minutes lull that he could take advantage of, but as the gale continued to increase in fury he reluctantly gave the order to take in every stitch of sail.

The repeated flashes of lightning revealed the men cautiously making their way aft. The decks seemed one living mass of liquid fire, as the lightning played around the bolts and chains, and ran out through the scuppers with the water.

Everything being done that could be done, the captain went below to see how the passengers were getting along.

"Captain, are we likely to ever come out of this storm?" were the words Nellie greeted him with, as he entered the cabin. "Why, it's perfectly frightful; I have been thrown backwards and forwards across this cabin until I am completely worn out, besides being frightened more than half out of my senses." Her face told her fears more plainly than her words did. Although she tried to appear calm, yet the sound of the seas breaking on the deck, and the violence of each successive shock as the vessel plunged beneath the mountains of water that surrounded it, told her that some awful conflict was going on outside the little cabin, and tended to fill her heart with dread.

"It is a fearful gale," replied the captain; "one of the worst I have ever seen, but I think we will come out of it all right; we've got an excellent little sea craft under us, and if anything made by hands will hold together she will." The captain tried to smile, as he spoke in pride of his noble brig, but Nellie noticed that it was a faint smile, and not from his heart. And as he lifted his dripping sou'-wester from his head she could see anxiety pictured on his countenance.

"How do you stand it, Mr. Prescott?" inquired the captain.

"I don't stand it at all, Captain. I'm like the Irishman in the railroad car, who was jolted so much that he could neither stand up nor sit down. I have been going through manœuvres for the last two hours that would arouse a feeling of jealousy in the bosom of a circus performer; but all this I could endure if you would only open that hatchway and let a little fresh air down here; I am almost suffocated."

When the storm broke on them, the windows had been closed, making the cabin air-tight, and the motion of the vessel caused the foul gases to steam up from the hold.

"It wouldn't do to open the companion way, Mr. Prescott, for the first sea we took aboard would fill the cabin, so you will have to stand it a little longer, until"——

The captain was interrupted by a violent plunge of the vessel, and the loud crash of the foretopmast, as it fell across the rail into the sea. He hurried on deck again, fastening the passengers into the cabin.

Nellie tried to be as self-possessed as possible under the circumstances, and did not allow a word of reproach to escape her lips. Having early in life learned to place herself in the Lord's care, she had now in this trying time put her trust in Him; she remembered how, in Bible times, when the sea was wroth and the tempest roared,

Christ appeared walking on the water, and as He quelled the storm then she knew He would now, should it please His will. She knew He was looking down through those dark rolling storm-clouds on the little frail craft which, so many miles out on the broad ocean, was battling with one of the worst storms that ever visited those latitudes. She knew that He held the angry billows in the hollow of His hand, and she believed He would bring them safely through all their dangers. When she heard the mighty crash, as the foretopmast fell to the deck, she knelt on the cabin floor and offered a prayer for their safety; from her unselfish heart she prayed that, should the Lord see fit to call home another soul from among that small number, He would take her, and leave the others to live and learn to love and honour Him.

Harry watched her earnestly, as she implored the blessing of God on the vessel's company. He thought he had never before seen the embodiment of so much purity, goodness, and self-sacrifice in so small a body, and if he had secretly admired her before, he now loved her with all his manly heart.

While the passengers were thus employed below, a far different scene was being enacted on deck.

Two men had been sent aloft to clear the topmast rigging, which still clung to the mast, and bore the brig to leeward. The gale blew with indescribable fury, and when the "Sparkling Sea" sank into the trough between the great billows, they seemed to make a grand effort to engulf her at once. But she was equal to the occasion, and like a duck she rose and shook herself free of the water and perched herself on the giddy crests.

"Mr. Evans," hallooed the captain in that officer's ear, when the men who went aloft had been absent for some time, "haven't those men been aloft long enough to cut loose that rigging? What"——

At this moment a shriek was heard above the tempest, and a flash of lightning revealed a man hastening down the rigging, while the word was passed that a man was overboard.

"I'm afraid one of the men has been blown off the rigging," said the captain to Mr. Evans. Just then Tom came aft, and said that one of the men who had gone aloft had fallen overboard.

In a few minutes Peter came aft, not knowing he had been preceded by Tom, and informed them that Jack Wright, who had been aloft cutting loose the rigging, had become entangled in the ropes, and when the rigging fell he had been drawn overboard.

An event like this would usually have thrown a gloom over the vessel, but now scarcely a thought was given to it. Each man was looking out for himself, no one knowing but that his turn would be the next, and perhaps all of them would find a watery grave.

"I should not mind it so much, Mr. Evans," said the captain, "if we were not in the latitude of the South Georgia Island. We have been making so much time before the gale during the night, that we must now be very near it;" and turning to the man at the wheel, he shouted, "How's her head?"

"Sou' half west, sir," was faintly heard above the wind, coming from the helmsman.

"I have just consulted my chart," said the captain, "and I think just that course will run us on that island in the space of three hours, at the most."

The mate gave a few moments to thought, and then said,—

"We can't alter it either way, sir, or we might do as the shore wits have it, jump from the frying-pan into the fire, or, in sea tongue, run plunk on to it. I think it will lull and clear up a little before long, sir."

The captain had been talking with Mr. Evans on a grave subject, and he must give his opinion as an officer. As a lull in the storm was the thing most to be desired, he had given it as his opinion that it would lull. Mr. Evans was a most fortunate individual; he was one of those men who would stumble against a bag of gold while many others were diligently searching for it. When he, without any forethought, predicted a fact it almost always came to pass. Now that he had predicted the lull, the guardian of his fortune saw the necessity of keeping good his reputation, and therefore,

much to the delight of the captain, and much to the gratification and pride of Mr. Evans, it began to lull.

The clouds began to part in the sky, and a faint light lit up the scene. The wind rapidly diminished its violence. Soon the clouds broke away altogether, and the sun, which many aboard that vessel had never expected to see again, slowly came up out of the sea. When the first light broke on the troubled waters, the look-out forward sung out, "Land ho." Every eye searched the water, and there, about five miles off the port bow, was the island of South Georgia.

"Had we changed our course, Mr. Evans, we might have had the pleasure of *picking ourselves out from among the rocks on that lovely beach*," said the captain, humorously.

As the day gradually dawned, the spirits of the crew began to revive as they saw all danger past, and Sam Watson even attempted a joke, but it only occasioned a passing remark.

The captain and the officers took an inventory of their losses, and found they had lost the quarter boat; all the loose spars were gone; two water butts, that stood on deck with the cask of salt junk, had been thrust through the waist by the seas which had swept the deck, when the brig was thrown on her beam ends. The foretopmast and the topmast rigging had gone by the board, and altogether the "Sparkling Sea" was a sorry sight. Still the men did not complain; they thanked God that their lives had been spared, and set about with a will to repair what damage had been done the best they could with the means at their command.

"Mr. Evans," said the captain, after he had overhauled what few spars remained in the hold, "we shall have to go barefooted, as regards our foretopmast, until we reach Honolulu, although we will not make quite as good time as we would if we had it."

"Yes, that's the worst of our losses," replied the mate, "and I deeply regret it." The mate cast a sorrowful look up to where the topmast ought to have been. "It was as good a stick as was ever cut down East."

"When you say the topmast is our greatest loss, you forget the loss of young Wright; we could ill spare him, poor fellow. We are now two men short, and if we keep on this way, there will only be a small company of us left to take the vessel into port."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS TRUTH?*

BY BRO. S. BESWICK.

I HAVE read with some degree of interest the two articles of R. W. Bro. Otto Klotz on "Tolerance," and your editorial remarks thereon. I am not disposed to say anything that would provoke any further discussion of the interminable question of tolerance and intolerance; but R. W. Bro. Klotz has raised a new question which demands the attention of every Craftsman; because it is presented in a form that must destroy every vestige of reliability in the practical nature of experimental science, art, and experience, if his definitions of TRUTH be admitted to be *true*. Bro. Klotz says: "The fact is that, TRUTH BEING AN ABSTRACT IDEA, it has itself no limits, but for the time being has a limit in every man's own brain. Thousands of things are by the uneducated and uncultivated minds taken as truths, which the man of science rejects:

* We take this striking paper from the *Canadian Craftsman*.

and thousands of things the scientists know to be truths, which the multitude disbelieves. Your analogy, Bro. Editor, between Truth and Masonry is ill-chosen, the *former* [Truth] *being an abstract idea liable to change, and constantly changing*, applied by different people to different and opposite objects, it being the very cause of so many different and often opposing parties and sects, an idea upon which in no age, in no country, even unanimity was affected, and upon which no doubt differences of opinion will continue to the end of time."—*Craftsman*, No. 4, April, 1878.

Bro. Klotz has evidently mistaken fact for fancy, opinion for knowledge, inference for positive sight, and a *notion* of what is *probable* for what is *actual and certain*. Listen to his reasoning on the following illustration: "Take, for instance, the shape of the earth, how many centuries was it *considered* a flat surface, either a disk, an oval or a square, etc. . . . . various maps and books are still extant to prove this *universal truth* as then held by philosophers, geographers, and divines . . . which after a time proved *fallacies*, and were removed by *new truths*."

In this passage human opinions are taken to be truths, and they are styled *fallacies* and *truths* in the same sentence. There is here a sad defect in the close accuracy with which words should be used, and as great a defect in the definition of ideas intended to be expressed. For instance, Bro. Klotz says: "Truth being an abstract idea, *it has no limits*, but for the time being *it has a limit in the man's brain*." Let us test this statement. The earth is round. Now this truth certainly has a limit, not in the man's brain, but in the earth's shape. It would be round still, even if the man had no brains at all. And the truth is limited to the earth, and concerns nothing else. It has no more to do with the man's brains than the moon has to do with green cheese. It is grounded in its geometrical nature: for the earth was round before ever brains of a man had been created, and will in all probability be round when there are no more brains to know or recognise the *truth*. Then again, two and two make four. This truth has its limit. Two and two don't make three, nor five, nor six, nor any other product than four; and this *truth* is totally independent of any man's brains. It is a mathematical fact and truth, and its existence is grounded in the nature of things, and not in the nature of men's brains. (Everybody, not blind, knows there is a sun, moon, and stars. These are acknowledged truths, nobody denies them. The fact or truth of their existence does not depend on men's brains: they assuredly existed before there were any brains to take cognizance of their existence. That truth or fact of existence will never change so long as there is a sun, or a moon, and stars.)

Then again, TRUTH is not an abstract idea, as Bro. Klotz has affirmed. It is simply the property or attribute of a thing; and is, therefore, all that we actually and positively know of anything. Instead of being an abstract idea, it is the actual thing itself. My *words* and *ideas* are only *images* of the actual Truth. Here is a ROSE. Now everything we know of that rose is a truth—every property, and attribute and predicate is a truth, The number of its leaves, their size, colour, and arrangement. Their fragrance, softness, smoothness, and every other property and attribute are all truths and facts, because they are realities, and make the rose to be what it is. None of these facts are abstract ideas. Their images become ideas in the mind; but the facts or truths themselves are the properties and attributes of the rose—they are the rose in fact. No man in his senses would say that the attributes of so many leaves, form, size, weight, colour, etc.—in fact the rose itself—was in a man's brain. *We only know a thing by its properties:* and these are its facts or truths of existence. They are the rose itself—take them away and there is nothing left. When you tell these facts and properties of the rose, you are telling about the rose itself—the properties and attributes are, in fact, the flower itself: because they are all that we can see, or smell, or feel, or know of it.

But we get up some theory of the reasons why the flower has these properties, then that *theory* is an *inference*, an *opinion*, not a *truth*. It is theory and opinion based upon facts and truths; but it is not truth itself. We may be able to demonstrate the theory so clearly that our opinion may reach the highest point of probability—almost to a certainty, but it does not become absolute truth until that certainty is

attained by some one individual: though it may never become a certainty to all. But *opinion* should never be called *truth*, for it ceases to be an opinion when it becomes truth or certainty.

Thus, two and two make four. This is not an opinion, but a certainty and a truth, and no longer liable to change. A theory is liable to change only whilst it remains in the domain of opinion. The moment it becomes a certainty, it becomes *true*, and all change of opinion in relation to it is out of the question. TRUTH is not an abstract idea of anything; but theory is an abstract idea. *Truths* are the *properties* of things, or what we know of them as certainties and realities. The rest are opinions, probabilities, hypotheses, and conjectures. Inferences are not facts, and opinions are not truths.

As in the physical, so also in the moral world. Moral truths are the known facts, the known properties and predicates of a moral nature, Truths are the realities, whilst opinions are fancies and probabilities of that nature. Most assuredly, if truths are the properties of things, then it must be clearly absurd to say they are abstract ideas of things, "*liable to change, and constantly changing.*"

Among the many beautiful and appropriate definitions given to Freemasonry none is more comprehensive than the one to be found in the English lectures: "Freemasonry is a system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols." It is a series of truths organised into a beautiful and impressive system; profound lessons of Divine and Moral Truths taught by imagery. These truths are the known properties and predicates of a Divine and moral nature, capable of demonstrating the truths, properties, or attributes predicated of such a nature.

For instance: the E. A. is told that "Truth is a Divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue." Why is it so? Because Truth is an *attribute* or property predicated of the Divine Nature; and must be the *foundation* of every virtue, because every virtue must be *based* upon the properties or attributes of that Divine Nature. The four cardinal virtues, Fortitude, Prudence, Temperance, and Justice, are so many TRUTHS applied to life by a moral nature. They are not abstract ideas, but realities, positive facts, properties and attributes of a moral nature of the highest order. There are probably not two individuals in creation who have precisely the same *abstract theory or opinion* of these Truths when applied to the realities of life. But the Truths themselves are admitted by all moral beings, simply because they are the attributes of a moral nature. Twelve men on a jury may all know and feel a sense of justice; but they may all be in doubt about the innocence of the prisoner at the bar, simply from the want of decisive evidence in his favour. They don't differ about justice, for they one and all have a keen sense of what justice is; but they differ in dealing it out, in their theories of measures and modes, and relative deservedness.

Herein lies the radical difference between Freemasonry and religious dogma. Freemasonry deals with practical religion—the religion of the Good Samaritan. Its truths are practical, real, and positive in their nature—ignoring everything purely speculative; and thus leaving dogma and religious speculation to the individual consciences of its members. The Swedish philosopher, Swedenborg, gives a very beautiful definition of the religion of the Good Samaritan. He says, "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is doing good."

Pilate asked, What is Truth? without waiting for a reply. My answer is, Truth is the essential property or predicate of any given thing, such as the realities of its form, size, colour, weight nature, character, or being—everything that we know of anything. The rest is opinion, inference, hypothesis, conjecture or fancy, ranging from the highest probability down to the wildest speculation. These last things are the only ones worthy of being called abstract ideas. Thus mathematical truths are its certainties; geographical truths are its certainties; geological truths are its facts and demonstrable principles; astronomical truths are its verities and demonstrable principles. The facts of the earth's rotundity are one thing, and the theories and opinions of its exact figure are another thing. Men believed for centuries in the flatness of the earth; but that belief has changed, and they now believe in its rotundity. Did the actual fact change? or was it men's opinion that changed? If the actual fact of the earth's figure *did not*

change, then the TRUTH did not change; the change was in human opinion. I trust Bro. Klotz will see that it is simply absurd to make human opinion to be the TRUTH itself: and yet that is what he tries to do in the last article on "Tolerance."

IDEAS are *images*. If the idea be an image of something not really known, then it is merely an opinion or conjecture of what the real image may be. But you cannot say the idea or image is real or true, because you don't know what the real idea or image may be; therefore, a truth is a known thing, and a true idea must be a true image, and must be known to be just exactly what our idea represents it to be. Hence, TRUTH is a reality, does not change, and is anything but what Bro. Klotz represents it to be in these words: "TRUTH is an abstract idea, it has itself no limits, but for the time being *has a limit in every man's own brain.*" A poor hypochondriac, with water on the brain, and swelled head, believes he has a glass head, which must be taken care of lest the sun crack it, the winds blow it off, or some accident may befall it. Would Bro. Klotz say, and have us believe, that this belief of the hypochondriac is *true*, because it has a limit in the man's own brain, and he believes it? Are men's beliefs to be called TRUTHS? Or are truths attributes of things themselves? The changes in men's opinions and beliefs are not changes in the *Truths* themselves. The change in men's opinion of the figure of the earth is not *a change in the earth's figure* itself. Any change in men's opinion or belief of the sun's nature is not a change in the *Truths* relating to its nature. Men formerly believed that the sun went round the earth; but nowadays men believe that the earth goes round the sun—exactly the reverse. Did the Truth change—did the sun stop going round the earth, and the earth begin to go round the sun? Or was it men's opinion that changed? Men believed, as reported by Bro. Klotz, in the flat surface of the earth, which was "enclosed by a large river, with a high wall for its outer boundary, as the absolute end of the world." But when men sailed round the world, they found no wall, nor end, nor boundary. Did the Truth change? Did the wall and boundary disappear, and the surface become round and globular? Or was it men's opinion that changed, and *became like the Truth* as they found it? Most assuredly, the earth was as round when men believed it to be flat as it is now when men believe it to be globular. The *Truth* was the same all the time. Fifty men have fifty different notions about a Polar Sea; and the TRUTH may not be like any one of the fifty. Yet Bro. Klotz would call these fifty opinions fifty different *Truths* about the same thing, and all opposed to each other, and the actual *Truth* will differ from them all.

We sincerely trust that Bro. Klotz will see the absurdity of his statement and alter his opinion accordingly. It will lead him astray every time he applies it: and lead others astray who may adopt his opinion. There is a serious responsibility incurred by public writers of any eminence, because their opinions are oftentimes adopted without due consideration by casual readers and thinkers. I respectfully submit these illustrations for his consideration.

STRATHROY, *April* 24, 1878.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 4.)

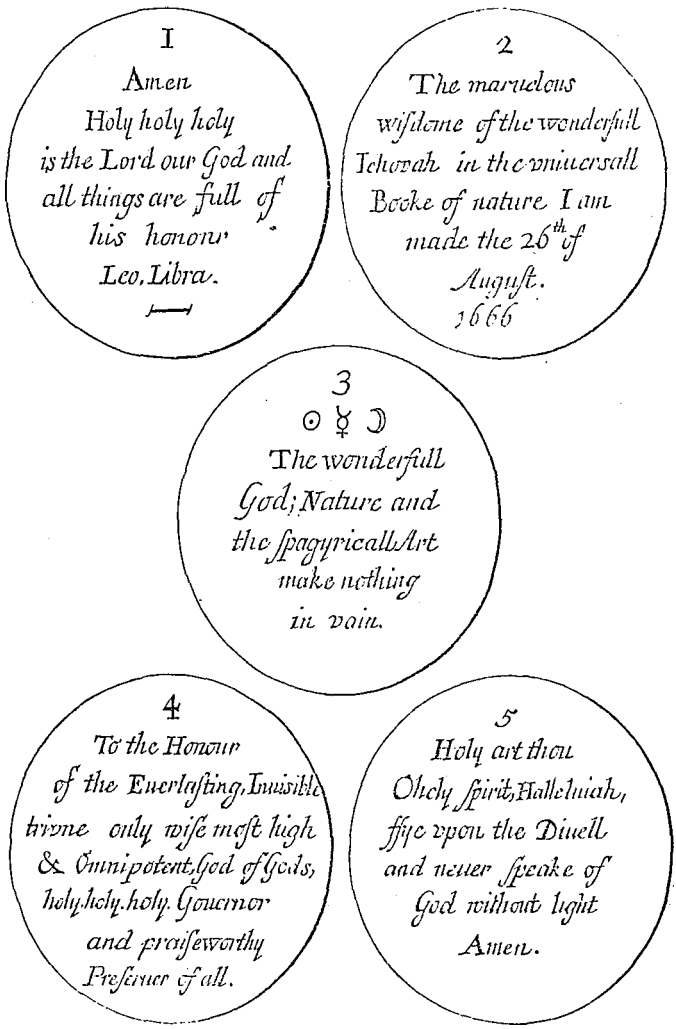
CHAP. III.

The sooner a thing promised is performed, the more grateful. Wherefore I return to my predestinated History.

THE twenty-seventh of *December*, 1666, in the afternoon, came a Stranger to my house at the *Hague*, in a Plebeick habit, honest Gravity, and serious authority; of a mean Stature, a little long face, with a few small Pock holes, and most black Hair, not at all curled, a Beardless Chin, about three or four and forty years of age (as I guessed), and born in *North Holland*. After salutation he beseeched me with a great reverence to pardon his rude accesses, being a great lover of the Pyrotechnyan Art; adding, he formerly endeavoured to visit me with a friend of his, and told me he had read some of my small Treatises; and particularly, that against the Sympathetick Powder of Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and observed my doubtfulness of the Philosophical Mystery, which caused him to take this opportunity, and asked me if *I could not* believe such a Medicine was in nature, which could cure all Diseases, unless the principal parts (as Lungs, Liver, etc.) were perisht, or the predestinated time of death were come. To which I replyed, I never met with an Adept, or saw such a Medicine, though I read much of it, and have wished for it. Then I asked if he were a Physician, but he, preventing my question, said he was a Founder of Brass, yet from his youth learnt many rare things in Chymistry, of a friend particularly, the manner to extract out of Metals many Medicinal Arcanas by force of fire, and was still a lover of it. After other large discourse of experiments in Metals, This *Elias* asked me if I could know the Philosopher's Stone when I see it. I answered not at all, though I had read much of it in *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, *Basilius*, and others; yet dare I not say *I* could know the Philosopher's Matter. In the Interim he took out of his Bosome Pouch or Pocket, a neat Ivory Box, and out of it took three ponderous pieces or small Lumps of the Stone, each about the bigness of a small Wallnut transparent, of a paile Brimstone colour, whereunto did stick the internal scales of the Crucible, wherein it appeared the most noble substance was melted: the value of them might be judged worth about Twenty Tuns of Gold, which when I had greedily seen and handled almost a quarter of an hour, and drawn from the owner many rare secrets of its admirable effects in humane and Metallick bodies, and other Magical properties, I returned him this Treasure of Treasures; truly with a most sorrowful mind, after the custom of those who conquer themselves, yet (as was but just) very thankfully and humbly, I further desired to know why the colour was yellow, and not red, ruby colour, or purple, as Philosophers write; he answered, that was nothing, for the matter was mature and ripe enough. Then I humbly requested him to bestow a little piece of the Medicine on me, in perpetual memory of him, though but the quantity of a Coriander or Hemp Seed. He presently answered, Oh no, no, this is not lawful though thou wouldst give me as many Duckets in Gold as would fill this room, not for the value of the matter, but for some particular consequences; nay, if it were possible (said he) that fire could be burnt of fire, I would rather at this instant cast all this substance into the fiercest flames. But after he demanding, if I had another private chamber, whose prospect was from the publick Street, I presently conducted him in to the best furnished room backwards, where he entred without wiping his Shooes (full of snow and dirt), according to the custom in *Holland*, then not doubting but he would bestow part thereof, or some great secret treasure on me, but in vain; for he asked for a little piece of gold, and pulling off his Cloak or Pastoral habit, opened his Doublet, under which he wore five pieces of Gold hanging in green silk Ribons, as large as the inward round of a small Pewter

Trencher: and this Gold so far excelled mine, that there was no comparison, for flexibility and colour; and these Figures with the Inscriptions ingraven, were the resemblance of them, which he granted me to write out.

I being herewith affected with great admiration, desired to know where and how he came by them. Who answered, An outlandish friend who dwelt some days in my House (*giving out he was a Lover of this art, and came to reveal this art to me*) *taught* me various Arts; First, How out of ordinary Stones and Christalls, to make Rubies, Chrysolites and Sapphires, etc., much fairer than the ordinary. And how in a quarter



of an hour to make *Crocus Martis*, of which one dose would infallibly cure the Pestilential Dissentary (or Bloody Flux), and how to make a metallick Liquor most certainly to cure all kinds of Dropsies in four days: as also a limpid clear water sweeter then hony, by which in two hours of itself, in hot sand, it would extract the Tincture of *Granats*, *Corals*, *Glasses*, and such like more, which I *Helvetius* did not observe. My mind being drawn beyond those bounds, to understand how such a noble juice might be drawn out of the metals, to transmute Metals; but the shade in the water deceived the dog of the Morsel of Flesh in his mouth. Moreover he told me his said Master caused

him to bring a glass full of rain water, and fetch some refined Silver laminated in thin plates, which therein was dissolved within a quarter of an hour, like Ice when heated: And presently he drank to me the half, and I pledged him the other half, which had not so much taste as sweet milk; whereby me thought I became very light-hearted; I hereupon asked if this were a Philosophical drink, and wherefore we drank this Potion? He replied I ought not to be so curious. And after he told me that by the said Master's directions, he took a piece of a Leaden Pipe, Gutter or Sistern, and being melted put a little such sulphurious powder out of his Pocket, and once again put a little more on the point of a Knife, and after a great blast of Bellows in short time poured it on the red stones of the Kitchin Chimney, which proved most excellent pure Gold; which he said brought him into such a trembling amazement, that he could hardly speak; But his Master thereupon again encouraged him, saying, Cut for thyself the sixteenth part of this for a memorial, and the rest give away amongst the poor, which he did. And he distributed so great an Alms as he affirmed (if my memory fail not) to the Church of *Sparrenda:* But whether he gave it at several times or once, or in the Golden Masse, or in Silver Coyn, I did not ask. At last, said he (going on with the story of his master, he taught me throughly this almost Divine Art. As soon as this his History was finisht, I most humbly beg'd he would shew me the effect of Transmutation to confirm my faith therein, but he dismissed me for that time in such a discreet manner, that I had a denial. But withall promising to come again at three weeks end, and shew me some curious Arts in the Fire, and the manner of projection, provided it were then lawful without prohibition. And at the three weeks end he came, and invited me abroad for an hour or two, and in our walks having discourses of divers of natures secrets in the fire; but he was very sparing of the great *Elixir*, gravely asserting that was only to magnifie the most sweet fame and name of the most glorious God; and that few men indeavored to sacrifice to him in good works, and this he expressed as a Pastor or Minister of a Church; but now and then I kept his ears open, intreating to shew me the Metallick transmutation; desiring also he would think me so worthy to eat and drink and lodge at my house, which I did prosecute so eagerly, that scarce any Suiter could plead more to obtain his Mistress from his Corrival; but he was of so fixt and stedfast a Spirit, that all my endeavors were frustrate: yet I could not forbéar to tell him further I had a fit laboratory, and things ready and fit for an experiment, and that a promised favour was a kind of debt; yea, true said he, but I promised to teach thee at my return with this proviso, if it were not forbidden.

When I perceived all this in vain, I earnestly craved but a most small Crum or Parcel of his pouder or Stone, to transmute four Grains of Lead to Gold; and at last out of his Philosophical commiseration, he gave me a Crum as big as a Rape or Turnip seed; saying, receive this small Parcel of the greatest Treasure of the World, which truly few Kings or Princes have ever known or seen: But I said, This perhaps will not transmit four Grains of Lead, whereupon he bid me deliver it him back, which in hopes of a greater Parcel I did; but he cutting halfe off with his Nail, flung it into the fire, and gave me the rest wraped neatly up in Blew Paper; saying, It is yet sufficient for thee. I answered him (indeed with a most dejected Countenance), Sir, what means this; the other being too little, you give me now less. He told me, If thou canst not mannage this; yet for its great proportion for so small a quantity of Lead, then put into the Crucible two Drams, or halfe an Ounce, or a little more of the Lead; for there ought no more Lead be put in the Crucible then the Medicine can work upon, and transmute: So I gave him great thanks for my diminished Treasure, concentrated truly in the Superlative degree, and put the same charily up into my little Box; saying, I meant to try it the next day; nor would I reveal it to any. Not so, not so; (said he) for we ought to divulge all things to the Children of Art, which may tend to the singular honour of God, that so they may live in the Theosophical truth, and not at all die Sophistically. After I made my confession to him, that whilst this Masse of his Medicine was in my hands, I indeavoured to scrape a little of it away with my Nail, and could not forbear; but scratcht off nothing, or so very little, that it was but as an indivisible Atome, which being purged from my Nail, and wrapt in a Paper, I projected

on Lead, but found no transmutation; but almost the whole Masse of Lead flew away, and the remainder turned into a meer glassy Earth; at which unexpected passage, he smiling, said, thou art more dextrous to commit Theft, then to apply thy Medicine; for if thou hadst only wraped up thy stollen prey in Yellow Wax, to preserve it from the arising fumes of Lead, it would have penitrated to the bottom of the Lead, and transmuted it to Gold; but having cast it into the fumes, partly by violence of the vaprous fumes, and partly by the Sympathetick alliance, it carryed thy Medicine quite away: For Gold, Silver, Quick-silver, and the like Metals, are corrupted and turn brittle like to Glass, by the Vapours of Lead. Whereupon I brought him my Crucible wherein it was done, and instantly he perceived a most beautiful Saffron-like Tincture stick on the sides; and promised to come next morning, by nine in the Morning, and then would shew me my error, and that the said Medicine should transmute the Lead into Gold. Nevertheless I earnestly prayed him in the interim to be pleased to declare only for my present instruction, if the philosophick work cost much, or required long time. My friend, my friend, (said he) thou art too curious to know all things in an instant, yet will I discover so much; that neither the great charge, or length of time, can discourage any; for as for the matter, out of which our Magistery is made, I would have thee know there is only two Metals and Minerals, out of which it is prepared; but in regard the Sulphur of Philosophers is much more plentiful and abundant in the Minerals; therefore it is made out of the Minerals. Then I asked again, What was the *Menstrum*, and whether the operation or working were done in Glasses, or Crucibles? He answered, the *Menstrum* was a Heavenly Salt, or of a Heavenly Virtue, by whose benefit only the wise men dissolve the Earthly Metallick body, and by such a solution is easily and instantly brought forth the most Noble *Elixir* of Philosophers. But in a Crucible is all the operation done and performed, from the beginning to the very end, in an open fire, and all the whole work is no longer from the very first to the last then four days, and the whole work no more charge then three Florens; and further, neither the Mineral, out of which, nor the Salt, by which it was performed, was of any great price. And when I replyed, the Philosophers affirm in their writings, that seven or nine Months at the least are required for this work, He answered, Their writings are only to be understood by the true Adeptists; wherefore concerning time they would write nothing certain: Nay, without the communication of a true Adept Philosopher, not one Student can find the way to prepare this great Magistery, for which cause I warn and charge thee (as a friend) not to fling away thy Money and Goods to hunt out this Art; for thou shalt never find it. To which I replied, thy Master (though unknown) shewed it thee; So mayst thou perchance discover something to me, that having overcome the Rudiments, I may find the rest with little difficulty, according to the old saying: *It is easier to adde to a foundation, then begin a new.* He answered, In this Art 'tis quite otherwise; for unless thou knowest the thing from the head to the heel, from the Eggs to the Apples; that is, from the very beginning to the very end, thou knowest nothing; and though I have told thee enough, yet thou knowest not how the Philosophers do make and break open the Glassy Seal of *Hermes*, in which the Sun sends forth a great splendour with his marvellous coloured Metallick Rayes, and in which looking Glass the Eyes of *Narcissus* behold the transmutable Metals, for out of those Rayes the true Adept Philosophers gather their fire; by whose help the Volatil Metals may be fixed into the most permanent Metals, either Gold or Silver. But enough at present; for I intend (God willing) once more to-morrow at the ninth hour (as I said) to meet, and discourse further on this Philosophical subject, and shall shew you the manner of Projection. And having taken his leave, he left me sorrowfully expecting him; but the next day he came not, nor ever since: Only he sent an excuse at halfe an hour past nine that morning, by reason of his great business, and promised to come at three in the afternoon, but never came, nor have I heard of him since: whereupon I began to doubt of the whole matter. Nevertheless late that night my Wife (who was a most curious Student and enquirer after the Art, whereof that worthy man had discourst) came solliciting and vexing me to make experiment of that little spark of his bounty in that Art, whereby to be the more assured of the truth; saying to me, unless this be done, I

shall have no rest nor sleep all this night; but I wisht her to have patience till next morning to expect this *Elias*, saying, perhaps he will return again to shew us the right manner. In the meantime (she being so earnest) I commanded a fire to be made, thinking, alas! now is this man (though so divine in discourse) found guilty of falsehood. And Secondly attributing the error of my projecting the grand theft of his powder in the dirt of my Nail to his charge, because it transmuted not the Lead that time; And lastly, because he gave me too small a proportion of his said Medicine (as I thought) to work upon so great a quantity of Lead as he pretended and appointed for it, Saying further to myself, I fear, I fear indeed this man hath deluded me; Nevertheless my wife wrapped the said matter in Wax, and I cut halfe an Ounce, or six Drams of old Lead, and put into a Crucible in the fire, which being melted, my wife put in the said Medicine made up into a small Pill or Button, which presently made such a hissing and bubling in its perfect operation, that within a quarter of an hour all the masse of Lead was totally transmuted into the best and finest Gold, which made us all amazed as Planets struck. And indeed (had I lived in *Ovids* Age) there could not have been a rarer Metamorphosis then this, by the Art of Alkemy. Yea, could I have enjoyed *Argus's* Eyes, with a hundred more, I could not sufficiently gaze upon this so admirable and almost miraculous a work of nature; for this melted Lead (after projection) shewed us on the fire the rarest and most beautiful Colours imaginable; yea, and the greenest Colour, which as soon as I poured forth into an Ingot, it got the lively fresh Colour of Blood; and being Cold shined as the purest and most refined transplendent Gold. Truly I, and all standing about me, were exceedingly startled, and did run with this Aurified lead (being yet hot) unto the Goldsmith, who wondred at the fineness, and after a short trial of Touch, judged it the most excellent Gold in the whole world, and offered to give most willingly fifty Florens for every Ounce of it.

The next day a rumour went about the *Hague*, and spread abroad; so that many illustrious Persons and Students gave me their friendly visits for its sake: Amongst the rest the general Say-master, or Examiner of the Coynes of this Province of *Holland*, Mr. *Porelius*, who with others earnestly beseeched me to pass some part of it through all their Customary trials, which I did, the rather to gratifie my own Curiosity. Thereupon we went to Mr. *Brectel*, a Silver-Smith, who first tried it *per Quartam, viz.*, he mixt three or four parts of Silver with one part of the said Gold, and laminated, filed, or granulated it, and put a sufficient quantity of *Aqua Fort* thereto, which presently dissolved the Silver, and suffered the said Gold to precipitate to the bottom; which being decanted off, and the Calx or Powder of Gold dulcified with water, and then reduced and melted into a body, became excellent Gold: And whereas we feared loss, we found that each Dram of the said first Gold was yet increased, and had transmuted a Scruple of the said Silver into Gold, by reason of its great and excellent abounding Tincture.

But now doubting further whether the Silver was sufficiently separated from the said Gold, we instantly mingled it with seven parts of Antimony, which we melted and poured into a Cone, and blowed off the *Regulus* on a Test, where we missed eight Grains of our Gold, but after we blowed away the rest of the Antimony, or superfluous *Scoria*, we found nine Grains of Gold more for our eight Grains missing, yet this was somewhat pale and Silver-like, which easily recovered its full Colour afterwards; So that in the best proof of fire we lost nothing at all of this Gold; but gained as aforesaid. The which proof again I repeated thrice, and found it still alike, and the said remaining Silver out of the *Aqua Fortis*, was of the very best flexible Silver that could be; So that in the total, the said Medicine (or *Elixir*) had transmuted six Drams and two Scruples of the Lead and Silver, into most pure Gold.

Behold I have now related the full History, from the Philosophical Eggs to the *Golden* Apples (as the Proverb goes), and though I have the Gold, yet where the Philosopher and *Elias* is I know not; but wheresover he is the Almighty God (protector of all Creatures) shelter him from all danger under his wings; and bring him to Eternal bliss and happiness in his heavenly Kingdom, after the end of his full pilgrimage in this life, for the succour and relief of Christendome, and the whole world, Amen.

A REVIEW.

ISLAM.*

FOR many a long day now has the Crescent been upreared above the lofty dome of Saint Sophia's faith-diverted fane, but how many to-day care to inquire about the faith of which that Crescent is the symbol? Many a year has passed since Peter the Hermit, by his earnest denunciations, shook all Europe to its foundations, and finally led forth an army against the Moslems under the renowned Solyman; but how many have ever entered into the question as to the right and wrong of those protracted struggles?

From our early days, whilst swearing fealty to Richard the First of England, him of the "lion-heart," we have still been drawn with no little affection to Saladin the Saracen, that *beau-idéal* of a Moslem hero. And yet we, while admiring in him the noblest qualities of mediæval chivalry, invincible courage, inviolable fidelity to treaties, greatness of soul, piety, justice, and moderation, that even his opponents most frankly and unreservedly attribute to him, seldom think of the *raison-d'etre* of those magnificent characteristics of his—the system under which those noble and manly qualities were brought to such high perfection. Why should that system be so disregarded? Is it that we have no interest in it?

As children of those who fought and bled against the Moslem on the fields of Palestine, surely we might well ask against what principles they thus contended in the name of their holy faith?

Further, as subjects of a monarch who holds, under her gracious and gentle sway, many a thousand adherents of the Moslem Creed, surely we might be expected to evince some curiosity as to the tenets of that creed which we have always seemed to regard with a kind of mysterious and inexplicable awe.

Still further, as fellow-men, drawing the same breath of heaven, pressing the same soil of earth, fired by different aims, may be, yet ever pushing onward to the same common end of humanity; and, more than this, animated (let us hope) by the same wish to do right, however our ways of doing it may differ; surely, we might spare more than a passing thought for our brother-man.

But, in any or all of these cases, as Freemasons, it is our bounden duty to do all and each of these, and more too, if only the subjects of them should prove worthy of our paternal regard; especially as, if we are to believe Brother Mackenzie, amongst the Moslems are to be found Brethren of our mystic tie.† But how are we to solve these "ifs" and to ascertain the truth of their worthiness, or otherwise, unless we can grasp something reliable about the system itself?

There can be but little doubt that the comparative indifference with which the institutions of the Moslems have been regarded has been mainly due to the difficulty hitherto experienced in ascertaining anything concerning their bearing and tendencies. They are contained, of course, in the Koran; the Koran is to most, as it has ever been, a sealed book—"*caviare* to the general"—for although it is quite true that a most excellent translation of it was made by Sale, who could be found having the requisite number of decades to spare necessary to its reading? It is quite manifest then, that, unless some public benefactor could be found who would make that heavy book a study and give to the world the concentrated essence that he should distil from it, the world at large must still remain in ignorance of the ruling spirit of thousands of our fellow-men and fellow-subjects.

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* "ISLAM: its Origin, Genius, and Mission." By John Joseph Lake, F.M.S.L., etc. London, Samuel Tinsley & Co.

† See Bro. "Kenning's Cyclopædia"—*in voc.*: "Ismailites."

Such a person has arisen in the person of Mr. John Joseph Lake, who has just presented us with the result of his labours in a highly condensed, and yet pre-eminently pleasant and readable form, entitled "Islam: its Origin, Genius, and Mission."

Our author, beginning by explaining the meaning of the terms "Islam" and "Moslem," as "saved or reconciled" and "resigned to God," gives us at once a clue to what so many have often wondered at, namely, the engrafting upon the most determined bravery of the most stolid indifference to consequences. Fiercely the Moslem fights, but a blow pierces his defence. "Kismet!" he exclaims—"it is fate"—and resigns himself to his lot without a murmur; his very name is an index of his character. "Mahometan," "Mohammedan," Mr. Lake says, and all such terms are much disliked and deprecated, being only applied to the Moslems —who render no worship to their Prophet—by outsiders.

The origin of Islam, Mr. Lake contends to be the revulsion of feeling produced in the mind of Mohammed by the superstitions and abuses engrafted upon religion by Seventh-Council Christianity. Idolatry and Paganism, with all their concomitant abuses, he contends, were as rife amongst so-called Christians in "the Prophet's" days and country as ever they were amongst the most essentially heathen nations in the times of their grossest abominations. Against all these things the mind of Mohammed revolted; and, according to his light and, by the way, a little admixture of hysterical, or even epileptic, frenzy, he restored what he considered to be "the religion of Abraham" in all its vigour and purity; by which, we are told, he meant a belief in the Unity of God and the absolute rejection of every form of idolatry.

Having thus laid down the great leading principle of Islam, our author says of its genius,—

"There are two passages in the Koran (ch. ii.) that afford almost an epitome of the system of Mohammed. The first occurs at the opening, and is as follows: 'There is no doubt in this book; it is a direction to the pious who believe in the mysteries of faith, who observe the appointed times of prayer, and distribute alms out of what we have bestowed on them; and who believe in that revelation which hath been sent down unto thee, and that which hath been sent down unto the prophets before thee, and have firm assurance in the life to come.' To this may be added the Pledge of Akaba, called also the Pledge of Women, because of the exclusion of appeal to arms in case of need. It was adopted by Mohammed and his followers in their early troubles, when his system was beginning to assume a shape, and illustrates his better spirit before he was forced to adopt harsh means in self-defence, and ran as follows: 'We will not associate anything with God; we will not steal, nor commit adultery, nor fornication; we will not kill our children; we will abstain from calumny and slander; we will obey the Prophet in every-*thing that is right*, and we will be faithful to him in weal and sorrow.' These principles were subsequently developed at Mecca in the sixth chapter of the Koran, where it is said, 'Come, I will rehearse that which your Lord hath forbidden you; that is to say, that ye be not guilty of idolatry, and that ye show kindness to your parents, and that ye murder not your children for fear lest ye be reduced to poverty; we will provide for you and them; and draw not near uton heinous crimes, neither openly nor in secret; and slay not the soul which God hath forbidden you to slay, unless for a just cause. . . . And meddle not with the substance of the orphan, otherwise than for the improving thereof, until he attain his age and strength; and use a full measure and a just balance. . . . And *when ye pronounce judgment observe justice, although it* be for or against one who is near of kin; and fulfil the covenant of God.'"

Mr. Lake, remarking once more upon Mohammed's hatred of idolatry and zeal for the unity of God—"Say, God is one God; the eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is begotten; there is no God but He, the mst merciful"—marred, however, "by a disbelief in the divinity of our Saviour consequent upon a weakness of judgment and observation," says,—

"Hence, Mohammed's system is an incomplete, imperfect, development of the truth, and one cannot help thinking that if he had had access to our Scriptures, and had not acquired his knowledge of our religion *through Seventh-Council Christianity*, he would have been a Christian and we should have heard nothing of Islam through him."

Of the mission of Islam our author says that it "puts in a good appearance.' He lays it down that,—

"The Islam of Mohammed also contained a germ which, when subsequently more developed, spread its influence into Europe, and has been heavier on Western idolatry than its arms were upon the East. It began in the establishment of schools by Mohammed, and, to assist in these and his educational plans generally, he released such of his prisoners of war as could read and write as soon as they had taught a certain number of boys to do the same; and if any were willing to remain and take charge of schools they were liberated at once."

Thus Mr. Lake claims for Islam the mission of civilization through the great medium of education; he concludes,—

"It has been justly remarked that Islam, by converting victorious invaders of countries where it prevailed, mitigated in some degree the evils of Mongol, Tartar, and Turkish conquests. On the other hand, by its own invasions it checked the dark ages in Europe, encouraged education and civilization, and pressed them to the North, very much against the will of the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, who, in the growing freedom of mind, heard the distant sound of the knell that tolled out the death of tyranny and oppression."

There are those, of course, who will laugh Mr. Lake to scorn for his honest admiration of that which is good in the system of Islam, pointing to what the practice of its votaries has but too often been. We, here and now, as Freemasons, can take no part in the war of creeds, still less in the political issues involved in the "*Postscript*" of Mr. Lake's book, but still in the interests of justice and truth we can but retort with the ever fresh "*tu quoque*," for where is the teacher whose disciples ever followed his system in its entirety? Where the precept ever implicitly followed out in practice? Surely we, to-day, can hardly pour out the vials of wrath upon the Moslems for their forgetfulness of their master's injunction—"Let there be no Violence in Religion," when we reflect upon the way in which we have but too often carried out our own Master's directions, enfolded in His precept—"Blessed are the Peacemakers." It is, however, ours, to-day, to render honour where honour is due; to acknowledge the relative goodness of any system of which the aim and means are alike good; and to take with the right hand of fellowship and sympathetic assistance any human being who will conscientiously endeavour to make his rule of life the principles of our Craft—"The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man."

W. T.

FREEMASONRY.*

We give this most kindly review of "Kenning's Cyclopædia" from the *Pall Mall Gazette;* and shall in our next publish some remarks of the editor of the Cyclopædia, to point out in an equally kindly spirit some slight errors into which the reviewer has unavoidably fallen.

FREEMASONRY is still, as it has always been, a mystery; and, so far as the uninitiated are capable of forming an opinion on the subject, it seems likely to remain one to the end of time. Pretended revelations of its signs, grips, and passwords have indeed been published over and over again. But they have not as yet enabled anybody that we are aware of to gain unauthorized admission to a Lodge "just, perfect, and regular," and therein witness the imposing ceremonies which are performed and participate in the mighty secrets which are communicated. Once, and once only, is it recorded that one from the outer world penetrated unbidden, unprepared, and unobserved

* "*Kenning's Masonic Cyclopædia* and Handbook of Masonic Archæology, History, and Biography." Edited by the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., P.G.C. of England. (London: George Kenning. 1878.)

into the arcana of the Craft, and on that occasion the intruder was a woman who could count with confidence on masonic forbearance and gallantry. Towards the middle of the last century the Irish lodge No. 44 was held at Doneraile House, Arthur, second Lord Doneraile, being the Worshipful Master. His sister, the Honourable Elizabeth St. Leger, who afterwards married Mr. Aldworth, of Newmarket, in the county of Cork—many of whose descendants are now living—determined on a certain occasion to discover what Freemasonry really was. "According to one account," Mr. Woodford says, "she concealed herself in a clock; and according to another she saw the proceedings of the Lodge through a crevice in the wall. That she was made a Freemason is undoubted; though when so made does not quite clearly appear." Mrs. Aldworth alone of her sex within the United Kingdom during modern times appears to have been made a Freemason, and to what "degree" she was advanced we are not informed. But in the early ages of Freemasonry in this country, as shown by some ancient manuscripts quoted by Mr. Woodford, there were "dame masons" as well as "master masons." The "apprentice" is charged, for example, in one manuscript that "he shall not steal or pick away his master's or dame's goods," and in another manuscript that "he shall not disclose his master's or dame's counsel or secrets:" whence Mr. Woodford infers that "at one time the widows of masons were permitted to carry on work under the guild, and in that case the apprentice would serve out his time." "It may be," it is added, "that this rule was even enlarged so as to admit the widows and daughters of masons"—a supposition which may well suggest misgivings about the "secrets" to matter-of-fact Englishmen. But "they manage these things differently abroad;" and formerly both in Germany and France there existed, and now there exist in America, it seems, several systems of what Mr. Woodford designates as "androgynous," and stigmatizes as spurious, Freemasonry. Concerning the German "Mopses" a good deal of doubt prevails, inasmuch as it is even a moot point whether the word "mops" signifies "the wife of a Freemason" or "a Dutch mastiff or pug dog"—or both apparently. At any rate, the "Mopses" were an ephemeral folk, and nothing has been seen of them for above a hundred and fifty years. But in France "Maçonnerie d'Adoption," another mixed development of the Craft, flourished during a considerable part of the eighteenth and was revived in the early years of the nineteenth century. Between about 1740 and 1760 the "polite nation" boasted of many "androgynous" orders of Freemasonry; for instance, "L'Ordre de la Félicité, ou les Félicitaires," "L'Ordre des Chevaliers et Chevalières de l'Ancre," "L'Ordre des Chevaliers et Nymphes de la Rose," "L'Ordre des Dames Ecossaises de l'Hospice du Mont Thaba," and "L'Ordre de la Pérsevérance"—all of them prettier names at least than the "Mopses." But later, or for ten or twenty years before the outbreak of the Revolution, secret societies were the "rage" with all classes, even with the "great ladies" of the French Court. Under the patronage of the Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro established his system of "Egyptian Masonry," installed himself as "Grand Cophte," and opened lodges for sisters as well as brethren at Strasburg, Lyons, and Paris, of which lodges the two principal were named "La Sagesse Triomphante" and "Les Philatèthes." Another order received the particular protection of the Duchesse de Bourbon and the Princesse de Lamballe, and in the "Loge St. Antoine" one of them, as Grande Maîtresse, was in the habit of conferring the four degrees of "apprentie," "compagnonne," "maîtresse," and "parfaite maîtresse." But the new sisterhood passed away with the old régime; and although, as Mr. Woodford tells us, "it was partially revived under Napoleon I., and again under the Bourbons, it gradually came to an end, and does not now exist." In America, however, the "happy hunting-ground" for the defunct extravagances of Europe, something of the same kind seems to have been set on foot of late years. There an "adoptive right"—the term "adoptive" (why it does not appear) being the masonic equivalent for "female"—was instituted in 1855, consisting of five degrees: "Jephtha's daughter, or the daughter's degree;" "Ruth, or the widow's degree;" "Esther, or the wife's degree;" "Martha, or the sister's degree;" and "Electa, or the Christian martyr's degree;" the "whole assemblage" being called the "Eastern Star." Besides, there seems to be a society of which three of the grades are—the "Mason's Wife," the "Heroine of Jericho," and the

"Good Samaritan." Mr. Woodford asserts that these bodies "are not Freemasonry," and "never can be Freemasonry," which we can quite believe. But when he says that "it is very doubtful whether they can do any real good or be of any lasting use," he appears to us to hesitate where there is not the slightest warrant for hesitation at all.

Next to its mysteriousness, the most remarkable thing about Freemasonry is its antiquity, if we are to accept for truth what is often put forth by its votaries on the subject. Of these some affirm that it is as old as creation—or, at any rate, that it flourished long before the flood; and others connect it with the heathen mysteries, the Temple of Solomon, the Solar Myth, the Manichæans, the Pythagoreans, and what not besides. We are glad, however, to find from Mr. Woodford that even Freemasons when dealing with their Craft have now come to some extent under the influence of criticism, and that several of the versions of its history once current among them are either altogether abandoned or only partly and suspiciously allowed. "Our present speculative system," Mr. Woodford says, "is undoubtedly lineally and archæologically the successor of the guild fraternities of operative masons. But whence, it may be asked, did the guilds obtain the masonic legends? Brother Findel and a large and able school contend that the system was, so to say, set up in the thirteenth century by the lodges or 'Bauhütten' of Steinmetzen and operative masons in Germany. But another body of students has always existed, and still exists, which would trace back the Anglo-Saxon guilds to Roman guilds, and the Roman guilds to Greece and the East, to Tyre and Jerusalem, and Egypt above all." Mr. Woodford is disinclined altogether to give up "the legend of the Temple," or "even a connection with the ancient mysteries," which, in his judgment, "for a long time retained many lingering evidences of primeval truth." To us, we confess, Brother Findel seems more likely to approach correctness in his conjectures than Mr. Woodford—a "Grand Chaplain" not being the safest guide in the world when we have to deal with the "Temple" and supposed relations between "the ancient mysteries" and "primeval truth." But when it is conceded that Freemasonry, as we understand it, is "lineally and archæologically the successor of the guild fraternities of operative masons," which in other words means simply that it is a "survival" from a mediæval "trade union," we may leave the "Temple," "the ancient mysteries," "primeval truth," and the rest of it out of the question. That the masonic brotherhood was, early in the fifteenth century, to all intents and purposes a "trade union," is indisputable; for practically as such it was the subject of an Act of Parliament passed in 1425. By the 3rd Henry VI., c. 2, "it is ordained," as Dr. Plot in the curious notice of Freemasonry contained in his "Natural History of Staffordshire" says, "that no congregations and confederacies should be made by masons in their general chapters and assemblies, whereby the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers were violated and broken in subversion of law, and that those who caused such chapters or congregations to be holden should be adjudged felons, and those masons that came to them should be punished by imprisonment and make fine and ransom at the King's will." Whether this statute,—which by-the-by brings the told and new methods of attacking the "problem of capital and labour" into odd juxtaposition—was or was not put in force there is no evidence to show. It used to be said, on what Mr. Woodford rejects as authority, that only a few years after it was passed a great gathering and "respectable Lodge" of Freemasons was held at Canterbury under the presidency of Archbishop Chichely; that later on in his reign Henry VI. (who was only a child in 1425) was initiated into the confraternity, and that the "charges and laws" of the society were "seen, perused, and allowed" by the King and his Council. That Henry VI. and Archbishop Chichely, who were both great builders, should have been patrons of the masonic guilds would not be at all surprising, and it is given by Mr. Woodford as an ascertained fact that Henry VII. and Cardinal Wolsey, who again were both great builders, were Grand Masters of the Craft in succession to each other. Charles I., Charles II., and William III. are also in the list of Sovereigns and eminent personages who held the office previous to the formation of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717. Of these "ante-Revival" Grand Masters Sir Christopher Wren seems to have been the

last, and under him "speculative" and "operative" masonry appear to have been still in intimate association. Mr. Woodford mentions that "the maul and trowel used at the laying of the stone of St. Paul's," with a pair of carved mahogany candlesticks presented by Sir Christopher Wren, are still in the possession of the "Lodge of Antiquity." In a rather rare folio entitled "Parentalia; or, Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens," compiled by Christopher Wren, the son of Sir Christopher Wren, and published by Stephen Wren, his grandson, in 1750, it is stated that the first stone of St. Paul's was laid in 1675, and that in 1710 "the highest or last stone on the top of the lantern was laid by the hands of the surveyor's son, Christopher Wren, deputed by his father, in the presence of that excellent artificer, Mr. Strong, and other free and accepted masons chiefly employed in the execution of the work." Some pages further on it is said that Sir Christopher Wren "was of opinion that what we now vulgarly call the Gothick ought properly and truly to be named the Saracenick architecture refined by the Christians, which first of all began in the East after the fall of the Greek Empire." And the writer, still citing his father's theory, continues: "The Holy War gave the Christians who had been there an idea of the Saracen works, which were afterwards by them imitated in the West, and they refined upon it every day as they proceeded building churches. The Italians (among which were yet some Greek refugees), and with them French, Germans, and Flemings, joined into a fraternity of architects, procuring Papal Bulls for their encouragement and particular privileges. They styled themselves Free-Masons, and ranged from one nation to another, as they found churches to be built, for very many in those ages were everywhere in building through piety or emulation. Their government was regular, and when they fixed near the building in hand they made a camp of huts. A 'surveyor' governed in chief: every tenth man was called a 'warden,' and overlooked each nine; the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, either out of charity or commutation of penance, gave the materials and carriage. Those who have seen the exact accounts in records of the charge of the fabrics of some of our old cathedrals—near 400 years old—cannot but have a great esteem of their economy, and admire how soon they erected such lofty structures." Their mode of working is then described, and much more is added which we have no space to notice. Mr. Woodford does not seem to be acquainted with Wren's "Parentalia;" at any rate, we do not find that he refers to it in his "Cyclopædia."

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," etc., etc.

THE *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, in noticing the Conversazione of the Midland Union of Natural History Societies, remarks: "A fine copy of the Stratford portrait of Shakspere was rejected on the ground that 'it would be too prominent a feature,' and that 'there were too many things else to be looked at.' The peculiarity of the picture, which is painted in a masterly manner by an eminent artist, is that it is copied from the newly-discovered portrait, after the removal of the beard and whiskers, etc., which had doubtless been painted on in Puritanic times to disguise it, and before the 'restoration' of the picture by Mr. Collins, of London. Accompanying it was also a large photograph showing the lines of the portrait before the 'restoration' and repainting, and another of equal size, taken afterwards, showing how and where the 'restored'

painting, now hung at the Birthplace, differs from the original picture. The rejection of this picture seems singular, when there were exhibited so many drawings and paintings of other subjects."

Now that we have proper medical men appointed throughout the country as paid officers of health, it strikes me forcibly that we might utilise their services much more than we are doing, in gleaning a mass of useful information on the immutable laws of nature bearing on the health both of the human race and of our domestic animals; as their careful reports (which should be required periodically and their authors properly remunerated, the whole analysed, arranged, and systematically condensed by competent philosophers) would gradually produce very important results. Take, for example, the bearings of electricity in the atmosphere on the health of the body, and through the body on the mind. The most uneducated must have noticed the difference on their own nervous system before and after a thunderstorm; and its effects on milk and on beer have long been proverbial. May not the clouds be in some measure compared to Leyden jars? It is said that when that dreadful disease, Asiatic Cholera, was doing its most direful work in this country, there was a great absence of electricity in the air we breathe, and in the condition of which we all of us have an immense interest in keeping pure and abundantly supplied to rich and poor. I have no wish to make electricity everything in relation to health, but of its vast importance there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has ever thought at all on the subject. I believe that diarrhœa, hooping-cough, scarlatina, small-pox, typhoid fever, and many other diseases are strongest in the human frame as a rule when electricity in the atmosphere is the weakest. Then again, the peculiar manner in which the germs of disease are spread among the human family is a subject on which the wisest of us have much to learn. I have known a disease called infectious attack a family in an isolated dwelling on a hill, none of whom were known to have been within a dozen miles of any person suffering from such an illness. Might not the germs of that disease have been borne on the breeze, breathed in, and germinated, where there was a predisposition for illness in the person who had retained it, whilst a more robust constitution might have thrown it out again in respiration along with the carbonic acid gas generated in the capillary fires? Doctors often half poison their patients and those about them with stinking chloride of lime, or with carbolic acid, but rarely recommend that most pleasant and efficacious of all disinfectants, Condy's Fluid—the permanganate of potass—nor are they sufficiently careful to instruct the nurses about their patients in the absolute necessity of disinfecting the filth thrown off from the bowels, skin, etc.; poisons which, I believe, may be borne on the air and sow their germs in the life-blood of people many miles off. We have yet much to learn, with all our boasted "march of intellect;" and the more I study the sanitary laws given to the children of Israel in the Volume of the Sacred Law, the more I am struck with their wise adaptability, under the circumstances, to the people to whom they were given.

Writing of Puget Sound—"that deep landlocked bay which stretches so far into the north shore of Washington territory"—Major W. F. Butler, C.B., says: "The tide in the Sound rises high and ebbs low. At some of the stopping-places it was curious to watch the antics of certain crows, whose livelihood was gained from the rocks left bare by the low water. Around the base of the wooden piles upon which the landing-stages were built mussels thickly clustered; detaching these with their bills, the crows would ascend some thirty or forty yards into the air, then dropping the shell-fish on to the rock, they would swoop after it to catch the fish detached by the fall from the shattered shell." This reminds one of the fine old legend that has come down to us of the death of the Greek dramatist, Æschylus, 456, B.C. Sitting bareheaded in a field, an eagle flying over him with a tortoise in its bill, and taking his bald head for a stone, let fall its prey, to break the shell, and so crushed in the poor old poet's brain-pan that he died on the spot. The legend, like the generality of such, may be taken for what it is worth; Romance has its own world as well as Fact; but Major Butler's crows dropping their mussels to smash the shells is so far in favour of eagles dropping their tortoises too, though one hopes their penetrating eyes never mistake the bald heads of

aged poets for stones. And yet who would not be made the subject of so innocent a piece of fiction for his name to be remembered kindly among men 2334 years after his poor worn-out carcase had yielded up the noble spirit which it once enshrined? I am afraid animals whom we consider much higher developed than the eagle—noble bird though he be—have mistaken the heads of their more thinking fellows for stones, judging by the hard manner in which they have treated them.

I am glad to observe that Mr. J. Tom Burgess, F.S.A., whose literary and antiquarian labours I have already noticed in the *Masonic Magazine*, has not been allowed to leave Leamington for Worcester without a substantial Testimonial, consisting of a handsome gold watch and chain, with a purse containing £150, presented by the Mayor of Leamington, on behalf of a large number of subscribers, including a great number of the neighbouring nobility, clergy, and gentry, of all parties. Mr. Burgess has been for thirteen years editor of the *Royal Leamington Spa Courier*, and has now become editor of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*. The literary staff of the *Leamington Courier* also presented him with an illuminated address, and a valuable pocket aneroid barometer; whilst others gave silver-gilt inkstands, books, drawings, and I know not what besides, to mark their sense of his ability, industry, and geniality. Surely Mr. Burgess might well exclaim, in Shakspere's native county, with Juliet to Romeo:—

> "Good-night! Good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
> That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow."

Or with Posthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*:—

> "Should we be taking leave
> As long a term as yet we have to live,
> The loathness to depart would grow."

May Mr. Burgess be spared to devote as much careful study to the wild flowers and antiquities of Worcestershire as he has done to those of Warwickshire, and may the people of Worcestershire equally appreciate his labours: for in the midland counties, as elsewhere, all ranks of citizens may say with Wordsworth:—

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

Yea, even among English Freemasons there are men who are totally ignorant of all Masonic Literature, and never so much as saw, much less bought or read, a single Masonic publication!

That excellent society, the Royal Archæological Institute, is just issuing to subscribers of a guinea each a General Index to the first twenty-five volumes of their valuable *Journal*. To this and kindred societies we owe much of that taste for antiquities which, in spite of the Mammon-worship of society, is daily increasing with the education of the people.

Kilmarnock is a place familiar, by name at least, to all the readers of Bro. Burns's poems, and the sum of £2,140 has been already subscribed towards the erection there of a monument to the memory of our gifted brother. A grandson of the bard, meanwhile, it is said, is an inmate of the Dundee workhouse.

Mr. C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., is publishing a third edition of his genial little treatise on *The Rural Life of Shakspere, as Illustrated by his Works*. "I submit," he writes of the great bard, "it is apparent and conclusive, that he must have had, in early life, unusual facilities for observing the phenomena of nature, agriculture, farms, and all the details of the entire range of rural life. Men with poetic feeling and power have depicted pastoral life; and some have written of it specially. Shakspere did not set himself to do this: he took a loftier theme and a wider range; he worked to depict men and manners, not to write pastorals; and it is in his portraiture of human nature that he constantly uses the country with such wonderful knowledge and with such exquisite effect; far, in short, beyond any other writer in his own or any other age."

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of Norwich and Paternoster Buildings, have just issued a neatly got up volume, to inculcate humanity to animals, from the pen of Miss Anna Sewell, daughter of the well known poetess, Mrs. Sewell. The book deserves a very wide circulation, as I hope to Show by a few extracts in another Note. It is entitled *Black Beauty, his Grooms and Companions; the Autobiography of a Horse.* As no novel is more entertaining, its fine humanity ought to recommend it to parents and teachers, and also to all who have to do with the training, riding, or driving of horses. Where Miss Sewell has picked up all her information about horses I know not; but I have read her book with immense pleasure, and as a friend of the poor brute creation, I thank her for writing it; hoping to do it fuller justice at a future time.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.*

THE funniest story that ever I heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, is a Mason true—
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is Tiler of Lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tiles and delivers the summons due;
And she wanted to be a Mason, too,
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.

She followed him round, this inquisitive wife,
And nagged him and teased him half out of his life;
So, to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.

And first to disguise her from bonnet and shoon,
This ridiculous lady resolved to put on
His breech—ah! forgive me, I mean pantaloon,
And miraculously did it fit her!

The Lodge was at work in the Master's degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G;
High soared the pillars J and B;
The officers sat like Solomon, wise,
The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the room;
The candidate begged 'em to let him go home,
And the Devil himself stood up in the East,
As proud as an alderman at a feast,
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

* This amusing skit we take from our admirable contemporary, the *Eclectic*.

O! horrible sound! O! horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say and do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with woe!
But this is not all my story.

For those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
The candidate howled like anything,
And thus in tones of death they sing—
The candidate's name was Morey—

"Blood to drink and bones to break,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn;
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him grim and gory!"

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word;
She staggered, and fell in the nearest chair,
On the left of the Junior Warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans—
That the chair was made of human bones!

Of human bones! On grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls;
Those skulls the skulls that Morgan bore!
Those bones the bones that Morgan wore!
His scalp across the top was flung—
His teeth around the arms were strung,
Never in all romance were known
Such uses made of human bone.

The bright stone glared in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not name;
Good angels that inquiring came
From blissful courts looked up with shame
And tearful melancholy.

Again they dance, but twice as bad;
They jump and sing like demons mad—
The tune is "Hunkey-Dorey"—
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

Then came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?

She saw him sink in a fiery hole!
She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter roll
And drown the yells for mercy!
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no more,
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
Midst all the diabolical roar.

What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
She *dreamed* that she'd been in the Mason's hall!

AT THE LAST.

BY JAMES BERRY BENSEE.

THERE must be something after all this woe;
A sweet fruition from the harrowed past;
Rest some day for this pacing to and fro;
A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
Something more fair by far than starry nights—
A prospect limitless, as one by one
Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then, when that something lies athwart the way—
Coming unsought, as good things seem to do—
'Twill prove beneath the flash of setting day
A nobler meed than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
Hope will attain so marvellous a height,
There can be nothing found within this life
After this day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy
And God's own light be ever light enough
To guide the purified, ennobled eye
Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
E'en though but death and flowers at the last.

THE CONDITION OF ARTINTHIS COUNTRY.

THE recent visit of our Royal Grand Master to Nottingham, and the great success which has attended his visit, leads us to consider the present position of art in this country, which, we confess, we deem to be most hopeful. For when we recollect what it really was, say twenty-five years ago, and what it now is, we must be struck, we think, alike with the reality and the intensity of the change. What we mean is this. We have woke up at last to the conviction that art, like everything else, moral, scientific, technical, and instructional, requires education, and we have most wisely for some time been supporting and encouraging Schools of Art, Museums, and centres of scientific, technical, and artistic information. The *Times*, alluding to the subject, thus very admirably develops the same thesis, and expounds the same idea, in a manner which will be agreeable to all our readers to peruse and remember:—

"Neither the most indifferent nor the most superficial observer can deny that the condition of public taste in this country has undergone a great change in the course of the last generation. Whether the change has been wholly in the direction of improvement may fairly be open to question. It is inevitable in such an awakening of taste as we have witnessed that experiments should be tried and should fail, that faults should be committed, that fashions unsustained by discernment or instruction should come and go, and that even a sound and healthy taste should occasionally be pushed to extravagance. Those who remember the Great Exhibition of 1851 still feel a sense of humiliation at the contrast which English art and English design presented to those of other countries. We saw that we had fallen behindhand, and, though we could still point to our supremacy in machinery, in hardware, in good and solid workmanship in all departments where taste was not in question, we had to acknowledge that as far as art and design were concerned we were outstripped by all competitors. This was the humiliating fact, acknowledged on all hands, but regarded in many quarters with absolute indifference, which prompted the Prince Consort in his well-nigh solitary endeavours to regenerate the national regard for art. We had almost lost the sense of our deficiencies, and had begun to think that taste was an insignificant thing, and beauty an object unworthy of serious and rational pursuit. We have to thank the Department of Science and Art, and the taste which it first laboriously created and then successfully appealed to, for the change which has happened, and we owe the revival mainly to the bold initiative and persistent energy of the Prince Consort. There is now scarcely an article of manufacture produced in this country to which artistic design can be applied which has not been subject to a regenerating influence. In 1851, what may be called domestic art of all kinds was at its very lowest point, and most people were pretty well content that it should be so. Now, on the contrary, we are nothing if not artistic, and we are almost as fastidious as we were formerly indifferent. The movement has its extravagant and ridiculous side, no doubt, as every movement prompted by genuine enthusiasm and followed by mere gregarious fashion is sure to have. But, whereas five-and-twenty years ago it was next to impossible to gratify a refined taste in regard to articles of domestic and common use, now it is hardly too much to say that, whether in pottery, in furniture, in draperies, in carpets, in paperhangings, even in coal-scuttles and in pots and pans, it is positively bewildering to have to make a choice amid the variety of really beautiful things offered to us on every hand.

"It may be difficult as yet to say whether the revived appreciation of beauty for its own sake has taken any very deep or permanent root in the national taste. Much of it is doubtless due to mere fashion or to love of singularity and variety. But it is a significant fact that, whereas formerly no one cared for design and beauty at all, now all educated people care for them more or less. The result may be seen by anyone who will take the trouble to walk along the streets and look into the shop windows. He will see much to amuse, something to instruct, and not a little to repel him; but he cannot fail to discern a great contrast to what he would have seen only a few years ago. If, however, any improvement has yet been effected in the taste of the great masses of the population, the palpable signs of it are certainly still to seek. Popular taste is like popular education; it spreads very slowly, and it takes more than one generation to exhibit its tangible results. We know that newspapers and books of all kinds, some good, some worthless, many indifferent, are now read by thousands who formerly would never have looked at a printed page. *L'appétie vient en mangeant*, and if people begin by reading indiscriminately, some of them at least will end by reading well and acquiring a taste for good literature. Taste in art is acquired in the same way; we may educate it and elevate it if it once exists, but until it exists in some form or other there is nothing to which we can appeal. How, then, is it to be created? We certainly cannot expect it to grow spontaneously out of the squalid life of too many of our large towns. The sordid dwelling, the filthy and smoke-begrimed alley, the pinched and narrow existence, all furnish

but a meagre soil for the nurture of so delicate a plant. But, if we cannot make the life of a poor man beautiful, we can at least place beautiful things within the reach of his daily life. We are not a people with such spontaneous gifts of art that we can produce beautiful things at will and without instruction. We need education in taste, and that can only be attained by the contemplation of beautiful objects. There is scarcely a town in France which has not its museum, furnished with objects of local interest, with a few models of such great works as can be effectively reproduced, with the productions of local artists, and with specimens of design and execution specially related to local industry. In England we have hardly anything of the kind, and yet the climate of England, as well as the ordinary lives and occupations of Englishmen, are far more favourable to the growth of national taste than is the case in France. Nottingham has practically recognized our deficiencies *in this respect and made a serious effort to abate them. If art and beauty are worth* anything at all, they are certainly worth a serious effort to foster and sustain them. Do what we will, it will be a very long process to regenerate the national sense of beauty, but the only way to do it is to place beautiful objects within reach of all, and gradually to create a love for them. It may be long before the seed thus sown bears fruit, but when it does it will certainly be found to have been worthy of the cultivation bestowed on it."

We feel that few words of ours in addition are required to commend the good work to the sympathy and encouragement in any locality of Freemasons. We are bid, as we shall remember, pay attention to all that can develop and improve the mind, and we still believe, that in the love of the artistic, the graceful, the beautiful, lies one condition of a nation's advance, a nation's greatness, and a nation's civilization.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

(*Continued from page 33.*)

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Reference to the Universal Redemption of Mankind.

"Stone Tables were used by the Egyptians to write their secret laws upon, in their Mysteries, in unknown characters, which they call sacred; but God applied them to the use of public laws, plainly written and openly promulged to all. Nor let anyone be disturbed at the suppesition that, in framing the Jewish Law, regard was had to the prevailing superstitions of those times. For, from this fact, set by this other, that those very laws, so framed, were, at the same time typical of a more perfect Religion, I hope to deduce a most certain argument of the divinity of that Law."—BISHOP WARBURTON.

IT is a curious fact, and displays a remarkable instance of the exercise of a superintending Providence, that rays of truth should have been infused into an institution which was considered to be the great depository of every species of false worship that existed in the idolatrous world. This consideration makes it extremely probable that the Spurious Freemasonry was graciously permitted by an All-wise Deity to flourish in every age, from the Dispersion at Shinar to the Advent of Christ, uninfluenced by the rise and fall of states and empires, for this express purpose, that some knowledge of His designs respecting His fallen creatures might be preserved, even amongst those who had denied His omnipotence and renounced His worship. "It is an easy thing," says Lactantius,* "to show that the whole Truth was divided amongst the several sects of philosophers; and if anyone would collect the truths scattered among the sects of philosophers, and gather them into one body, *he would not certainly disagree from the Christians.*" Clemens Alexandrinus † thought that the peculiar

* Just. l. vi. c. 7. † Strom. l. vii.

philosophy of each sect *was revealed from heaven* by the ministry of inferior angels. To the same effect Socrates says in Plato, "that which is observable in the Mysteries is also to be found in philosophy. Many bear the Thyrsus, but few are truly inspired with the spirit of the Dionysiaca.

I proceed, therefore, to show that the doctrine of a Mediator, who should purify mankind by the shedding of blood, formed a prominent feature in the Spurious Freemasonry or religious mysteries of all ancient nations. Even the Chinese books, which treat of the most sacred rites, speak of a time when everything is to be restored to its primitive splendour by the advent of a hero called Kiam-Tse, which signifies Shepherd and Prince; to whom they likewise give the names of the Most Holy, the Universal Teacher, and the Supreme Truth. This being corresponds exactly with the Mithras of the Persians, the Orus, or second Osiris of the Egyptians, the Apollo, or Mercury of the Greeks, and the Brahma of the Indians. And both Zoroaster and Confucius left on record a prediction that the universal Saviour should appear in the West.

It seems, from indisputable evidence, that a belief in a MIDDLE GOD, emanating from the Creator or Father, who should make atonement for sin, formed a constituent part of the system of the Spurious Freemasonry; implying an idea of crimes that merited punishment, which man of himself was unable to expiate. In pagan cosmogonies, as in the book of Genesis, the world is said to be created by the Spirit of God; but the Holy Ghost is the Sanctifier of man. It is evident, therefore, that these cosmogonies are a symbol of the formation of the universe, *treating of the regeneration of man*. The confirmation of this fact is seen in the initiation to the Mysteries, whose aim was the spiritual birth of the neophyte, and whose rites typified the creation of the world.*

The doctrine originated, most probably, from a tradition of the fall of man by the pollution of his nature. Some think, however, that this knowledge was acquired from the Jewish Scriptures; but, I am persuaded, erroneously, and I do not stand alone in this opinion. Bishop Stillingfleet says, "I do not see any reason to aver with so much confidence as some do, that those philosophers who spake anything consonantly with Moses must presently converse with the Jews, transcribe their opinions out of the Scriptures, or have them conveyed to them in some secret cabala of the creation, as it is affirmed of Pythagoras and Plato, and may, with no less reason, of Thales. But this, I suppose, may be made evident to any considerate person, that the philosophers of Greece, who conversed most abroad in the world, did speak far more agreeably to the true account of things than such who only endeavoured by their own wits to improve or correct those principles which were delivered by the other philosophers; which I impute not so much to their converse with the Mosaic writings as to that *universal tradition of the first ages of the world*, which was preserved far better among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Chaldeans, and others than among the Greeks."†

Lord Bacon says that they were delivered and related "as things formerly believed and received, and not as newly invented and offered to us. Besides, seeing they are diversely related by writers that lived nearly about one and the same time, we may easily perceive that they were common things derived from precedent memorials, and that they became various by reason of divers ornaments bestowed on them by particular relaters." The process, before the flood, of transmission was exceedingly simple though absolutely certain; for before the Dispersion there would scarcely be any error or variation in the events and predictions which took place in the first ages of the world. The length of life with which it pleased God to endow the antediluvian patriarchs, for the completion of His purposes, rendered the communication natural and easy; for Adam lived with Lamech if not with Noah, according to the Samaritan Pentateuch; and his sons were in existence at the building of Babel; and consequently the facts could not have received much corruption at that time, however accident or policy might contribute to their deterioration at a subsequent period.

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* Weale, Archit. P. v. p. 1. † Orig. Sac. p. 424.

The promise of restoration was subsequently transmitted through the world by the migrations arising out of the Confusion of Tongues on the plains of Shinar. Being embodied in the sacred drama of the mysteries, it was preserved there by a means which prevented it from being either perverted or lost, although too abstruse for the comprehension of those whose notions of the divine unity were, at the best, but loose and unsettled; and accordingly we find many erroneous ideas afloat in various nations respecting this fundamental doctrine of true religion. But the very diversities are strongly corroborative of the fact that such a tradition, however it might be allegorized, formed a constituent part of their religious code.

In the East, which was first peopled after the flood, we may therefore expect to find historical notices of facts and doctrines in some degree of perfection; as they would pass, without any material change, from generation to generation, down to the time when the sacred books of each country were compiled. Accordingly, amongst the Hindoos and their immediate neighbours, many religious legends approximate very nearly to similar events recorded by Moses. Thus, for instance: A son of the first man is said to have been slain by his brother. Sanchoniatho has recorded that a son of Uranus was killed by his brother. In Diodorus we find Hesperion meets a similar fate, and the Persian annals represent Siameck, the son of Cai-Amurath, the first king of Persia, as having been slain by giants. There is, however, nothing very extraordinary in the naked fact. The outlines of the history of the antediluvian world were known to the family of Noah, and consequently to their immediate descendants, the Cuthites of Shinar, and when the language was confounded this knowledge would travel with every tribe which wandered to people the distant parts of the earth.

If this reasoning have any force, we may fairly conclude that the knowledge of the great events connected with the salvation of man, which was preserved in the Spurious Freemasonry, proceeded from traditions communicated by the first man, and transmitted orally to his posterity; being recorded by Moses in the Pentateuch, but certainly known to the heathen long before the Exodus. For it is presumed that the principal incidents had become distorted by fable previously to that period; and therefore the Deity commanded Moses to make out a perfect register of them, which was preserved in the Tabernacle, and afterwards in the Temple at Jerusalem, as a record of truth from which there should be no appeal.

We are furnished with abundant testimony to prove that the expectation of a Great Deliverer was taught in the Spurious Freemasonry, although the important secret was strictly preserved in the esoteric degrees, until the period approached when the allegory should be realised by His actual appearance in the world. Daniel fixed the precise time of His appearance, which was acknowledged by Simeon and Anna to be correct, and it was the blindness and obstinacy of the Jews in refusing to receive Jesus as the expected Messiah that accelerated the destruction of their city and temple, and dispersed them over the face of the earth,—an awful monument of God's wrath to all generations.

Tertullian asserts that the philosophers of his time "had drank from the fountain of the prophets," and Clemens Alexandrinus expressly charges them with "stealing many of their facts and doctrines from the prophetical writings of the Jews." But, as I have already observed, I see no good reason for adopting this opinion. It is scarcely credible that the earliest legislators and hierophasts would adopt into their mysteries the written dogmata of a small and despised sect, who themselves evinced little faith in the efficacy of their own religion, and were continually lusting after the more licentious superstitions of their Gentile neighbours. I am persuaded that oral tradition was their guide. They flattered themselves that they possessed the especial favour of the celestial deities, and the temptation must have been strong indeed that could have induced them to deviate from it. Besides, though they might, had they been so inclined, have gleaned *facts*, they could hardly have extracted from those records the abstruse *doctrines* which were undoubtedly imbedded in their ineffable mysteries of salvation through the vicarious sacrifice of a Mediator, and a future state of rewards and punishments, which it is at least doubtful whether many of the Jews themselves believe.

(To be continued.)

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE main event since the last Magazine has been the most "patriotic" (as a very distinguished Brother termed it) and most successful International Banquet, given by the proprietor of the *Freemason* and *Masonic Magazine* to a distinguished party of American Freemasons, which took place July 31st.

We have thought it well to preserve a record of an event so interesting to the Masons of America and England in an elaborate Report elsewhere, and which originally appeared in the columns of the *Freemason*. It was a most happy idea, and a still more happy consummation. For the American brethren, who have visited us under the leadership of our esteemed friend, Bro. Meyer, of Philadelphia, it is impossible but to feel the warmest feelings of fraternal regard. Our good wishes accompany them wherever they go, and we trust that we have, by this interchange of international and Masonic courtesy and comity, forged a link of amity and affection which time itself shall neither weaken, much less destroy.

There is not much else to report in English Masonry. Most of the Lodges are, as the French say, "en sommeil," just now, or rather are closed, "more Anglicano," for a short recess. Our brethren are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and we wish them on their holiday, their peregrinations, their ruralization, all health, happiness, and enjoyment.

We have to deplore the loss of our old P.G.M., Bro. Bagshawe, whose services to Masonry have been many and great, and as month follows month, and year gives place to year, we cannot be insensible if we would, and we ought not if we could (as Die Vernon would say), to the changes and vacant places in our ranks. Life comes and goes, but neither in Masonry nor the world is anything permanent. All that remains for us, as Freemasons, is to bow to the decrees of the G.A.O.T.U., and to feel persuaded that if earth still remains earth for us all, in its weakness, its decay, its death, its unsatisfying possessions, and its short-lived happiness, it yet witnesses of a happier day-dawn for humanity, when change cannot affect, sorrow cannot depress and separation cannot disunite us any more.

FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "KENNING'S CYCLOPÆDIA."

IN the last Magazine there was published a most able and kindly Review of Bro. Kenning's "Cyclopædia"—which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I for one hail the appearance of that Review, (without any personal feelings coming into play, though I must needs be flattered by it,) because it seems to me to date as a new era of outside criticism on Freemasonry. Up to the present hour all such like reviews have been to my mind *jejune* and idle in the highest degree, resting on "padding," marked by "cramming," and animated either by a bitter spirit of ultramontane ferocity, or an empty outcome of childish persiflage.

Freemasonry has been looked at only from personal prepossession or party animosities, and as literary efforts all such reviews have been valueless. But for the first time, in that influential paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a writer has been found bold enough and competent enough to handle the question calmly, courteously, and dispassionately, and with great knowledge of the subject.

I therefore congratulate myself that my humble labours have so far been crowned with success, that they have obtained for Bro. Kenning's "Cyclopædia" a fair hearing in the great and crowded thoroughfare of public opinion.

And as my one endeavour was to set before my own order and the public an honest, readable, truthful, and reliable work, I feel to-day that my aspirations are rewarded, and that I can well endure, (as in some instances elsewhere,) whether the censorious strictness of an uneducated criticism, or the harmless facetiousness of dull personality. As the writer of the Review to which I am now calling notice accepts, as *facts* historically provable, what I put forward on carefully collated and verified data, I need not trouble myself with defending "Kenning's Cyclopædia" from Mr. Hallam's charge, that Masonic history has been written so far by "panegyrists and calumniators each equally mendacious." "Kenning's Cyclopædia" is in fact a realistic effort to give to our ancient legends and often confused chronology the inestimable characteristics of historical veracity and common-sense explanation. But as the writer of the Review touches upon one or two points on which he is unavoidably in error, I think it well to offer these friendly comments on a most courteous and able Review of a Work destined, I hope, to be valued by Freemasons, as time runs on, more and more, for its correctness in detail and its accuracy in statement.

I. I will observe *en passant* what a striking reproof the writer gives, and how well he shows the worthlessness of all pretended expositions of Freemasonry, which, if true, can only, *on the showing of the writer*, proceed from a "wilfully perjured individual;" and, if not true, are only another attempt to prey upon the purses and abuse the credulity of mankind.

II. The writer seems humorously to prefer Bro. Findel's authority to mine, in respect of the "Solomonic Temple" and the "Mysteries." He seems to be of opinion that such is a part of my "stock in trade" as a "chaplain," but I for one beg to disclaim any professional view of the matter, my only desire being to give a reasonable and trustworthy history of the Craft. I cannot ignore the Solomonic Legend altogether; I cannot shut out the quasi-evidence of the mysteries, and therefore I leave the matter where it is, an open question, feeling still that on this, as on a good many other matters in this world, much may be said upon both sides.

Bro. Findel's theory, however interesting and valuable in itself, has this actual defect, that it proves too much. He refers to the darkest age of biblical knowledge the foundation of a system which is purely Hebraic and biblical, and though I admit that on

the view of internal evidence much may be said in favour of a later arrangement, yet I cannot accept Bro. Findel's theory, the more so, as the argument he bases on the "Ars Quatuor," etc., is clearly a chimera of chimeras.

III. The writer of the Review has not, I think, quite fully realized what I say about Henry VI. and Chichely. The old story of the Lodge at Canterbury, under Chichely, has been exploded by the discovery of Molash's Register among the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian, Oxford, where the origin of the story is found, and is a mistake.

IV. The Locke MS. being also abandoned as connected with Henry VI., the only evidence of his connection with Freemasonry is that he was given up to "Hermetic Studies." The Reviewer has not attended to my distinction of historical and prehistorical Grand Masters, as both Henry VIII. and Wolsey are among the latter, not the former, category.

V. I also place in that list, Charles I., Charles II., and William III., the last especially, as we have no evidence whatever (though often asserted) of his initiation at Hampton Court Palace. The able writer sees the difference between the "Ante-Revival" and "Post-Revival" Grand Masters, but does not sufficiently discriminate between the historic and prehistoric list of the same eminent persons.

VI. The Reviewer concludes with the remark that "Mr. Woodford does not seem to be acquainted with Wren's 'Parentalia,' at any rate, we do not find that he refers to it in his Cyclopædia." But the truth is, that for our purposes the "Parentalia" is less than no authority. It professes to give an account of Masons and Masonry by a non-Mason, which was held partly to have the authority of Sir Christopher Wren, but really has none of his. Such as it is, it rests on the greater authority of Sir William Dugdale, who in all probability hit the mark when he stated that the original guilds of Masons worked under letters and charters of the Pope. The Glasgow Charter and the Confraternity of Lucy, Bishop of Winchester, and the "illos arte approbatos" of William of Wykeham's all refer to the same Confraternities. No doubt there is a certain amount of accuracy in the account of the "Parentalia," which, as I said before, *is in all probability* founded simply on Dugdale's statement, but yet it cannot be altogether relied upon. So far as we have been able to detect the existence and proceedings of the Masonic Guilds, after the lapse of centuries, and from the dimness of any contemporary or nearly contemporary accounts, they were attached to monasteries and directed by the Ecclesiastics. Findel is probably correct when he ascribes to monastic supervision and organization the early proceedings of the German "Bauhütten," and in this respect, what was good of Germany was good of England, and France, and Italy. No doubt our old traditions point to Royal immunities and special charters, and the earliest evidence of the French operative guilds alludes (like as in our Anglican guild legends) to prerogatives and immunities conceded by King Charles Martel. But still, on the whole, the evidence preponderates as to an original ecclesiastical connection and control.

As regards Sir Christopher Wren, his connection with Masonry is still in obscurity. The earlier statements place him high in office in 1663. Aubrey gives the contemporary date of his initiation as 1691, and the very fact of his Grand Mastership rests on no known historical evidence,—simply tradition. The Lodge of Antiquity possesses the "Mallet" and Candlesticks presented (*ut dicitur*) to the Lodge, and his portrait; but as the records of the Lodge of Antiquity are not yet searched through, it is impossible to say what is the early history of that most ancient Lodge. And here I stop to-day. I must once more express my hope and belief that this courteous and lucid Review of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of "Kenning's Cyclopædia" and this non-masonic recognition of its merits, as a carefully prepared work, may be a new era in the history of Masonic criticism and investigation.

THOUGHTS "FOR THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY."

BY ALEX. STEPHENS, P.M., 954.

FROM the time of my initiation I have ever been a more or less ardent admirer of Freemasonry. On no occasion have I been absent from my place in the Lodge when it has been possible for me to attend. Keenly susceptible of its fraternal greetings and social enjoyment; proud of its mystic character, its traditional, historic, and personal associations: still, however, there are higher and nobler considerations than these. The simple fact that the beauty of Freemasonry becomes more and more apparent as we progress in the science, we regard as the surest evidence of its truth, and the best guarantee of its abiding character.

Progress in the science of Masonry, however, must not be considered as synonymous with advancement in official position, nor confounded with a verbal knowledge of the ritual, or an acquaintance with the various (often baseless and conflicting) theories concerning the origin and antiquity of our Order. These things, though perhaps to some extent conditions of progress, are certainly attainable without in the best sense any real advancement in Masonry. No one supposes the child that has just learned to lisp the Lord's prayer to possess any proper conception of that sublimely inimitable composition. On the contrary, we know the most literary are often partially ignorant of the true beauty thereof. Thos. Carlyle, writing to a friend some time ago, said that although, probably, he had not repeated that prayer for thirty or forty years, he then had such a conception of the sublimity of its sentiment as filled him with wonder at the profound wisdom of Jesus. In this incident we have a striking illustration of a principle common to all men in the apprehension of moral and spiritual truth, viz., without a suitable subjective condition there can be no adequate conception of moral truth. Freemasonry is defined as being "a peculiar system of morality." Whatever emphasis we may be disposed to place on the word "peculiar," it certainly can have no reference to the ethical principles it inculcates, but plainly refers to the allegorical form in which its truths are taught and symbolized.

Moreover, it is further obvious, whatever advantages we may claim for this form of teaching so peculiarly characteristic of Freemasonry, however exact and accurate our knowledge of the primary or verbal meaning of an allegory, unless we perceive the moral significance—the principles it illustrates—we cannot be said to receive any instruction. Interesting it may be, gratifying to the æsthetic faculty it certainly is when the ceremonial is properly rendered, but of necessity an empty and meaningless form of words. I submit, therefore, the importance of familiarizing ourselves, not only with the working of our Lodges, but also with those grand, those pure and elevating sentiments which Masonry inculcates and inspires. Surely the mystic character of our Order was not designed to hide from our view the truths embodied in its allegories, and should not be so heedlessly used as to derogate from their importance. And yet without any breach of Masonic charity, I am afraid it is fairly open to question whether such is not practically the result. It is no good attempting to conceal the fact that there are reasons for supposing many of our brethren have no definite idea of what Freemasonry is. To say it is not a "Benefit Society" is simply to utter a negation which, although true as ordinarily understood, may nevertheless be used as an excuse for the neglect of obvious duty. While to regard it simply as a luxury, an organization for social enjoyment, is to have a most false and unworthy conception of its pure and benevolent object. True, we are not indifferent to the cultivation of "the social virtue," nay, it occupies a somewhat prominent place in the working of the system, but of secondary importance only, and subsidiary to its higher purposes and aims. Rightly understood, our Order is both social and moral, privilegial and philanthropic, and its uniqueness, its

peculiar glory, is to be found in the mutual and harmonious blending and development of those qualities. Without seeking to obliterate, or to lessen in the least degree the importance of social distinctions, it reminds us in a manner not to be mistaken of our natural equality and mutual dependence, and that those distinctions are purely adventitious and circumstantial, while with true philosophic beauty and impressiveness it enforces the lessons of active beneficence and charity, by reminding us that our individual happiness is best promoted by affording relief and consolation to our fellow creatures in the hour of their affliction.

Discountenancing a spirit of mendicity and imposture, refusing to admit to a participation of its privileges any applicant influenced by sinister or other unworthy motives, it yet teaches us to be mutually helpful, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and seeks to stimulate benevolent impulse by fraternal recognition and sympathy. As a philanthropic sodality, it embraces men of all religions, of all races and climes, but withal it is strictly eclectic, receiving into fellowship only such as believe in the Great Architect of the Universe, and are of good report; wisely tolerant on all questions of speculative opinion, but rejecting the atheist and the immoral man. The religious element in our formularies effectually precludes the one, and the whole tenor of Masonic teaching is condemnatory of the other. Again, while fully alive to the material and social advantages of wealth, of learning, and of high social status as means of usefulness, adding to the prestige and influence of our Order in the "outer world," still those qualities are justly held to be subordinate to those higher considerations of moral worth. Character is supreme. "The internal and not the external qualifications of a man is what Masonry regards."

And observe the reputation of the Craft. That which commands the truest homage of thoughtful men, and on which the ultimate progress of our principles must mainly depend, should be jealously guarded by every brother, not forgetting that the reputation of the Fraternity results from the aggregate character of its members. He, therefore, cannot be considered a worthy Mason, whatever his pretensions or claims in other respects, whose life is a continual violation of its ethical principles. This I take to be so obviously true that to further argue the question would be superfluous, and yet I am not quite sure that sufficient prominence is given to it. Nay, I rather incline to the opinion that the moral tone and dignity of the Order might be improved by *increased* attention to this fact. Such is the frailty of our nature that we need to be *reminded* of our duties and motives, to their performance again and again enforced.

Without in the slightest degree detracting from the pleasantness of our Lodge festivities, it is incumbent on all Worshipful Masters to allow nothing that may be incongruous with what is taught in open Lodge, but to charge the Brethren to practise out of the Lodge those excellent precepts that are taught in it. The lasting glory of Freemasonry is not simply in its remote antiquity, nor in the fact that its branches are spread over the four quarters of the globe, for although it boasts a glorious history, and its universality is confessedly a distinguishing feature thereof, let us remember it is its goodness, its virtues that must win for it the respect of mankind, stand the test of time, and the unsparing criticisms with which it is sure to be assailed. Notwithstanding the unparalleled progress of the last thirty-five years, and its present prospects, practical consistency and consonance with truth alone can save it from decadence and ultimately becoming a thing of the past.

ORATION ON FREEMASONRY, ITS MYSTERY AND HISTORY, WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

BY J. H. GRAHAM, LL.D., FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

NO intelligent person needs to be reminded that we are surrounded with mysteries. However great our knowledge; however profound our researches; however reverent our meditations on any subject, from the smallest grain of sand on this earth of ours to the unnumbered worlds that ceaselessly revolve in the immensity of space, from the tiniest blade of grass to the mighty cedar of Lebanon, from the humblest forms of the *proto-zoa* embedded in the primeval rocks through all the grades of animal life to man (made but a little lower than the angels), and to Him who created all things, and who dwelleth in light unapproachable and full of glory,—all, all is mystery! In dispassionately considering our present theme, it is not necessary that we should linger on the mysteries of man, nor dwell on the pleasing and important problem of *whence* he came—*what* he is—or *whither* he is going—but briefly to consider historic man in his natural aggregations of kindred and society, bearing in mind that amongst men "some are, and must be, greater than the rest;" that some must rule and some obey; that it is given to some to teach and others to receive instruction; and that from the dawnings of history, and more especially in the farthest East—the cradle of our race—the sages of that remote antiquity, and many of the wisest men of a more modern day, the guides and teachers of the world, in their communication of their vast stores of human and divine wisdom, carefully separated their instructions into *esoteric* and *exoteric*—the former being preserved and guarded with the strictest vigilance, and alone communicated, under the most solemn circumstances, to the select few who were deemed worthy and well qualified to receive and profit thereby, and the latter being communicated to the mass of the people as that which was adjudged to be best fitted for their instruction and guidance.

From these esoteric communities of early sages and philosophers arose, in India, Persia, Chaldea, Egypt, Phœnicia, and other countries, the wondrous MYSTERIES OF THE EAST, those schools of religion, philosophy, government, literature, and the arts, which did so much to enlighten, upbuild, and maintain these great nations of antiquity.

Shall we therefore wonder when we see such illustrious men as Solon, Plato, Herodotus, Lycurgus, and other great philosophers of Greece, "binding their stoutest sandals upon their feet, and taking the pilgrim's staff in their hands," and going forth to visit the vast sanctuaries of Egypt, to be initiated into the hidden mysteries of wisdom and worship?

From the general connection that exists between these ancient mysteries and Freemasonry, some have been erroneously led to believe that the latter is a continuation of the former, while it is only, in some respects, an imitation or similarity. Much of the instruction and all the principal traditions of ancient Craft Freemasonry are derived from and associated with the magnificent temple of King Solomon, which was erected about one thousand years before the Christian era, on the thrice holy mount, and according to the Divine plan, by the wisdom of Solomon, King of Israel—by the strength and co-operation of Hiram, King of Tyre—and exquisitely adorned by Hiram, the widow's son, the Prince of Architects, these three being considered the first Grand Masters of our Order.

This temple was dedicated to the honour and glory of the one only living and true God, as the first national manifestation of an only God ever erected. That division of our ancient and honourable fraternity denominated the Holy Royal Arch derives most of its symbolism and traditions from the second temple, "rebuilt" about five hundred

years before our era, soon after the Babylonish captivity, under the superintendence of Zerubbabel the Prince of the people, Haggai the prophet, and Joshua the high priest. This, too, was the era of the finding of the long lost book of the law.

To the affiliated and noble Christian orders of the Knights of the Temple, and to the Sovereign Princes of the Rose Croix, I need only now refer.

The present organic form and embodiment of the Craft appears to many to have been derived chiefly from the *Collegia Artificum* and the *Collegia Fabrorum*, instituted at Rome about seven hundred years before Christ by the wise and almost prophetic King, Numa Pompilius, who was said to have been deeply versed in the mysteries of Py hagoras. He highly honoured and rewarded these colleges of Artificers, and Lodges of skilful craftsmen, endowing them with the exclusive privilege of erecting public temples and monuments at Rome. Their rights and privileges were afterwards recognised and defined by the *eighth* of the twelve tables of the Roman law. At a still later period, they were even more highly honoured and distinguished by the "divine" Augustus. These colleges of fraternal architects had their own jurisdiction, their own worship; were regularly organized, were presided over by masters, wardens, and other officers, and were composed largely of learned Greek artists, who surrounded the secret tenets of their profession with the mysteries of their country, enveloped them in the symbolism of their worship, and elaborated their *esoteric* instructions by employing symbolically the implements of architecture; and when at the dawn of the Christian era the Jewish architects were welcomed and protected at Rome, they erected synagogues and were admitted into the colleges of artificers, they, too, took a leading part therein, and instructed the craftsmen in the Hebrew mysteries.

Wherever the Roman legions carried victorious the Roman arms, thither accompanied them colleges of these skilful constructors, and for more than 1,000 years after the dismemberment of that mighty empire did these and succeeding fraternities of architects, dispersed throughout most of the countries of Europe, erect those magnificent palaces, temples, and cathedrals, from Rome to York and Kilwinning, which have been, and many of them still are, the wonder and admiration of the world, and which in these days of boasted enlightenment and progress have often been imitated, seldom equalled, and never excelled.

Let no one hastily come to the conclusion that, during these long centuries of alternate light and darkness, no mystic or other noble cognate fraternities continued, or sprang into existence, preserving and carefully communicating the true light of human and divine wisdom.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century these secret fraternities of operative Freemasons fell into decay almost everywhere throughout Europe, with the exception of the "mother land;" but in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and almost immediately after the completion of the last great work of the ancient and accepted fraternity of operative Masons, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren—St. Paul's Cathedral of London—the formal action was taken of changing the fraternity from operative to speculative Freemasonry; and retaining all the ancient customs, constitutions, laws, principles, truths, symbols, and landmarks of the order. The honest inquirer asks, WHAT IS SPECULATIVE FREEMASONRY? I might weary you with definitions, and yet, like one of old, you might exclaim: "The half was not told me, its wisdom and goodness exceedeth the fame which I heard."

First, negatively, it *is not* a system of religion, but only a handmaid of the truth. It interferes *not* with any of the churches or theological sects into which mankind are often too unhappily divided.

It *is not* a system of national government or of party politics. A genuine Freemason is a peaceable and loyal subject to the civil power wherever he resides or works. Base is the intent of him who would lead any to believe that our charitable Order has aught to do with statecraft, or intermeddles in the least with political partizanship.

It is not a Platonic or Utopian dream of a universal society; but, ever recognising the frailties and weaknesses of man, it seeks, through the good and the true of all

nations, to aid in his perfectibility by genuine knowledge and sincere charity—by eternal truth and inherent right.

Leaving what it *is not* for what it *is*, we may say that "Freemasonry *is* a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." Its fundamental principles are a practical belief in the *fatherhood* of God and the *brotherhood of man*—that God is our father and we are His offspring. No man can be made a Mason unless he is a believer in the Great Architect of heaven and earth.

No one, moreover, can fail to remember that much of the true wisdom of all ages has been veiled in allegory, and communicated in parable, not only by the sages of every clime, but by Him, the divinest of teachers, who "spake as never man spake."

Its symbolism is in great part derived from the implements of architecture—the noblest of the arts—than which none can more fittingly set forth the duties and labours of life, and whose allegorical symbolism is the burden of all true revelation, from that sacred edifice wherein was the Shekinah, to that glorious temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Its allegorism is still further drawn from all the liberal arts and sciences which have ever been esteemed the *summum bonum* of human acquisitions, and it includes instruction in everything pertaining to man from the cradle to the grave, and to the mansions beyond.

Freemasonry is an outcome and outgrowth of the ages—a cosmopolitan institution adapted to all peoples and all times. It is a universal language, in which brethren of all tongues may hold converse with each other.

Its jurisprudence is comprehensive, and its form of government is such that its rulers, guided by its customs and constitutions, exercise authority with prudence and justice, and its officers, supreme and subordinate, in their respective stations, are obeyed with all humility, reverence, love, and alacrity.

In short, such is its benign and loyal character that it enjoys under British law the proud distinction of being the only Order which in its sacred temples and secret conclaves pursues its peaceful and charitable avocations wholly exempt from all and every surveillance of the State or of the powers that be.

Nor need I now longer pursue the almost endless theme. Subject, in a measure, Freemasonry indeed is, to the imperfections of all things human. Unworthy members it indeed has, but who, not devoid of reason, condemns the Noachidæ, because, in the family of the patriarch, there was a son who dishonoured his father? and who condemns the sublime system of Christianity because, among the immediate followers of the Son of Man, there was one who sold and betrayed his Master?

Let us, then, eschewing the evil, admire the good, and what is more worthy of our admiration than the sublime spectacle of brethren of all nations, religions, kindreds, and tongues,—high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned: the king laying aside, for a time, the sceptre for the gavel and the lowliest of his worthy subjects—the statesman laying briefly aside the cares of the government of a mighty empire for the trowel—the wisest sage and the humblest disciple—the most learned divine and the sincere seeker after truth just emerging from darkness into light—the brightest and most skilful craftsman and the newly received novitiate,—all, all these meeting together on the *level*, on the *ground floor*, in the *middle chamber*, and in the *sanctum sanctorum* of their Masonic temple of *labour* and of *worship*—alike inspired by *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*—alike seeking the hidden mysteries of *nature*, *science*, and *morality*—alike being taught to practise *prudence*, *fortitude*, *temperance*, and *justice*—alike enjoined to exemplify in their daily lives the great principles of *loyalty*, *brotherly love*, *relief*, and *truth*, to *adore* and *serve* Him who is the *beginning*, the *middle*, and the *end* of all things?

Could the most sanguine have dreamed that this mystery of Freemasonry—inviting no adherence, and doing no proselyting—in less than two hundred years in its present form, and in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, should number its temples by the tens upon tens of thousands, and should number its sons of light by hundreds upon hundreds of thousands—and that thus, in our day, we should see the realization, in great part, of the vision of the sages and seers of the olden time who beheld afar off the benign reign of universal Brotherhood?

Shall we not, therefore, with one heart and one mind, devoutly unite in the fervent petition of that Brother whose memory we all revere, the Prince of Scotia's immortal Bards :—

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall Brothers be for a' that."

SONNET.

On the two late atrocious attempts on the life of our august Brother, His Majesty the Emperor of Germany.

Now day's great king lies pillow'd on the sea;
His setting beams all streak'd with lurid red,
As 'twere some proud, Imperial brow had bled,
Like *thine*, O mighty Lord of Germany.
Whate'er the execrable motive be
Of the vile crime, which two base miscreants led
A Royal German Brother's blood to shed,
I care not to inquire; enough for me—
Enough for the whole world—the *act* to mark
Itself with scorn's most stern, most scorching brand;
And spurn the dastard aim, the insult dark,
Offer'd thereby, by either ruffian's hand,
Not only to each Mason's kindred breast,
But *all* hearts with one ray of goodness blest.

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

June, 1878.

THE YEARS AND MASONRY.

A HUNDRED years are but a day,
O Mystic Art! in thy long line;
But, glorying in our years, we lay
Our century on thy ancient shrine.
Take up the wreath of years we give,
O Mystic Art! and let it live,
Garnered with ages past, to bloom
Like the acacia o'er our tomb.

Beneath the mighty Mystic Arch,
That joins the present and the past,
The ages still shall grandly march,
The Arch shall ages yet outlast.
Truth, ever mighty, must prevail,
Light to the faithful ne'er shall fail;
Then dare we, in this vale of tears,
Pledge thee another hundred years!

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

A Masonic Ode.

BY THE LATE P.G.M. BRO. J. K. MITCHELL, M.D.

Oh, glorious Builder of the vaulted skies!
Almighty Architect of Earth and Heaven!
Come down and bless the Mason's enterprise,
To Thee, O God, in Faith and Mercy given.
A home to *Friendship*, *Truth*, and *Love* we raise
Where, ages yet to come, shall sound our Master's praise.

O make its deep foundations firm and fast!
O bless the rearing of the mighty pile!
And when to Thee its spires look up at last,
Upon its finished work the workmen smile;
Nor less the inner works of kindness bless;
And make the Mason's labour—peace and happiness!

Enlarge our spirit!—let our means improve!
Enforce our faith!—make strong our mystic ties!
Exalt our friendship, and refine our love!
And let our hearts be pure before Thine eyes,
So that while God approves, the world may see
How great and good a thing is Ancient Freemasonry.

Aid us to wipe the widow's bitter tears;
Help us to hear the orphan's lonely cries;
Be present when we soothe a Brother's cares;
And be *our strength* in all calamities.
For what can we as one, or many, do,
Unless, O Lord! with Thee, our labours we pursue?

Oh, therefore Builder of the vaulted skies!
Almighty Architect of Earth and Heaven!
Come down and bless our holy enterprise,
To Thee, O God, in Faith and Mercy given.
A home to *Friendship*, *Truth*, and *Love* we raise,
Where, ages yet to come, shall sound our Master's praise.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

AT the time my story commences, which was soon after I settled at Cayley, Mrs. Mortimer had been for some years a denizen of that good town.

She, like a sensible woman as she was, had accommodated herself to her new position, (not in itself an unenviable one, as times went,) and soon made friends to herself—as she was pretty sure to do,—alike by her genial manners and her ladylike but unpretentious deportment. It was well known that she came of a "good old stock." "Her ancestors came over, sir, with William the Conqueror," Jorrox, the medical man, was fond of saying; and, happily for us all in England, despite a great deal too much of this very "brassy age," there lingers amid our honest English folk,—go where you will—a great regard for the "old names" and "ancient families." Indeed, in some parts of the country, this amounts still (I for one like to remember) to a "belief!"

Sometimes it happens, for instance, that the "Great House" is tenanted by a convenient occupant, *pro tem.*, who has taken a "repairing lease," and is a most useful and judicious *locum tenens*. But if you walk down into the village, and turn into the sanded "common room" of the De Mowbray Arms, you will soon learn the exact value at which owner and occupier are estimated; you will soon gather the correct voice of that "public opinion," which is mostly right in such matters, however a little prone to sentiment or exaggeration, to the platitudes of the wind-bag, or the fallacies of the stump-orator of the day. The old name has still a great hold on our conservative people; and the fact is in itself the best answer to the crude ideas or the noisy assumptions of the destructive school. But, bless my heart! here I am already drifting into a most serious question, alike of political economy and national existence. Forgive the erratic pen, kind reader; I will keep it henceforth more under control, and "Revenons a nos moutons."

After a few years had sped on,—in a very quiet, customary way of existence,—Mrs. Mortimer had become the centre of a little circle, which for their own happiness, at any rate, if not for others, had contrived to make life take a very sunny hue for themselves. There is nothing in all the world, after all, like pleasant companionship, inasmuch as it is in kindly association, in cordial friendship, in the intensity and inner being of affection and sympathy, that we find an Oasis for us all in this great, far-reaching, wide-extending desert of human being. Then it is that the secrets of our hearts are unloosed, and that we ourselves become companionable and conversational, amiable and available, all at the same time; that we throw off our insular "barbarism" and reserve, and throw over the whole "current of our existence" as well as the entire pathway of our feet, all that can most charm and solace, most delight and most beguile us by the way of life. Some of the happiest moments of earthly existence are spent in that genial gathering that is redolent ever of friendship fair and fast, of affection honest and true, to us and ours. Time breaks up our party, and sternly scatters us here and there, isolated and disjointed wanderers upon earth. But memory does and can speak to us, "full voiced," of union, of happiness, of sympathy, of interest, which, alas! are for us things of the past. Each hour as it passes whispers to us of joys which can never return, of friends we never more shall confidingly greet on this side the grave.

Of the friendly assembly which was wont at this time to grace Mrs. Mortimer's

pleasant and fragrant drawing-room—for that well-known "sanctum" opened out into a real old English garden—I must now say a few words.

There was the clergyman and his wife and the curate—all very pleasant people in their way. The clergyman was one of the good old school, somewhat obsolete, I fear, now—very learned, but very tolerant, who, if like "Dr. Brown," immortalized by Praed, "vir nullâ non donandus laurû," was yet an ornament to his Church, and a friend to his people.

He might perhaps be called "slow" in these go-ahead days, and amid new-fangled ideas and habits, and dresses of various kinds and hues, but he always kept his church and schools full. He never sent his congregation to sleep; he knew all his congregation, and especially his lads and lasses, by their Christian names! He was an able, an amiable, and an accomplished man, one of a sort of which too few linger in our town houses, or our pleasant rural rectories.

His wife was an excellent helpmeet for him—of good birth, good manners, good looks, good temper, and a thoroughly good honest woman to boot. Young Brabazon, who for a short time was curate there, and a great friend of mine, always liked to say, "You see, she is a model parson's wife; she is up to anything; she has no nonsense; she will go with a young man in a dog-cart, and think nothing of it; she's always cheery, she likes a joke, and she is one of the most hard-working women you can find between Dover and the Land's End." She was a woman, moreover, of cultivated taste and a literary turn, a good musician, and could sketch a church tower with great effect. She was one of the best wives, too, I ever met. The curate was an amiable youth, not very strong, perhaps, in anything, but who did his duty very pleasantly and peacefully, and was very much in love with a gay member of that little circle—one of Colonel Morley's pretty daughters. "If they do get together," as Molesey of Molesey used to like to say confidentially to me, (I believe he was a little smitten with the gipsy himself,) "I hope that she will *ginger* him up, old fellow." "I'll tell you what, Tomlinson," he would add, "that girl has a pluck and spirit in her for anything. Just put her on a horse and see her go across country!"

Colonel Morley and his amiable family formed part also of that cheery coterie, and when I say of him that he was a gallant, straightforward, somewhat prosy good-looking old veteran, with a pleasant wife, and two very pretty daughters, and a fastish youth of a son, also in the army, what more need I say? He was not only an officer, but a gentleman. Jorrox, the Doctor, and his wife must be mentioned here, because they are somewhat important personages among our *Dramatis Personæ*. He was a little excitable, sentimental, good-natured, large-whiskered, pug-nosed man, who was an excellent doctor, but always getting into scrapes, out of which he, however, always contrived to extricate himself. His character will be more fully developed in the following chapters, so I say nothing more here of him. His wife was his very opposite, matter-of-fact and precise, a little prudish, and fond of maxims and adages of all kinds; but still, as the French say, *au fond*, a good-hearted, well-intentioned, and right-principled woman. She and the Doctor were compared by their facetious assistant Twamley to an "effervescing draught."

"She, sir," he used to say, "is the soda, he is the nitric acid; he is all "phiz," she's all sediment."

The family lawyer, Mr. Malcolm, was an excellent old-fashioned individual, one of an ancient "caste" of lawyers now almost disappeared, who had a good business, a good house, and a neat little fortune. He too had a pleasant wife, a good-looking daughter, and an ambitious son at Oxford, of whom his fond mamma predicted much.

Then there was an old maid, Miss Multon, always amiable at whist and Lansquenet, and an old bachelor, Mr. Webster, always grumbling under every circumstance of life. Society put it down to an early disappointment, but Twamley used to say it "lay between his balance at his bankers and his bilious ducts;" but as Twamley was always "free of his jokes," no one heeded Twamley; though in my opinion Twamley had more brains in his head than most people of my acquaintance. Some of the county

gentry also formed part of Mrs. Mortimer's society. Molesey of Molesey, already mentioned, was an unmarried county gentleman, a bachelor, a great sportsman, and a very cheery mate, (an old college friend of mine,) who lived where his fathers had lived, as he used to say, "for 400 years." He was always pleasant, always agreeable, and always well dressed, and—I may let the reader into a secret—one of Miss Beatrice Mortimer's admirers.

I have before remarked that my friend was shrewdly suspected of not having been altogether indifferent to the charms of Miss Jane Morley. But this, after all, was only a surmise, and may have been a mistake; though Twamley solemnly declared that Molesey, in an unguarded moment, had admitted the fact to him.

Then there were the Tauntons of Taunton Dene, and the Charltons of Charlton, and the "Carrutherses" (as the people called them) of Croftley, and last, not least, the Rector of Molesey and the Vicar of Charlton, and their friendly families. But in addition to all of these was Mr. Miller, a Scotchman, who had made a fortune in opium, in China, and had settled at the old house of the Darleys of the Hall at Darley-cum-Appleton—one of those fine old manor houses happily still to the fore in this good England of ours. The family consisted of a daughter and a son. He was a widower himself, and though somewhat fond of arguing, and not a little addicted to snuff, was a worthy, kind-hearted old man.

It was indeed whispered, but only whispered, that the widower was not averse to find a second Mrs. Miller; though I may as well admit here that I fear my authority is no better than Twamley's, who was fond of declaring that not only had Miller a taste for "sheep's head," but for "sheep's eyes," especially when Miss Beatrice was present.

And here, kind reader, I have assembled for you my puppets, one and all, and ere I draw up the curtain and arrange my show, and place them in proper "poses," and show them to the best advantage, let me once again remind you that mine is a very humdrum tale, after all, and therefore do not, as they say, "go in" for anything of excitement, novelty, the startling, or the striking. Perhaps as the tale runs on, some of the episodes may seem a little strange, or a little serious, or a little trying, or a little queer, as the case may be; but as my ambition is only to reproduce what goes on day by day before our very eyes, and what is to be found and seen in many houses and countless coteries at the present moment, I fear that my story will appear like an "ancient saw," if not a "modern instance," to many who turn over the monthly pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. But if they have the patience and courtesy to wait for another number, and read another chapter, I promise them that in answer to the well-known stage bell, for good or evil, pleasure or the reverse, the green curtain shall be lifted and the living scene, on a humble stage, shall be presented to their view. Till then let criticism be forbearing and allowances many.

(To be continued.)

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

AS by the patriotic munificence of Bro. Erasmus Wilson, this noble memorial of Egyptian history and Egyptian Obelistic Art will shortly look down with complacency on the Thames Embankment (happy and safe refuge after the prostrate ignominy and curious vicissitudes of years), we have thought it well to lay before our readers the latest authentic intelligence of the true meaning of its inscriptions, which our climate may perhaps ere long efface.

Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, has just favoured Bro. Dixon with the following revised translation of the hieroglyphical inscriptions:—

"First Side—Central Line towards east when erected on Embankment.—The Horus, lord of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull; crowned in Uas or Thebes,

the King of the North and South, Ramen Cheper, has made his monument to his father, Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons), he has set up to him two great obelisks, capped with gold, at the first time of the festivals of thirty years, according to his wish he did it, the son of the Sun Thothmes (III.) type of types did it beloved of Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons) ever living.

"First Side—Left Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of the Sun, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, lord of the festivals, like Ptah-Tanen, son of the Sun, Rameses, beloved of Amen, a strong bull, like the son of Nu (Osiris), whom none can withstand, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, giver of life, like the Sun.

"First Side—Right Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, son of Tum, King of the South and North, lord of diadems, guardian of Egypt, chastiser of foreign countries, son of the Sun Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, dragging the South to the Mediterrancan Sea, the North to the Poles of Heaven, lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun Ramessu (II.), giver of life, like the Sun.

"Second Side—Central Line, towards river (south) as erected on Embankment.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country. The powerful bull, crowned by Truth. The King of the North and South, Ramen Cheper. The lord of the gods has multiplied to him festivals on the great Persea tree in the midst of the place of the Phœnix (Heliopolis). He is recognised as his son, a divine chief, his limbs come forth daily as he wishes, the son of the Sun Thothmes (III.), ruler of An (Heliopolis), beloved of Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons).

"Second Side—Left Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of Truth, King of the North and South, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, born of the gods, holding the two lands (of Egypt), as the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, making his frontier wherever he wished, who is at rest through his power, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu, beloved of Amen, the lustre of the Sun.

"Second Side—Right Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, son of the god Chepera, the King of the North and South, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun. The golden trait, rich in years, the most powerful, the eyes of mankind behold what he has done, nothing has been said in opposition to the lord of the two countries. Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, giver of life, like the Sun.

"Third Side—Central Line, West side as erected on Embankment.—The Horus lord of the upper and lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of Truth, the king of the South and North, Ramen Cheper. His father Tum has set up to him his great name, placing it in the temple belonging to An (Heliopolis), giving him the throne of Seb, the dignity of Cheper, the son of the Sun, Thothmes (III.), good and true, beloved of the Spirits of An (Heliopolis), ever living.

"*Third Side—Right Line.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, the* powerful bull, well beloved of Ra, the king of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, lord of festivals of thirty years, like his father Ptah, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of men, son of Tum, beloved of his loins; Athor, the goddess, directing the two countries, has given him birth, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of men, giver of life, like the Sun.

"Third Side—Left Line.—The Horus lord of the two countries, the powerful bull, son of Shu, the King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of Ra, the lord of diadems, director of Egypt, chastiser of foreign lands, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, bringing his offering daily in the house of his father, Tum; not has been done as he did in the house of his father, the lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, giver of life, like the Sun.

"Fourth Side and Central Line towards Road (North), as erected on Embankment.—The Horus of the Upper and Lower country, beloved of the god of the tall upper crown, the King of the South and North, Ramen Cheper, making offerings, beloved of the gods, supplying the altar of the spirits of An (Heliopolis), welcoming their persons at the two times of the year, that he might repose through them with a sound life of hundreds of thousands of years with very numerous festivals of thirty years, the son of the Sun, Thothmes (III.), the divine ruler, beloved of Haremachu (Horus in the Horizons), ever living.

"Fourth Side—Right Side.—The Horus lord of the Upper and Lower country, the powerful bull, beloved of Ra, the King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, the sun born of the gods, holding the countries, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, the strong hand, powerful victor, bull of rulers, king of kings, lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, beloved of Tum, lord of An (Heliopolis), giver of life.

"Fourth Side—Left Line.—The Horus, the powerful bull, son of Ptah-Tenen, lord of the Upper and Lower country. The King of the South and North, Ra-user-ma approved of the Sun, the hawk of gold, rich in years, the greatest of victors, the son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, leading captive the Rutennu (Syrians) and Peti (Libyans) out of their countries to the seat of the house of his father, lord of the two countries, Ra-user-ma, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu (II.), beloved of Amen, beloved of Shu, the great god, like the Sun.

"The scenes on the pyramidion represent the monarch, Thothmes III., under the form of a sphinx, with hands offering to the Gods Ra and Atum, the two principal deities of Heliopolis. The offerings are water, wine, milk, and incense. The inscriptions are the names and titles of the deities, the titles of Thothmes III., and the announcement of each of his special gifts."

FROM PORTLAND TO BANTRY BAY IN ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S IRONCLADS.

IT was on Tuesday, July 2, that I received a note saying that the Particular Service Squadron would sail early the following morning, and that if I intended accepting the invitation of an old friend, I must be on board before that very indefinite time. Accordingly I was alongside shortly after 6 a.m., and a few minutes afterwards was in the midst of what I should have thought the greatest scene of confusion I had ever witnessed, if out of the chaos change and order were not springing up so rapidly as to bewilder me. I had been in everybody's way but my own a dozen times, when H—— drew me back and in a few words explained to me what was doing. Accommodation ladders were being slung by one party of men, hoisted high in air by another, and received inboard by a third. Further forward quite a crowd of men were running round the capstan. "Bringing to," as H—— nautically put it. Another party of men were aloft putting on mast and sail covers, for it would not do for a man-of-war's yards to be smoke-begrimed. Others were securing the boats, so that they should not sway about with the motion of the ship when she got out on the sea. All this time the noise of the furnace fires far down below reverberates above the din of varied work going on around, and I seem to be standing over some volcano that is heaving and plunging to be set free. As my eye becomes better accustomed to the rapid motions of the men at their different labours, I can see that, so far from the confusion I had first supposed, the

highest discipline alone could prevent clashing the same, causing each atom of human agency to run so evenly in the groove laid down for it that the whole works as smoothly and as steadily as some monster machine controlled by steam power.

But there is a stir on the bridge! Every glass is directed seaward, and much speculation is indulged in, as to whether "SILE" is a "man-of-war" or no. Not long are we left undecided, for *her* number is made out, and then we know it is H.M.S. "Lord Warden" returning from her unsuccessful attempt to raise the "Eurydice." We know the attempt ended in failure, from last night's latest telegrams, but as no particulars were published, we look forward to culling a few items from the fountain-head. We are not doomed to be enlightened yet though, for as soon as the "Lord Warden" has taken up her position, the signal is made to "weigh." The decks have for some time been almost deserted, but at the shrill boatswain's call, "Clear lower deck," the hands come tumbling up through every hatchway, lay hold of the capstan bars, and to a lively tune from the fiddler commence heaving in the cable, as they go round and round in step with the music. Next comes "catting" and "fishing," an operation which, after all the explanations I received, I cannot give in more nautical parlance than that "catting" is the system used to secure one end of the anchor, and "fishing" that of the other.

But by this time we are outside the breakwater, and I feel myself being rocked—very gently though—"On the cradle of the deep;" but I manfully stand firm, and try to get my sea-legs, being rewarded ere long with a sight that surpasses all the military reviews I have ever witnessed. It is the manœuvring of a large ironclad fleet under steam. We came out one after the other in Indian file—we took up position in two lines abreast—we wheeled right and left—we formed fours—we counter-*marched*, or rather *steamed*—now in open order, now in close order—and the whole time each ship going at the rate of eight knots an hour. I was utterly bewildered at the rapid motions and varied formations of the ponderous floating iron forts, the whole controlled under the Admiral of the fleet, by a few simple signals from his flagship. I confess that my thoughts were busy with "Vanguards," "Grosser Kurfursts," and "Eurydices;" but after carefully studying the motions, I was convinced that only by a ship disobeying the general signal could a casualty occur. As long as each ship remains in motion, subject to the guiding power, so long will all go like clockwork. How far such machinery might be thrown out by the appearance of a merchant vessel in the way I cannot say; thank Heaven we had no opportunity of judging. My land experience would lead me to surmise that it would be very like a goods train getting in the way of a fast passenger train.

And now H—— tells me it is time for lunch, so having become quite used to the sea by this time (though that is not surprising, considering that there has hardly been a ripple on the water since we left Portland), I go down, and am soon convinced that the sea air has indeed sharpened my appetite. Nothing to watch during the afternoon but the changeless sea and sky, save faint indications of something less shadowy away far on our right, or starboard beam, as I am taught to say, which I am told were the hills of Devon and Cornwall—nothing to listen to but the eternal throb of the engines fulfilling their mighty task.

And yet I have more, much more than I can get through in making myself acquainted with the internal economy of a man-of-war, and have learnt but very little when a messenger from H—— tells me that the fleet is about to perform the evening evolution. I hasten on deck and find all the ships clouded with canvas. Another signal, and in less than three minutes not a stitch is to be seen. I notice that each ship strives to outdo the others in each evolution; but my eye was not practised enough to give the preference to any *one* where *all* were so very smart. The sailors deserved a rest, and I noticed that they amused themselves by smoking, sewing, dancing, and singing, till it was time for them to "*turn in*," sometime before which all the hammocks were "*piped down*" from the nettings where they are stowed very neatly during the day.

I retire to my "nautical couch" well tired, and am anything but pleased at the constant noises, calculated to disturb anyone who has not served an apprenticeship to

them. Now it is the rattling of chains somewhere—now the pattering of feet over head, as the watch on deck runs away to give a pull here and a haul there—now for a few minutes there is a cessation from above, which causes the throbbing of the engines, and the deep hollow grinding made by the revolving screw, to become real and tangible noises once more, but dreamy and monotonous ones lulling me off—then there is the screech of a fog whistle, the rattle of the ash engine, and finally such a scrubbing and scraping over head as proclaims it the morning deck-cleaning, or what sailors term holy-stoning, though I cannot get anyone to explain the term more fully than "*ancient custom*," "*time immemorial*," etc.

On the next morning I was roused early to get a view of Erin's Isle, and about 8 a.m. we steamed slowly up to the anchorage inside Bear Island. The scenery was very rugged: on one side rocky hills rose abruptly from the water's edge, hiding their summits in the overhanging mists that like a pall cover their beauties—"week in, week out," I am told. The island side is not so precipitous. On the mainland the culminating point is Hungry Hill—a name *apropos*, one would fancy, from the aspect of its lower extremities. I did not stay long enough to make acquaintance with the top, as I had to make arrangements for returning to England by rail; still I had one or two pleasant days with H——, rambling amongst the mossy glades and grassy sloping tracts that gently lead up to the hills in the background. Emerging one afternoon into the high road to Castletown, distant about three Irish miles, we found horses of all sizes and ages awaiting the sailors from the fleet, while for those who cared not to cut a figure on horseback there were the far-famed jaunting cars. We availed ourselves of the services of one of the latter, and were soon taking in as much of the grandly rugged scenery as was allowed by the break-neck pace for which the Jehus of Erin's Isle are noted. Dismounting at the moderate-sized but very dilapidated looking town, we settled with the smilingly polite but extortionate proprietor of the car, and, wending our way through the one and only street, proceeded into the country beyond. Everywhere were signs of the gross mis-management of land for which the Irish—or, as they say, *their* landlords—have been so long famous. Wide and spacious tracts of country revelled in their virgin raiment; houses, or more correctly hovels, lay thickly dotted here and there, each with its patch of potato ground and one or two fields, and that was all: the intervening spaces were common to all—unowned, uncared for. We turned from the road and approached one of the "native cots." The smoke was coming out in such volumes from the peat fire smouldering in the open chimney that we could not at first discern the arrangements of the interior. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, however, we were enabled to note a couple of rickety stools, a superannuated table, a pile of peat fuel, about a dozen of that feathery tribe for whose product the island is noted, barricaded in a recess between the fireplace and the window, a very uneven mud floor, diversified with small lakes, and last, but not least, the gentleman that pays the "*rint*" reposing behind the door. Lest my first experience should seem far-fetched, I have since been assured that in a certain *house* possessed by a civil and well-to-do car driver, there occupied the apartment each night—the man, his wife and 5 children, 17 hens, 2 pigs, 1 cow, and 1 horse. Notwithstanding the wretched appearance of things around us, we found the inmates of the hut we had entered—a man and his wife, the deaf mother of one of them, a grown-up daughter, and several younger olive branches—very civil and obliging. They gave us several cups of deliciously cool milk, and after leaving some kindly tokens of recognition amongst the youngsters, we parted.

The next day I said "good-bye" to the fleet, and turned my face towards Bantry, *en route for home*. H—— expressed regret that my engagements would not permit me to go on the sea cruise with them. I inquired where they would probably go, to which I received answer, "Can't say; but I expect we shall do 14 days on Admiralty Patch; you know their Lordships have a piece of blue water fenced in out here specially for fleet evolutions. Ta! ta!"

FURUYA.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey
Along on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go:
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

The Syren's sweet song may allure you;
Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded, and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter,
Have courage, my boy, and say No!

The bright ruby wine may be offered,
No matter how tempting it be:
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights how they dance to and fro,
If you would be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a Heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But, if you are true to your manhood,
Have the courage, my boy, to say No

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

SCULPTURE.—II.

"Sermons in stones."

ALTHOUGH many a group of statuary with its figures completely detached, like the Laocoon, tells its heart-stirring story, yet, when history has had to be written in the long-enduring stone, Sculpture has usually taken another form, and the subject has been represented by "incision" or "relief." Whilst the former of these methods is perhaps the older, yet it will suit our present purpose—the "technicality" of Art—better to describe the latter first, leaving the former to head that division of sculptural manipulation of which it is undoubtedly the fundamental step.

"RELIEF,"

then, we may describe as that mode of representing objects whereby they are presented to us as standing out from a background from which they, yet, are not completely detached. Of this "standing out" there are various degrees, but the divisions usually recognized are "Alto-Relievo," "High Relief," "Mezzo-Relievo," "Middle Relief," and "Basso-Relievo," "Bass Relief" or "Low Relief."

"Relief," generally, may be described as holding a middle place between the "Plastic" Art and "Painting;" by its means complete scenes being capable of representation. It is therefore appropriately used for the decoration of flat surfaces such as walls, or portions of walls, the sides of tombs, and the like.

To take the middle division first, as being, perhaps, the truest and most perfect representative of its kind, "Mezzo-Relievo" should represent exactly the half of the object clear of the background. If this proportion be exceeded, the result is a detaching, partial or complete, of a portion, at least, of the figures, and the result is "Alto-Relievo;" should this proportion be lessened, we have "Basso-Relievo," in which either the figures are flattened very considerably or else "foreshortening" and "perspective" are resorted to, whereby, at least, partial failure of the true purpose of Sculpture occurs, the result trenching, although unsuccessfully, upon the proper domain of "Painting."

Turning again to the middle style—"Mezzo-Relievo"—which is by far the oldest, we find it the one in vogue in Assyrian Art, many beautiful specimens of which are in existence in the British Museum, of which we need only mention the Winged Bulls to recall the examples of this style at once to our reader's memory. Other ancient nations have left the record of their skill in this direction, and multitudinous beautiful examples have once more been beheld by the living eye of man after many a long year's burial amidst the ruins of Persepolis and Nineveh, Persia and Babylon. Although by no means evidencing the freedom and "life" of the handiwork of more modern and classic times, these ancient specimens of Art-work are yet far in advance of the crude efforts and quaint distortions of the Hindoo Artists, or the still and lifeless craft of the Ancient Egyptian Sculptors.

The two lions above the gate of Mycenæ—probably the oldest specimen of Greek handiwork—are but little, if any, in advance of that of the earlier nations of which we have just been speaking, and it was reserved for Phidias to stamp his master-mind upon this branch of Art, and to leave in his "High Relief" a witness of its true scope and character. Surely we need hardly pause to remind the reader of the beauties of

such well-known portions of the "Elgin Marbles" as the Metopes from the "Frieze" of the Parthenon.

From the same building, in the same collection in the British Museum, we have had deposited probably the most perfect and most beautiful specimen of "Low Relief" in existence—we mean the "Panathenaic Frieze," which represents the solemn procession to the Temple of Minerva during the Panathenaic Festival.

We have said that these are probably the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful specimens extant, because they keep strictly to the canon of the Art, no "perspective" being attempted and all "foreshortening" avoided; for when we come to the time of the Romans, we find that Sculpture—so great was the demand upon its resources—witness the innumerable tombs—streets of monuments, such as the Appian Way—that it degenerated into a manufacture, and its spirit was lost because its true purpose was departed from. The province of Painting was invaded, rows of figures, one behind the other, were depicted, "foreshortening" was adopted, "perspective" introduced, and even backgrounds of "scenery" inserted, until a disastrous failure was the result, although it cannot be denied that a certain kind of marvellous work was attained to by such master-hands as those of Ghiberti. Even Canova's "reliefs" were too nearly "pictures in stone" to be the perfection of "relief," and it was reserved to Flaxman, and, above every one, to Canova to restore to this noble art its true characteristics.

There is, by the way, every reason to believe that in many excellent and ancient examples colouring was introduced in the shape of backgrounds of blue, whilst the hems of the garments and other prominent portions were coloured and even gilt.

Turn we now to the reverse of "relief"—

"INCISION."

Probably this form of the Art is the most ancient of all; certainly of all methods of the "treatment" of flat surfaces. It was especially used, we find, for sacred purposes, as is evidenced by what are usually known as "Hieroglyphs."

When we thus speak of the Hieroglyphs we must first say that, for our present purpose, we mean only their "Ideographic" and not their "Phonetic" form, inasmuch as the latter, having become nothing more nor less than a system of writing the language, it touches rather upon the domain of Science than that of Art. Were not this the case we should dwell upon the fact of "incised" characters having been necessarily used by the Almighty Himself, the Tables of the Sacred Law being distinctly stated to have had this holy origin. The same reason prevents us from here entering into any detailed account of the Rosetta Stone, which is a slab of black basalt bearing a tri-lingual inscription (Hieroglyphic, Demotic or Euchorial, and Greek), and which has formed the long-lost key to Hieroglyphic writing. The inscription itself is a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, by the priests of Egypt assembled in synod at Memphis, on account of his having remitted certain arrears of taxes owing to him by the priestly body. The stone was found in 1799 by M. Boussard, of the French Engineers, on the site of a temple dedicated by the Necho II. of the 26th dynasty, to the solar god Atum. It was in all probability set up A.L. 1899.

We have, however,—thanks to the patriotism and liberality of our worthily revered Brother, Erasmus Wilson,—another instance of "incised" work in England, in the shape of "Cleopatra's Needle." In his "People's Edition" of "Our Egyptian Obelisk," Bro. Wilson says, "The material of the obelisk is a kind of granite, very hard, and very dense, of a rose-red colour, and distinguished, as deriving its source from Syene, by the name of Syenite. Pliny speaks of it as variegated with distinct flame-coloured spots. It is capable of receiving a high polish, and from its hardness admits of being carved with the sharpness of a gem. The carvings are generally two inches and more in depth, and in some instances the hollows are burnished to the lowest groove." We cannot do more here than state that the middle column of Hieroglyphs speaks of Thothmes III., by whom the obelisk was erected, and that, two

centuries later, Rameses II. inscribed in the side spaces an address to the deity of the Sun. Of these two monarchs it may be interesting to quote from Bro. Wilson's book (to which the reader is referred for further information), that Joseph died in the reign of this Thothmes III., and that the sufferings of the children of Israel came to their culminating point in the reign of Rameses II., and that the Exodus took place by reason of the hardships inflicted upon them by that monarch. One other thing we cannot pass over in silence: in the engraved square on the pyramidion, or tapered top of the obelisk, Thothmes is represented as kneeling before the deity of the Sun, the deity holding in his hands "the mystical Tau," the symbol of eternal life.

This unique specimen of the sculptor's art is interesting, if for no other reason, on account of the scenes that it has witnessed in its long and chequered career.

Of the seven original obelisks at On, in the land of Goshen, one dates from about A.L. 1,000, *i.e.* 3,000 years before the Christian era, and therefore 5,000 years ago. The one of which we now speak is about 3,500 years old.

It strikes one with awe and almost dread, as gazing upon this monument of devotion, no less in the present than the past, to reflect that its companions witnessed the arrival of Abraham, and later of Jacob, as well as the marriage of Joseph, at the capital of Goshen; whilst itself stood before the temple in which Moses was instructed "in all the learning of the Egyptians." And then to pass over centuries of neglect until it finds itself once more upright in the capital (as one may well term it) of the world. What a work for a thoughtful man, and, above all, a Mason, to have accomplished! what a gift wherewith to present his country!

Before leaving the Hieroglyphs we ought to mention that the incisions are not always left plain, or even burnished, as in the case of Cleopatra's Needle, but that they were frequently coloured; sometimes in "monochrome," or single tint; at others in "polychrome," in which a great variety of colours were introduced. Besides the specimens of Egyptian Hieroglyphs already alluded to, the most remarkable are—that in honour of Khnumhetp, at Benihassan, recording the investment of his family; the campaigns of Ahmes against the Hyshos at El-Kab; the annals of Thothmes III. at Kamak; the campaign of Ramases II. against the Khita, and the treaty; the account of the tank for gold-washing in the time of Seti I. and Rameses II. at Kouban and Redesich; the star-risings on the tomb of Rameses V.; the journey of the Ark of Khons to the Bakhtan, under Rameses X.; and the account of Cambyses and Darius on the statue now in the Vatican at Rome.

Whilst speaking somewhat at length of these specimens of Egyptian art, we must not be unmindful that, as we have before mentioned, there is—at least from our present standpoint—more perfect specimens of pure Art extant in the remains of the Aztecs or Mexicans. We say purer, because these specimens are absolutely pure picture-writing, the names of monarchs, towns, and the like, being shown by objects that corresponded to their names; no grammatical forms being used, the Art remained Art, and did not in any way approach the science of written speech. As, however, these latter specimens of the Hieroglyphs were rather picture than sculpture, we must leave the mention of them for a later number, whilst we must, for want of space, reserve for our next paper the remaining processes, pertaining or allied to Sculpture, employed for the purpose of decoration "in the flat."

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Waiting for Her;" "The Path of Life: An Allegory;" "The Lady Muriel," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD TOWN IN THE FENS.

NOT a great way from Peterborough, just off the Great Northern Railway, stands the Old Town in the Fens. It is a rambling old place, with queer names to its streets, and queer streets to its names. There is the Great Whyte and a Little Whyte, the Hollow Lane and the Muckle End, and of course a High Street, which is not at all high, but rather the reverse.

There is an old Gothic gateway still standing, and carrying one back in its history to the times when there stood hard by a mitred Benedictine Abbey of great wealth and magnificence, founded before the Conquest by Ailwine Duke of the East Angles. Upon the ruins of this abbey is now built a stately Elizabethan mansion, the residence of one of the county members, who is lord of the manor of St. Benet's, and whose ancestors purchased it from the successors of the Cromwells, on whom the property was conferred at the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Harry the Eighth. A social place, a very social place; everybody knew everybody else's business, and took the same interest in it as each did in his own. Some one described St. Benet's as like a warren—people seemed always running in and out of each other's rabbit holes, and apparently were equally happy and contented whether in their own or their neighbours' domicile. Small towns are proverbial for scandal, but I think St. Benet's was an exception to the rule. At all events the gossip was of a very harmless character, and there was less backbiting in the queer old town, with its thatched houses, winding streets, and tortuous by-ways, than in most other towns of its size and circumstance.

They have an annual fair in July at St. Benet's, where much stock is bought and sold, and the farmers come from the great flat fen farms to do a goodly business. Agricultural implement makers come out in great force, and astonish the natives with wondrous machines for reaping, sowing, thrashing, drilling, and all the varied pursuits which engage the attention of the agricultural labourer, and threaten to improve him off the face of the earth. On a vacant space near the old Norman church (restored unfortunately rather too soon in the day, and still blessed in its interior with a hideous gallery, and windows filled with choice stained glass suitable to a staircase, or the look-out in a back yard, but hardly worthy of the sacred edifice which they adorn but do not beautify) stand a row of tents containing all that makes the fair to the juveniles of St. Benet's—consisting as they do of *al fresco* toy shops, confectioners' ditto, menageries and peepshows, portable rifle galleries and crockery merchants' stalls, and the inevitable photographic establishment, where all the servant girls and farm lads have their portraits taken. Opposite the embattled tower at the west end of St. Hilda's stands a pleasant terrace of neat modern Elizabethan houses in keeping with the surroundings, each faced with a modest bit of garden known as Abbey Buildings. At right angles to them is the great Gothic gateway forming the entrance to St. Benet's Abbey, the seat of Major General Mathew—Mathew he calls it, not Matthew, as some irreverently pronounce the word.

The General is particular as to the pronunciation of his name, possibly because some of his detractors trace a Hebrew origin to it, and say, his great-grandfather, who bought the estate, was a rich Jew grocer in the city of London, in the early days of George the Third, who got his wealth by sanding his sugar and putting birch brooms in

his tea (which was 16s. a pound and worth adulterating), and otherwise pleasantly cheating the lieges by such simple and unadorned contrivances as would scandalize our more ingenious adulterators of the present day.

The General himself claims a Norman ancestry, and says he is a descent of the lords of Mathew, who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and held estates in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the 14th century. There is, it is true, a little blank in the pedigree of three centuries or so—but what of that? There are a few more families in Burke besides the Mathews who have similar blanks of four or five hundred years carefully bridged over by the great genealogist, and the descent of the General was quite clear from J. Mathew, Esq.. J.P., 1760 (supposed to be identical with Israel Matthew, grocer, of Bishopsgate Within—so the General's enemies said), and what more would you want than a Justice of the Peace for the county of Cambridge as your great-grandfather, with the recently purchased Abbey in the Isle of Ely as his place of residence?

The General has not seen much service—but he boasts of being in the Crimean war; and so he would have been, no doubt, only peace was declared just as he landed his regiment, and before they were called to the front.

Still, in these days of Abyssinian and Ashantee wars, a soldier who had no chance of fighting in the Indian Mutiny has had small opportunities of distinguishing himself, and the General, if he knows little of cannons and cannon balls, is well acquainted with all the tactics of party warfare, for has he not sat as Liberal member for Cambridge for twenty years, and contested the election, first with the Duke's brother, and then his son, six times during that period?

And now the General is growing old, and others must take up the cry of Disestablishment, vote by ballot, the Irish Church; for, at the time of my story, not many years ago, none of these questions were settled.

Marmaduke Mathews, the General's youngest son,—who has gone into the army, but failed to distinguish himself, and who, suddenly, two years since or more, exchanged into a line regiment from the Guards, for reasons best known to himself, went to the West Indies, and caught the yellow fever,—is now returning home invalided; and let it be briefly stated that young Mathew was always looked upon as a gallant gay Lothario, a very lovable young rascal, who was generally regarded as his own worst enemy. Everybody liked him, and felt sorry for him, for he was always in scrapes and vexing the pious souls of his elderly relatives by his wild harem-scarem life.

The General's eldest son was a learned methodical barrister in chambers, with a tendency to heart disease and a good conveyancing business. He was obliged to eschew politics as too exciting, and the General, on the death of his second son, began to think of Marmaduke as his possible successor, as knight of the shire—if only the lad would settle down and marry, and become a decent member of society.

Hitherto that young scapegrace, now nearly twenty-four, had not shown any disposition to further his father's views, and had volunteered for the West Indies when Yellow Jack was raging there, and the probabilities of a war with America were by no means remote.

He was now returning, having himself nearly fallen a victim to the dire disease which haunts that part of the British Empire, and having only just been brought back from death's door.

He was thus an object of interest to the good folks of St. Benet's, who were, if the truth must be told, rather enamoured of the devil-may-care son of the Squire, and liked him, perhaps, none the less because he was a good-looking good-for-nothing.

Many were the bright glances directed towards the Squire's pew on the first Sunday in August, 186—, as the Squire himself, followed by a young man about six feet in height, fair, light-haired, well-featured, wearing a long, tawny-coloured, drooping moustache, and looking very pale and haggard, advanced wearily up the nave, and took their seats in the abbey pew. From thence there was an excellent side view of the congregation, being placed east and west close under the three-decker pulpit in true Protestant fashion. There was no view at all of the chancel nor yet of the altar, which

was indeed nothing to see—being a Protestant Communion Table over the abbey vault, and nothing more.

It was a very convenient seat for the General, as he could survey the congregation to advantage, and feel almost as if he were inspecting the troops. One pair of bright eyes glanced eagerly at the young officer, and seemed to be mutely appealing for recognition—but in vain. Beautiful dark eyes they were too, and they belonged to a beautiful girl—the belle of St. Benet's—Mildred Bethune.

(*To be Continued.*)

ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU.

"My sister 'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait if you please,
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit,
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and *we* never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean?
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course!

This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now tell me, you'd never have thought,
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought—
For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this;
There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.

Tom Lee. Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man they say:
Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair *isn't* red.
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

Bret Harte in the "Independent."

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

Chapter X.

THE wind moderated almost to a calm during the forepart of the day, and about noon the sun shone beautifully, and soft fair winds sprung up to speed the brig on her course, and in the words of Goldsmith,—

"Hope, like a glimmering taper's light,
Adorned and cheered the way."

The scenery, so different from that of the night before, would lead one to believe that those frightful events through which he had passed were only the events of a dream, or that he was in a part of the world presided over by an enchantress who transformed objects of fury and hate into those of peace and beauty.

Nellie and Harry came on deck as soon as possible after dinner to get a view of the wonderful change. As they stood looking over the broad stretch of waters which sparkled so brilliantly in the sunlight, the mind of each was occupied for a few moments with its own meditations. Nellie broke the spell by saying, as her face beamed with delight,—

"O! Harry, what a change! just see how magnificently the water sparkles in the rays of this gentle sun, and think what a dreadful commotion covered all this expanse only a few hours ago. Perhaps many vessels, which were caught in the storm, have not fared as well as we—for the captain says ours is an unusually strong vessel—and now are wrecks on the bosom of the sea, or sunk below its depths with all on board. Why, I can hardly believe my senses; it does not seem possible that a few short hours could work such a wonderful change! It shows how much we should thank God for preserving our lives, and for sending us such a beautiful day to drive away all thoughts of the dreadful past." Nellie's face glowed with a hallowed light as she spoke of the wonderful works of her Father which was in Heaven.

Harry was always delighted when Nellie spoke of the works of the Lord; she looked so beautiful when she warmed up and became interested in her subject, and he always took pains to lead her on in that vein, so he said,—

"Nellie, you know the Good Book says that all the works of the Lord are performed for some great good, now can you explain what good such a storm as that of last night can possibly be?"

"Why, I suppose," said Nellie, "He causes the storms to show us His wonderful power, and the greatness and grandeur of His works; to cause us to realize our insignificance, and draw us nearer to his protecting shield; when I look about me and see His glorious works on the land and sea, and meditate upon the beauty and perfection of this little world of ours, I cannot but admire and worship Him for His gracious goodness and mercy in permitting me to form a small part of this vast universe." On this and on other subjects our passengers passed many hours of pleasant conversation as the "Sparkling Sea" bowled along over the dark blue waves.

Days passed by during which the good brig had encountered the conflicting currents of the two great oceans that meet off the southern extremity of South America, and gaily passed over the angry waters as they fought there for the mastery.

Frequent and severe storms often beset vessels passing this point, and some have been as long as three months in weathering the cape; but the "Sparkling Sea" had been

favoured with fair winds and fair weather, and was now leaping over the billows on the grand old Pacific Ocean.

The sailors had begun to look back on the storm at the cape as a thing of the past; having struggled with many before, they had become used to these great freaks of nature. Yet as they gathered around the forecastle on a pleasant evening they would refer to it as one of the worst they had ever seen, and many were the incidents in their history which were suggested and related, when their attention was called to the storm, by the absence of the foretopmast or the vacant berth of Jack Wright. Such an event as the loss of a man often leaves a deep impression on the mind of even the most stout-hearted sailor. Their natural superstition often overcomes their otherwise fearless bearing, and the loose flapping of a sail or the creaking of the shrouds would often be construed into a wailing of the dead.

On the evening in which we find them sailing before a fair wind, and under a fair sky, on the deep undulating bosom of the Pacific, Peter, who had just been relieved from the wheel, had gone forward, and, taking out his pipe, had selected a seat among the crew. His mind was on the ghost of Jack Wright, which Barney Risley had claimed to have seen many times since that eventful night, and he looked up to his companions and said,—

"'Twas a sad thing the loss of Jack Wright." The young sailor spoken of, although a green hand, was a young man of good disposition, and quite a favourite among his shipmates. "Barney says he has seen his ghost walkin' the fok-sail deck on several occasions lately," said Peter.

"Now don't ye go for to believe all ye hear about ghosts, shipmates. I don't believe he seed any ghost at all, but his own ghost-like shadder," declared Dick Flynn, a man who prided himself on his knowledge of things in general, and philosophy and astronomy in particular. Dick never lost an opportunity to express his opinion on the revolution of the spheres or anything else out of the reach of the minds of ordinary sailors. It was his wont to claim that although he had not much education he had a great deal of natural talent for such things, and that would go a good deal further than a lifetime of study would with some people. Some men, he said, had studied all their lives and then didn't begin to know as much as a man with a little natural ability. He said sailing a vessel by a book was a fair example of the difference between talent and study. What would a book sailor know when a sharp squall struck the vessel, he would ask? why, nothing at all; while he was turning over the leaves to find the chapter headed "Squalls," the natural sailor would have the ship prepared for the storm. He made it a point to contradict all the established theories of the movements of our globe. No one could make him believe the world was round; he had sailed all over it, and in his discussions he made a strong point of saying, "Most of these fellers who claimed it were spectacle-eyed professors who sat in their rooms at home and told people of it, and they were just geese enough to believe it all."

Dick Flynn had once been in Boston, and while there he had listened to the words of an eminent divine, who was addressing a seamen's meeting; he had heard him say that if all the world was against one man he should stand up for what he knew to be right, and that a man who had the moral courage to come out against the many in the advancement of his opinion was greater than he who storms a city. These words, coming as they did from a great mind, were deeply imbedded in the memory of Dick Flynn, who had misconstrued them, and thereafter had lost no opportunity to be the one against the many. So he continued to say, "Don't you go for to believe in ghosts, shipmates." But this advice of Dick Flynn's did not impress the men very much, for they had always noticed that when ghosts were mentioned Dick Flynn was the man who showed the most trepidation.

"So you don't believe in ghosts, Mr. Philosopher," said Peter. "You never saw one perhaps. Well, in my opinion there are many other things you never saw, and one of them is an ounce of common sense. I'll venture you have more reason to believe you have no senses than to believe that no one ever saw a spirit. Now I saw a ghost once, I did, and what I saw I knows, so you can let your mind rest on that subject."

"Tell us about dat yere ghost, Mr. Peter," said Dave Blackman.

"That's it, Peter, give us the yarn, till we discombobilate the Greek Philosopher who says as how he knows the world is flat," said Sam Watson and several of the crew together.

"It's not much of a yarn," began Peter, "but at the time I felt very much worked up about it. It was somewhat in this way. It was about my first goin' to sea; we were unloadin' in Melbourne, and young Josh Snozzles was in the hold slingin' barrels of pork. Just as he had partly slung a couple of barrels, the cook sung out, 'Eight bells,' which was grub, you know, and we all knocked off. Josh, careless like, left the barrels just as he had 'em 'an hurried out to the fok-sail to feed. When we were ordered into the hold again some fellers what got there first were hoistin' away on the fall, an' Josh, supposin' it had all been fixed, said nothin', but went right down in the hold under the barrels those fellers was hoistin' up, an' before he knew anything one of 'em slipped out of the sling an' come down on his head. We picked him up, but he never come to, and died along in the afternoon. Now I felt very bad about it, shipmates, because he came from the same place as I did, and was the sole support of his widowed mother. When we were leavin' the dock she came to me an', says she, 'Mr. Dibble, you knows Joshy is the only boy I've got, an' as he takes naturally to the sea, it's not in my heart to say him nay or go against him; but I wants to ask you to look after him, an' see that no harm comes to him.' 'I'll do it, Mrs. Snozzles,' said I, 'an' I'll bring him home to you as sound as a rock from this a twelvemonth, now you see if I don't.' Says she, 'Mr. Dibble, I leaves him to you, an' you will look out for him?' Says I again, 'In course I will, and if ever I comes home again I'll bring Joshy with me;' an' we sailed away, she shaking her hand to Joshy, tellin' him to look out for hisself, an' sayin' to me, 'Now remember, Mr. Dibble;' an' you can imagine that I felt bad. He had such a good disposition, I naturally took to him. He hadn't been aboard three weeks before he showed us it was no use tryin' to beat him tyin' up a sail. He could get over the riggin' like Jacko, an' he would hand, reef, an' steer with the best of us. Says I, when I saw him out on the royal yard, 'There's a boy what will rise in his profession.' So you see I was interested in him personally, an' when I saw him lyin' there dead in the fok-sail, with his face as white as our main-top-gallant-sail, and his hair matted with blood, I thought of his poor old mother who would be expectin' him home, and I wanted to know what I was goin' to tell her when she asked me where Joshy was. That's what stuck me, shipmates, what should I tell her?"

Here a drop of water in the shape of a tear trickled out of Peter's eye, and, following one of the long wrinkles on his face, dropped off on his hand, as he went on to say in a husky voice,—

"We sailors couldn't bear to bury him up in the sand, so we wrapped him up in some sail cloth an' carried him outside of the harbour, where we tied some weights to the sack an' gently dropped him into the sea. When I heard the splash of young Snozzles, shipmates, I felt as bad as though I was harpooned, an' that's worse than I ever felt before in my life. I've heard a good many of 'em splash, but none of 'em affected me like this one. When we were on our way home, although we had head winds, I didn't seem to be in much of a hurry. Every night I dreamed I saw young Snozzles standin' over the hatchway with the big gash in his head, an' a splashing sound would be ringin' in my ears. I begun to get worried. My appetite was goin', an' I was fast comin' to a shadder. Things kept goin' on in this way until one night—it was a dark night, my friends—I was on the look-out, an' I was walkin' along by the hatch, with my face towards the sea, when somethin' says to me, 'Peter, look at the hatch.' I did look, an' the sight I saw made me shut my mouth tight to keep my heart from jumpin' overboard; my blood stopped goin' altogether, an' my feet an' fingers began to get as cold as ice—an' what for, companions? Why, because right before me, over the hatchway, as plain as Tom is this minute, stood young Snozzles. He was rigged in white throughout, an' as I stood lookin' at him, with every hair on my head as stiff as a capstan bar, I heard his old mother sayin', 'Now, Mr. Dibble, he is the only boy I've got, you will bring him home to his mother safe, won't

you?' and as though he was a-goin' to chastise me for not mindin' what his mother said, he began to move towards me. Shipmates, I was nailed down to that deck an' I couldn't move a hand or foot."

At this juncture Peter was interrupted by a piercing shriek, which rang on the still evening air, and to the men seemed to come from the infernal regions, shocking their nerves as would a stroke from a galvanic battery. If all the sails on the vessel were being blown to pieces they could not have moved from their seats; Peter had reached that point in his story where each man had a long, lank, ghost-like figure drawn up before his vision. The silence was so profound that Sam Watson said afterwards, "You could have heard a pin drop," and Dave Blackman said when he heard the remark, "Well, I guess yer could. Yer could have hurd a bushel ob dem."

It was some minutes before anyone recovered his senses sufficiently to inquire into the cause of their alarm, and then Tom went aft, where the sound seemed to come from, and was told by the mate that the monkey, who had lately shown a great deal of spite towards the parrot, had begun operations through the bars of the cage towards a final settlement of all the differences between them, and that the parrot had in retaliation amputated one of Jacko's fingers. The shriek they had heard had come from the monkey while he was undergoing the operation.

When Tom informed the men of the cause of their fright, they all tried to laugh, and Peter, being satisfied that the shriek was not a supernatural one, continued his narrative.

"Well, after I had stood still for a little time, an' I saw the ghost come so far and no nearer, I began to say to myself, says I, 'Now, Peter, what's the use of your bein' scared at a ghost, when you have faced many a live thing worse than any spirit you will ever see, especially the spirit of the best friend you ever had?' At this I became bold like, and started to meet it; but just then it disappeared. Now, I didn't find much fault with that, you may believe, for although I had always been a good friend to him, I had no objections to his cuttin' my acquaintance when he came foolin' around with an angel's robe on him. So I walked along tryin' to whistle, but my whistle wasn't good for much just at that time, and wouldn't have brought a penny at any auction. I was soon back again to the same spot where I saw the ghost, an' was congratulatin' myself on its disappearance, when up it pops again in the same place as before. Now, whenever I came to that spot up pops that ghost, and whenever I went towards it, it disappeared. When it had been playin' hide an' seek with me in this way for some time, I called the mate, an' says I, 'Mr. Mate, the ghost of young Snozzles is out on the hatch, sir.' He looked at me a minute, and then he says, 'Get for'ard there, an' don't be makin' a fool of yourself.' Then I got kinder mad, an' says I, 'Fool or no fool, the ghost of young Snozzles is on the hatch, sir.' He started for'ard with me, and when I showed him the ghost he started back scared himself at first, and then he broke out in a laugh, and says he, 'That's no ghost, you jackass!' and then he turned about and went aft. Now, shipmates, what do you suppose that ghost was?"

"We give it up," said two or three in the same voice.

"Well," says Peter, "that ghost were no more nor no less than a piece of sail cloth hangin' on the mainstay. The mate was makin' a tarpaulin out of it, and had tarred one side of it until it was black an' hung it up to dry. It hung in a fold, and when I stood by the mainmast I was lookin' right in on to the white part, which in my worried imagination looked just the size of young Snozzles, head, eyes, form and all. When I went towards it I had to go around the water cask, which stood for'ard of the mainmast, and then of course I looked on the black side and saw nothin'. When I stood lookin' at it by the mainmast, the wind, blowing it backwards and for'ards, made it look as though it was comin' towards me. I'll now venture my opinion, along with the philosopher, and may I be excused for keepin' such company, that Barney Risley never saw a truer ghost than that ere tarpaulin and never will."

(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," etc., etc.

I AM glad to see that an Exhibition of Wild-flowers and Grasses has been held in the Baker Street Hall at Hull; for, as Thomas Campbell sang, in strains that will echo through the vaults of Time, as long as the English language remains—

> "Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
> Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,
> For ye waft me to summers of old,
> When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
> And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
> Like treasures of silver and gold."

On one of the sultriest days of the present summer—tired with a week's daily travelling to and from business, along the heated roads of the great metropolis, as a single unit of the never-ceasing crowd that throngs its streets—I sought the purer air and comparative repose of Primrose Hill. Of the magnificent view therefrom, in all directions, I will not now dilate. The twenty-sixth of June was not a time for looking for primroses, even in the colder north, where every flower comes forth about a month later than in the sunny south. But I could not help thinking how, when Shakspere was an actor at the Globe and the Blackfriars' Theatres, he might here have gathered thousands of what was evidently one of his favourite wild-flowers; and that, even after his bones were mouldered into dust—as the sexton of Stratford-on-Avon, according to Washington Irving, peeped through a hole in the tomb and saw it—the children's children of the children's children whom he met in London might also have there found

> "The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,"

as easily as the Ladies in his *Cymbeline* found those for the Queen, which he makes her (Act i., Scene 6th) "bear to my closet." But who can find a root of the *Primula vulgaris* there now? And yet our forefathers did not name it Primrose Hill without just cause. I would be sorry to see it made into an artificial pleasaunce; but might not a few hundred roots of primroses be planted here and there around its grassy slopes, at a very slight expense, and be allowed to spread with joy to many a poor city-imprisoned slave of Mammon, who never can seek them in their sylvan haunts? One single policeman on duty would be sufficient to keep watch and ward over them; and, if no other means would prevent the London roughs from destroying them, let us publicly flog them on the benches placed on the summit of the Hill—for which purpose, if no more stalwart arm could be found, I would volunteer to officiate "free gratis, for nothing," and to find my own whipcord. Seriously, I would recommend the planting of wild primroses—we don't want the cultivated kinds—on Primrose Hill.

Mr. John Rowell Waller—a working-man, who wisely devotes his leisure hours to literary studies, and who has long been known as a contributor of prose and verse to the North of England newspapers, which half a century ago would have made him famous—has just published a little volume of commendable poetry, under the quaint

title of *Unstrung Links, dropped from the disjointed Chain of a toiling Life, as the ringing Chorus of Nature's Music beat Time on the Anvil of a responding Heart.* The various pieces will be generally perused with pleasure, but especially by those who reside

"Where the breezes waft their odours
Over Forcett's woods and dales,
And the bracken fronds so graceful
Wave in flow'ret-spangled vales.

By those who have ever

"Sojourn'd mid scenes well remember'd,
In summer's soft beauty, 'neath Hambleton's shade,
And daily drank in each fair flower's inspiration,
In groves where the linnets at hide and seek play'd."

Who have lovingly wandered

"'Mong Upsall's bonny vales and woods,
In balmy hush of silver spring,
And ofttimes watched the sunny floods
That shimmer where the linnets sing.
Down by some wimpling, purling brook,
That tinkles o'er a pebbled bed,
And whirls through many a hidden nook."

Who have loved to climb the romantic range of hills—a continuation of my native Cleveland ones—

"Up where the heather's furzy growth
Gives shelter to the moorland fowl,
That skims black Hambleton's wild crown,
High towering by sweet Kirby Knowle;
Or where Dame Nature's handiwork
Smiles Yorkshire's sweetest scenes upon,
Down by picturesque Feliskirk,
Or up the hill to Mount St. John;
Sweet scenes that often lure the heart forth from its prison-breast,
Of all the views of beauty, Mowbray's bonnie vale's the best."

And many of us can say with Mr. Rowell—

"Where'er I roam, in coming time, whatever be my lot,
Thy scenes, sweet Vale of Mowbray, shall never be forgot."

Both in his native county of Durham, and in the neighbouring one of York, which for some time was his residence, and where many of his best pieces were written—in moments which his brother-workmen too often worse than wasted—

"Where the Wear's waters calmly flow;"

or in the parish rendered for ever famous as the long residence of the Apostle of the North, Bernard Gilpin—

"Where grey-grown St. Michael's rears proudly its head,
Bold outlined and regally grand,
As if in it's constancy guarding the dead
Enclasp'd in that green plot of land;"

or,

"Busy Auckland in the distance,"

listening, like the poet, to the "flood of music" which ever and anon floats

"From the tower grim and grey"

of the Church of St. Andrew; but, most of all,

"Fast by Upsall's age-worn walls,
Bathed in moonlight's gilding glow,
Where her mate the wood-bird calls,
Where tall firs sway to and fro

Sleeps Bonny Kirby Knowle;
Shelter'd by the bare, brown moors,
That skyward loom in eastern glow,
Bonny Kirby Knowle;"

and each of those interesting neighbourhoods, Mr. Rowell Waller's little volume ought to find a warm welcome, for the heart of the poet has loved to dwell on their beauties. There is a healthy feeling runs through all the poems, and a facility of expression as well, which warrants me in giving my feeble commendation to the writer to go on cultivating that gift of poesy with which he is naturally endowed, as I may perhaps have opportunity of showing in a future Note.

Athens, which Milton, in his *Paradise Regained*, well called "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence, native to famous wits," is thus beautifully described by the Rev. Professor Porter, D.D., in *Good Words*:—"The approach to Athens is most impressive. Even now that some of its finest monuments have disappeared, and all that remain are in ruins, there are few places in the world which so completely rivet the attention, and so powerfully affect the mind. Independent altogether of its grand associations, the city is attractive; and yet, when I have been asked wherein the attraction lies, I have at first had difficulty in replying. There is no richness in the scenery, for, with the exception of the grey olive-groves, lying so low along the banks of the Cephissus as to be invisible from the sea, the surrounding country—mountains, glens, and plains—is bare and parched. Nor is there any sublimity in the features of the mountain-ranges, the loftiest of which, the distant Parnes, scarcely exceeds four thousand feet in height. The great charm lies in the variety of outline, in the extent of the panorama, in the mingling, one might almost say interlacing, of land and sea; and, above all, in the exquisite softness and beauty of the colouring, especially when the evening sun, glinting over the conical tops of Cithæron, gilds the white marble columns of the Acropolis; encircles, as with a halo of fire, the brow of Lycabettus; and bathes the sides of Hymettus in a flood of rosy light. The more distant mountains then assume that deep, rich, purple hue peculiar to the Levant, making them stand out, with wonderful distinctness and sharpness of contour, from the glowing background of the evening sky. The views which I got on many a bright summer evening, from the steps of the Parthenon and from between the columns of the Propylea, and from the chapel of St. George on the top of Lycabettus, the world could not match. Not only did my eye range round *Hymettus, Pentilicus*, Parnes, and Cithæron, with the whole intervening plain, but it took in the entire Saronic Gulf, its historic islands, Salamis and Ægina, and the coast of the Morea beyond, from the citadel of Corinth to the promontory of Scyllæum." And he adds: "Nineteen centuries ago, Athens and Attica were different from what they are now. They had then still other charms, of which time, war, and neglect have robbed them. The mountains were clothed with forests, the plains and uplands had that verdure which cultivation gives, and were studded, besides, with picturesque villages and villas. Temples and monuments occupied prominent sites in and around the city. Nature and art, wealth and taste, combined to make Athens in external appearance, what she was in literature and philosophy, 'the eye of Greece.' Athens stands in the centre of an undulating plain, some ten miles wide, shut in on three sides by the ranges of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes, and open on the other, the south, to the Saronic Gulf, on whose shore, nearly five miles from the city, is the harbour of Piræus. In front of the harbour lies Salamis, its winding coast overlapping the promontories and bays of the mainland. Farther out rise the dark hills of Ægina; and beyond, along the southern horizon, runs the serrated chain of Argolis. The Acropolis of Athens is an isolated rock, which rises abruptly from the midst of the city to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and is thus visible from afar, its flat top crowned with the most magnificent ruins in Greece. Behind it, on the north-west, is a still higher crag, the Lycabettus of classic story; and near it, on the opposite side from Lycabettus, are several rocky mounds—Areopagus, Pnyx, Museium, and Nymphæum, each of which has a history and a fame of its own."

The Editor of the *Hull Bellman* thus advises a correspondent: "Re-write your poem,

spell the words correctly, measure the lines very carefully, and then—send it somewhere else." Very encouraging for the poetaster, certainly! And yet how many editors of other periodicals might give the same advice to numbers of their would-be contributors! Many men who might say something useful in prose, make the most consummate fools of themselves in attempting to overtop Parnassus; and as young local preachers, especially the most uneducated of them, generally despise simple texts of Scripture, which would content experienced and learned divines, and rush at first to expound the most difficult passages in Revelations, so does your most doggerel poetaster attempt the highest flights of imagination in his unrhythmical and unmeaning lines, and, Icarus *like, soon melts off his artificial wings by soaring too near to the sun.*

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE INTERNATIONAL MASONIC GATHERING.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASON.

THE proprietor of the *Freemason*, in a most pleasant meeting, singularly and perfectly unique of its kind, sought, and not in vain, to maintain the character of English and Masonic hospitality. He wished, as the sole owner of the most successful modern Masonic paper, to ensure to his brethren from the other side of the Atlantic all those courtesies which their own high character, and the great link of Masonic sympathy, might fairly claim from him. He also was most anxious to convey to many hundred thousand brethren in the United States the fraternal and kindly feelings by which American and English Freemasons are ever bound. The times of alienation, of suspicion, of opposition, of hostility, have long since passed away, and England and the United States form a close and happy alliance, in which are most truly symbolized both the great principles of toleration, loyalty, and charity, as well as the peaceful progress and the ultimate civilization of mankind. By the report which follows it will be at once seen what a great success attended in every way the patriotic and hospitable idea of Bro. Kenning, who enhanced the genial character of host by the admirable manner in which he discharged the duties of Chairman. No more enjoyable meeting ever took place, or under more auspicious circumstances, and from first to last, this festival of "International Masonry" was a "white day" to all who took part in it, and will be long remembered by that goodly phalanx of American and English Masons who hailed with delight every warm expression of Masonic sympathy and fraternal goodwill. It would not have been in good taste at such a meeting, composed of the *elite* of two great bodies, to speak in terms of praise of the *Freemason*, but the proprietor felt then, as he feels now, that he may look with pride on what the *Freemason* has done, and the position it has achieved, solely on its own merits, and in the fair open market of Masonic criticism and general appreciation. The *Freemason* is now confessedly the great representative of English Masonry, as well abroad as at home, and is as largely read and widely known in the United States as in England, and its proprietor rejoices to think that he has sought only to make the good old axiom true, "Palmam qui meruit ferat. The *Freemason* aided to inaugurate years ago that historical and archæological study of the antiquities of Masonry which, in the hands of Hughan and D. Murray Lyon and others in England, and of Mackey and Fort, and others in America, has culminated in such striking results. One of its most distinguishing features has been its avoidance of personality, and its unceasing hostility to that sort of scandalous garbage which finds a ready sale, alas, in some sections of the press to-day. The

Freemason has sought to limit the area and elevate the tone of Masonic discussion, and while it manfully supports authority, to be alike independent and unpartizan, encouraging discussion, within proper limits, and upholding the rights and privileges of Freemasons of all ranks and classes amongst us. Hence its legitimate authority, its large circulation, and its increasing popularity. The International gathering was, to its proprietor, alike an agreeable interchange of personal courtesies with his amiable and distinguished party of American brethren, and it was a reminder of gallant efforts and high prestige as a Masonic journal fairly won, while at the same time it was a flattering and he ventured to believe a most truthful omen of future and still greater success. And one great good result will have been achieved, if, answering his earliest anxieties, the *Freemason* aids to promote lasting peace and heartfelt goodwill between those two great countries, Great Britain and the United States of America.

The dinner took place on 31st July, in the large hall of Freemason's Tavern, at eight o'clock in the evening, before which time the company were received by Bro. Kenning, Bro. A. F. A. Woodford, and Bro. W. J. Hughan, of Truro, the first of whom was to take the W.M. chair, the second the S.W. chair, and the third the chair of J.W. at the banquet. The reception took place in the drawing-room, where the company assembled shortly after half-past seven, but before entering every brother signed his name and rank, and on doing so was presented by Bro. Kenning with a riband favour, on which were the American and English flags crossed, with the words, "July 31st, 1878." When the company were all assembled they were conducted to the great hall of the Freemason's Tavern. At the Chairman's end of the hall were the English and American flags, and over the entrance the arms of the Grand Lodge, the Knights Templar and Red Cross arms, all these banners having been sent down from the manufactory in Little Britain. The hall was very tastefully decorated, and the tables were handsomely arranged with a beautiful display of flowers and fruit.

The brethren walked into the hall in procession, Bro. Kenning conducting Bro. Meyer, who took his seat on the immediate right of Bro. Kenning, who occupied the position of Chairman. The rest of the American brethren were seated on the right-hand side of the table. Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford took the chair of S.W., and Bro. W. J. Hughan that of J.W.

The American brethren present were, Bros. Charles E. Meyer, P.M. Melita Lodge, 295, Pa.; Daniel Sutter, P.M. Phœnix Lodge, 130, Pa.; George T. Conrade, Lodge 295, Pa.; Charles Matthews, jun., P.M. 481, Pa.; John Borden, Lodge 441, Pa.; Thomas A. Harris, P.M. No. 481, Pa.; H. Edward Wendel, Lodge 393, Pa.; Chas. W. Packer, P.M. Lodge 72, Pa.; Charles W. Seary, Lodge 211, Pa.; Jackson Heiss, Lodge 52, Pa.; William McCarter, Lodge 295, Pa.; F. Gutekunst, Lodge 295, Pa.; Mark Richards Muckle, Lodge 125, Pa.; John Dornan, J.W. 400, Pa.; William J. Norris, W.M. 19, Pa.; Christopher Johnson, J.D. 250, New York; John A. Bickel, Lodge 481, Pa.; John S. McKinlay, Lodge 482, Pa.; Daniel Alfred Davidson, Lodge 1, Conn.; Edward White, Lodge 527, Pa.; Lewis C. Drake, Lodge 153, Pa.; Thomas Kelsh, Lodge 419, Pa.; W. E. Franklin, P.M. 48, etc., P.P.G.D. Durham (Conductor); Jacob V. Gotwalts, Lodge 75, Pa.

The English brethren present were Bros. Col. Creaton, P.G.D.; J. B. Monckton, Pres. Board Gen Pur.; Peter de Lande Longe, P.G.D.; F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., P.G.D.; Sir John Bennett, Grand Masters' Lodge; Joshua Nunn, P.G.S.B., American Vice Consul; Hyde Pullen, P.G.S.B.; George Toller, jun., P.G.S.B.; Jabez Hogg, P.G.D.; Brackstone Baker, P.G.D., P.G.S.W. Canada; W. James Hughan, P.G.D.; T. B. Whytehead, W.M. 1611, etc.; S. B. Ellis, P.M. 1239; Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, P.G.C.; John Boyd, P.G.P., P.G.H. Middx.; R. F. Gould, P.M. 92; S. Poynter, P.M. and Treas. 902, P.M. 1491; W. T. Howe, Grand Pursuivant; Thos. White, P. Grand Pursuivant; Rev. W. Tebbs, P.M., P.G.C. Somst.; Rev. P. M. Holden, P.M., P.G.C. Middx.; Dr. Ramsay, P.M., P.J.G.W. Middx.; T. J. Sabine, P.G.S.B. Middx.; F. Binckes, P.G.S., Sec. R.M.I., for Boys; Jas. Terry, J.G.W. Herts., Sec. R.M. Benevolent Institution; F. R. W. Hedges, Sec. R.M.I. for Girls; D. W. Pearse, P.

Grand Registrar, Middx.; F. Keily, P. Grand Treasurer, Middx.; H. A. Dubois, P.M., Pro. G.S.D. Middx.; Col. James Peters, P.G.S.D. Middx.; Frederick Walters, P.M. 73, P.G.D. Middx.; E. H. Thiellay, P.M. 145, 1423, Z. 1423, P.G.S.B. Middx.; David R. Still, W.M. 1671, P.G.D.C. Middx.; Magnus Ohren, P.M., P.Z., P.G.W. Surrey; F. Adlard, P.M. 7, P.A.D.C. Essex; S. Rosenthal, P.M., etc.; Chas. F. Hoggard, P.M., P.G.S. of W. Essex; Walter E. Gompertz, P.M. 869, P.G.P. Herts; Dr. Henry Hopkins, P.G.S.W. Warwick.; F. D. Rees Copestick, P.M. 869, P.Z. 192, P.G.S.B. Herts.; Geo. E. Baker, 192; Joseph Wood, P.M. 1094, etc.; John Lloyd, P.M. 249, 18°; Henry Muggeridge, P.M. 192, etc.; Geo. Newman, P.M. 192, 766; John H. Southwood, *W.M. 1260; Alfred Tisley, Sec. 1589;* T. C. *Walls, P.G.O. Middx.*, 18°; W. Smallpiece, P.M. 1395, Z. 21; A. G. Driver 1491; Geo. Tidcombe, jun., W.M. 1549; W. E. Newton, I.P.M. 766; N. B. Headon, P.M. 1426, 1669; Wm. Worrell, P.M., P.Z.; Henry Birdseye, P.M. 715; Jas. Stevens, P.M. 720, 1216, 1426, P.Z. 720, 771; D. M. Dewar, P.M. 1415; C, J. Harmsworth, P.M. 956, 1729; P. Saillard, 22; Chas. E. Soppet, W.M. 1627; C. L. Marsh, 1464; A. J. Altman, 1657; H. Massey, P.M. 619 (*Freemason*).

The following brethren sent letters or telegrams expressing regret at their inability to attend:—Bros. the Earl of Carnarvon, W.M., Pro. G.M.; Lord Skelmersdale, R.W.D.G.M.; John Havers, P.G.W.; Sir Albert W. Woods, P.G.W.G.D. of C.; Æneas J. McIntyre, Grand Reg.; John Hervey, G. Sec.; Capt. N. G. Philips, Col. Shadwell Clerke, J. C. Parkinson, Col. Francis Burdett, General J. S. Brownrigg, Rev. C. J. Martyn, F. Bennoch, John Derby Allcroft, M.P.; Charles Hutton Gregory, John A. Rucker, James H. Neilson, George R. Harriott, James Lewis Thomas, E. M. Hubbuck, D. Murray Lyon, W. Roebuck, Rev. H. A. Pickard, Thomas Fenn, H. Browse, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, James Glaisher, Rev. Dr. Brette, H. G. Buss, A.G.S.; Hon. R. W. H. Giddy, Angela J. Lewis, Edward Cox, W. H. Lucia, W. M. Tinkler, W. S. Gover, Wm. *Officer (Edinburgh)*; Raymond H. Thrupp, Emra Holmes, Alderman S. C. Hadley, J. Daniel Moore, J. Kellett Smith, J. R. Goepel, Robt. Wylie, H. S. Alpass, J. J. Taylor, S.W. 121; G. Ward Verry, George Lambert, and others.

The banquet, which was of a most *recherché* character, was admirably served, Bro. *Best personally superintending the service.* After dinner, grace was sung by the musical brethren, and the toasts of the evening were proposed.

In giving the first toast,

Bro. Kenning said: Brethren, I have to introduce to your notice the first toast of the evening, "The Queen and the Craft." I feel sure that I need not recommend this toast to your hearty acceptance, as I know that it will be most warmly received by all present. We will drink to the health of the daughter of a Mason, and the Queen of these Realms. In the United States as in England the virtues of the woman have enhanced the brilliancy of the diadem of the Queen. Brethren, I give you "The Queen and the Craft."

This toast having been heartily drunk and followed by the singing of the National Anthem,

Bro. Kenning again rose and said: Brethren, I give you "The Health of the President of the United States," the freely elected Supreme Officer of a free and great people.

This toast was followed by the singing of "Hail Columbia."

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I have to propose to you "The Health of H. R. H. the *Prince of Wales, the Grand Master of English Freemasonry.*" *His genial qualities, his* kindly presence, his personal interest in our Order, over which he happily presides, have endeared him to us all alike. As well abroad as at home, he has won golden opinions for the zealous discharge of his duties and his kindly consideration for all. We will all gladly unite in wishing long life and happiness to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, our Most Worshipful Grand Master.

Song: "Come let us join the Roundelay."

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I have to ask you to drink "The Health of the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of the various States in the American Republic." They will receive, as they deserve, our grateful recognition and our hearty good wishes.

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I ask your attention to one of our American brethren, who will propose the next toast, Bro. Gotwalts.

Bro. Gotwalts, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, who was received with hearty applause, then rose and said: My Brethren, I can assure you it affords me great pleasure, and I, indeed, consider it a high compliment to have the honour of proposing the toast of "Lord Carnarvon, Pro. G.M., Lord Skelmersdale, D.G.M., the Present and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of England." We, as American brethren, composed of *about twenty-five good, loyal, true* Masons, under another Grand Lodge, most of us from the State of Pennsylvania, of the great United States of America, and having left *our country*, and leaving behind it a great regard and respect for other high officers in authority there, it affords me, I say again, great pleasure, after having arrived on this side of the great Atlantic amongst *our brethren* here, to be called upon to propose this toast. We, as Americans, have been accustomed, old man as I am, and as all members of the subordinate, and subordinate lodges themselves are, to acknowledge the supreme authority, to respect it, and we consider it an honour to yield to it, and to bow to its authority. The same as you and I are loyal to our government, so we, as Masons, are loyal to the supreme authority by which we are governed. And by way of parenthesis, I say that we have met, after having arrived in this great and glorious country—as soon as we stood upon the shore, we were met with a good loyal hand of friendship from Masons, and found from the time we landed until this day that we have had grand receptions and ovations on our journey. But I must say and confess that this is the climax of them all. I now have the honour, having made the brief remarks that I have, of proposing the toast of "Lord Carnarvon, Lord Skelmersdale, and the Present and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of England," from whom we as Americans on the other side of the Atlantic acknowledge that we have received the authority which we exercise, and we all bow to the authority which they have given to the Grand Lodges in America. I therefore propose "The Health of Lord Carnarvon, Pro. G.M., Lord Skelmersdale, Deputy G.M., and the Present and Past Grand Officers of England," and may they live *long and prosper.*

Bro. J. B. Monckton, P.G.D., and President of the Board of General Purposes, said: Worshipful Sir and Brother, I do not know that I have ever felt so thoroughly in the jaws of a dilemma as I do this evening. On the one hand, I am naturally oppressed with the necessity of being as brief as I possibly can at this early stage of the toast list in the remarks which I have to make, and, on the other, I am anxious that there should be as much point as possible in those remarks. I speak not only on behalf of the Grand Officers, my worthy and respected colleagues on my left who are here to-night, but for the Provincial Grand Masters, and Deputy Grand Masters, and the great array of Grand Officers which we are proud to think comprise not only the noblest, but what is equal, and in fact of more importance, the ablest and best in the land. Worshipful Sir, what shall I say in the name of those Grand Officers? I will say this: no one knows better than we do how thoroughly Masonry is carried out, is beloved and honoured on the other side of the Atlantic, and I am quite confident that no class of Masons in this country more than the Grand Officers can, so far as we are concerned, and will, so far as our absent are concerned, appreciate the public spirit that has induced you to illustrate the universality of Masonry in the splendid manner which you have done to-night. Our excellent and eloquent American brother who spoke just now said very kind, and very good, and very appreciative things; but it was some gratification to me, Bro. Kenning, to know that we, the Grand Officers, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the hospitable international banquet which you have given us this evening. In the name, Sir, of the Grand Officers, I hold out the right hand of fellowship to our American brethren from the other side of the Atlantic.

Bro. Kenning: Brethren, I ask your attention for Bro. Joshua Nunn, who will propose the next toast.

Bro. Joshua Nunn, P.G.S.B. (American Vice-Consul General): Brethren, our worthy host has chosen me as a humble representative of the United States in this country to give you the next toast. I cannot say that it is quite so easy a toast to give

as the last, where only one Grand Lodge was represented, one set of Grand Officers, and, as we say, one Prov. and one Deputy Grand Master. I have now to call your attention to at least thirty-seven Grand Lodges, and, I think I may say, something like 20,000 Past and Present Grand Officers, and am quite sure that this meeting will hold out the right hand of fellowship to all those Grand Lodges, and to all those Past and Present Grand Officers. It gives me a great deal of pleasure this evening to have the opportunity of meeting so many American Masons. I am sure you will all join with me in wishing well to the Grand Lodges of that country, as you have heard them spoken of by my worthy brother by my side, as feeling as if they came from us in the first instance. I am sure you will recognise the kindly feelings which prompted him to say so, and in holding out the right hand of fellowship to him it is with cordiality which every Mason should give to another in every part of the world. The Grand Lodges of America are separated, as of necessity they must be in consequence of the enormous territories in every state, and, I think I may say, in some of its territories, as well as its States. Consequently there is a vast number of them, and they represent half a million of Masons. Freemasonry there is very flourishing—I am very glad to say it is so, and I am sure, the more Masonry flourishes throughout the world, the better the world must become. I can only, therefore, ask you to join with me cordially in drinking "The Health of the Grand Lodges of America, and the Present and Past Grand Officers."

Bro. Meyer: Worshipful Sir and Brother, I regret very much that a more suitable person has not been chosen from amongst the American brethren to respond to this toast. As Bro. Gotwalts has already said, the Grand Lodges of America derive their existence from the Grand Lodge of England. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, of which I am a member, and of which many of the brethren here are members, received its Masonic life in 1730 from the Grand Lodge of England. In 1732 Benjamin Franklin, whom you all know, was the Provincial Grand Master. From 1730 up to 1830, a period of a hundred years, Masonry slowly but surely progressed, but in 1830 a great Masonic excitement commenced, when Masons, or, at least, a great many brethren deserted; but by the few who remained firm and steady to the institutions of the Fraternity the Society was perpetuated, and Masonry from about 1834 progressed. At that time there were in the entire United States about 10,000 Masons. At the present time we have forty-five Grand Lodges, with a membership in the entire United States of very nearly 800,000 members. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania has 350 lodges and 40,000 Masons. The Grand Lodge of New York over 500 lodges and very nearly 80,000 Freemasons. I may state that each of these forty-five Grand Lodges is sovereign and supreme in its own jurisdiction. Each one is the peer of the other, each one recognises the rights (territorial and jurisdictional) of the other, and the entire forty-five stand side by side with the Grand Lodge of England in maintaining the landmarks of Freemasonry. At this time nearly every Grand Lodge (I think I may say every Grand Lodge) has severed its connection with and refused communication with the Grand Orient of France, and with Masons under its jurisdiction. I thank you on behalf of the Present and Past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodges of America for the very cordial and fraternal manner in which you have received the toast.

Bro. Brackstone Baker, P.G.D.: Worshipful Sir, and Brethren, the observations that you have just heard from our Bro. Meyer form a most admirable introduction to the few words I am going to address to you. I am quite aware of the value and importance of brevity, as our Bro. Monckton has so well and ably expressed just now; but the importance of this toast can scarcely be overrated, and perhaps you will allow me three or four minutes' extra time in order, not to dilate upon it, but to give expression to those feelings which rise for utterance to my lips. By the doctrine of natural selection I presume our excellent, worthy, and hospitable host has chosen me to be the representative of the larger assembly to propose to you "The Health of our American Visiting Brethren." I happen,—by chance, I suppose,—to be the representative in our Grand Lodge of the State of Alabama, of Illinois, of Missouri, of Oregon and Tennessee, besides two Grand Lodges of the Dominion; and, therefore, I suppose I should have more acquaintance with our American brethren from

my official position than any of the brethren; but if there is any possible occasion on which we ought to cordially welcome from the other side of the Atlantic brethren coming here to visit us, as they do, under the hospitable roof of our Bro. Kenning, it ought to be on this occasion. I suppose such a thing has never happened before, where one hundred English brethren met to welcome a corps of American brethren and extend the right hand of fellowship, to tell them, as the emblems on our banquet hall show, that the stars and stripes and the Union Jack shall be indissolubly bound together, and that the motto of "E pluribus unum," and "Dieu et mon Droit," shall be the guide of our Masonic existence. If we require any other incentive it would be in the knowledge that our brethren come mostly, and almost without exception, from Pennsylvania and Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love; that brotherly love, Philadelphian affection, I may say that we ought properly to extend, and we do extend to brethren in Masonry, we surely should extend to the Philadelphians, who are brethren in Masonry, and not merely in name. Let us remember the lines we have just heard,—

"Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find."

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I cannot better introduce this toast than by citing the characteristics of our two nations well-known in a familiar expression of each of our countries. We Englishmen are known by "All right," and Americans by "Go ahead." With those phrases "All right" and "Go ahead" we are sure to prosper. I will not detain you any longer except to ask you to do justice to the entertainment, the rich, the sumptuous entertainment, that our Bro. Kenning has spread before us to-day, by giving a hearty welcome to our Philadelphian brethren; and, as our Bro. Gotwalts said just now, may they live long and prosper. We have heard that before on this dais. As long as we have these sentiments so long will Masonry flourish. As long as Masonry maintains its course as it does at present so long shall we extend the right hand of fellowship to our brethren. The toast is, "Welcome to our American Guests from the other side of the Atlantic."

The toast having been most warmly received,

Bro. Sutter, in reply, said: You have heard a great deal about Masonry, and I am not going to tell you much about it on this occasion; what I am going to do is to tell you who we are, where we come from, a little story, and to thank you. We come from the State of Pennsylvania (which I suppose every Englishmen in this room will know was settled by Wm. Penn, the Quaker). We are not here to-night in our broad-brims, having left them at home, but we are here with full hearts. From the time that we left home we have received nothing but kindness. We started from Philadelphia, came to New York, stayed there one night, had a reception and a God speed, and next morning, on our sailing, a large steamer accompanied us five miles out to sea, and the people on board gave us "Good-bye and God speed," and the cordial welcome which we have received here to-night will for ever be impressed on the hearts of our little party. The blessing of heaven seems to have rested upon us ever since we left home. We were rocked on the gentle bosom of the deep, but we came over here safely, and the right hand of brotherhood was extended to us before we stepped on British soil. We have received nothing but kindness wherever we have been, in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Now I will tell you a little story. Bro. Meyer and I were in the Tower to-day, and it was brought to my recollection that there was a legend in the town in which I was born, that an old blacksmith, living in Iron Work Hall, made with his own hands a cannon out of hoops, that he took the cannon into battle, that it was captured by the troops of the mother government, and that it was to be seen in the Tower of London. I asked the old guard to let me see the cannon, and he said to me, "My dear sir," we have nothing in this Tower captured from America; we do not want anything, and we do not expect to get anything." Now, that made me feel very good. In travelling through your country I have seen many relics of the past, in the shape of the

abbeys and the chapels, and for the first time in my life I have seen the marks of our ancient Masters. We have seen the rough and smooth ashlar with the mark of the maker on it in St. Mary's Chapel, York, and at Westminster Abbey. I see around me worthy descendants of those ancestors, and I have heard their remarks with very great pleasure. Our visit to Europe has done us great good. I will tell you a great secret. There is seated at the table amongst you an historian well-known to all of you, Bro. Hughan, and very near him are Bro. Whitehead and Bro. Ellis; they have all met together for the first time to-night at the genial board of Bro. Kenning, well-known to all of us for a long time. For this mark of his appreciation of our visit we are going to remember him until the Masonic candle goes out.

Bro. Meyer proposed "The Host, Bro. Kenning." In doing so he said: Brethren, I have to give you, on behalf of the American brethren, the toast of the evening. As Bro. Sutter has said, from the time we set foot on the shores of Ireland we have received one continuous ovation, till to-night, in the greatest city in the world, it has reached its acmé. It can go no higher than it has to-night. I would state to the American brethren, and to the English brethren, that Bro. Kenning is well known to us on the other side of the Atlantic as the publisher and proprietor of the *Freemason*, which he established in the year 1869; and I can say truly that it is appreciated and valued abroad, as much as it is at home here with you, as the exponent of the Laws of the Grand Lodge of England. Bro. Kenning is the cause, perhaps, directly and indirectly of this present meeting to-night—both. It was first through the columns of the *Freemason*, published by Bro. Kenning, that we, on the other side of the Atlantic, came to know, to honour, and to respect what we consider the great lights in Masonry, the historians, Bros. Hughan, Woodford, Whitehead, Ellis, Lyon, and a host of other good men and true. He has also brought before the profane, anti-Masonic world, the Masonic charities of England, of which he has been an exponent for this country and all over the world. Bro. Kenning has gained, not only by himself, but by those employed under him, not only the respect of the Craft, but also of the many hundreds of his employés, to whom he has always shown the great characteristics of a gentleman and a Freemason. Brethren, I give you the toast of the evening, on the American side, and also, I think, on the English side, "Our Brother Kenning."

Bro. Kenning, in reply, said: Brethren, I am extremely flattered by the kind way in which Bro. Meyer has proposed my health this evening. I am still more flattered by the kindly manner in which it has been received. I am glad to see assembled around this board this evening distinguished members of the two countries, which I hope will ever live in peace and amity. As proprietor of the *Freemason* it has always been my earnest endeavour to advocate the cause of Masonic brotherhood, and to spread peace and goodwill among men. Brethren, I thank you very much for the honour you have done me.

Bro. Kenning then called on Bro. Muckley to propose a toast, but calling him "Mackley" at first, was corrected.

Bro. Muckley, in proposing the toast of "The Masonic Press all over the world," said: Bro. Chairman and Brethren, I thank you very much for correcting my name. At the same time I remember distinctly a line or two of Shakespeare in which he says, "A rose by any other name smells just as sweet." Now, I don't pretend to say I have the odour of rose about me, but whether Muckley or Mackley it is just the same to Mrs. Muckley. Now, brethren, for the toast allotted to me, "The Masonic Press all over the World," and I know no special reason why it should be confided to such poor hands as mine, except that I have spent thirty-six years of my life in the newspaper business; but not a Masonic press business; and when I remember as far back as thirty years in Masonry that a great many publications that should have been made in those days a strong use of in their great work were kept back or kept away from the printers' hands with as much care as if they were surreptitious matter, I think they made a mistake. To-day there is nothing which does the Order so much good as publishing to the world the good that we do; and I think if a man does good he should not hide his light under a bushel. I see to-night in the chair a gentleman and a brother whose name and fame as

a publisher in Freemasonry is known all over the globe. We know him in Philadelphia, and in fact in the United States, just as well as the brethren who meet with him once a week or once a month—at least I have felt so towards him, and I feel I am asserting that which every American Mason feels. If we have good Masonic news, good and true, spread it to the world; let our deeds be known by the only charities which are under your charge. In the City of London the sums of money you give to the education of children, both those who are orphans and those who are not, are very large. So do you in Masonry, and it is that which the profane cannot understand, but we do. We have the pulsation, the electrical pulsation in our hearts which binds us to the widows and the orphans. Then again, brethren, would we to-night have been gathered together in this good, social, Masonic style if it had not been for a Masonic journal? We are all Masons, but I can assure you, brethren, that some of us have not had lighter hearts than the others. Why it is I know not, for it is no use grumbling against the Almighty. If He makes a large body, He makes a large heart; if He makes a small body, He makes a small heart; therefore, when I look at an English nobleman, as I call your chairman, in form, and manly form, and see how much bigger he is than I am, I come to the conclusion that he has a heart twice as large as I have. If he has not got that, I trust he may have a purse a thousand times larger, good luck, good fortune, long life, and good health. I trust that all of these may attend Bro. Kenning, and all of those who surround this board to-night to do him honour. "This is my toast, "The Masonic Press all over the World."

Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, in reply, said: Bro. Chairman and Brethren, before I commence the few remarks it is my great privilege to make to you to-night, I have been requested by a most distinguished brother of our Order, whose name is a "household word" among us—I allude to our esteemed Bro. John Havers—to state that through ill health, and being with his family at Matlock, he is unable to be present, as he says, to thank Bro. Kenning for his patriotic and Masonic assembly, and to offer his hearty good wishes to his American brethren. Brethren, the toast to which I have been called upon to reply is one of no little difficulty. We all of us in this room, I believe, are agreed with regard to the advantages of a well-regulated press. As the guardian of our liberties, as the upholder of civilization, as the preacher of toleration, as the advocate of justice, I do not think there is a brother present who is insensible to the advantages of a properly regulated press. Those of us who have studied the history of mankind will do justice to the principles of the press, proclaimed thoroughly in consonance with our Masonic teaching, namely the advocacy of the sacred principles of justice and liberty, of toleration and truth. But when we come to the Masonic press the way is not so clear. Masonry is a peculiar system, and many of us have some hesitation in agreeing at once to a general and indiscriminate publication of all Masonic proceedings. But I venture, Sir, to say to-night, that so long as the Masonic press continues, as our eloquent brother from America puts it, to advocate its own unchanging principles, to support our great Charitable Institutions, to vindicate alike legitimate authority and the rights of the Craft, and yet to proclaim universal goodwill and brotherly love, hatred of persecution, and liberty of conscience, the Masonic press will be equally a blessing both to our Order and to the world. I know of an admirable Masonic paper of America, for instance—a credit to Freemasonry and to its country—I allude to the *Keystone*. conducted by my esteemed brother and friend Clifford McCalla, which equally with the *Freemason* advocates the true and lasting principles of universal Freemasonry. If time permitted I might allude to other Masonic papers of merit and power, but my remarks must necessarily be brief and condensed. I therefore venture to advocate on every ground the value and utility of the Masonic press. Brethren, it has struck me to-night that one of the advantages of the Masonic press, as some of us have already said, has been to bring together by our hospitable host this goodly gathering. Here we are, English brethren and American brethren, met together in fraternal goodwill and amity; and be it remembered that in that great struggle which has been thrown upon us on the Continent by the unwise proceedings of the

Grand Orient of France, the whole of the American Masons are standing with the English Masons side by side and shoulder to shoulder, advocating those noble principles which, as our Pro. Grand Master has so well stated, are not only the distinguishing characteristic, but the eternal heritage of Freemasonry. I remember a story which I think is a very good one, and which illustrates our position as English and American Freemasons, and which some of us may call to mind, appeared in the pages of Blackwood some years ago, in a most graphic account by the late Admiral Sherard Osborn. It was at the time our fleet attacked the ports in the Peiho River, under a very gallant officer, Admiral Hope. The shells were flying, and some of our gun-boats were in flames, and though the American sailors were told to remain perfectly neutral, yet they were to be seen leaving the vessel to help the English blue jackets to put out the fire. But, as the American Commodore said, "Blood is thicker than water." That, Sir, I believe to be the principle you wish to inculcate to-night, that "blood is thicker than water." The American Masons are bound together by pleasant ties of amity, affection, and goodwill with us. Yes, Sir, I believe that in the kindly and glorious principles of Freemasonry we have found a bond of union which shall cement our two great countries more and more. A poet said in very beautiful words, which I take the liberty of adapting to the present occasion, and which I think we shall all heartily agree too,—

> "Their sons and ours have walked abreast as kinsfolk and as friends,
> As men who seek the same high goal and choose the same high ends;
> Their sons and ours have sought to teach the world to keep in awe
> The cloudless face of liberty, the level gaze of law."

I venture, then, Sir, as a Freemason, and as deeply interested in the spread and maintenance of the prestige and character of "The Masonic Press all over the World," to express a fervent hope that this auspicious gathering may be a symbol of that peace and friendship and goodwill that will ever bind England and America together; that our rivalry henceforward will only be, which country shall most try to advance the welfare of the people, the dignity of the law, and the preservation of good order and society on the great principles of toleration, justice, and truth; which of us shall best succeed with united energies in promoting the civilization and the pacification of mankind.

Bro. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C., P.G.D., proposed "Anglo-Saxon Masonry." He said: Sir and Brethren, at this hour of the evening, and after the very eloquent remarks that you have just listened to, it would ill become me to detain you long in proposing the toast that has been assigned to me. "Anglo-Saxon Masonry" is one which needs nothing in an assemblage of Masons to commend itself. Our very presence here to-night is a testimony that Masonry among the great English speaking nations of the world is not the mere curious theories, nor the mere secret assembly that some would suppose; it is not the mere "dead letter" of an obsolete ritual; but it is a living haven in the hearts of men. And if I may borrow from the eloquent words that fell from one of the American officers, the progress, the grand progress, that Masonry has made in the great countries on the other side of the Atlantic, which, though severed from us, we are proud in the old country to feel sprang from our loins, I cannot but feel that Masonry in its highest and its best sense is an institution that flourishes best in a land of freedom, among a people enlightened and free, who, having won and achieved liberty of conscience and action and thought, know and respect those great guarantees for the exercise and the perpetuation of their liberties, of which Masonry is one of the greatest, if not the chief. We hear much on this side of the world, of not merely Masonry that is practised within these isles, but of the difficulties those who adhere to our order in foreign countries are subjected to; but I think you will agree in the truth of this remark, that wherever there exists the truest freedom there Masonry best takes its root, there it spreads its branches widest, there its fruit is the fairest. A gathering like this must make us all who participate in it not only feel grateful to him who has given us the opportunity for thus assembling and testifying our regard, not only of thanking him for

the splendid hospitality which has graced his entertainment, but also for the opportunity of holding out the hand of friendship to our American brethren, and of assuring them that while we in England of course are loyal and true to the governing power of the Grand Lodge to which we owe allegiance, yet we feel that those who have sprung from us, and who so gracefully recognise, as has been done this evening, the parent authority which first created the Grand Lodges in America, that they are true and worthy descendants of those who first carried from the old country into plantations, as they were called in the olden time, those germs of Masonry which hand in hand with the hearts and freedom of Englishmen have contributed to found the great and glorious Empire, which I will not prophesy what destiny has in store for it, but at this moment is one of the greatest powers on the face of the globe, not merely in extent, not merely in numbers, but one of the great powers for good, preserving all the principles of freedom, asserting in the face of mankind that indomitable love of liberty, that freedom of speech, and which distinguish, and I trust ever may distinguish, the Anglo-Saxon race, of which the Anglo-Saxon Masonry is the worthy exponent. With this toast I beg to associate the name of a brother who sits at the other end of the room, who has contributed largely to Masonic history, and is one of the great ornaments of the Order—I mean our Bro. Hughan.

Bro. W. J. Hughan, P.G.D., in reply said: Worshipful Bro. Kenning, I think every brother present this evening will recognise the fact that in my following our eloquent Brother Philbrick, Q.C., I have a very difficult task to perform. The nature of the toast makes it still more difficult, for that of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is one which must make all our hearts burn while we respond. It is a toast so great in itself that I am afraid in responding to it I can scarcely do more than express the fact that I agree with every word that has been uttered by Bro. Philbrick, and to note that from early times in this country, and the early times in the new country, we have up to the present a magnificent illustration of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry. Leaving out of the question the antiquity of Freemasonry in England, I would ask you one minute to go with me to that of the United States, and remember that from Daniel Coxe's Grand Lodge of 1730 down to the Grand Lodge of yesterday, or alphabetically from the Grand Lodge of Alabama, down to that of Wyoming Territory, not forgetting the Grand Lodges of British North America, there have sprung something like the million and a half of Freemasons of to-day. I say without any hesitation, and I am sure every brother here will agree with me, that Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is symbolically a continuous and permanent Atlantic cable, which unites the old world with the new, and in fact connects the north pole with the south, warmed from the east and fed from the west. May we indeed all see, that it is only by our remembering the landmarks of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry that we remain true to our colours. With your permission I will at once construct an Anglo-Saxon Masonic apron. We have in the four pre-requisites of Freemasonry the four points of the Parallelogram, viz., (1) men, (2) just, (3) upright, and (4) free: uniting in the promotion of Faith, Hope, and Charity, composing the Triangle, all pointing to the Great Architect of the Universe, whom we should all love and obey. I have great pleasure in responding this evening to so great a toast as that of the "Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry," for I am persuaded the more it is studied and understood, the more it will be valued, and in proportion as we follow its principles shall we be true to our professions.

Bro. Col. Creaton, P.G., in proposing "Our English Masonic Charities and Distressed Masons all over the World," said: Bro. Chairman and Brethren, the toast which has been placed in my hands requires few words of comment or recommendation in such an assembly as this. The three great Masonic Charities of England seem to mark out for us a line of Masonic duty and of Masonic sympathy. They grant annuities to aged and decayed Masons and widows of Masons, and they provide a good sound and valuable education for 200 girls and 211 boys. Thus the English Craft taxes itself to the amount of £30,000 annually to maintain these excellent charities. I am quite confident that the American brethren will join us in wishing "Success and continued Prosperity to our English Masonic Charities." I am requested

by our Chairman to couple with that toast the name of Bro. Binckes, the Secretary of the Boys' School.

After Bro. the Rev. P. M. Holden had recited "Sheridan's Ride,"

Bro. Binckes said: If Bro. Hughan asks indulgence for himself after following the eloquent speeches which preceded his address, how much more ought I to ask indulgence for myself after the eloquent recitation of Bro. Holden? I feel that after such a stirring delivery everything that falls from me must be "stale, flat, and unprofitable." But at all events, on an occasion so interesting, under circumstances so fortunate and so peculiarly acceptable as those which have brought us here this evening, I have not one dissentient voice to the proposition I start with, that the toast proposed by Col. Creaton, of "Success to our Great Masonic Institutions," is one that will carry the sympathies of every one around this table who has the interests of our great Order at heart. The observations which fell from Col. Creaton in proposing the toast render it unnecessary for me to weary our friends from the other side of the Atlantic, or those who are here who are conversant with all that is done by our Institutions; but I think it must be a matter of congratulation to us all, hailing from whatever jurisdiction we may, that we in this little island of England are able to produce in this year something like £30,000 for our three institutions, and so to support altogether 800 individuals, aged people and children of both sexes; and of late years we can not only find means for the sustenance of those institutions, but our income, as a rule, exceeds our expenditure. The words first used by our illustrious brother from the other side of the Atlantic would just lead me to say one word as to my ignorance of what organizations they have for charitable purposes in the United States of America; but this much I fortunately know, that I and others who are in the same position have received over and over again the most gratifying testimony and assurance of the delight that they experience in the success that we enjoy; and I have no doubt that our friends here this evening will be the first to follow and co-operate in the work of the great Masonic charities under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. It is very difficult in speaking at a late hour in the evening, in responding to the toast of "The Masonic Charities," to avoid repeating somewhat of what has fallen from previous speakers. I do not wish to weary our friends from the other side of the water, or our English friends, with any statistics. I would only repeat what has been said over and over again, and direct their attention, not so much yours as theirs, to the two great watchwords of our Order, announced by the Prince of Wales at his installation in the Albert Hall, "Loyalty and Charity;" and in doing so I wish to express an earnest hope that while, as in days gone by, we looked on that great expanse of water that separates the mother country from its promising child, the great improvements that have been made of late years in navigation and in the means of communication may, perhaps, quoting the words of a cabinet minister of the present day, lead us to understand that, whether the billows of that great ocean be lashed into fury, they shall no longer be regarded by us as an obstacle that separates, but we will rather look upon them as a link that unites the two great English speaking peoples of the world, whose high and earnest hope will be used in inculcating lasting happiness, the principle of loyalty to our regularly constituted governments, to practising the universal spirit of charity, and in maintaining in all its integrity that unity of speech, heart, and action which is the birthright and distinguishing characteristic of both.

Bro. James Terry (for whom there were loud calls) said: Bro. Kenning, Brethren of America and of England, after the exhaustive, and, I would also say, the very eloquent speech of my friend and colleague, Bro. Binckes, very little more is left for me to give utterance to in response to the toast of "The Masonic Institutions," remembered in this great assembly—one so kindly collected together by the unbounded hospitality of our host this evening—than to thank him and many good friends we see around this room for all they have done in days gone by in support of the interest of the whole three of our Masonic Institutions; and I may be, perhaps, permitted to say that the amount of our contributions has been rather under than over stated by our good friend who proposed the toast, and also by my colleague, who responded, inasmuch as during the last two years we have not only had the sum of £30,000 each year, but we have totalled over

£42,000 a year during those two years; that represents, in American currency, something like 210,000 dollars, brought in at three meetings in the course of one year. Now, Sir, if that is the fact, in respect of our Masonic Institutions, how much must we be indebted to the Craft for all that they have done, and to the Masonic press, for every effort they have given us in endeavouring to make known the claims of those three Institutions, and personally speaking, on behalf of myself, I may say the Order is very much indebted to the press for all they have done. We may, perhaps, differ as to the way it should be done; but we know, after all, that we have one heart, one soul, one spirit to work in; we do all we possibly can to promote the good and the prosperity of them all. I thank you very much indeed, and you also, Mr. Chairman, for having given me the opportunity of responding to the toast, and congratulating our American brethren at this great hall of ours in England, and I hope and trust they may carry back to their country the kind consideration of all London Masons, and the earnest wishes for their health, wealth, and prosperity, and the goodwill of all our Masonic brethren.

Bro. Kenning called upon Sir John Bennett "to propose the last toast."

Bro. Sir John Bennett, in proposing the toast of "The Ladies," said: Last, indeed, unduly last; but, nevertheless, I am greatly indebted to the grace and favour of our munificent host for the great pleasure of attending here this evening, and though it is my good fortune from time to time to address important assemblies elsewhere, I look with peculiar interest and satisfaction on the remarkable meeting that I have attended this very night, graced as it is by men representing almost every branch of human interests, graced too with the presence, the august presence, I would almost say, of the leading spirits of our great corporation of London, "the guide, philosopher, and friend" of the Common Council in its most profound deliberations. I feel that this is no ordinary assembly, and we are quite in a position to-night to greet the Craft from the other side of the Atlantic, and it would not be befitting that we should part to-night, having toasted brethren of our Craft, without remembering the sisters of our Craft, because, whatever the brethren might be, whether of the States, abroad in Europe, or at home, the chief contributor to the "United States" or the old and the new world is woman. Yes, whether young or old—and I happen to be in the somewhat fortunate position of being a somewhat young man, and therefore can dilate with heartiness on the subject of the toast—whether in the spring of life, as I suppose Byron was when he said—

> "In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
> And dreams that affection can never take wing—
> I have loved! who has not? but what heart can declare
> That pleasure *was absent* while *woman* was there?"

I never knew a good thing in this world but a woman was at the bottom of it. I say in spring she does—in our infancy—her duty to mankind; ay, in the heyday of manhood what a joyous and blessed companion; in our autumn she ministers to our joys, and, when we have none, elevates our sorrows: and at last, when it comes to it, she is the very hand and support of the winter of old age. We toast them with all reverence, with all honour. We toast woman, whether on the other side of the Atlantic or here at home with us. I know how much every man is, a public man especially, indebted to his better, his purer, and very frequently his lesser half. People who wonder among ourselves where some of us get our original thoughts from do not know we have talked them over with our wives over the breakfast table in the morning, and our original thoughts come from that quarter. In the "light fanastic toe," as we term it, we engage her, and in the song we have had here to-night I miss her. In nature also I may observe that the Creator did not fancy the world complete unless he gave us the soprano and alto, and, therefore, in song I regret we did not have female voices. We have not had woman to give grace to this entertainment; but in whatever phase of life, in whatever character she appears, we, good Masons, from the old and from the new world, are prepared to drink this toast, with all respect, affection, and reverence, and so in that spirit I speak to you, in that spirit I give it, and in

that spirit, I am quite sure, Worshipful President, the Craft will be so good as to drink it.

Bro. Altman said in reply: After the eloquent words that have fallen from the young man who has just spoken, I am almost ashamed to think that this is the last toast of the evening, although, as he has justly observed, it is not the least. For my own part I would rather it had been the first toast, because from what I hear of Masonry, if it were not for the ladies many of the brethren who are now around the festive board would not be able to be present. They are the heartstrings of Masonry. I, for my part, regret that the ladies are not present to give our American friends the hearty welcome that they will give to all Masons, not only here but coming from the other side of the Atlantic. After the eloquent speeches of the brethren right and left of us, the only thing I can say is this, that although the ladies could not be present to-night, I am sure they feel very grateful for this toast. The ladies are very useful in Freemasonry. Look through the books of subscriptions that are published and you will see that the ladies become Life Governors and Life Patrons of our Institutions. Therefore, as they are such a help to us it is our duty to drink their health. I thank you on their behalf for the very kind way in which you have done so.

This closed the proceedings in the dining hall, and the brethren then took tea and coffee together in the drawing room. The whole evening was of a most enjoyable character, and all the brethren expressed the greatest gratification at what they had witnessed. The English brethren were much amused and astonished at the special American "fire," which was given by the American visitors. This fire is called "the rocket fire," and is only given on exceptionally grand occasions. The musical artistes who contributed materially to the enjoyment of the evening were Bros. T. W. Simons, G. T. Carter, F. H. Cozens, Theodore Distin, and Thomas Lawler.

REVIEWS.

LEGENDS AND FOLK-LORE.*

WHILST there is perhaps no more interesting, and ofttimes amusing, study than that of the superstitious beliefs and observances, coupled with their concomitant Legends, of the rural population of some out-of-the-way district, a just complaint has been made in a popular publication † that "no such effort has been made in the British Islands, as there has been done in Germany by the Brothers Grimm, to generalise it for any purpose connected with anthropology, ethnology, or any other science."

For this purpose of generalization it is of course necessary to first collect the Lore and the Legends; but this is becoming every day more difficult; as all such "foolish twaddle" as "grandmother's tales" is rapidly becoming a thing of the past before the relentless encroachments of the "iron horse," and the no less stern rule of the schoolmaster's rod.

Most thankful, then, should we be to any student of philology, ethnology, or any other "ology," that would trouble himself to collect and embalm for future generations these relics of the past; for, foolish as they may seem to us of these enlightened days, there may still be some germs of such truth in them as to make them embodiments of some local history, or caskets in which the records of the manners and customs of a by-gone age are enshrined.

* "Rural Legends;" by George Hurst, F.S.S., F.R.H.S., Ex-Mayor of Bedford. London, Provost & Co. Bedford, W. T. Baker.

† "Chambers's Encyclopædia," *in voc.*, "Folk-Lore."

Instances to which these remarks are severally applicable are at once apparent when we open the little book that we are now pleased to notice.

Bro. George Hurst is a man of great reading and wide sympathies, as is evidenced by his membership of the two learned societies, the initials of which he is entitled to append to his name; but Bro. Hurst is more than this, he is a man whose interests are centred in the town and neighbourhood in which he lives, and by the inhabitants of which town he is greatly and deservedly respected, as is shown by the fact of his having three times (as we believe), at different periods, filled the civic chair of the Borough of Bedford.

Bro. Hurst's life having been spent in this rural and romantic neighbourhood, he is, of course, well versed in its Legends and Folk-Lore. Portions of this store of knowledge he has now committed to the reading world, and that portion is rendered the more valuable and readable in that he has clad the greater part of it in the garb of a quaint versification.

Amongst the superstitions rife among the peasantry of Bedford thus treated, we notice, "The Witch," "The Ghost Exorcised," "The Devil at Marston Morteyne," and "The Two Fiends;" whilst "The Lady Buried Alive" is, at least, founded upon a true history of an incident which occurred to a member of one of the noble county families.

"The Witch," seemingly, was a very nice young lady who, to always have her own way, sold herself to the Devil; he fulfilled his part of the contract honestly and honourably as any devil could or should; but, when the lady came to pay the price of the privileges she had enjoyed, we find that she cried off, and, seemingly, at her death, for the first time in her life, used the church in order to cheat the Devil of his due.

This was the compact:—

"The deed was drawn up with great circumspection,
The parts formed a whole, with perfect connection,
And a clause was inserted which seemed to imply,
Escape from the compact 'twas useless to try;
For it was provided
That after she die did,
No place, though sacred, should serve to protect her,
Nor, on a summons, refuse to eject her.
When her grave should be made
And her body there laid,
No matter within the church walls or without,
Without let or hindrance, question or doubt,
She should be devoted to Satan for aye,
Soul and body—*in æternâ sæculâ*."

This is how she escaped the consequences:—

"From the deed's condition her spirit to save,
In the wall's foundation they made her a grave,
Where her body was laid, there could be no doubt,
Buried neither within the church nor without.
Thus the fiend was beguiled,
In his object was foiled,
And hovering above, soon perceived his disgrace,
With horrible howling flew far from the place."

And this is the indubitable proof of the genuineness of the transaction, and the veracity of its history:—

"Here ends the tale; should its truth be disputed,
There's in the church proof that can't be refuted,
In a canopied niche
O'er the grave of the witch,
Within the south wall still her figure is shown,
At full length, recumbent, and sculptured in stone."

One item in the collection we must confess rather puzzles us—we mean as to its fitness for the company in which we find it, "The Prosperous Man's Apotheosis."

There is, undoubtedly, but too many such cases of self-deceit as the one recorded by Bro. Hurst. Whether he refers to the record of any specific case in his own neighbourhood we cannot of course say for certain; but this much we can say, that there is probably no neighbourhood whatever but could furnish some such instance—nay, more, if we only apply the story to ourselves, there will be but few who can say that they cannot profit by the application of the moral implied.

With the consideration of one other poem we will conclude our notice of Bro. Hurst's book. "The Shepherd's Lamentation," described by him as "A Pastoral of the early part of the Nineteenth Century," is valuable for several reasons, there being a great deal more wrapped up in its comicality than at first sight meets the eye. In the first place, we get a glimpse of the far harder life of the agricultural labourer of the generation just passing away than of the one which is now complaining so bitterly—at least by the mouths of self-elected representatives—of its sorry case:—

"Unhappy is my lot, having flocks to keep,
And to cut all the day turnips for the sheep:
And not to be allowed, my sad heart to cheer,
With my tear-moistened bread a mug of small beer."

In the next we see represented how far more arbitrarily masters could act then than they can now:—

"My master is hard, and says he does suspect,
From my woeful face, that I the sheep neglect;
Awful then he swears, nor cares for what I say,
But from my earnings hard a shilling docks of pay."

What would our agitators of to-day say to those earnings?

"He says that I get drunk,—can I that afford,
With a weekly crown, and pay for bed and board?"

Last, yet by no means least, that very comicality of which we have spoken exposes the absurdity of a great deal of the mamby-pamby "pastorals" of the early part of this century. Not so very many years back the provincial press was wont to devote a corner to a vast deal of nonsensical twaddle of the kind that this "Pastoral" ridicules; whilst, to say nothing of the heaps of booklets of this character that have been published and happily lost sight of, some volumes which pretend to a more lasting existence exhibit instances of the same sickly rubbish. One would have thought that Gay would have sufficed to have for ever silenced these poetasters; but such not having been the desired result, it is well that Bro. Hurst should have taken the task in hand afresh.

Is not this a fair specimen of the class of writing to which we have alluded:—

"A Pastoral.

"My time, O ye muses, was happily spent, when Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast; sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind, what a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she.
* * * * * *

My dog I was ever well-pleased to see come wagging his tail to my fair one and me,
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said, 'Come hither, poor fellow,' and patted his head!
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour look, cry sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook,
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray be as dull as his master when Phebe's away?"

And this is the *lasting* production of a *poet*.

Well may Bro. Hurst write:—

"I'm a poor shepherd lad, but once was as gay,
As a sheep with his nose in a bundle of hay;
But now I'm as sad as a poor silly hare
That has his neck firmly fixed in a snare;

For Susan's as cold as the keen winds that blow
Through these rags when the ground is covered with snow.
Then I'll 'Baa!' to my love, the same as a lamb
Baas when he is running in search of his dam.
* * * *
The bitter salt tears fall from my eyes so free,
As my cruel fair one only sneers at me.
I begged but yesterday that she would be true,
When Sammy coming by beat me black and blue.
He lashed with his long whip, I was forced to run;
My Susan standing by, laughing, said 'twas fun.
Since my fair, so unfair, has treated me with scorn,
I'm as sheepish as a sheep that's just been shorn."

With these remarks heartily do we commend this little book to our readers, and quite as heartily do we wish Bro. George Hurst many years yet to come in which to preserve local traditions for general utility.

"SPRING FLOWERS AND THE POETS."*

Two numbers of our excellent contemporary "The Gardener's Magazine" have been forwarded to us, containing the second part of an interesting lecture read by Bro. J. H. Jewell before the Westerham Gardeners' and Amateurs' Mutual Improvement Society.

The scope of this able paper being to show the affection with which the poets have regarded nature's spontaneous gifts of loveliness and the beautiful language in which they have clothed their thoughts, we can say but little more than that Bro. Jewell has done his work with a will, and has consequently done it well. Most of the extracts are too well known to reading Brethren to require mention, but one original piece of the lecturer's deserves quoting at length. He says:—

"A custom, by no means devoid of a fanciful grace, exists among the cottagers of Southern Burgundy. A mother who has a sickly child goes into the fields, kneels and prays for her offspring under the clustering flowers of the hawthorn tree; the feeling being that her prayer-laden breath will ascend sweeter to Heaven, perfumed with the natural incense of the bursting buds of spring. The idea *is so poetical that I have humbly attempted to poetize it in the following lines*:—

"The mother leaves her tender child and goes forth to the fields,
And when she nears the favour'd spot her heart impulsive yields
In full and fervent prayers to Him who rules the vaulted heaven,
That life's behoof in joyous health may to her child be given.

She kneels where clustering hawthorn blooms perfume the ambient air,
Sweet incense of the bursting buds wafts with her earnest prayer,
And while her breath is laden with rich fragrant scents she feels
Her prayer ascend much sweeter to that power to whom she kneels.

The earnest prayer, though sweet it seems when nature's beauty smiles,
Yet heartfelt prayer ascends as sweet from out the sacred aisles;
From chamber lone, or even from the desert's mighty space,
The incense of each faithful heart will reach the throne of grace."

Not only do we admire Bro. Jewell's lecture for its own intrinsic merits, but we heartily commend its object in bringing before men who deal with Nature's bounty and loveliness practically the thoughtful side of their business, and he will have done much if he shall have, as he has endeavoured, been able to persuade the members of the Society before whom he read the paper—amateur as well as professional—that Nature has as many beauties outside the garden as in; and that the noblest human intellects have been struck with, and left on record their convictions of, the fact that Nature, to embellish the world, needs no assistance from the hand of man; and further, that Nature clothes with her loveliness many a spot that, so far as man is concerned, would and could be nothing else than a barren desert, the very personification of ugliness and inutility.

W. T.

* "Spring Flowers and the Poets." (Second Paper.) By J. H. Jewell. "Gardener's Magazine."

MY HAND-IN-HAND COMPANION.

To the old home farm returning,
'Mid the April evening glooms,
I kiss the faces that knew me,
And I turn to the vacant rooms,
The scenes of my long-past childhood
The doors that I open recall,
The blossoming windows of summer,
The fruit-laden orchards of fall.

I go to the tenantless chamber;
The moon glimmers over the eaves,
And a light, as in years long vanished,
In the latticed window leaves.
And, in fancy, night's viewless angel
Goes by with a muffled tread,
As I gaze with an answerless longing
On the little one's empty bed.

There were little blue eyes that for ever
Have vanished from my sight;
A heart of affection that never
Will throb on my own with delight.
I shall never again kneel beside him,
I shall pray in the silence instead.
Fall gently, O dews, in the graveyard,
Where the green myrtles cover his bed.

My hand-in-hand companion,
That the years will never restore,
The little lost hand 'neath the mosses
Will lock in my fingers no more!
As the moonlight all white is the pillow
Where rested a curl-circled head,
And the April winds sigh through the willow
That waves o'er the little one's bed.

O dear little lips that no longer
In love will be lifted to mine!
O dear little arms that grew stronger,
My neck in their ring to entwine!
Each place, gentle heart, where I loved thee,
Is sprinkled with tears I have shed,
And the glow of lost years of affection
Comes back as I gaze on thy bed.

I think of the gardens immortal,
And I seem in a vision to see
A little hand open the portal
A mighty hand closes to me,
I know he is safe with our Father,
And I turn from the thought of the dead,
And I see in my faith but a pillow
Where an angel once rested its head.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 64.—Vol. VI. OCTOBER, 1878. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have little to report or note at home, except the actual progress of English Masonry. We shall soon have 1,800 Lodges on the English Roll, a very wonderful fact, when we remember the early beginnings as well as the later struggles of our Order in England. The consecration of three Lodges and a Chapter within a few days of each other is both a sign of the times and a point to be observed in the contemporary annals of English Freemasonry.

Abroad, the news, so far from being reassuring, is about as bad and as unwelcome as it can well be. The French Grand Orient, apparently aping certain assemblies of sinister souvenirs and unsavoury associations, seems to be going on from bad to worse, to be out-Heroding Herod in the ineptitude of its deliverances, and the violence of its proceedings.

Having disavowed formally and openly as before Cosmopolitan Masonry a belief in and acknowledgment of T. G. A. O. T. U., it now has declared war against every jurisdiction which has disapproved of its insane and revolutionary proceedings, by taking powers to issue warrants for French Lodges in such Masonic territorial limits in which the proceedings of their High Mightinesses of the Grand Orient are not hailed with civic ardour and "accolades fraternelles." We only want a few genuine "petroleuses" of the "Maconnerie d'Adoption" to make the "screaming farce" complete. It has ordered its ritual to be altered in accordance with its "suppressio Veri" and its "suggestio falsi," and postpones until a more convenient season the erasure of those dreadful words, "A la gloire du Grand Architecte de l'Univers," which Positivists and Atheists deem an insult to Masonic toleration, to deified humanity and the goddess of Reason.

In vain are the remonstrances of their wisest and ablest and most prudent brethren; a self-willed majority has spoken, and adopting with almost Jesuitic subtlety a leaf out of the book of its ancient allies, the Grand Orient of France declares, "L'Orient locuta est causa finita est."

Mournful predicament for French Freemasonry; hopeless as regards its present mission and utility, disheartening in respect of its future "outcome" in the Masonic cosmopolitan world!

According to French proceedings in America and elsewhere, whether under the banner of the Grand Orient or the A. & A. S. Rite, agreeably to the most recent decision of the former body, there is nothing to prevent any Masonic jurisdiction from chartering Lodges in France, and obtaining permission of the authorities to meet (which they will gladly give), when they are made aware of our distinct principles of hatred of turbulent societies and communistic revolution, and our loyal obedience to the civil power. A question has arisen between the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Quebec which has some little importance in itself. In our opinion both Lodges are partially wrong, and partially right. Quebec is wrong in denying the rights of the individual Lodges; Scotland is wrong in too hastily avowing a claim of prior occupation. It is said that the American Grand Lodges are with the Grand Lodge of Quebec; but then we must remember that, owing to the necessities of the case, there is a good deal often of ready-made Masonic law in the great Republic, which will not stand the test of calmer history or precedent, and that, as the witty Judge of Texas once said, it is very often in things Masonic as in things civil, with our good friends, "justice modified by circumstances."

CHARTER OF SCOON AND PERTH LODGE, A.D. 1658.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

ANY who read and study the literature of the Craft, or who are familiar with the "Cosmopolitan Calendar," will be aware that there are many Lodges in Scotland, which date far beyond the last century.

Several of these have very curious records and ancient manuscripts, and some have been printed in works of the character of the History of the Lodge of Edinburgh, by Grand Secretary Lyon.

More than a score of these Lodges had an existence long before the institution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the "Scoon and Perth" Lodge, though dating from 1658, had evidently been in working order many years anterior to the date of its charter. We presume it joined the Grand Lodge of Scotland in the year 1742, according to the endorsement on the Contract by the Grand Clerk, Bro. Alison; its number, however, is *Three* on the Roll, or fourth in rank, "Mother Kilwinning" being at the head as No. *0*.

We append a copy of the Charter for the information of the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*, and consider it as most valuable and curious, the transcript having been made from the original and certified accordingly in the Laws of the Lodge (Perth 1866) :—

CHARTER.

"*IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.*—To all and sundrie persones whome thir prittis doe belong. Witt ye ws the persones under-subscryvers, maisters, ffriemen and fellow crafts, measones resident within the burgh off Perth, That whair fforsameikle as We and our predecessores have and haid, ffrom the Temple of temples building on this earth, (ane vniforme communitie, and vnione throughout the whole world,) ffrom which temple proceided one in Kilwinning, in this our nation of Scotland, And from that of Kilwinning many moe within this Kingdome, Off which ther proceided the Abbacie and Lodge of Scoon, built by men of Art and Architectorie, Wher they placed that Lodge as the second Lodge within this nation, which is now past memorie of many generationes, And wes wpheld be the Kings of Scotland for the tyme, both at Scoon and the decayed citie of Bertha when it stood, and now at Perth, heid brugh of the shirefdome therof to this verie day, which is now ffour hundreth thriescoir and fyve yeires since, or therby. And during that ilk space the said masteres, friemen, and fellow crafts, inhabitants within the said brugh of Perth, wer allwayes able within themselves to mayntayne ther first liberties, and are yet willing to doe the same, As the masters, friemen, or fellow crafts did formerlie, (whose names we know not.) But to our record and knowledge of our predecessoris ther cam one from the North countrie, named Johne Mylne, ane measone, a man weill experted in his calling, Who entered himselff both friemen and burges of this brugh, Who, in proces of tyme, (by reasone off his skill and airt,) wes preferred to be the Kings M^atie's Mr. Measone, and Master of the said Lodge at Scoon, And his sone, Johne Milne, being (efter his fathers deceis) preferred to the said office, and Mr. off the said Lodge in the reigne off his Majestie King James the Sixt of blesed memorie, Who, by the said second Johne Mylne, was (be the King's own desire) entered ffrieman, measone, and fellow craft. And during all his lyfetyme he

mantayned the same as ane member of the Lodge of Scoon: So that this Lodge is the most famous Lodge (iff weell ordored) within this Kingdome. Off the which name of Mylne ther hath continowed severall gennerationes M^ris. Measones to his M^aties the Kings of Scotland, and M^ris. off the said Lodge of Scoon, till the yeir One thousand six hundreth and fiftie sevin yeires, at qch tyme the last Mr. Mylne being Mr. off the Lodge off Scoon deceased, And left behind him ane compleit Lodge of measones, friemen, and ffellow crafts, wh such off ther number as Wardens and others, to oversie them: And ordained that one of the said number should choyse one of themselves to succeid as Master in his place. The names of whose persones ffollowes; To Witt, Thomas Craich, measone and Warden, then James Chrystie, James Wilsone, Andrew Norie, John Wast, James Roch, and Johne Young, all measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, Who efter ther true and Lawfull Deliberatione, Understanding that the said Lodge could not stand without ane Master. THERFOR, they all in ane voice wnanimouslie, ffor keipeing of wnion and aimity among themselves, Did Nomynat and mak choyce of the said James Roch to be master of the said Lodge during all the dayes of his lyftyme: And the said Andrew Norie to be Warden theroff also during his lyftyme, or as the said Masters and fellow crafts findis it convenient. And We, the saidis Masters, Warden, and bodie of the said Lodge off Scoon, resident within the brugh of Perth, Doe bind and obleis ws, and our successoris, to stand and abyd to the whole acts maid be our predecessoris. And confirmes the samene, Wheroff the tennor of a pairt of them ar to ffollow: To Witt, that no frieman, not residing within this brugh, tak upon him to contradict any true thing that the ffrieman, resident within the brugh, speakis, acts, or does, nor goe to no other Lodge, nor mak ane Lodge among themselves, Seeing this Lodge is the prin^le. within the shyre. And if any friemen or ffellow craft tak himselff to any other Lodge, He shall not be holdin to return hither again to this Lodge, till he first pay the triple off that which he payed, either to our Lodge or to the Lodge wher he wes last: And to be put cleane from the company of the Lodge he was last in, And to suffer the Law of our Lodge at our pleasure. Lykas, we doe confirme the said James Roch Mr. off the said Lodge, And Andrew Norie, Warden foirsd, with the consent of us all ffor themselves and ther successores foirsd, to put the foirsd act to executione (with our consent) agst the transgressoris. As also the acts following; To Witt That no master within the brugh or without shall tak another friemans work till he first give it over, and be payit for what is done. Secondlie, that no Master goe betwixt another Master to seik work ffrom any persone with whome the first Mr. is aggrieing, till once he quyt the bargane. Thirdlie, That no frieman tak another friemans prenteis or journeyman to work with him, either belonging to this Lodge or any other, except they have ane frie dischairge from ther Master, nor resave any entered or wnentered, except for twentie dayes space onlie. And if they be dischairged of ther Master, they are to have ther vott in the Lodge and Law thereof, iff they serve heirafter,—ffourthly, That all ffellow crafts that are past in this Lodge pay to the Master Warden and ffellow crafts off the samene, The sowme off Sixteine Pund scottis money, besyd the gloves and dews therof, with Thrie Pund scottis at ther first incoming to the Lodge efter they are past. And yt everie entered prenteis shall pay Tuentie merkis money, with ffourtie shilling, at ther first incomeing to the Lodge, besyd the dews therof. And yt non shall be holdin to be cau^r. for others, but if they doe not imediatelie pay the sowmes afoirsd, they are to have a cautioner, not belonging to the sd Lodge, for the dew and lawfull payment therof. ffyfthlie, that no entered prenteis shall leave his Master or Masters to tak any work or task work aboue ffourtie shilling scottis, nor tak a prenteis. And if they doe in the contrair, they are to be dabared from the libertie of the said Lodge as ane fellow craft in all tyme to come. And Lastlie, Wee, and all of ws off ane mynd, consent, and assent, Doe bind and obleidge ws, and our successoris, to mantayne and wphold the haill liberties and previledges of the said Lodge of Scoon as ane ancient frie Lodge, ffor entering and passing within ourselves, as the bodie therof, residing within the brugh of Perth as sd is: And that soe long as the Sun ryseth in the East and setteth in the west, as we wold wish the blessing of God to attend ws in all our Wayes and actiones. IN TESTIMONY wherof we have submit it the

samene with our hands, Att Perth, the twenti fourt day of December, Jajvjc and fliftie eight yeires. (1658.)

J. Rocii, *Mr. Measone.*

Andro Norie, *Warden.*

James Chrystie.
John Strachane.
Lawrence Chapman.
Androw Christie.
Matthow Hay.
Henie Mateson.
Andrw Stewart.
Thomas Craigdellie.
Johne Mill.
John Watson.
A. Donaldson.
D. Broune.
James Whytte.
Wal. Thomson.
David Cochren.
John Condie.
Edward Kicking.
Andrew Buchan.
An. Balanquall.
Jo. Feyfe.
Will. Graihame.
John Newton.
C. Rattray.
Alex. Ritchie.
Ja. Massone.
A. Ritchie.
Alexander Chrystie.
Androw Norie.
Johne Haggartt.
James Irvine.
Mathiew Imrie.
Thomas Rocii.
John Robertsone.
Robert Strachane.
James Rocii, yor.
James Alexander.
James Gou.
Mattiew Barland.
M. L. Dobie.

THE SO-CALLED LOCKE MS.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

I HAVE been looking into this subject very carefully lately for several reasons, and I think it well to lay before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* the conclusions at which I have arrived, so far. Up to the present hour not the slightest reliable evidence is forthcoming of the reality of the alleged MS. Its first appearance, masonically, is in the *Pocket Companion* of 1754, evidently taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1753, where it appeared for the first time in print. It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, indeed, that "the following treatise is said to have been printed at Frankfort, in Germany, in 1748," but Kloss utterly repudiates any such assertion; and if the case only stood here, I think we should have to agree in this, that so far no evidence has accrued of any such publication at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Since 1754, the alleged MS. has been reproduced in all our Masonic histories and works, and in 1861, Bro. Dr. Oliver declared for its genuineness and authenticity in words we will consider later. Most of our earlier Masonic writers content themselves with reprinting the work, without saying anything about it, while they seem to rest a good deal on the supposed verification of Leland and Mr. Locke.

So, reviewing their evidence, though unchronologically, let us first take Mr. Locke's evidence for it. His "covering letter," to use a technical term, and on which so much turns necessarily, is dated May 6th, 1696, but first was made known in September, 1754, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Is his letter genuine? Because if it be, it no doubt is most important evidence. Now of this letter nothing so far is known, except that it is

asserted to have first appeared in German in 1748, and to have been translated really or professedly for the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1754. It is not to be found in his published correspondence. If this supposed letter of Mr. Locke did first appear in a German translation, that one fact, to my mind, would settle the question. It is no doubt perfectly true that, according to his correspondence with Mr. Molyneux, Mr. Locke was in London in 1696, and then it was, according to Oliver (too fond of jumping to conclusions, on the "post hoc propter hoc" principle), that Mr. Locke was initiated into Freemasonry. But such a view has much to contend with. Anderson, writing in 1723, knew nothing about it, and it would obviously have been so important for the Freemasons to claim brotherhood with Mr. Locke when Anderson wrote in 1723, that Mr. Locke's initiation, if it had taken place in 1696, could not have been ignored or forgotten in 1723. It is impossible, as I see it, to believe that Anderson would not have mentioned, in 1723, the admission of such a person into the Fraternity as Mr. Locke in 1696, if such an event had really taken place, or was even a tradition of the Order. It could not, as I before remarked, be overlooked, or have passed out of remembrance. Anderson mentions, as we shall remember, the initiation of King William III.; though of this no proof is now forthcoming, but is entirely silent about Mr. Locke, and knows nothing clearly of this MS.

The so-called "Locke MS." first appears in the "Constitutions" of 1759, taken from the *Pocket Companion* of 1754, but does not appear in *Smith's Companion* of 1736, nor "Anderson's Constitution" of 1738, nor the printer's edition of 1746; and when we come to consider Mr. Locke's letter carefully, the critical student will be struck by one or two remarkable facts.

This letter, written, it is said, in 1696, first appears in 1748, in a German translation. In this letter, which I need not transcribe, for it is well known to all Masonic students, Mr. Locke is made to say that through the kindness of Mr. C——ns (Collins) he has procured a copy of a MS. in the Bodleian. This MS. (which Mr. Locke had not seen) "appears" to be 160 years old, he asserts; but "in itself," he adds, "a copy of one yet more ancient by about 100 years, for the original is said to have been the handwriting of King Henry VI." Perhaps in no single sentence, that I am aware of, is a writer made to commit more offences against the canons of genuine criticism than in this. He pronounces a MS. he has not seen, first to be in existence, then to be a copy of another and 160 years old, and that other, which he has not seen either, to be the handwriting of King Henry VI., only saving himself with an *ut dicitur*. No wonder, then, that our Masonic writers have gone astray, misled by the venerable name and the bad example (critically), if quasi authority, of Mr. Locke.

Of the alleged MS. nothing is known in the Bodleian Library. It has been carefully searched for both by Dr. Bandinel and Mr. Halliwell, and others in vain. If it could be supposed to exist, it might be found probably among the Tanner MSS., where Molash's Register was also discovered, by Mr. Hackman, some years ago, though I fear this is even a forlorn hope. No known MS. copy of it exists, except among the additional MSS., British Museum, in the handwriting of Essex, the architect, late in the last century, and which is a copy, in all human probability, of the printed pamphlets containing the letter of Mr. Locke and the so-called MS., of which copies are extant. Of course, if Mr. Essex transcribed his MS. copy from a common MS. original, which for the present has eluded research, the whole aspect of the controversy will be changed.

Some support for the reality of the MS. has been given in the alleged authority of Leland, than which, *per se*, none can be higher; but when this is looked into it also crumbles away into unreality. It has been often said, and the assertion is repeated in all our Masonic Cyclopædias, that it is mentioned in "Hearne's Life of Leland." This statement is to be found even in "Kenning's Cyclopædia," though its editor had previously found out the inaccuracy, but in the hurry of compilation had overlooked his own references! The mistake has arisen by confounding "Leland's Itinerary," edited by Hearne, with a book which has no existence really. *There is no such work as "Hearne's Life of Leland."* The "Itinerary" of Leland, in nine volumes, was edited by Thomas

Hearne from Leland's MSS., the first volume appearing in 1710, and the ninth in 1712. Hearne also published "Johannis Lelandi, etc., Collectanea," in 1715, but no "Life of Leland." In 1762, Mr. Huddesford, keeper of the Ashmolean Library, edited vol. I. (at any rate) of "The Lives of those Eminent Antiquaries, John Leland, Thomas Hearne, and Anthony A. Wood."

At p. 67, vol. I., of the "Life of Leland," Huddesford uses these words: "It also appears that an ancient MS. of Leland has long remained in the Bodleian Library, unnoticed in any account of our author yet published. The tract is entitled 'Certayne Questyons wyth awnsweres to the same, concernynge the Mystery of Masonrye.' The original is said to be the handwriting of King Henry VI., and copied by Leland by order of His Highness (King Henry VIII.) If the authenticity of this ancient monument of literature remains unquestioned, it demands particular notice in the present publication, on account of the singularity of the subject, and no less from due regard to the Royal writer, and our author, his transcriber indefatigable in every part of literature. It will also be admitted, acknowledgment is due to the learned Mr. Locke, who, amidst the closest studies and the most strict attention to human understanding, could unbend his mind in search of this ancient treatise, which he first brought from obscurity in the year 1696. This appears by his letter to a noble lord, which, with the treatise itself, will be here printed entire, together with the explanatory notes of that great and eminent philosopher." Accordingly, at page 96 of the Appendix, No. VII., vol. I., the so-called MS., taken, however, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September, 1753, as is pointed out in a footnote, appears in full, with the glossary, and Mr Locke's letter.

There is something so very peculiar in the proceedings of the editor of "Leland's Life" in 1762, that I must say a few words here with respect to them. In the first place, I cannot blame any of our Masonic scribes, misled by such an apparent confirmation of a fact; yet when one comes actually to consider Huddesford's statements, and the evidence of the Appendix, how little of verification there is in both! Though Huddesford was keeper of the Ashmolean Library in the Bodleian, he does not seek to verify even the existence of the MS., but contents himself with "it also appears," that is, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1754. He surely ought not to have put in here such a statement, that an ancient MS. of Leland has long remained in the Bodleian without enquiry or collation. Either he knew the fact to be so, as he stated it, or he did not; but in either case, his carelessness as an editor is to my mind utterly inexcusable. Nothing would have been easier than for him to verify an alleged MS. of Leland, being an officer in the very collection in which it was said to exist. Still, if he did not do so, either the MS. did exist, and he knew it, but did not think well for some reason to be more explicit about it, or he knew nothing at all about it, and, by an inexcusable neglect of his editorial duty, took no pains to ascertain the truth, and simply copied others, by his quasi recognition of a professed MS. of Leland. If John Locke's letter were authentic, which Huddesford assumed by his words, a copy of this MS. would remain among Mr. Locke's papers, or at Wilton House, and the original MS. probably in the hands of this Mr. Collins, whoever he was, or in the Bodleian. I have thus given all the historical facts relative to this so-called Locke MS. which are now producible.

I should not have written so much about the so-called Locke MS., but that Oliver, on certainly most uncritical grounds, asserted its genuineness and authenticity in 1861, and Bro. Fort, a most able and conscientious writer, in our last great Masonic work, leans to its reality, and accepts it as a veritable document. What it really is, and how far it can be sustained by internal evidence, I leave for a second paper.

I do not think, for one, that such enquiries as these, however minute in detail, and perhaps tedious in treatment, are useless, or uninteresting, inasmuch as we are all greatly concerned in the historical truth of our Masonic Annals, and I am always wishful, for one, to repudiate for our order worthless evidences and manipulated documents, the *fraus pia*, or the literary forgery.

Since I wrote the above I have had a communication with the authorities of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. By their courtesy I am enabled to say distinctly that the MS. is *not* among the Tanner MSS., nor is anything known of it in the Bodleian, nor is anything known either of the Mr. C——ns (Collins) mentioned in Mr. Locke's alleged letter. Unless we could suppose that Mr. C——ns has some other name, or calling, or the MS. is in one of the college libraries, the whole affair assumes the appearance (as may truly be feared) of deliberate imposture. If Mr. Collins was a book-collector or dealer in MSS., he had nothing to do with the Bodleian Library.

Evidentially, in my opinion, we must give up this so-called MS., and it is hardly worth while dealing with the internal evidence, as that, in my opinion, is even weaker than the external. So here I leave the matter to-day, regretting that anyone can ever suppose Freemasonry is aided by the "pious fraud," or the prepared document, the fictitious "charter," or the unveritable letter, and utterly disavowing, as a Masonic student, those literary forgeries which are a scandal to their authors, as they are a lasting stigma on Freemasonry.

I may perhaps be told that Bro. Dr. Oliver pronounced in its favour; but then, as I before remarked, I fear that in this more critical age we must give up the good Doctor's deliverance which is based on no evidence. It is simply the *ipse dixit* of an enthusiastical but too careless writer. At least, the "wish" with him was "father to the thought," and he did not use his verifying acumen, nor his "critical spectacles." Why Bro. Fort adheres to the document I know not; but it is quite clear to me that the evidence since Oliver's time has accumulated against it rather than for it. And so in all humility and earnestness I say to-day, "Cadit Quæstio!"

AN OPENING ODE.

In our Great Grand Master's presence
We, His servants, now appear,
In the spirit of a fealty
That ignoreth slavish fear!

Love, and Love alone, constrains us,
To accept him as our King;
May His grace for ever keep us
'Neath the shelter of His wing!

Then we'll have a heart to praise Him,
E'en when tempted *here* below;
But far better still up *yonder*
Where temptations never go!

MASONRY AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY BRO. ROBERT RAMSAY, ORILLIA, ONTARIO.

WE are perfectly aware that in discussing Masonry and Christianity we are stepping upon delicate ground, as many excellent brethren hold very peculiar views in regard to this subject. Our theory is that Masonry and Christianity go hand in hand, as twin sisters of one fond parent, along the sweet paths of honour, virtue, and truth, and we defy anyone to discover in Masonry aught that is opposed to the benign teachings of the Gentle Nazarene. On the other hand, because we do not invoke the name of the Crucified One in our prayers in the Lodge Room, we are told that we ignore the Son of God. Such a statement is founded upon a false basis. *Masonry is not Religion, but simply the handmaid of Religion.* Her portals are thrown open to the followers of every creed and sect, so long as they, before entering, profess their belief in One Great God, a Common Father, and a faith in the immortality of the soul. On this grand basis the whole superstructure of our spiritual temple is erected. We interfere not with the religion of any one of our members. The Red Man of the American forests, the Mohammedan, the followers of the priests of Buddha, the Deist, the Hebrew, the Christian,—all of these are equally welcome in our Lodge Rooms, because they have a common faith in the Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of man, and when they meet *there*, they kneel around one altar, and with solemn accents from contrite hearts unite in prayer to Him whom they all worship as their Heavenly Father. We scoff at no man's creed, we ignore no man's faith, and interfere with no man's belief. All are welcome to their own peculiar doctrines and creeds, so long as there is that great, grand, and glorious central point around which we can all rally, and towards which we all look with awe, wonder, admiration, and love.

No! the teachings of Masonry, as explained by a symbolism only understood by the initiated, are peculiarly in accordance with the doctrines and dogmas exemplified by the Christian religion, which are also frequently illustrated in the Old and New Testaments by a series of emblems and symbols. Masonry does not pretend to give man the means of salvation; her mission is simply to teach him his duty to the Author of his being, to point out to him the great debt that he owes Him for all the comforts with which he is surrounded, to make him comprehend by impressive lessons that it should be his crowning glory to lead a pure, spotless, blameless life, in order in some measure to show he possesses some grain of gratitude to Him who holds his life in the hollow of His hand. Masonry, then, should be looked upon as the handmaid of Christianity. The former teaches man his duty on earth towards God and his fellow-man; the latter points out the means of salvation. The object of the first is to make man honourable, pure, and good, a perfect stone for that spiritual temple, that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and the latter, to teach him that when once perfect, pure, and holy, he must not rely upon himself alone, but, in addition, place more confidence, trust, and hope for eternal salvation in those means that God has pointed out to him through His inspired word.

The very teachings of Masonry are all founded upon Christian doctrines. Purity of life is constantly pointed out, and a simple faith is daily taught. A Freemason, true to his principles, must necessarily be a good man; and if he belongs to the Christian religion, the lessons explained to him in the Craft will aid him in his efforts to exemplify by his daily life the beautiful doctrines of the Divine teachings of the Gentle Nazarene. Freemasonry and Christianity, then, are in harmony. The former is based upon the latter, and they should ever hand in hand continue to do good, exercising charity in hiding the faults of others, helping those in poverty and distress, supporting the widow and orphan in the hour of their affliction, confronting vice in the hells of immorality, sin, and sensuality, and pointing heavenwards to the wounded and dying. Freemasonry and Christianity are not antagonistic but harmonious in all their teachings, and in all their works, and so may they ever continue to be.

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

SUMMER, the merry-eyed maiden,
Summer, the bountiful queen,
Comes to us laughing, gift-laden,
Clad in a mantle of green.
Welcome her, clasp her and hold her,
Our beautiful golden-haired pride,
Ere Time, her false father, hath sold her
To winter, a heart-broken bride.
Drink from her lips love and laughter!
Call her your own while you may,
Nor care for the sorrowful After,
Which follows the bliss of a day.
For Summer and Sunshine are fleeting,
And maidenly beauty must fade;
And hearts will soon break that are beating,
And low in the silence be laid;
And footfall of feet blessing bringing
Will echo a moment, then die;
And hands that are clasping and clinging,
At rest on the bosom will lie.
The snowy pure bosom sigh-shaken,
Deep sighs which escape with the soul,
When love has been lavished and slaken,
And billows of sorrow, which roll
O'er the heads of the weaker who battle,
Have gathered their prey to the deep,
With the sound of the choking death-rattle
Which heralds the hush of a sleep.

Summer, the syren hath bound me
With sunbeams which dart from her eyes—
She stole from the silence and found me
Wearied of life and its lies,
And threw to me holiest ties.

Oh love! that I lost in the gloaming,
The season of darkness and dearth,
But found, as I followed the roaming
Of Summer o'er bountiful earth,
That budded and bloomed at her birth.

I will live for the sake of life's gladness,
And sunshine that scatters our tears;
And hope shall be stronger than sadness,
And faith be more mighty than fears,
As Summer sheds light on the years.

LEONARD LLOYD.

FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.

Fraternally inscribed to Bro. W. Fowler, 33°, P. M. of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 273.

BY F. G. TISDALL, 33°.

BROTHER—faithful, tried and trusted—
I will answer you with speed;
And on foot will go to serve you—
Call me when my aid you need.
Heedless of fatigue and danger,
I will cast off selfish sloth,
For to me thou art no stranger,
Mystic ties have bound us both.

When I kneel in adoration
To the Master in command
Of this wond'rous vast creation,
And the system He has planned,
Then I'll think of thee, my brother,
And each selfish thought subdue;
Every vain desire I'll smother,
Pleading at the Throne for you,

I will keep thy secrets hidden
Deep within my faithful breast,
Sacredly as you have bidden
When to me you them confessed;
All the secrets you've imparted
None in outer world shall know,
For the noble and true-hearted
All are faithful to their vow.

And when tongues of idle slander
Shall a brother's name assail,
Then I'll prove a staunch defender,
And make idle rumour quail.
Your good name to me is dearer
Than the sordid wealth of gold,
Or the treasures of the miser,
Which his greedy eyes behold.

I will quickly give thee warning
When a foe is lurking near;
All our fellowship adorning
By a whisper in thine ear.
While I grasp thy hand thus firmly,
By that strong grip you shall know
I thy brother am, and warmly
Pledged to thee by faithful vow.

New York Despatch.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IT was at a very pleasant croquet party, to be followed by the British five o'clock tea, (for even that bad practice had reached Cayley, and flourished there in perfection), at I first began to form one of that little friendly coterie to which I have alluded, and learned, moreover, to take an interest in the *tableau vivant* before my eyes. Croquet may be the pleasantest just as it may be the stupidest of games. Given congenial people, and fair sides, it is an innocent and amusing employment for an "off day"; but too much of croquet is, in my opinion, a great bore. I have known games of croquet, moreover, where the whole affair degenerated into an unmitigated nuisance, where the players, stupid and uninteresting at all times, seemed to become doubly stupid and uninteresting amid the *fracas* and *tours de force*, and changes and chances of croquet.

And here I wish to propound a question quite worthy of "all the talents" of the British Association. Why is it that good-looking young women are better to get on with at croquet than plain young women? And though I hardly expect a reply to so abstruse a query, I think it well to call attention to it, though I may have to leave it in that doubt and mystery which properly enshroud it. On that long-remembered afternoon we had very pleasant sides, and very cheery "mates," and very great amusement. To use a young lady's word, it was very "jolly." Young Morley, British soldier as he was, was as active as a cat, and as skilful a manœuvrer as he should probably be, while Twamley, whose "Geist" never deserted him, kept us all very cheerful and merry. Brummer joined in the game heartily, (though he knew nothing about it), and a young Oxonian, son of the Vicar of Molesey, astonished us by the proficiency which he had learned at Magdalen, proving, as Twamley remarked, that he had taken his degree at any rate "Literis Croquetioribus." The young ladies were Beatrice, and Miss Morley, the Oxonian's pretty sister, Miss Merewether, and Brummer's gay and *espeigle* niece Fraülein Lisette.

The older folks looked on, and being myself, or I imagined myself, something, as the French say, of a philosopher, *en retraite* (though with both my eyes open), I consented to act as umpire, being partial, if not impartial, to both sides in the contest. And even to-day, after several years, I seem to recall that pleasant scene. The level lawn, the purling brook, the murmuring trees, the fragrant flowers, all rise up before my jaded memory as a very merry vision of the past, as I rack my old brain to put into moving words this "outcome" of sentiment, of matter-of-fact, of romance, or reality, or what you will, for the kindly readers of the *Masonic Magazine*.

Alas, as the mind leaves the present of action and care, and travels away to a past of gracious souvenirs, that gay gathering seems to be reproduced in all its living meaning and being before me now, in this dusty room, amid my well-known books, though, alas, those smiling faces are now old and careworn, those soft voices are some of them prematurely hushed, those graceful forms (some of them) are still in the grave. What a sad and yet tender friend is Retrospect to us, and how like as if, with a magician's wand, it summons up before us for a little space the airy shadows of the past, only, however, to convince us, ere long, that they are the veriest if the pleasantest of shadows, as they fade from our wistful gaze and melt into the "circumambient air." But what magnificent words are these, and where in the name of all that is mentionable and unmentionable am I getting to?

Still that game of croquet progressed, as games of croquet do progress on a

summer's day; and more energetic "dames" or more assiduous "cavaliers" never did encounter each other, as Twamley says, *vi et armis!* Amid the little nothings of that game of croquet—amid councils of war, prudent manœuvres, and energetic action—it was quite clear to me that Master Walter Morley and Miss Beatrice Mortimer were getting on very well together, indeed, better than one or two of those present seemed to like.

We had been joined, in the meantime, by Mr. Miller and his pretty daughter Agnes, and Molesey of Molesey had looked in, though, as he said, he did not care for croquet, and did not drink tea, and objected on principle to "muffin worries."

Brummer, who was as wideawake a German as the great Teutonia, (auspice Bismarkii), has ever sent to our hospitable shores, remarked in his German-English, "Dat de skermeesh had been very varm, and dat Miss Beatrice had been vell supported by dat gallant officere."

Twamley, who was irrepressible, hummed, "None but the brave deserve the fair;" and said that one of the distinguishing characteristics of the British officer of the day was his attention to the fair sex at croquet and any other pastime. "Indeed," he added, "I know of a dreadful story of a young lady visiting the camp at Shorncliffe, and suffering ever after from a dreadful heart complaint, brought on by a gallant Lieutenant of the Royal Sappers and Miners."

Morley requested Twamley to shut up.

Molesey said something about "rubbish;" and old Mr. Miller took snuff.

I watched Beatrice during this merry chaff, and saw a gentle blush stealing over the cheek of that fair maiden, who was, however, very cool and collected, and, as Twamley said to me, "All serene."

Brummer declared that it was now time to go to tea, and that Mrs. Mortimer was looking out for us, adding, looking slily at Miss Beatrice, and sagaciously at us, "You know, my dear Miss Beatrice, that croquet, though a very charming is a very fatiguing and often trying game for young ladies. You really have got quite a bloom from the exercise, and you do look oh! so very well."

Poor old Brummer! I think I hear his cheery voice now. But Beatrice, as the saying is, stood fire well, and I admired then, as I have often admired since, her *aplomb* and imperturbability. Indeed, during my life I have learnt to wonder at and applaud the calmness of ladies under similar provocation in like situations.

Commend me to a young woman, especially one of our own time, for steadiness of purpose and firmness of nerve. I have beheld a line of the Guards give a sharp rolling fire; I have seen the Household Cavalry charge across Hyde Park; I have admired the R. H. A. as they came up at a hand gallop, and unlimbered; I have even looked on with beating heart at the advance of the "thin red line;" but, to use Molesey of Molesey's familiar if unclassic idiom, "By George! if a girl's courage and self-possession don't beat them all!" You can't put her out of countenance; you are unable to make her forget the "sitiwation," She knows as much as you do, and very often a good deal more.

She will keep her own secret until she chooses to avow it, and in vain are hints, or chaff, or innuendo, or queries. Our fair young friend will not proclaim what she really thinks of you or me, of this preux chevalier or that, until she thinks the proper time has come,—until she chooses to make up her own mind. And who can blame her? Who can venture to say that she is wrong? Does not the matter concern her, after all, more than anyone else? Is not the *denouement* all in all to her? Let us learn to be more just to women. We are after all, high-minded and impeccable lords of the creation as we are, most unjust often in our treatment of women.

By this time the conversation had become general, and the tea universal, and the company "mixed," and friends were severed; and though all seemed to be in the "swim," and even on the "flush," yet such are the undercurrents of society that many were not in the right place, or, as Violet Chiltorn has it, were rather on the "wrong side of the post." Old Miller had got hold of Beatrice, who was assenting most civilly to all the good-natured Scotchman's remarks, while young Morley—like all young men, wise in their generation—was paying attention to Mrs. Mortimer.

Brummer and Twamley, and that merry girl Agnes Miller, and that good-looking young woman Kate Merewether, and Molesey, and myself, and young Merewether, had made up a right pleasant group, which then was really able to laugh, though some of us, God knows, have become anxious and out of spirits since those genial days of old. Happy privilege of mortals, to be able to laugh! and if I do not say, like Praed, "laugh and grow fat," I yet envy all who still can really laugh, and laugh heartily, and laugh in good earnest. I trust that I have not said too much in this chapter. I am somewhat like the elderly maiden lady who would look to the third volume always, to see how the story ended, before she read the first or the second. If the end was as she thought it should be, she read the book through; but if it all went across, if true love did not run smooth, if virtue was not rewarded, she cried and would read no more. That good old maiden lady is not, however, the only person, as I well know, who has looked to the end of a story to see how it would all "turn out." Do any of my readers remember a charming story of that admirable writer Miss Yonge, "The Chaplet of Pearls, or the White and Black Ribeaumont." I do confess me, in my interest, to have basely looked on to the end to ascertain the fate of hero and heroine, and then calmly finished one of the best stories which our age has witnessed.

I cannot help it, then, if my readers think that already they can discern the "golden thread" of this little tale. I can only ask them to be patient and read to the end; though perhaps, alas, they may be tempted to say that the "Finis" does not "coronat opus."

I am sorry to add that both Brummer and Twamley made many jokes that afternoon about those little attentions which croquet produces, and which, as some one has put it, are "accessories before and after the fact to agreeable flirtation."

Brummer declared, for instance, that he thought the placing the feet on the croquet balls was only for the purpose of "displaying neat ankles and open lacework," while Twamley asserted that croquet matches led to more hymeneal arrangements than any other institution he was aware of, and that he knew as a fact that "croquet" was invented by a young lady who "croquetted" her young man at the first throw off.

Perhaps these light words may seem somewhat insipid to our high-spiced tastes to-day, when our young men talk the language of the racing stable, and even our young ladies have a patois of their own; when crimes and "heathen Chinee" seem to be the order of the day; when our young men think it a bore to laugh; and when conversation has become vapid to a degree almost incredible! We could laugh at most things in those days, frivolous and slight as they were, silly people that we were too.

I often wish that to-day our young people laughed at our innocent jests, and were not *au fait* of much of which they ought to know nothing. How much better it would be for us all if our young ladies, dear girls, as they are, never forgot that they were ladies; if our boys (yes, my dear boys, I say it, *ad hominem*, remember) never forgot that they were gentlemen! Let them leave stable chaff for stable boys, and thieves' lingo for thieves, and try and speak once more the pure old Anglo-Saxon "undefiled."

The Puritan may denounce laughter as a sin of the flesh, the tongue, or the mind. I care not a jot. I prefer to be a laughing not a crying philosopher, and I am quite sure of this, and Dr. Baily, who is a great authority, says so too, that laughter is good for man and beast.

A dear old friend used to like to declare that it not only exercised the muscles, but warmed up the cockles of the heart.

Some of the greatest hypocrites I ever knew were men of sour countenances and snarling utterances, who never laughed at anything, and who really could not apparently understand, and certainly did not relish a joke.

(To be continued.)

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.*

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

SCULPTURE.—III.

"Sermons in stones."

WHEN speaking in our last number of the decoration of wall-surfaces—technically "in the flat,"—we briefly noticed that in certain cases effects were produced by touching the "incised" lines with colour. The instances we then touched upon were those of no later or more cultivated branches of art than the ancient Hieroglyphs, but, like most other inventions, although rude at first in themselves, they ultimately formed the basis of several beautiful species of ornamentation; of such, the first to come under notice is

TARSIA-WORK,

which consists of devices wrought "in the flat" in "incised" lines, the incisions being afterwards filled in with cement.

In the Florentine Chapel of S. Miniatio is an extremely early specimen of this kind of decoration; but although it is most effective, still the full result of which the art is capable is not attained to, inasmuch as the cement used is of one uniform black tint. We have said that this work is not wanting in effectiveness, for the result is telling just as is a line-engraving; but precisely as in a simple engraving warmth is wanting, so with the Florentine Tarsia-Work, the eye notes the absence of completeness that colour gives.

If we pass now to a more recent example—the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor—we shall find some Tarsia-Work in which this want is completely supplied, for Baron Triqueti, the artist, has so thoroughly mastered this branch of art, that he has made it almost equal in beauty, warmth, and finish, to the most highly-coloured pictures. This result has been obtained by the substitution of variously-coloured cements for the simple black of the earlier work.

In passing from Tarsia-Work we can only briefly sum up the excellencies of the latest developments of the art by saying that, viewed generally, its beauties are nearly, if not quite, equal to those of "fresco-painting;" whilst examined in detail, it possesses the minute finish of work in "enamel."

By an easy transition we now pass on to

MOSAIC,

which is another and more developed adaptation of "incision." We say *adaptation*, although it would be perhaps more correct to say that it is "incision" pushed to such a limit as to be almost a reversal of the before-described Tarsia-Work; for, wherever in the latter process the outline is "incised," and the consequent engraved outline filled in with colour, in the former the entire body of the work is treated in that way, the result being, of course, a work of much greater intensity so far as colouring is concerned.

Mosaic, then, is the art of producing a well-nigh imperishable picture by means of cutting out the requisite design bodily in the marble or stone foundation, and then filling in the incisions with a hard substance of various colours and shades. This filling

* In the September number two or three typographical mistakes remained uncorrected, the proofs not having reached the writer of the article.—[ED.].

in may be either portions of substances naturally produced, such as shell or stone, or it may consist of glass specially prepared for the purpose: in either case it is subdivided into extremely minute pieces called "smalts," of which, before the entire picture is set, small square portions of it are put together first and are called "tesseræ." Of modern instances of this beautiful art we might mention a superb specimen produced by Russian artists at the Russian Imperial Glass Factory, and exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1872: this work has probably never been surpassed. In England, Minton, of Stoke-on-Trent, and Maw, of Broseley, make some extremely beautiful specimens of Mosaic work; their tiles have reached such a high pitch of perfection that they need no longer be confined to the floor, but can be used most effectively either alone or in combination to enrich wall and cornice decoration. When all is said and done, however, Italy seems the most congenial home of the art, it having been reintroduced there about 1250 (A.D.) by Andrea Tafi, who had learned it of some Greek artists who were occupied in decorating St. Mark's at Venice. There it has been brought to a most perfect state of finish, works of extreme minuteness being successfully executed in it by Italian artists. The manufacture of the little opaque "smalts" for making up the cubes or "tesseræ" is a very important one, belonging to the Papal Government, and being carried on in the Vatican, where it is said that no less than 25,000 shades of colour are produced.

There is in Italy another school of Mosaic Work—the Florentine. In this, the "smalts"—unlike the glass productions of the Roman School—are entirely formed from pieces of stone and shell. The scope of its works is necessarily more limited, being almost entirely confined to floral and arabesque designs.

If we enquire into the original home of the art, we meet with no little difficulty: we find, however, that under the Byzantine Empire it was extensively used as a wall decoration in the churches. Amongst the Romans, again, it was much practised, being held in especial esteem for ornamental pavements, specimens of which are almost sure to be found whenever modern research unearths the remains of the long buried Roman villa.

One of the best of our modern Encyclopædias declares of this art, "that its origin and the derivation of its name are alike unknown." Not so, however, Bros. Woodford and Mackey, in their Cyclopædia and Lexicon respectively of Freemasonry, to which system the words "Mosaic" and "Tesselated" are the reverse of strange. Bro. Woodford says that "Mosaic" is derived from the "musivum opus" of the Romans, which, he remarks, was doubtless Mosaic or tesselated work, "opus concinne tesselatum varieque picturatum;" this view is much strengthened when we see that Dr. Hyde Clarke gives (in English) "*musaic*" as the alternative form of "*mosaic*." This "musivum," Bro. Woodford considers, is further derived from the Greek "mouseion," because of the decoration of the "mouseion" (museum)—a place consecrated to the muses and set apart for study or learned conversation. "Lithrostoton," the Greek equivalent for the Roman "musivum opus," was a Mosaic or tesselated pavement, and Mackey refers to "the Pavement" (Hebrew "Gabbatha"). Mackey (in a footnote) says that "The term 'Mosaic' is supposed to have been derived from the fact that Moses thus constructed the floor of the Tabernacle." We should suppose that Bro. Woodford would *a fortiori* oppose this notion, inasmuch as he says that "there was certainly none in the first Temple, and it is not clear that there was any in the second—though there may have been when Herod restored it and re-beautified it."

Our own idea upon this point would be that if any such "pavement" existed in the Tabernacle, where everything was portable, it must have been merely the representation of Mosaic in some easily-rolled-up stuff akin to that in frequent use in our Lodges at the present day.

With the "Mosaic Pavement" is often connected the "Tesselated Border,"—we think wrongly, for we regard the latter title as a misnomer, or, at least, likely to mislead. It is true that it may be named "Tesselated," from its presenting an appearance of inlaying, but we contend that this "indentation" does not really represent inlaid or "Mosaic" work, but, instead, the indents which would be caused by a fringe of lengths

varying at regular intervals; for we consider, as we have before shown,* and as has been referred to by Brother Woodford in his Cyclopædia,† that this indented fringe represents the "fringes of the *talith*" upon which the working scroll was in all probability laid; in this way only can we account for the four tassels at the corners. The fringes of a garment might reasonably be—nay, actually were, by the Mosaic injunction—gathered up into tassels at the corners; but certainly tassels could have no possible connection with a Mosaic pavement.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Mosaic pavement, its symbolical use and beauty is undeniable, teaching us, as it does, of the inexplicable admixture of good and evil fortune in the lot of every man amongst us, be he high or low, rich or poor; for there is none, whatever may be his rank and station, whatever the accident of his birth and education, but must find his onward way chequered with frequent varying phases of happiness and woe. As, then, our feet press the squares of alternate white and black, let us be ever mindful that to-day's sun, risen in glorious prosperity and joy, may yet set in the darkest adversity and sorrow; but yet again, that just as, if black succeeds white, white must succeed black, so pain and misery must have some respite even in this life. Thus, from the Mosaic pavement may we learn caution in prosperity and solace in adversity, and, guided by its lessons, treading life's pathway aright, may arrive at last upon the golden floor of that bright place where sorrow shall be no more.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
Neighbours, lend a helping hand
To that heavy-laden brother,
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
Effort gives one added strength;
That which staggers him at rising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong;
It is God makes lives to differ,
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
Many they that need thy aid;
Many lying on the road-side,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade.
Pass not by, like Priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow man,
But with heart and arms extended,
Be the Good Samaritan.

Selected.

* *Masonic Magazine*, vol. iii., p. 169—"The Badge of Innocence."
† "Kenning's Cyclopædia," ed. by Bro. Woodford, p. 65—*in voc*, "Tesselated Border."

AUTUMN LEAFLETS.

DOTTINGS among the quiet and sombre shadows that flit between the "all things bright and beautiful" of summer, and the cold, dreary wastes of winter—shadows that come and go in solemn warning of that deeper shade fast darkening round us all. And yet some autumn pictures, in their golden store of wealth in lesson and precept, surpass the more highly tinted ones of summer. There is something grand, serious, stirring in the decay now going on around us—knowing as we do that the All-wise Architect of our universe will once more clothe the earth with renewed glory in the spring-time—that the sere and yellow leaves, which lie in heaps on all sides, are not lost, but that each will bear its part in the attainment of a bright and joyous resurrection in the future. So like our own lives here! Youth's buds, manhood's blossoms should bring age's fruit, that, when our own tree dies, its leaves, withered and fallen round the trunk, under our Father's hand may bloom again in heaven nevermore to fade. Yet how many can say that the germs implanted in our natures have received that nourishment and care needful to produce one single flower? O then! how few whose fruit has ripened to perfection! Each year that has passed has shown the same great lesson written plainly on the whole face of nature—the same truth peeping forth from every fallen leaf dying every day—the same precept in the bare and naked branches showing weird and ghostlike against the dull and leaden sky. Leaves fallen and falling still, and even as we gaze on them we send one little thought back to

"The spring-time of their age,"

when bright and beautiful they decked the earth with gladness, and *now*, their course run, their mission ended—the dead shadows of a long ago—they beckon us to follow.

It may be that such truths shine out with brighter force to one who in

"The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,"

has passed the summer months upon the bosom of the great deep, where day succeeds to day, and, save in a greater ruffling now and again of the placid mirror o'er which he floats, there is nothing changeable in the eternal waste of

"Water, water, everywhere."

Human nature knows not the value of that it enjoys till its loss has taught its estimate aright.

"The sea, the sea, the bounding sea."

What poet has not sung its praise, what writer has not woven its silvery ripples amongst his fairest flowers, what painter has not pined to catch its gorgeous ever-changing beauties, what earth-born heart but yearns at times and seasons for the sublime, the immeasurable "waste of waters?"

Hands innumerable are stretched out longingly towards the substance, but they alone who grasp it find it but a shadow. Who but they can realize the vivid picture given by the "Ancient Mariner,"—

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean?"

With nothing but sky and sea on every side, the monotony becomes so tedious that

even a bird, if one poor chance unfortunate should be so far from land, becomes an event, a thing of interest, a wonder for a few brief moments, till, lost to sight, the sameness descends once more with double weight o'er all. O ye who sing the beauties of the sea, say where ye find its joys, unless in some short pleasure cruise with every luxury of art and science at command? But tell me not that,—in a sailor's life—a life of such vicissitudes as none but those who experience them may tell—a life fraught more than any other with bitter, never-ending exposure to storm and tempest—a whole life-chance of shipwreck and disaster, more appalling than any to be found on land, for that escape is oftener than not an almost impossibility,—such a life is chosen by a single human being for the love of the sea that is born of such experience.

But my "dottings" have led me far away, at sea. I had intended dwelling on the things of *terrâ firmâ* alone, but with an apology for the weakness of human nature, I will endeavour to get back before the last leaf has fallen, leaving the trees bare and ready to be crowned with the first snows of winter. To me no days can compare with the later ones of autumn—the Indian summer, as it has been called—still, hazy mornings, when the grass and hedgerows glisten in their many dewdrops, till the sun—not the scorching luminary of midsummer days, but a mild, softening radiancy that courts us to bask in its rays—absorbs them, one by one, and gently, slowly gathers to itself the mists, leaving the earth so calmly quiet in its loss of summer hues, yet so gloriously bright in the tender light of its autumn days, that more powerfully now than at any other season it foreshadows that

> "Awakening and joyous resurrection
> Not taught by man, or limited by creed."

But in these days of high-pressure, bustle, and strife, to be in the world and not of the world is an heinous crime. What matter, the pure and lofty aspirations of golden youth?—

> "The Future never renders to the Past
> The young beliefs entrusted to its keeping."

The times are too fast for the slow and sober thought that characterized a generation that passed away. We live in the iron age of Progress, and cannot dare to indulge in retrospective visions, lest in the mad race we shall be beaten by the thousands pressing close behind.

With depth of satire almost too true has that question, "What is my Life?" been answered by an American poet,—

> "To bow before the stringent social rule,
> And live a lie.
> To crush my spirit, and to starve my heart,
> And live a lie."

Leaves have been falling thickly, and lie in heaps at almost every turn, dead and fast decaying. The "Autumn Leaflets" will soon be numbered with the things that have been; yet if their lessons have been taken to heart, how much of good have they left behind.

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right."

The "dottings" are ended. I have said my say, and will end in the words of the great English word-painter, John Ruskin,—

> "Out of the suffering, comes the serious mind;
> Out of the salvation, the greatful heart;
> Out of the deliverance, the faith."

FURUYA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

On presenting a pair of slippers to a Masonic M.P.

To make a case in every way complete
For covering an active pair of feet,
And worthy the recipients, much of thought
And lively pleasure to the task was brought.

First as to colour: what shall be the hue?
Why fix on one Masonic, Royal Blue,
Blended with azure stolen from the sky?
In varied tints a pattern we will try.

What better than when eyes should meet the feet,
A kindly gleam should there responsive greet,
Something averse to trouble, toil, and care?—
We'll choose a compass resting on a square,

That grand Masonic emblem, and the guide
By which one's every action should be tried,
With this engraven on feet, hands, and heart,
We can with cheerfulness act out our part.

Then for the basis, making footsteps sure,
And that this case may never need a cure,
We'll use a leather, seasoned well and tried,
That all the wear and tear may be defied.

Lined well and snugly, easy for the tread,
And soft and cosy, like a downy bed;
Add to the warmth and also to the brightness
With binding of brown fur of airy lightness.

And thus the case is finished; 'tis the token
Of much deep gratitude which can't be spoken.
If but it prove to be a useful friend,
The maker will have deemed it's gained its end.

Brixton. ETOILE

LORÈLEI.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein,
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
In abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge melodei.

Der schiffer im kleinem schiffe,
Ergreift es mit weldem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh!

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,
Und das hat mit ihrem singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

LORELEY.

I know not what it importeth
That I so greatly grieve;
A legend out of the ancient times
My mind it will not leave.

The air is cool, and it darkens
Where the Rhine does softly flow,
And the tops of the mountains glitter
In evening's rose-red glow!

A beauteous maiden's sitting
Up there—she's wondrous fair,
Her golden jewels are shining
As she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings at her toil a strain,
Which in marvellous magic melody
Echoes back from those hills again.

The boatman in his little boat
Lists to it with wildest woe:
He looks only at the height above,
Not on the rocks below.

The waves will engulf both boatman and boat
At last, I do not doubt:
And this is the fate the Loreley,
With her song, has brought about.

W.

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "The Path of Life: An Allegory;" "Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

ABBEY BUILDINGS.—MILDRED'S STORY.

JUST facing the western entrance of the church stand the Abbey Buildings on one side, within their own pretty grounds, and nearer the Abbey gateway the pleasant Elizabethan vicarage, ivy covered, and with many gables; on the other side, at right angles, the High-street; at the farther corner of the great quadrangle, of which the Abbey walls form two sides, and the church the centre, stand the almshouses and national schools, and further on some gentlemen's houses abutting on the road. At No. 1, Abbey Buildings, lived the Misses Bethune, two old ladies, of antique manners and primitive notions, with their orphan niece and ward—Mildred Bethune. Mildred's father had been an artist and a genius, blessed with a generous nature, coupled with ignorance of the world and its ways; and totally unfitted to cope with the wickedness that is therein. He had married early in life a Miss Copley, a lady of independent income (some £300 a year), and which had been wisely settled on herself and her offspring.

George Bethune was a man of old family, poor, proud, and clever. Miss Copley had met him rather more than halfway, or he would certainly never have married her, for he scorned to be thought a fortune-hunter, and three hundred a year was a little fortune in St. Benet's thirty years ago. At first they had, after their marriage, removed to London, where great things were expected, and George hoped to make himself a name.

He had done well at the Royal Academy as a student, had won the silver medal for "Still Life," and had got a commission to paint the portrait of the son of the then Lord Mayor. But somehow things did not prosper with him. He had an artist's idea of beauty, elegance, and refinement, and was always building castles in the air. When he sold a picture for £25, he would go and spend £50 on the strength of it.

This could not last long, and the end of it was, he failed, left London with his wife and only child Mildred, and came back to live at St. Benet's on his wife's little fortune—of which he put by £50 a year to pay off some preliminary debts, and which he was too honourable to disavow, though his bankruptcy had set him free from them. Mrs. Bethune died, and soon after her husband, who had mourned her loss sincerely; and Mildred was left to the care of his two maiden sisters, nieces of the late Vicar of St. Benet's.

Mr. Bethune during the last ten or fifteen years of his life had given up ambition, and settled down as a drawing master, teaching the upper ten of the St. Benet's world, and occasionally going over to give lessons at Peterborough and Ely. Thus it had come to pass that Mildred and Marmaduke first met; for the General, finding his youngest son had a strong *penchant* for drawing, engaged Mr. Bethune to teach him; and as it was sometimes inconvenient when the house was full of guests, or at election times, to have Mr. Bethune there, Marmaduke, then seventeen, and preparing for Sandhurst, used to go over to the Great Whyte where the artist lived, and get his lesson with Mildred,

who was an apt pupil, and whom the father delighted to teach with Marmaduke. He was a simple, good soul, and thought no harm of leaving the young people together, never dreaming that the boy of seventeen would wake up some day and find himself a man, with a warm heart and affectionate nature, infirm of purpose, and yet meaning to do well; or that the girl was even now almost a woman, and a beautiful one too, with a guileless nature, and an untouched heart. Untouched, but for how long?

The widower never thought of a possible attachment between these two, or he would have kept them wide as the poles asunder; for the General he knew was a proud man, and had high notions for his son. The General, being himself a parvenu, as he very well knew, was anxious for his youngest son to marry into a good family. The eldest son John had committed himself by marrying the daughter of the woman who kept his chambers; but the poor soul had died in giving birth to her still-born, and John vowed he would never marry again. So his only hope was Marmaduke. The poor artist's daughter marry his son! The General would have foamed at the mouth at the very idea. And the poor artist himself—well, he was a proud man, too, poor and proud; and the name of Bethune was as good, aye better than Mathew, a long, long way, and he would scorn to let the rich man think he wanted his son for his own loved daughter. But, as I said before, he did not think of possibilities; why should he? A mother would have done so, no doubt, but fathers rarely do. So when the young man left Sandhurst and got his commission in the Guards, he came down to St. Benet's to see his old friends, amongst whom he numbered the artist and his daughter. And the former never dreamed that they could ever be more than friends, these two young people, and never saw the danger of the sort of friendship which had so evidently sprung up between them. And then another year went by, and George Bethune, the poor artist whom all loved, died, and Mildred went to live with her aunts. But no word had been spoken of love, though the gossips of St. Benet's, you may be sure, had often noticed the young officer when home on furlough calling at the house in the Great Whyte—oftener than mere friendship for Mr. Bethune seemed to warrant—and then when the artist died and Marmaduke came down for a day or two from Colchester, where his regiment was stationed, and sought out Mildred at her new home in the Abbey Buildings to tell her that he sympathised with and pitied her in her great loss, the gossips talked, wondered, and said there must be something in it.

July and the fair. The agricultural show for the county was to be held this year at St. Benet's, and the General's youngest son had just come of age. Great was the excitement in the old town in the Fens, and universal the desire of everybody to make the meeting a success.

The Abbey grounds were to be opened to the public; a great marquee close to the house was erected where the dinner was to be held, and at which the General was to preside. The field adjoining the Abbey stables was to be the show ground, where the horses were to be tried and the cattle and poultry were to be exhibited, and the day was to be observed as a general holiday. It was whispered that the opportunity would then be taken of introducing Mr. Mathew to the public as the future M.P.—but some of the old *quidnuncs* thought that it would be wiser to let it alone.

"The young fellow hasn't sown his wild oats yet," said Dr. May, the old practitioner; "he's young, too young, to think of such things."

"Right you are, sir," answered his querist, Mr. Grice, the leading butcher, "right you are; want's bottom, sir; want's ballast—that's what I say."

Grice was a great politician, and had a nice little freehold property, and took part in the penny readings, and was altogether an important man; at least he thought so.

The fair comes off on the 5th July, so does the show, which is most successful. The farmers from the Fens forty miles round come in to the meeting, and bring their wives and pretty daughters.

Every one is there, and the dinner is attended by some three or four hundred, the ladies sitting down with the rest and "illuminating the proceedings by their presence," as a young and gushing reporter in the *Peterborough Advertiser* says. The General is pompously loquacious, and presides with his usual dignity. He is supported by the

other county member, and a number of magnates from the neighbouring towns, including the mayors of one or two adjacent boroughs.

Marmaduke has just come as the notabilities take their seats at the cross table, and is followed suspiciously by Mildred, who demurely slips into her place beside some friends at the end of the tent, looking very pretty and rather flushed and happy.

The speeches have been spoken—the songs have been sung—Marmaduke's name has been introduced, and the young officer has made his bow to the audience, and proposed the toast of "The Ladies." He is quite eloquent on the subject, and perhaps is inspired by the face and form of a beautiful girl who has just risen to speak to some one at the far end of the tent, and in doing so gives one beaming look towards the speaker, which he no doubt interprets rightly—at all events, he looks well content as he sits down amidst thunders of applause.

"Very well done for a first attempt, General," says old Lord Kenarlon. "Very well done indeed; we shall make a speaker of him some day. The ladies appear to appreciate him, especially that pretty girl who has just sat down."

"Thank you, my lord, for your complimentary remarks," responded the General. "Marmaduke is no fool, but he's not yet up to the mark. I wish he were a little less wild. I am always fearing he will commit himself."

"Indeed," replied the old peer; "indeed, your son, sir, seems a very estimable young fellow. By the way, General," continued he, putting his gold eye-glass up to his eye, "who is that young lady I pointed out just now?"

"Where?"

"Why, the tall fair girl with auburn hair at the far end of the fourth table from here, sitting next that middle-aged lady I saw you speak to as you entered?"

Lord Kenarlon was an old bachelor and an old beau, and, if report spoke true, had been a sad rake in the times of the Regency; but he was only great at Quarter Sessions now, a most respectable member of the Upper House, who promised to die in the odour of sanctity. But still he admired the ladies—and thought they still admired him.

"Fair girl, auburn hair, hum; your lordship must mean Miss Bethune, one of our St. Benet's young ladies."

"And pray, who is Miss Bethune?"

"Oh, she was a drawing-master's daughter here: your lordship seems curious about her," the General added with the slightest possible attempt at a sneer.

"Monstrous fine girl, General: seldom seen a finer girl: appears to know your son."

"Know my son?"

"Well, yes, I should say so; saw him nodding to her just now. By the way, I should beware of that young lady's fine eyes if I were you, General, if you don't want your son to be caught."

"Your lordship is very kind to advise me," replied the General coldly; "but I hardly think your hint is needed. My son has sufficient sense not to commit himself with a drawing-master's daughter."

"Oh, has he?" drily responded the old lord.

He knew human nature well, all its faults and foibles; none better. Love affairs, intrigues, assignations, he had had scores of them in his day. The General, in his high starched collar, looked like Mr. Dombey—very proud, consequential, and self-satisfied. The old nobleman by his side was more after the pattern of Cousin Fenix, only more sensible and worldly wise. Which knew the world best—which saw the farthest?

The speeches were done, the dinner was over, and the guests were departing as the sun was setting in the west. Under the beeches, away from the house, are two people walking a little apart from the crowd which is wending its way out of the Abbey gates homewards.

"I congratulate you on your speech to-night," the lady is saying, in a soft silvery musical voice; "a very pretty speech. I am sure we were all grateful for your flattering notice."

"Who inspired me, think you?" the young man asks.

"Me! Oh, I don't know," the maiden answers, with coquettish archness.

"Yourself."

"Oh, nonsense."

"True, on my honour."

"Have you any?"

"What do you mean, Mildred."

"Nothing—I was only jesting—but you know they say a sailor leaves a wife in every port, and I suppose it's the same with you soldiers."

The young man winces and reddens as she speaks; the lady unheedingly continues,

"But, after all, I am ungrateful; you have always been a firm friend to me."

"A friend, Mildred—nothing more?"

"What more would you have?"

"Oh! why can you ask me? Do you not know that I—I love you?"

"Hullo, young man, I was looking for you."

The conversation is suddenly broken in upon by the General, who, in search of his son, and having had his suspicions aroused by Lord Kenarlon, is now walking hastily towards the young couple who are strolling up the avenue, little heeding the angry look he gives as he strides up with military tread to where they are.

"Hullo, young man," he repeats, bowing stiffly and raising his hat in a sort of half-military salute to Miss Bethune, as she moved off gracefully and with some dignity towards the Abbey gateway after the retreating crowd.

"Pardon me, father," the young man answers with a certain grave courtesy, "I must see Miss Bethune to the gate. I will be with you in a moment."

I fear the General muttered something very like an oath between his teeth as he saw the retreating figures walk leisurely towards the gate.

"Kenarlon was right, I expect, after all. Confound the young fool."

The General was much given to speak of noble personages behind their backs in the most familiar way. Before their faces—as in the case of Lord Kenarlon, whom he scarcely knew—he went rather to the other extreme.

"And now, sir, perhaps you will explain what all this means?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, this love-making in my park—under my very eyes—with Bethune, the drawing-master's daughter."

"I don't quite gather what you mean. I was merely walking with Miss Bethune, who is a lady, as I suppose you will admit," the young man says rather warmly, but as if he were trying to keep cool.

"Lady! I daresay she is, boy, worth twopence a year."

"Excuse me, father, but I don't intend to discuss the young lady or her means even with you."

"Well, sir, I put aside your disrespectful mode of address to me; but, as your father, I demand to know whether you were proposing to that young lady when I came up, for it looked uncommonly like it?"

"No, I was not, sir."

"Then, may I ask, were you making a fool of the girl with your coxcomb ways, and your love-making propensities? I've heard of you before, let me tell you, and I don't intend to be a party to your breaking girls' hearts.'

"Well," Marmaduke replies, "if it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I was not making a fool of Miss Bethune, but I certainly told her, or was about to tell her when you came up, what is the simple truth.'

"And pray what is that?"

"That I love her."

"The deuce, you do!"

"Yes, father, I do. I love her with my whole heart, and have done so for long."

"Oh, you have. Then I suppose" (the General was very irate and sarcastic) "you intend to make a fool of yourself and marry her."

"You suppose wrong. For two reasons—in the first place, I have not got the young lady's consent; in the second place, I *could not* marry her if I would."

The General looks astonished.

"Your explanation, I demand it, as your father."

"I have none to give."

"Oh, you have not. Very well, sir. We may as well understand each other at once. I do not pretend to unravel your mysteries; but let me tell you once for all, if you marry without my consent, either this girl or anyone else, I'll disinher it you; I will not run the risk of two sons disgracing the family."

And with that the General turned on his heel and entered the house.

The young man, after pacing the avenue for an hour or so in the light of the lovely summer noon, sought his room, retired to rest, and after vainly trying to sleep, got up, lit the wax taper on his mantel-piece, and wrote a long letter, which he carefully sealed and put in the pocket of his dress coat, which he had hastily thrown off, intending to post it himself the next morning. As he again lay down and composed himself to sleep, he murmured to himself, "Poor Mildred, will she forgive me?"

(*To be continued.*)

A VISIT TO ASHOVER CHURCHYARD.

Ye hasten to the grave; what seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain?

THIS interesting paper originally appeared in a Yorkshire paper of some considerable circulation, the *Hull Packet and East Anglican Times*, specially contributed, and we reprint it here, not only for its undoubted merits, and the amusement and edification of our readers, but for the purpose of suggesting to numerous kind correspondents the feasibility of making similar visits on their own account, and sending us like reports. We promise them a corner in the *Masonic Magazine*.

There is an old churchyard at Ashover, half buried amidst the Derbyshire hills, that contains many a quaintly carved stone and suggestive epitaph. It is the very ideal of an old churchyard. The venerable parish church, stately, weather-beaten, and with no mean pretensions to architecture, raises its solemn head in the centre; around and within its shadow and the shadows of many trees are the rude graves. Time has done its best to destroy the pristine beauty of the ground; it has battered the stones about, and obliterated many a choice epigram and rural landmark, while the long, lank grass, which no sacrilegious hand has dared to disturb, threatens some day to swallow the remainder. Clean laid gravel paths lead from the gates to the church, and beyond is the village, peaceful, contented, and happy; at least, so it looks to-day in the brilliant sunshine.

Epitaphs, as a rule, are very unsatisfactory. They are too often only half-told tales. Sometimes it is a dreary lamentation, a vainglorious panegyric or pretty picture, with the inevitable moral filtering through. Perhaps Ashover is no better than its neighbours. It would be more satisfactory if it were possible to read between the lines, and know what manner of men these were who trod the earth these ages back, and catch beneath all this sycophancy—these fulsome epigrams—a glimpse of the actual creature as he lived, and so step by step lay bare the social and profane history of the age. The cynic may justly claim a shrewd doubt that were these bones to rise from the ground and survey the glowing elegies sympathising friends have placed there, they would have some difficulty in recognising themselves; yea, further, insist to know who are the authors of these vile productions, who drag these rigid corpses from their graves, prop them against their icy headstones, and make their leaden lantern jaws to speak.

In our case we will be content to let the epitaphs speak for themselves. Here is one—mark its grim earnestness, despite the grotesque construction and obscure metaphor :—

O, reader, if thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone ;
Do all we can, Death is a man
That never spareth none."

The intensity of the last line is obvious.

A little further on, and we come to one which is very satisfactory :—

" She lived respected, and died lamented.
She was—but words are wanting to say what—
Think what a wife should be ; she was that."

There is a depth of shrewdness in leaving the lady's many virtues to the imagination.

The next is not lacking in serious suggestiveness :—

" Dear reader, tis a serious thing to die,
Thou soon must find it so as well as I ;
If for our words we bliss or woe receive,
Dear reader, 'tis a serious thing to live."

There are many, of course, which teem with portentous warnings, illustrative of the uncertainty of life, and are chiefly interesting by reason of their quaint spelling and original phraseology :—

" By sudden death I was called away,
Death did not give me time to say,
' The Lord have mercy on my soul,'
So absolute is his controule.
Reflect when thou my grave doth see :
The next that's made may be for thee."

Again :—

" A virtuous wife, in prime of life,
In a moment called away,
We trust her soul rest with
The just, her body sleep in clay."

And :—

" Passenger stop and read a line,
I lost my life in Gregory Mine ;
So be diligent in prayer while time you have,
For there is no repentance in the grave."

And further :—

"In perfect health he left his home,
Not knowing that his time was come ;
O, reader dear, boast not of might,
Was well at morn and dead at night."

This last is very unsteady on its legs.

Others take a more cheerful view of circumstances. Their tone of resignation is sometimes admirable, although occasionally a touch of levity is thrown in. For example :—

" I'm now at rest and free from all the cares
Of this tumultuous world and its affairs ;
I now shall sin no more, no more shall weep,
For now I do enjoy a quiet sleep."

And :—

" Farewell, dear wife, and children nine,
I lost my life at Milltown Mine,
Do not for me lament,
Your loss is great, but be content."

And further :—

" God in my youth has cut me down,
And called my breath away,
So I must lie beneath the ground
Until the Judgment Day."

Then there are those again who, having nothing particular to say of themselves, and who do not desire to be conspicuous by their silence, mildly apostrophize the tomb as :—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful friend,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile to slumber in the dust."

We now turn with pleasure to those of a more invigorating nature, and with more of a pronounced originality to recommend them. Here is a pretty thought prettily expressed :—

"This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom."

There is also a pretty poetical idea in the following, although its estimate of life must be considered rather unhealthy :—

"Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away. Our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour."

Surely originality cannot be claimed for the next:—

"Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians was in vain,
Till God did please for Death to seize
And ease me of my pain."

And it is doubtful whether the same remark may not apply here also. There is considerable power and stateliness in the measure to make it attractive :—

"Death, steady tyrant, deaf to every cry,
Marks out his jurney, and bids the javlin fly;
O could our tears dissolve the bands of death,
Whole floods should trickle till our latest breath;
Could sighs reanimate the lifeless clay,
In gales of sighs our souls should waft away."

He was a very sensible man who wrote this :—

"No verse of praise write on my tomb,
Since there's a judgment yet to come;
Leave all to God, who justly knows,
And more than we deserve bestows."

The gem of the collection is the following. It requires no word-painting—in its shrewd suggestiveness it is inimitable :—

"This tablet
is here placed
in remembrance of
John Milnes,
a man of business and in all cases
an advocate for a plan.
He was born and lived at the Butts
where he died a Bachelor,
June 28th, 1838,
aged 78.
N.B.—'Twas said he was an honest man."

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

Chapter XI.

IT was a beautiful evening, and Nellie, enchanted by the scene, had wandered forward, and while the men were listening to Peter's adventure with Josh Snozzles' ghost, she was peering down into the sparkling waters, as they danced about the bows of the vessel. She wondered what made the phosphorous sparkle so in every drop of the spray, and would cast her large inquiring eyes from the mountains, valleys, and shining lights which were reflected in the water to the drifts of snowy clouds and the twinkling stars above in the deep blue sky. While she was thus meditating in joy on the beauty of the surroundings, she was startled by a deep voice near her saying,—

"Nellie Powers."

She looked up and beheld the third mate standing near her, with a wicked smile playing about his features.

"Nellie Powers, I don't suppose you know me?" he said.

"I know you to be Mr. Radshaw, the third mate; further than that I don't know you, and I don't know as I want to either," said Nellie, somewhat displeased at being interrupted and frightened as she had been.

"Perhaps you will know me, then, whether you want to or not, my proud beauty. Perhaps you never heard the names of Charles and John Graham spoken by your father," replied the mate, looking down into her eyes, with a fierce demoniacal gaze, as though he intended his eyes should pierce her through and through.

"Charles Graham! the man who was my father's only enemy—the man who was the cause of my brother's death, and John Graham, his wicked son, who followed my father's fortunes, and, with all the hatred and sinfulness of his iniquitous parent, burned our beautiful home, and drove my father away from the land of his birth—have I heard of them? I have, sir, but I cherish no ill will towards them, for the Lord says, 'I will repay,' and dreadful will be their punishment when they are called to account for the evils they have done their fellow-men, and——"

"Hold on, Miss Rattlebrain, and be less personal in your remarks; perhaps I know more of them than you do. My name is John Graham. You speak of your father being wronged; do you know that your father fired the shot that deprived mine of his life? Do you suppose that any wrongs your father may have suffered can pay that debt he owes me? Do you suppose that he has received one-half of what he deserves for depriving a once fast friend of his life, and that that life can be atoned for by the burning of one or two homesteads, or the loss of a small part of a stolen fortune? I will answer that question myself by saying that it cannot, and that I have sworn to follow him to the utmost ends of the earth, until it is atoned for by his own life, or he is forced to disgorge a portion of his ill-gotten wealth. By accident I learned, while preparing for a long search for him, that he had fled to the Sandwich Islands, and that you were his daughter, and were on your way to meet him. It's for that reason that you find me aboard this vessel. I'm on my way to meet him too, and when I do meet him he won't be so particular about a few paltry dollars, or a house or two, and, my pert little damsel, I trust you'll be there to see," and he reached out his hand as if to chuckle her under the chin, while his eyes twinkled in a sinful manner.

"Don't you touch me, sir!" exclaimed Nellie. "How dare you insult me in this way, you wicked, bad man! I shall inform the captain of the character of the man he calls his third officer aboard this——"

"Tush there, not so loud, if you please, you'll disturb everybody aboard the vessel;

and if you do, you know, I might find it convenient to just touch you gently and over you go, food for the fishes. So don't you mention this little interview to any living soul aboard, for the consequences of such an act will be that you'll find yourself soon thereafter in something that will feel very much like water. Now I want to say this much to you. I will open negotiations with you, towards settling this little unpleasantness, without any unnecessary ruffling of the old man's shirt bosom, and I propose we do it in this way. I have taken quite a liking to you, and you will to me when you know me better, and when the captain puts in to Juan Fernandez to repair his foretopmast, as he now talks of doing, you and I will steal ashore and remain hid until the brig sails. There we can enjoy ourselves for the rest of our lives among the shady wilds and cosy nooks of that delightful island. What do you say to this, my love? Just think, a small thatched cottage in a woodland grove, surrounded by tropical flowers and within hearing of the sea waves as they sing along the shore, and, most of all, with a mind at ease concerning your father's welfare. Will you do it?"

"Mr. Radshaw, Graham, or whatever your name is, stand aside and allow me to pass, or I shall call to Tom, who is coming this way, to protect me from whatever evil you are intent upon. Don't you insult me again aboard this vessel, or I shall inform your superior officers, and when I see my father I shall inform him of your designs, and he will see that the authorities are put on your track; so I advise you to be more careful of your words in the future." Nellie's eyes flashed fire as she looked scornfully up to the strapping, burly man, and as she turned her back on her persecutor and went aft to the cabin she was the personification of real dignity. When she reached the cabin her strength gave way from the excitement she had undergone, and she sank down on her stateroom floor in a swoon.

When she came to, she wondered if she had not better inform Harry or the captain of her adventure, and several times she was on the point of going to speak to them about it, when the threat of the mate came into her mind, and she resolved to wait and see if he offered her any further insult, and for the present to hold her peace.

John Radshaw, who had been quarrelling with the captain, and was consequently in a bad humour, had prematurely sprung his trap, and now he went below finding fault with himself and muttering something between his closed teeth. Two or three nights after the scene related above a brisk wind sprang up fron the eastward, and drove the brig along at a lively rate. Tom, who had been standing amidships, leaning over the rail, all of a sudden felt himself raised and pitched into the sea. The third mate gave the alarm by crying,—

"Man overboard! Man overboard! All hands on deck! Look alive!"

The vessel was soon in commotion, as vessels always are in such cases, and when it was learned that it was Tom who was overboard every man exerted himself to the utmost, and soon the vessel was hove to.

"Stand by to lower away the yawl!" shouted the captain, and before many minutes the boat was speeding over the waves towards the spot where the man at the wheel said he saw Tom floating as the vessel went by. Tom was a stout experienced swimmer, a real water-dog; as soon as he felt the waters closing over him, he struck out manfully for a few minutes, and then seeing the vessel fading from his sight, he turned over on his back and awaited his fate. How long he had been in this position he did not know, but it seemed ages, when he heard a shout, and turning saw a lantern gleaming over the water quite a distance from him. He answered the shout with one that united all his efforts, and the strength of a pair of powerful lungs, and was rewarded by an answering shout from over the water. He saw the light drawing near him, and then, exhausted by his exertions, he again turned on his back, and almost lost his consciousness.

When he came to himself a few minutes later he beheld the boat just going by a few feet from him: he again called out, and was soon hauled aboard dripping from the sea, and very weak from his long exposure in the water.

A hard pull of fifteen minutes, and they reached the vessel, which was again put off on its course before the wind. Tom was taken into the forecastle by his delighted

shipmates, where dry clothes were soon exchanged for his wet ones. Every one of his shipmates showed their joy at his rescue in one way or another, often in their efforts to help retarding the end they sought to obtain.

"Tom, old boy," said Peter, "give us your flipper. I am right glad to see you. Never was more happy in my life. Just take a drop of this and it will warm you up," and Peter handed him a glass of grog which the captain had passed down into the forecastle. "You puts me in mind of the time Jack Breazee was hauled out of the barrel of whale oil, only you ain't so slippery or half so scared."

"How did it happen you, Tom?" asked Sam Watson. "One would think your present company wasn't good enough for you, or that you had been partaking of the ardent, to be floppin' overboard like a fish. What was the matter? Wasn't our company good enough for a man of your learnin'? Ah, you was a strange fish, Tom, to be leavin' your college chums, and takin' to such a life as this. But how well none of them chums came with you to keep the dry togs on you. O give 'em up, Tommy; take to your true love, and don't be cuttin' up any more of your capers. How did you come overboard anyway?"

"I don't see how it was myself," said Tom, who had now begun to feel much better under the generous treatment of his shipmates. "The more I tries to think how it happened, the more I gets mixed up. The first thought I had after I got into the water was that I was aboard a fore an' after, and that her main boom guy had chucked me overboard. Thin I thought that couldn't be, for, says I, the 'Sparkler' is a square rigger, and therefore didn't have any main boom guy down amidships. Thin I thought, even if she had she could not reach me with it, and I was more confused thin iver. I thought of lots of ways, shipmates, but as I was leanin' pretty far over the rail, I think it was the lurch she gave that threw me over. It felt moighty like as though I was pushed, but that couldn't be, for there was no one near me, so I lays it to the 'Sparkler,' and a moighty bad girl she was to trate her old admirer in that way, and he a college bred man that knows the difference between politeness and bad manners."

As none of the men had seen Tom fall over, they could not account for it in any other way than that it was one of the freaks of the "Sparkler." Often when the sea was comparatively calm she would be taken with a violent fit of rolling, which warned the men to keep away from the rail. Many were the incidents called forth by Tom's adventure, and some of the yarns spun were perfectly marvellous, especially the one told by Sam Watson. Sam's yarns were always amusing to the men. When he had one to spin he would always lay his pipe down on the floor, stand up, clear his throat, say "hem" once or twice (but this could not be depended upon, he had been known to vary from one to six times) get all ready, and then off he went like a sky rocket, making the most extravagant gestures with his hands, which he accompanied by corresponding motions of his body. He had been known to relate yarns concerning a trip he claimed to have made around the North Pole, and would get into lengthy arguments with any one rash enough to dispute that remarkable voyage. On the evening in question, Sam, to the astonishment of his messmates, related his yarn sitting down, and even kept his pipe in his hand. As the story was told under such extraordinary circumstances, they listened with more than their usual attention.

"You see," began Sam, "this incident wot happened to me, happened on the Mississippi River. I wos runnin' a barge on the river then, and one night along towards midnight, after I had been two weeks on the trip, I became disgusted with the mosquitos, which were eatin' me up, so I went ashore and clum up a big tree so as to get a little rest. It had been rainin' hard for a few days past, and while I was sleepin' in the tree a freshet come down and washed the banks. The tree I was in grew on a point of land that projected out into the water, and when I woke up in the mornin' it was just gettin' ready to topple over. The land had already gone, and the tree was not long in goin'. When that tree went over I most lost my hold on it, but finally came right side up on top of the branches, and in this way I floated down the river. After three or four days I got pretty hungry now, you may reckon, and thought

it was a god-send when I seed a deer wot had got caught in the rapids a swimmin' out towards the tree. I clum down to about where I thought he would strike it, and before he knowed wot was up I had him by the horns. I wasn't long in gettin' his venison cut and hung on the branches of the tree. Then I took some of his fat, a few dry leaves and dry limbs, made a fire in the crotch of the tree, and put the venison on to cook. By this time I had got down to a low part of the country, which was flooded with water, and any quantity of animals, what had got washed out of house and home, were floatin' in the water. I was now ready for a long voyage, and was just gettin' ready for a good meal, when I saw a bear comin' towards the tree. As he came from the opposite side, I could not hinder him if I would. When he got fairly aboard he commenced lookin' about to see what he could see. Perhaps he was a little hungry; at any rate, as soon as he smelt that venison cookin' he made lively tracks over those branches to where I was. Now you bet your plumduff I was in a ticklish position. I was on a limb of a tree in the middle of the Mississippi River, with nothing but a sheath knife in my belt and with a big hungry black bear makin' tracks for my venison, which would place him in a dangerous proximity to myself. Sometimes he was on the high branches in full view, and sometimes he was down on the low ones out of sight. By and by he sighted me a little nor'-west, an' about two points off his starboard bow. He hove to for a minute, and took a look at me, then becomin' satisfied that I was the craft within hailin' distance, he opened a broadside of growls, as much as to say, 'Lay to and haul down your colours, or I'll sink you.' Now, shipmates, I couldn't get away, and I had no idea of partin' with my meat, for I didn't know when I'd get any more. The bear seemed to be of about the same opinion, an' he came tumbling along so fast that he almost shook me and the meat off the tree together. I made up my mind that by rights that meat was mine, and I meant to keep it, but I couldn't just tell how. I wasn't long in makin' up my mind that two of us couldn't flourish on that craft, so I broke off a long limb and began poundin' him with it. He didn't seem to mind that much, but came along as sanctimonious as a deacon, and looked at me as much as to say, 'Wait till I get my chance, and I'll pay you off.' I seed I wasn't goin' to get rid of him in that way, so when he got alongside I took a handful of the fine coals and dust from the fire and threw it in his eyes. This seemed to fix him for a minute, for he stopped, and, liftin' his front paws, began rubbin' his eyes. Says I, 'now's your time, Watson,' and I gave the limb a shake, and down He tumbled among the branches. Before he got ready to come up again I had fastened my sheath knife with my belt to the long stick, and every time he came up I stuck it into him, and made him drop back howlin' with rage. By keepin' this up for a little while I drew enough of his blood to make him weak. Each time he was longer in gettin' up, but he stuck to it like a pirate, until I gave him a finisher under the chin which made him keel over on his beam's end. Now when I was settled and provisioned for the rest of my cruise, what should come along but a steamer, a towin' my flat-boat. They took me aboard, but I was disgusted with those latitudes, and went down to New Orleans with the steamer, expectin' when I got there to sell the boat and go to sea. I shipped and went to sea, but I didn't sell the boat; 'cause why? I went to look for it where I left it snug and sure, when I found that somebody, who wanted it more than I did, had took it and cleared."

"Perhaps it was the man you borrowed it of," suggested Peter.

"It was not, 'cause I paid a round hundred dollars for it, what I got trappin' on the border line of British America, along of Rollickin' Tim Doolan."

"Eight bells there, for'ard," shouted the mate, interrupting the story tellers. The men exchanged places with the new watch and went below.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW.

A START IN AUTHOR-LIFE*

"Poeta nascitur non fit"

is not a saying of yesterday, it has been written a good many times, and passed the mouths of many other than its author.

It may be true, and it may not; but in either case, or indeed if it be partly right and partly wrong, or sometimes true and sometimes false, it will still do capitally as the starting-point of the few remarks we have to make on "A Start in Author-Life."

"Everybody must have a beginning" is as "old as the hills," and just as certain as that the hills, old and established though they be, had once a beginning too.

As with them, then, so with our fledgeling author; he must have a start, and it matters not one atom whether "the poet" shall have been "born" such or gradually "become" so, for when he will essay to make his powers known he must have a start.

Than this start there is nothing more difficult to the aspirant for literary fame. To be told that there are plenty of openings to the man, however young, whose name is made, is precisely like the answer given to a schoolfellow of ours who desired to bathe, by a timid father: "You shall not go into the water till you can swim!" But all this is very hard upon young writers, for how, in this case, are they ever to make a start at all?

One might say, "How about the reputations that have been made in the world of literature? I suppose that all these men have made a start?" Yes—we reply—but what a heart-breaking affair it has been! How many a weary hour's labour thrown away when the MS. of the juvenile author has, over and over again, been consigned to that literary tomb the waste-paper basket! How many a young man of promise has been disheartened and disgusted and turned back from the race altogether!

Next it strikes us that young authors would do well if they would be content with somewhat less ambitious aspirations at first. Icarus would not have met with the sorry fate he did if he had tried a shorter distance; and so if the young poet's waxen pinions are to be melted at all by the fierce sun-rays of popular criticism, it is better for him that he should fall on his feet on solid ground, whence he may, if he will, make a fresh start, than that he should descend breathlessly from his giddy height into the cold waters of scornful oblivion which engulf him at once and for ever.

Why, then, should there not be some literary nursery, some publication in which tryers could make their first attempts?—when lo, as we ask the question, the postman answers it in the most practical manner by putting into our hands *The Poet's Magazine.*

We need, after thus introducing it, say no more of it than that the execution of its object is as excellent as the conception of it is unique. Of its matter we may, however, say a few words.

The September number, then, of *The Poet's Magazine,* with which we have been favoured, is, as we are glad to see, the commencement of the *fifth* volume; this alone speaks well for the public appreciation, and therefore success, of the venture.

Of the matter of which the Magazine consists, we notice that there is a most judicious blending of prose and poetry, of the sober and the humorous, the former, at times, reaching even the height of religious fervour; when we add that all is pervaded

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by refinement of feeling, it becomes at once apparent that this monthly forms, apart from any other *raison d'être*, a capital family magazine of varied reading.

A second instalment of what bids fair to be a very interesting story by the Editor (*Mr. Leonard Lloyd*) occupies the place of first *piece de resistance* at the literary banquet. Being, as we have said, interesting, we need hardly say further that "Nothing Venture, Nothing Have," is the "old, old, story"—Love.

Another Novel, in prose, of course, "Silas Dorne," by George B. Burgin, is boldly and effectively written; we must, however, be pardoned for saying that, although doubtless "virtue will be triumphant" in the long run, there is a touching upon delicate ground that we think better left alone.

The only other prose contributions are some remarkably pungently written reviews.

Of the longer poems we must speak of Percy Russell's "King Alfred" in terms of almost unmeasured praise. The subject is good, so too is its manner of treatment, whilst the versification is pleasantly regular and melodious. Here is a really beautiful stanza containing the commencement of Athelstan's reproachful warning to Alfred:—

"Oh King! was it to feast away the time
That holy hands anointed thee with oil,
Shall youth's mad thirst for pleasure sanction crime,
Shall warriors slumber while marauders spoil—
The crown of Egbert turn into a toy,
And all thy care be—only to enjoy?"

The foundation of England's naval greatness is admirably told:—

"An opalescent sky smiled on that shore
The unborn Norman was to make renowned,
As gaily the King's fleet with sail and oar
Put out to sea; oh! many a heart did bound
With fearful hope, thus going forth to seek
The dread encounter of a Viking's beak.

Not with the grandeur of the Greek trireme,
Nor the wild beauty of the frigate swift,
Came England's war-barks—bulky in the beam,—
Like shapeless rafts upon the waves they drift;
While the coarse rigging of their rude equipment
A building's scaffold rather than a ship meant.

They were but floating platforms—somewhat small—
The moving section of a battle-field;
And as for tactics—there were none at all!
Since those would conquer who could longest wield
The axe, most dread of weapons—but a test
Of valour true, surpassing all the rest!

The King stood on the leading bark and cried,
Gladdened with an exhilarating joy,
Imparted by the motion of the tide,
"When we these spoilers four hear its destroy
I'll pass a law to make each man a Thane
Who builds one ship and passes thrice the main.'

A passing thought—how little men could tell
What was the issue that from this should burs
A thousand years have not expanded well;
Or that the spirit in those moments nursed
Should grow in glory till a quenchless star
It rose victorious over Trafalgar.

Three days passed by, and then, at set of sun
The first of Admirals that England knew
Her earliest naval triumph proudly won,
And chased the Vikings, where we now may view
That mighty sea-wall that so well defies
Atlantic waves that seem to scale the skies.'

Our space is limited, but we must give one extract from "The Path of Gold," by Thos. W. Lee Smith. How forcibly he describes our country's curse :—

"Then made my mystic guide my footsteps pass
Through many a shameless broad, or secret way,
Where horrid trade is plied by night and day;
Through gaudy temples bright with gold and glass,
The lowest deeps
To which the wondrous human form can fall,
Where frantic passions madly fight and brawl,
Where poisoned streams, that wash the soul away,
Leave but distortions of the primal day,
And where the wretched victim steeps
His soul in draughts from which at length 'tis death to stay."

To particularise all the excellent contributions to this number of the Magazine is not now possible: suffice it to say that all are good, and with this commendation we must leave the matter in our readers' hands. We ought, perhaps, to mention that the more religious aspect of poetry is represented by "Salvator Mundi" (E. Cyd), and that there are some excellent *Vers de Société*, entitled "Breakfast-Time."

We cannot better conclude than by reiterating that an author's trial-ground was wanted, and that Mr. Leonard Lloyd has exactly supplied that want in the issue of *The Poet's Magazine*.

W. T.

SONNET.

On the "Vicissitudes of Love."

Love's early morn, how bright, with no dark cloud,
Or frown of care, to obscure with one sad streak
Its roseate skies; as if no storm could break,
Or later glooms the smiling heav'ns enshroud.
'Ere wed, how each glad wooer speaks aloud
Of love; the nymph he woos, how can she speak,
Save with her eyes, or else with her flush'd cheek?
Thus only her meek, modest thoughts avowed.
Soon afterwards, how pleasing the reverse,
When once the hymeneal ring's put on;
'Tis *hers*, then far more loudly to rehearse
And speak her mind—and his to hear alone;
And silently t' endure some words, I fear,
He often does not greatly wish to hear.

Bro Rev. M. Gordon.

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," etc., etc.

CASLON'S Circular informs us that "type metal is a composition of lead, tin, antimony, and copper, all of which metals are necessary to give the required *ductility, hardness, and toughness. No other composition has ever been found which* so well answered all the purposes for type making." The fifth number contains a nice little account of Type Founding, illustrated by woodcuts, and also of Registered Adjusting Furniture, which article will be a useful improvement in the art of printing,—one of the noblest manual labours any human being can be engaged in. The names of Baskerville and Caslon are inseparably connected with the history of letterpress printing in England; but the former, at his death in 1775, left no issue, though his name is imperishable. Not so with the house of Caslon, which, though the celebrated William, the first English type-founder, died in 1766, still maintains a foremost position in the ranks of the type-founders of Europe.

The ignorant prejudice well meaning but badly educated people entertain against making the hidden mysteries of nature and science our study is well shown in the following short extract from *Homes of the Hamlet*, from the pen of my literary friend, Charlotte Phillips:—

"Good Superintendent Whykes! I used to like him for the zeal he displayed on behalf of these little ones; and yet it certainly was not always a zeal according to knowledge: for well I recollect that G—— had been for some time trying to teach the children the distances of some of the planets from our earth; and, in order to impress the matter more fully upon their minds, had drawn out the distances upon the black board. Our schoolroom was used for the Sunday School, and we invariably found on a Monday morning that the figures were effaced from the board.

"'Who is it that always rubs out this lesson, which I take so much pains to copy for you, boys?' said G——, one morning.

"'Please, Sir,' said a little, sharp, black-eyed boy, about ten years old, 'it is Mr. Whykes.'

"'And do you know why he does that? Is not the board always hung up in its place on a Saturday out of the way?'

"'Yes, Sir; but Master Whykes asked what that meant that was written there, and I told him about the stars, and their distances from us, and he said it was very presumptuous and wicked of you to teach us what God never meant we should know: it was like trying to bring down heaven to earth; and that we should be contented with what God had told us in the Bible, without prying into His secrets.'"

Mr. William Andrews has published in a separate form the short but pithy paper contributed by him some time ago to the *Argonaut*, on Beverley Sanctuary, with illustrations of the Frid Stools yet remaining at Beverley Minster and at Hexham, the only two, I believe, now existing in England. The privilege of sanctuary dates back to the earliest records of history, and seems to have prevailed both among Jews and Gentiles. By the Mosaic Law it was ordained, 3369 years ago, that for manslaughter the criminal should have "a place whither he shall flee," but the murderer, who came "presumptuously upon his neighbour to slay him, with guile," was to be dragged even from the altar to his doom (Exodus xxi. 13, 14). And at a distance of nearly

twenty centuries, one can look back into Judea, and see the usurper, Adonijah, on hearing how his half-brother, Solomon, had been anointed king, by command of their common father, David, fleeing to lay "hold on the horns of the altar" at Gibeon, and we can almost fancy that we, too, hear the new king exclaiming when the tidings are brought to him: "If he will show himself a worthy man, there shall not a hair of him fall to the earth: but if wickedness shall be found in him, he shall die." And we can easily imagine we see Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, the year following, savagely slaughtering Joab, by his cousin Solomon's command, even after he had "fled unto the tabernacle of the Lord, and caught hold on the horns of the altar," vainly hoping to there find sanctuary. But, though blood is said to be thicker than water, the common ties of kith and kin did not avail in the least to save the two offenders from the fatal penalties of their treason. Indeed the heathen nations seem to have held the privilege of sanctuary more sacred than the Jews; though no man could ever count on safety anywhere who had offended his monarch and the priesthood as well.

Macaulay has well remarked, that "in times when life and when female honour were exposed to daily risk from tyrants and marauders, it was better that the precinct of a shrine should be regarded with an irrational awe than that there should be no refuge inaccessible to cruelty and licentiousness."

Our Saxon forefathers duly regulated the privilege of sanctuary by law, and therein protected the offender for thirty days, at the expiration of which he was safely handed over to his relations; thus giving him some time in which to arrange for those money mulcts which were then, as now, too frequently the unequal punishment of crimes. It was in their days that the custom arose at Beverley which Mr. Andrews has ably but not exhaustively chronicled in a few pages.

In the able *History and Antiquities of the Town and Minster of Beverley*, from the prolific pen of our late Reverend Brother, George Oliver, we are told:—"It was reserved for Athelstane, the benefactor of the town of Beverley, to unite the whole kingdom under one head, by the annihilation of the Danish sovereignty;" and how, "in the first year of his reign, he gave a charter of liberties to the church and town of Beverley, which placed it at the head of the East Riding of Yorkshire:" and, after particularizing a few of those, he adds: "The right of sanctuary was now first vested in the Church of St. John, by the pious munificence of Athelstan, and a Fridstol, or chair of peace, was placed in a conspicuous situation near the altar, as an emblem of protection to the refugee. The limits of the sanctuary, called Leuga, were comprehended within the circumference of a circle, of which the church was the centre, and whose radius was about a mile. It was defined by four crosses, one of which still [1829] remains in a dilapidated state. These crosses were placed on the four principal roads leading to the town. One was called Molescroft Cross, and stood near Leckonfield Park; another towards North Burton; a third towards Kinwalgraves; and the last to the south of Beverley, on the road which led to the ferry across the Humber." The penalties for arresting any malefactor within the crosses were very severe,—*two hundreth*, each hundredth containing eight pounds; which was doubled to four hundredth within the town; increased to six hundredth if within the walls of the churchyard; which was doubled to twelve hundredth if within the church; and again increased to eighteen hundredth, besides penance for sacrilege, if within the doors of the choir; "but if he presumed to take him out of the stone chair near the altar, called Fridstol, or from among the holy relics behind the altar, the offence was not redeemable with any sum, but was then become *sine emendatione, boteles*, and nothing but the utmost severity of the offended Church," says Pegge, "was to be expected, by a dreadful excommunication, besides what the secular power would impose for the presumptuous misdemeanor."

When our ancient operative brethren at Beverley had completed "the north porch, and the west front, with its majestic towers and battlements, and, perhaps, some of the windows in the choir and east end," as Bro. Oliver expresses it, Richard II. confirmed, among other liberties and privileges, "its sacred right of sanctuary; which, within a very few years, afforded its protection to Sir John Holland, knight, half-brother

to the king." The account, as given by Bro. Oliver, is very interesting, and might have been appropriately quoted by Mr Andrews; for the sanctuary of Beverley proved much more potent to Holland than that of Gibeon did to Joash. There are also some passages in Bro. Oliver's rival historian, Poulson, worthy of quotation. But Mr. Andrews probably was pinched for space. The abstract he gives of the Beverley Sanctuary Register at pages 11 and 12 is very interesting. The history of sanctuary in England, down to its final abolition seven years after the death of Shakspere, is yet to be written.

Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon, the great American naturalists, are names that will ever be dear to all who really wish to make the hidden mysteries of nature and science their especial study; and yet Wilson was a Scotsman, who would not have left his native land if he could have made a bare existence by his apprenticed trade of handloom weaving, his adopted vocation of pedlar, or (what ought, perhaps, as poor Walter Ord once remarked to me, to be above all pecuniary recompense) the higher position of a poet, which his "Pack," his "Watty and Meg," and many other of his poems, proved him to be not entirely unfitted for. Far below the eagle flight of our inspired Brother, Robert Burns, was that of Alexander Wilson; yet a man may be a good portrait painter without being a Walter William Aulcss; and the Paisley poet deserved a better fate than being literally "starved out," and compelled to seek across the broad Atlantic that bread—even simple oatmeal porridge would have sufficed—which his native land denied. But niggard Scotland, which erects monuments without number to her gifted children, generally puts them well through the discipline of poverty whilst alive. Audubon, on the other hand, was a Frenchman, born in Paris, about thirty years and nine months after Wilson's birth in the Seedhills of Paisley, and enjoyed that careful parental training which to poor Wilson was denied; besides, Wilson had bravely acted as a pioneer before him, though it is said that on the Scotsman calling upon the Frenchman when soliciting subscribers for his famous book on natural history, Audubon only gave him the cold shoulder. I see the *Henderson Reporter*, one of the old Kentucky papers, gives the following interesting particulars of the latter naturalist's life there threescore years ago, which I am anxious to place on permanent record for the instruction and improvement of Craftsmen who really make the liberal arts and sciences their study:—

"As near as we can learn, Mr. Audubon moved to the Red Banks, or Henderson, about the year 1810 or 1812. He married Miss Louisa Bakewell, of Louisville, who bore him two sons. Mrs. Audubon and the two sons accompanied Mr. Audubon to his new home, and they all lived here until about the year 1822 or 1823. He was a Frenchman, and, possessed of all the energy, fire, and *vim* so characteristic of the French people, he soon embarked in business. His first enterprise was to open a grocery and dry goods store in a little one-story log house which stood upon the corner of Main and First Streets. He lived with his family in a little one-story brick building, just in the rear of where the Odd-fellows' building now stands. Just where the Post Office is now located was a pond, in which he used to catch one or more turtles every day, which he used in making into his favourite dish, turtle soup. Shortly after this he operated a very large corn and flour mill at the foot of Second Street. This mill was of very large capacity for those days; in fact, it would be regarded as of very respectable size these times. In this mill, upon the smooth surface of timbers, were to be found the most life-like paintings of birds, fowls, and animals of every description which inhabited this country at that time. Mr. William T. Barret has now, it is said, the first painting Audubon ever made of the woodpecker. The bird is represented as sitting upon the limb of an old tree and listening to the familiar call of its partner. So perfect is the picture that persons have frequently mistaken it for a genuine stuffed bird.

"While Mr. Audubon was engaged in the milling business it was his custom to bathe in the Ohio. This he continued until he became the most noted of all the swimmers who indulged in that delightful pastime. It is said of him that when the first steam-boat landed at the town, some of her machinery had become disarranged, and the boat had to remain here for several hours making necessary repairs. As might be expected upon so extraordinary an occasion as this, the people turned out *en masse* to see something new under the sun—the steam-boat. A number of country visitors imagined the thing had life in it. Mr. Audubon and other citizens were among the visitors, and during the time they were on board concluded they would indulge in their favourite amusement—swimming. They undressed and began to dive from the side of the vessel. Several members of the swimming party made successful dives from the inside of the vessel next to the bank, coming up on the outside. This was regarded as wonderful. Mr. Audubon walked to the bow of the boat, sprang

into the river, and after some time had elapsed made his appearance below the stern, having gone clear under from one end to the other. This feat was regarded by all who witnessed it as a most remarkable and daring undertaking, and he was awarded the greatest praise for this unequalled performance. It is said he did this several times during the time the boat lay at the bank. Mrs. Audubon was also a great swimmer. Mr. H. E. Rouse told us that he had frequently seen her go into the river at the foot of First Street and swim to the Indiana shore. She dressed in a regular swimming costume, and was regarded by all who knew her as the next best to her husband, if not his equal.

"*During* Mr. *Audubon's life in* Henderson he pursued the study of ornithology, frequently going to the woods and remaining there for two or three months at a visit. Upon one occasion he followed a hawk, peculiar to this country, and, so anxious was he to become the possessor of the bird, he pursued it for two or three days, finally succeeding in killing it. He was never known to stop for streams of any kind; he would swim rivers or creeks in pursuit of any game or bird he might be in search of. At one time he watched a flicker, or what is commonly known as a yellow-hammer, until he saw it go in a hole near the top of an old tree. He immediately climbed the tree, and, running his hand into the hole to get the bird, caught hold of a large black snake. *Pulling it out of the hole,* and seeing what it was, he immediately let go, and he and the snake both fell to the ground. Mr. Audubon used to tell this story, with a good deal of humour, to the many who often wondered at the risk he would take in the pursuit of this great study.

"*After living in Henderson until about the year 1822 or 1823,* he became, from some cause, jealous of his wife, who is represented as having been a very beautiful woman. They got along badly, and she finally concluded to go to her former home, Louisville, to which place she was driven overland in the carriage of Benjamin Talbott, by his coloured driver. Mr. Audubon became embarrassed in his business matters, and concluded to move from Henderson to a new locality, which he did some time afterward. We have in this community several gentlemen who knew Mr. Audubon well, and who can tell a great deal of his history while living here."

Mr. Egglestone has published, in a neat form, the able work on Bishop Butler at Stanhope which I announced in a previous Note, and which I hope to glance at more fully in a future number of the *Masonic Magazine*, as the book is full of interest.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE MODERN ORDER OF "KNIGHTS TEMPLAR" IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.

BY COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, 33°, A. AND A. S. R., GREAT PRIOR OF CANADA.

THE great interest evinced of late years by the Masonic Body of the United States and Canada in the Order of Knights Templar induces me to enter into some particulars relative to its origin and modern practices, explicitly pointing out my own long-formed impressions, and to correct, if possible, errors which many Masonic writers have fallen into whilst explaining the significance of its ceremonies, but who, evidently ignorant of the true history and character of the Order, have, by misrepresentations, caused it to be vilified by those unacquainted with its objects and origin.

The Order holds the most conspicuous place in the history of the Crusades, where they fought in Palestine to vindicate and further the Christian religion, and regain possession from the Saracens of the holy places of our Faith. Although from their original poverty called "Poor Fellow Soldiers of Christ," they, in course of time, amassed great wealth, and became possessed of extensive estates in Europe, having Preceptory Houses scattered all over Christendom, owing allegiance to but one Supreme Head, and becoming so powerful as to excite the fears of the Popes as an ecclesiastical,

and of Kings as a semi-military body. At length Philip, King of France, at the commencement of the 14th century, coveting their possessions, and fearing their influence, persuaded the then Pope, Clement V., to join with him in suppressing the Order, and seizing their estates, most of which Philip subsequently appropriated to his own use.

The proceedings taken against the Templars for their suppression are matters of history. The Order was annihilated, and everywhere deprived of their estates, and the members reduced to poverty. A great number were received into the Order of St. John (afterwards called Knights of Malta) on the same footing as they stood in their own Order, strong evidence that the guilt of the Templars was not substantiated. The greater part of them, however, were dispersed over all parts of the world, driven here and there by persecution and distress, and gradually, as the members died off, or merged into other Orders, the name of Templars fell into oblivion, or was only remembered with pity for their unmerited fate. Some of them are supposed to have found refuge and sustenance amongst the ancient Society of Freemasons, who then, as now, were ever ready to aid distress, without regard to country or religion. Such is the record of the rise and fall of this once famous Order, and the popular legend and belief of the connection that exists between them and Freemasonry.

Much diversity of opinion has been expressed, and many conflicting statements advanced in the discussions entered into, as to the origin of the modern Order, which originally formed no part of Freemasonry, but, as now constituted, is undoubtedly one of the Masonic degrees, fully recognized at the Union of the English Craft in 1813 as a distinct body, governed by its own laws and constitutions, attached to Craft Lodges and Royal Arch Chapters, having nothing mystical in its ceremonial, its members being strictly confined to Freemasons professing and practising the Christian religion.

The precise date when, and by whom, it was first introduced and adopted by the English Craft has not been clearly ascertained, there being no trace, or a very faint one, of its existence in connection with Freemasonry in England prior to the middle of the last century, about the period when "Lawrence Dermott" reorganized the York Rite, working out, it is said, the English Royal Arch from a previous system, as the completion of the original second part of the Master's degree. It is not impossible that he may also have introduced from France the Templar system, where it formed part of the higher Masonic degrees, as practised in Europe, claiming to be the successors of and a continuation of the ancient Chivalry of the Crusades; but like many other matters connected with Freemasonry, this connection has been asserted, taught, believed, and handed down from one generation to another without any very critical examination, for notwithstanding the strong arguments and circumstantial evidence employed, it has never been satisfactorily shown how the connection was brought about, and, unfortunately, there are no records to show, or direct proof, that the present Modern or Masonic Templars are the lineal and actual descendants of the early chivalric body. Masonic authorities have, therefore, now generally arrived at the conclusion that modern Templary is an adaptation of the doctrines of the mediæval Order, introduced into the Masonic Body after the establishment of the present symbolic system. It is well to recollect that, up to the Union of the Grand Lodges in 1813, English or St. John's Masonry was virtually Christian, as not until that date did it avowedly become *universal*, tolerating the Christian chivalric degrees.

Some Templars, no doubt, might have learnt the doctrines on which Masonry as now existing was founded, but it would seem more practical that Freemasons on the Continent of Europe, who wished to introduce some novelty into the pure and simple Craft system, revived, and attached the Templar Order to it, because it was not known what the Templars had practised in secret, and no one could tell how much or how little of the charges against them were true, but all could see that there was a mystery and interest about that great and famous body; the very circumstance of the name "Knights of the Temple of Solomon" may also have led the Masonic body to claim a direct connection.

The origin of all Masonic degrees is enveloped and shrouded in mystery; the

fraternity being always adverse to publicity, handing down their peculiar secrets "viva voce" to future generations, with the same caution that the philosophers of old displayed in perpetuating their symbols and mysteries. The Templars also, like the Jesuits, never communicated their secrets to strangers, and some even were concealed from the greater part of their own members. It is therefore not reasonable to believe that the Order of the Templars ceased to exist after its political suppression. It is probable that small organizations of it were kept up in many places, and the hope cherished that it would some day be possible to revive it. A great and extensive organization could not utterly have lost all cohesion and died without a struggle; but it is equally unreasonable to believe that the fragments here and there entered into any association of working men, such as that of "The Builders" or "Freemasons" then were, who could not have been expected to devote themselves to the restoration of the Templar Order, in direct opposition to the ban of the Church; even personal safety would not have been secured, and there is no proof that the Knights ever joined the German building sodalities; besides, if it had been seriously intended publicly to restore the Order, there would have been no difficulty in doing so after the Reformation—therefore no valid reason exists why they should have concealed their organization under the mask of Freemasonry. At the same time, it is quite possible that remnants of the Order, to perpetuate the memory of their glory and wrongs, may have assumed some of the higher degrees and formed bodies consisting of themselves alone. The A. & A. S. Rite would appear to throw some light on the matter, and I think I may adduce without any infringement of the esoteric history of the degrees some allusion to this connection.

One of these degrees, in which the numbers *eight* and *one* are indicated by the position of the hands as a mode of recognition, would seem to refer to the eight knights who founded the Order of the Temple, and the ninth who entered with them afterwards; then again the nine elus may also represent these founders, and the Knights of the "East and West" may mean the Order of the Temple created in the East, and afterwards having Preceptories in Europe. The word Kadosh (holy) indicates a Templar, "Haikal Kadosh" meant "holy house of the Temple." In fact, we have the degrees 15, 16, and 17, entitled in succession, Knights of the East, or Sword—creation, and first period of the Templar Order in Palestine—Prince of Jerusalem—(Knights of the Haikal Kadosh of Jerusalem). The rebuilding of the Temple may have been meant for the re-establishment hoped for of the Templar Order: other examples might be quoted intelligible to the initiated alone, and in the highest degrees of the Rite will be found corroborative evidence implying a common origin with Templary.

That these degrees bear affinity to the Templar system is evident, being formerly in England always given under the sanction of the Templar warrant, and the Templar Order was considered the guardian of these high degrees, until of late years, when they were resigned to the A. & A. S. Rite of 33°; but the original connection with Freemasonry, as an inherent part of it, is a mystery, and likely still to remain so, for the Templar Order has not in its ceremonies any resemblance, even the most remote, to Craft Masonry, and besides is intensely *Trinitarian*. The probability is that the connection was first entertained and brought about by individual Knights joining the fraternity of Masons, and it is more than probable that this was particularly the case at the Reformation, when the religious houses and fraternities of the middle ages, some of whom had preserved the ceremonies of the ancient Templars, were broken up and the members dispersed, for it is difficult to believe that men of probity in the Masonic society of the last century deliberately *invented* the Templar degree, introducing it as the true Order long secretly attached to Freemasonry, unless they had some grounds to believe that actual Knights of the Temple had formerly entered it for the purpose of preserving their old Order from utter extinction.

Taking this view, I am still impressed with the belief that our modern or Masonic Templary has a right to be considered the descendant of the Chivalric Order, and in consequence I have from time to time in my addresses to the Great Priory of Canada endeavoured to point out inconsistencies and inaccuracies in its forms and practices; but I fear my object and meaning have in many instances been greatly misunderstood,

attributing a desire on my part to advocate a total separation from Freemasonry, to admit of its assuming a more exclusive character, in accordance with its presumed chivalric origin and constitution. This is entirely a mistake, for to sever the connection to which it owes its present existence would take away its claim to be considered as legally perpetuating the old Order of the Crusades. The attempt was made some years back by the Scottish branch, but utterly failed, and they were obliged to resume the Masonic qualification. My whole object has been to endeavour to point out the anomalies of the present system, and, if possible, prevent the further perpetuation of errors palpable to the historic student. Even supposing that the modern or Masonic Templar Order is but an imitation of the old Knightly fraternity, still, as it professes to be chivalric, there surely can be no question that it should be historically correct and as nearly as possible follow the original in preference to mere fancy ceremonial inventions.

A re-organization of the Order in England, changing the names and title to that of the original nomenclature of the ancient Templars, with a careful revision of the statutes, took place in 1873, the object being to unite and place all the different sections in the British dominions under the Grand Mastership of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, adopting a common code of laws and ceremonies, dividing the Order into Nationalities, or Great Priories, each being governed by a Great Prior, these Great Priories making their own laws; the affairs of the whole Order being managed and regulated by a body termed the "Convent General," composed of the Great Priories sitting in common, presided over by the Grand Master, who has also a Council especially constituted under statutes, so that he may be advised by a body in which all the nationalities are equally represented. This scheme of organization, following the practice of the early Order, originated with the learned and zealous (then Grand Chancellor) Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Q.C., LL.D., formerly Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands, ably supported in skilfully carrying it into effect by the highly esteemed and well-known Masonic authority, the Hon. Judge Fitz-Henry Townshend, LL.D., of the High Court of Admiralty, Dublin, Gr. Com. Sup. Gr. Council 33° for Ireland, etc., based on the original and existing principle that the Order, having a chivalric origin, was not in itself Masonic, but had a Masonic basis and qualification, requiring that its members could only be taken from the Masonic Fraternity. The intention was also to form a cosmopolitan chivalric body, regulated by the customs and usages of the present century, having but one Grand Master, as of old, under whom different nationalities, divided into Langues or Tongues, could assemble without any interference with their individual political allegiance.

It was confidently hoped and looked forward to, that this admirable organization, clearing away much of the unsatisfactory and incorrect practices of the modern system, would raise the Order to a more conspicuous and independent sphere of usefulness, uniting the different branches into one powerful and influential Christian confraternity; but this desirable result does not seem likely to be attained, and the time and labour bestowed by the erudite framers of the system are thus thrown away.

A majority of the English nationality being dissatisfied with the federation, and ignoring the articles of convention, are endeavouring to set it aside and resume their former anomalous position, without reference to the wishes or opinions of the sister Great Priories, or to the advantages held out by a uniform system, and have also objected to adopt one of the most important changes contemplated, viz., the revisal of the ritual in use. For this end a Ritual Commission had been appointed who, after some years' careful consideration of the subject, submitted their Report to Convent General in October, 1876 (published in the proceedings of the Great Priory of Canada of last year), which commends itself, being a full exposition of the views taken by the Commissioners. The ritual recommended by them appears to me all that can be desired, and should be adopted intact; even if it is in parts objectionable, or imperfect, it would be unwise for the Order to have one ritual for England and Ireland and another for Canada. It has also the strong recommendation of assimilating with the Scottish ceremony, many years in use, and (although Scotland has not joined the Union) it would ensure uniformity in all the branches under British rule.

The necessity for a revision of the ceremony of a reception may not have been

generally entertained; it arose from the changes that have taken place from time to time since the introduction of the Order into English Freemasonry, and we find by reference to Masonic records that it was first conferred as an *honorary* degree, given either before or after the Royal Arch, evidently with a very short ceremony, mention being made of the recipient receiving other degrees at the same meeting.

Unfortunately, the Masonic teachers and writers of the last century fell into very grave mistakes as to the practices and history of the old Knightly fraternities, possibly arising from there being at the time no popular historic knowledge of these Orders disseminated, leading them to *invent* as their fancy dictated what they supposed were the correct usages, without much regard to historic accuracy. Their idea would seem to have been that the Order of Knights Templar and Knights of Malta were synonymous. No doubt this blunder caused the degree of Malta to be mixed up with that of the Templars, which there is every reason to think was never contemplated when Templary was first attached to the Craft; but as the Union, whether by design or accident, has been so long established, it is not now desirable nor advisable to dissolve it, the history and doctrines of the Orders being so much alike and the object of both being to attain the same end.

In the early Encampments, as these combined bodies were called, the ceremonies were not of a very uniform character, and considerable differences existed, some referring more to the Hospitallers of St. John, wearing the *black* habit or costume of that Order, whilst others followed the French "Order du Temple," representing the Templars of the Crusades, using the *white* Mantle, the *true badge*, thus giving rise to the discrepancies that have been found to exist in different jurisdictions. The degrees of the "Rose Croix" and "Kadosh," now of the A. & A. S. Rite, as also that known as "Kt. Templar Priest," formed part of the system, to which was added a short ceremony for the Degree of Malta, this latter being merely intended as a brief historical record, to show that the Kts. of St. John, having established themselves in the Island of Malta, assumed that name, the Masonic Malta Degree being a mere allusion to, but having no inept pretensions to a connection with the "Sovereign Order of Malta." Great care appears to have been taken by the Commission to ascertain the ancient ceremonies of the Templars, evidently from researches into the most authentic documents extant on the subject, and in preparing a simple and impressive ritual, going back to first principles and keeping it as nearly as possible to what it was in the olden time, before Masonic innovations had crept in which had no place in the early Order. This explanation, it is to be hoped, will prove satisfactory to those interested in the subject whose time and class of reading may not have led them to a knowledge of its true history, but who wish without trouble to be correctly informed. No arguments or explanation will, however, have any weight where there is a determination not to be convinced, and an obstinacy of purpose to attain a selfish end. A dislike of change is a characteristic of most of us, and we are naturally in favour of what has been sanctioned by long use, clinging to old associations; but the antiquity to be desired and retained is that which carries us back to the beginning; the working of any new system being most irksome, it is wise to make all radical changes gradually, respecting the prejudices of those who are opposed to extreme measures.

There cannot be a doubt that in modern Templary many customs have been introduced by those ignorant of its history who, taking vulgar error and fiction for fact, have perpetuated absurdities as genuine evidence, which it is now difficult to eradicate, although shown to be historically incorrect.

In former times there were two separate classes of Knighthood: the earliest (now extinct) originated with the Crusades, being independent military fraternities, or bodies of soldier Monks, which the modern Templars represent. The second class, or titular Knighthood, established long afterwards by Royal authority, still survives, and is a distinction of high honour, resting in the hands of Sovereigns, granted for distinguished services to the State, to which the title "Sir" or "Chevalier" prefixed to the Christian name is *alone* applicable.

Masonry has no power nor *ever* had of conferring Knighthood; the only authority

for so doing is a self-constituted one, in imitation of the early practices of Chivalry, long since fallen into desuetude, which authorized one Knight to create another by giving the Accolade or dubbing any worthy aspirant. It is therefore looked upon as a ridiculous, although harmless, assumption, to address modern Templars by the title "Sir" added to their names, and has been long discontinued in the British Dominions, unless with the addition of the word "Knight" *between* it and the name; even this is considered too much in the style of romance to recommend its adoption on *all* occasions, and the term "Grade," when speaking of the divisions or degrees of the Order, is also certainly a very inapplicable innovation.

The ancient Templars were known as the "Brotherhood of the Temple," and the common mode of address to individual members that of "Brother" or "Frater." This latter (Fra.) as a prefix, does not mean a professed Monk, but simply his brotherhood in the Chivalric Order. Officially, the members were styled "The Knight," "Knight Preceptor," "The Sieur of ——," etc., adding their names and the designations by which they were commonly known.

Much has been said about the landmarks of the Order. The word itself in this sense appears a misnomer, as it is Craft, not chivalric bodies, that, properly speaking, have "Landmarks."

Templary being in the strictest sense Christian, it may be said the whole doctrines of the Christian faith are its landmarks. But to particularize: None can become Templars who do not profess a belief in the Holy and undivided Trinity. This is of a universal and general application, imperative and indispensable, and provided for in the rules of the Order. It may thus be considered the principal landmark, handed down from the mediæval chivalric fraternities. Another is, that the *Masonic* candidate should be a R. Arch Mason; this degree, being the completion of the Craft, in which a firm belief and trust in the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is peculiarly inculcated, very properly precedes the Templar Christian belief in the Holy Trinity as an addition to that general recognition of the Deity, which is absolutely necessary and common to the whole Masonic fraternity, not from any supposed connection between the R. Arch and Templar ceremony. Rituals, Signs, Passwords, etc., can hardly be called landmarks, because they differ in some degree in every jurisdiction, even in the Craft, and as they were introduced by Masonic ritualistic compilers are liable to change as circumstances render it necessary.

With respect to the amalgamation of the Templar Order with Freemasonry, all the evidence that can be collected tends to show that in the middle, if not in the early part, of the last century, the Kt. Templar degree was in possession of the Masonic body, and was practised as an appendage to a higher degree than the Royal Arch, but that the old Knightly fraternities were in *no wise* Masonic.

It appears to have been the custom in the last century to work degrees that were not controlled by any governing Grand Body, under sanction of a Craft Warrant, that is, in the Lodge room of a regularly warranted Craft Lodge, and this would seem to be a very proper custom, the presence of the warrant giving a certain degree of legitimacy to those working in the higher degrees. No doubt this was the case with the "Kilwinning High Knight Templar Lodge of Ireland," who obtained their warrant in 1779, from the Mother Kilwinning *Craft* Lodge of Scotland. The Irish daughter evidently considered that the warrant gave authority to practise the higher degrees, as almost immediately after receiving it the Templar and other high degrees were communicated. The *name* of this Lodge would also imply that the Templar degree was previously known in Ireland, and that the petitioners for the warrant belonged to it, as it cannot for a moment be conceived that they deliberately falsified the powers granted them, the more especially as the warrant itself was open to inspection. In my opinion, a great mistake is made in looking at this old Kilwinning Warrant from the point of view of this present day, and in not considering the very different relations that all Masonic matters bore to each other a century ago. *Then* it was apparently held that the only correct lawful Masonic authority was the Craft Warrant, and that *that* warrant covered every known degree of Masonry,

The impetus given of late years to the Templar Order in the United States, and the popularity it has acquired there, is to be attributed to the attractive form it has assumed, by the adoption of a quasi military uniform, Knight errant excursions and picnics, stirring orations, parading with bands of music, and intricate formations in imitation of military evolutions, all of which are both enjoyable and harmless recreations, and very pleasing spectacles, but certainly are neither Masonic nor chivalric, and do not convey a very accurate idea of the Great Order of the Temple, or what it is intended to represent, viz., the stern, mail-clad warrior monks of the crusades, surrounded by their men-at-arms and numerous retinue of retainers, the Knights distinguished by their flowing white mantles adorned with the blood-red Cross of Martyrdom, the rest in sombre habits of russet brown.

In thus alluding to the customs of the United States Templars, I must not be misunderstood as wishing to interfere with their system or draw invidious comparisons, but merely to point out the *totally* different views entertained of the Order by the two jurisdictions, and to explain what these are to members of the Order in Canada who, attracted by the magnificence of the displays they have witnessed, have expressed a wish to imitate them.

In our Templar costume we follow that of the Ancient Knights, which is intended to symbolize the principles of the Order, but never meant to be paraded before the eyes of the public. Such exhibitions are not the custom of the country, all public Masonic displays being looked upon as most objectionable, and a Templar procession with us would appear as ridiculous to the common observer as if the Knights of the "Garter" and the "Bath" in their state robes or gentlemen in court dress were to parade the streets for the admiration of the multitude. Show and parade are sometimes necessary, but in matters connected with Freemasonry the less so the better; like Christianity, it is more appreciated in its unobtrusive character than by public demonstrations, and the unnecessary expense incurred better applied in promoting the object and aim of all Masonic systems.

I have taken considerable pains to ascertain from the highest Masonic authorities in the United States the origin of the Templar Order there, and find that mention is made of it as an honorary degree, practised in a Royal Arch Chapter at Boston, so far back as 1769, where it was given by members of Craft Lodges attached to British regiments quartered there at the time, who were in possession of the degree and visited the Chapter; but the earliest *distinct* body or Encampment of Templars was *not* formed until the middle of the decade of the last century, in Pennsylvania, it is said, by Irish Craft Masons; but no one seems to know by what authority or where they first obtained the degree; it died out after a short existence—then it started in New England, and a ritual wholly made there, which is of itself sufficient proof that the persons who set it on foot never had the correct degree at all; if they had it they would have retained the ritual by which they received it, without which they could have no connection with the degree elsewhere. The New York Grand Encampment was chartered by the "Cerneau" spurious Grand Consistory. United States Templary is, therefore, essentially a modern American degree, framed to suit their Masonic system, and, according to their own idea of the supposed forms and practices of the Ancient Knights as Masons, with but little attention paid to the usages of the old Orders of Chivalry which we are endeavouring to follow; therefore, how can the Templar Order in the two systems be considered as *one*, when the rituals and customs in no respect resemble each other? The *O.B.* are unlike—ours is a Trinitarian Order, whilst the other is decidedly *not*, and might be wholly Unitarian, and be just as much Templary as it is now; without Trinitarianism there is *no* Templary, and it is necessarily so distinctive a characteristic of the Order that it is difficult to understand how any system without it can be entitled to style itself Templary. This, then, is where the great difference exists between the two systems, and the difficulty in the way of forming a "treaty of alliance" so desirable and so strongly advocated. I would still join in doing much to bring about a union of the English speaking Templars, but let it be done in moderation, fairness, and charity to all. The recent assumption of superiority by the Grand

Encampment, U. S., over the Great Priories of the British Dominions does not seem the most advisable move to conduce to this end. The analogy drawn between the "Grand Encampment" and "Convent General" is not strictly applicable. The federal alliance of the Great Priories, like that of nations for mutual support and convenience, cannot interfere with the *complete* independence of each. The "Grand Encampment" is the nationality of the U. S. Templars, as the Great Priories are to their own nations, and the U. S. Grand Commanderies similar to the Provincial Priories. Perhaps, in a purely *technical* sense, the "Grand Encampment" and "Convent General" are to some extent nearly alike, but this arises from the incongruous position into which Templary has drifted; in reality *no* nationality should possess any body higher than a Great Priory, or any officer superior to a Great Prior; there should be *only one* Grand Master, chosen by the Knights of *all* nationalities, who should preside over the whole Templar Order. There *never* was, and there cannot be, *two* Grand Masters of the *same* Order of Chivalry; it might be well if the Grand Encampment abated somewhat of its pretensions to superiority over the Great Priories. Convent General, composed of these Great Priories, cannot enter into foreign relations without their mutual consent.

Having thus endeavoured to give a general idea of Templary, I would say to all those whose prejudices cause them to vilify and throw obloquy on the memory of the Ancient Knights, and who believe that their persecution and downfall was merited, that to judge of the true spirit of the Order we must not look upon those instances where the rude and licentious habits of the time mixed up a portion of evil with its genuine character, but turn our eyes to the splendid examples of noble acts performed by that famous soldiery, whose chivalrous feelings, raised to a pitch of enthusiasm, inspired them to such deeds of courage and devotion in defence of the Christian faith and its followers that they were looked upon with wonder and admiration by the whole world, and whose subsequent fate was as undeserved as it was terrible. The accusations against them were as preposterous and ridiculous as they were false and malicious, only fitted for the gross ignorance and superstition of the age, and meant as a cloak to conceal the real designs of their persecutors, actuated by an intensity of jealous hatred and cupidity at the haughty pride, ambition, and enormous wealth of the Knights, which had corrupted the pure principles on which the Order was originally founded.

The Papal Bull was published in May, 1312, and the Order, which had fought and bled in the cause of the Cross for two centuries, extinguished by the Pope, although he avowed that the proof had failed so as to carry definite judgment.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to add a short list of such historical works, relating to the Order, as are easily attainable, the perusal of which will assist in dispelling the erroneous impressions disseminated by many of the Masonic magazines and monitors, purposing to give its true history and usages:—

"Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," Article *Templars*, published in Library of Entertaining Knowledge, 1837.

"Addison's Knights Templars," English edition, 1842, in preference to the later one of 1853, or to the American edition by Macoy, in which Addison's text has been in many places altered to suit the American Masonic system, and therefore calculated to mislead the Historic Templar Student.

"Anthony O'Neal Hayes' History of the Knights Templars, from their ris in the Third Crusade," as also his "Persecution of the Knights Templars." Edinburgh, 1865.

"Burns' Sketch of the History of the Knights Templar." Edinburgh, 1837.

"Sketch of the Knights Templar and St. John, with notes on the Masonic Templars," by Richd. Woof, F. S. A., Worcester, London, 1865.

"Porter's History of the Knights of Malta." 1858.

These works will be found sufficient to give an accurate idea of the Orders of the Temple and Hospitallers of St. John, or Knights of Malta.

Laprairie, Prov. of Quebec, Canada, 20th May, 1878.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

(*Continued from page* 96.)

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

THE doctrine of salvation was, however, plainly developed in the Spurious Freemasonry of India, China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and all other heathen nations. The Saka, or younger Buddha of the East furnishes a striking instance of it, and the Cunorica Chanda relates that after three thousand and one hundred years of the Cali Yug shall be expired, then Saka, the divine child, *born of a pure virgin and the son of a Tacshaka or carpenter*, will appear to redeem the world from misery." And in China, Confucius, according to the best authorities, gave his disciples the benefit of a distinct prophecy of the Messiah, when he told them "to look to the West for the HOLY ONE that was to appear upon earth." Again, at the conclusion of the ceremony of initiation in Persia, the candidates were taught as a profound secret that at some future time a great Deliverer would appear in the West, who should be the son of a pure virgin. This Deliverer or Mediator was identified with Mithras, and had the name of the Middle or Second God, and was regarded as an emanation of the power of Ormista, and sometimes esteemed to be co-eternal with him.* Being reputed to be born from a rock, Dr. Doig takes occasion to observe that as "a rock is the symbol of strength and stability, so the dominion of Mithras shall be firm as a rock, and stable as the everlasting hills." This was evidently a doctrine embodied from ancient tradition, for the Messiah was esteemed by the Jews as the Rock of their Salvation.† And St. Paul says plainly, *that* rock was Christ,‡ whose kingdom is everlasting,§ and without end.‖

The Egyptian Orus was reputed to be the first production of the power of Osiris, and destined to destroy the works of Gyphon, or the evil principle, and reign for ever as a Mediator.¶ Hales, in his chronology,** thinks that "Hesiod, under the fable of the formation of the fair Pandora, who, with her box of evils, deceived Epimetheus, when nothing was left but Hope, seems to have allegorized the history of the creation of Eve, with the Fall, and the hope of redemption through the seed of the woman, which was, in fact, the γνησιον υιον of Plato.

The Romans had a similar tradition, notwithstanding which Horace expressed an indifferent opinion of those who should reveal the secrets of the Spurious Freemasonry,—

> "——— vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
> Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem
> Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
> Solvat phaselum."

Virgil had the boldness to reveal these secrets, and his translation of the Sibylline prophecies relative to the advent of the Messias affords a presumptive proof that it was one of the ineffable doctrines preserved in these remarkable institutions, and they clearly foretold that a great conqueror should rise up in Judea about the time when Christ actually appeared, who should banish crime and govern the earth in peace. Tacitus, speaking of the wars of Vespasian and the Jews, says, "A firm persuasion had

* Cudw. Intell. Syst. p. 288. † 2 Sam. xxii. 47; Ps. xcv. 1, et passim.
‡ 1 Cor. x. 4. § Jer. x. 10, Dan. passim. ‖ Luke i. 33.
¶ Jambl. de Myst. Egypt. ** Vol. i. p. 244.

prevailed amongst a great many that it was contained in the ancient sacred writings of the Romans that about this time there should arise in Judea a being called ORIEUS, who should obtain the empire of the world."* Suetonius † and Josephus ‡ both repeat the same prophecy.

In a word, the traditions of all nations foretell the coming of a hero who is to descend from heaven and bring back Astræa to the earth. The Persians call him Mithras; the Egyptians, Orus; the Tyrians, Adonis; the Greeks, Apollo, and sometimes Jupiter, the Conductor and Saviour. They differ in description, but all agree in the same truths, although many of them, and particularly Pythagoras, who was familiar with the mysteries of every country, were afraid to reveal it openly. The last enlightened philosopher taught it to his initiated disciples as an ineffable secret; but it was under the most fearful penalties. By his followers it was conveyed to Socrates; and Plato, who introduced it into his dialogues, put it into the mouth of Alcibiades. These are the words: "When will the time come, and who is he that will instruct us in the nature and worship of God? How anxiously do I desire to see that man!"

We learn from subsequent revelations that T.G.A.O.T.U. was acknowledged in the Greater Mysteries under the name of LOGOS or WORD, who, as it was then asserted, at some future propitious period would appear amongst mankind incarnate, to enlighten their understanding and deliver them from the dominion of error. Plato seems to have entertained considerable doubts about the doctrine of human redemption, because, as he candidly acknowledged, it was beyond his comprehension; although he implicitly believed in the future advent of a Mediator, called by Philo the Divine Word, and a Supercelestial Star; and impatiently waited for His appearance, in the assured hope that by Him the true interpretation of these mysteries would be clearly revealed.

It is a curious fact that while explaining the characters of the three divine personages who appeared to Abraham, the above writer says: "The Father of all things is *in the Middle*, and is denominated in Scripture HE THAT IS. On each side are the powers nearest to him, one of which is called the Creature, and the other the Governing Power. He therefore who is in the Middle, being attended by these powers, represents the visual intellect, and is sometimes ONE and sometimes THREE."

This Middle God, in the religious system of every nation, was represented to be born of a virgin,§ and engaged in a constant warfare with the evil principle. In all cases he was considered as the god of combats, and it is an extraordinary coincidence that King David, who was an acknowledged type of Christ, has been denominated "the god of spiritual combats." In the MSS. of the 13th century, he is frequently represented as standing before a red angel bearing a drawn sword, as a symbol of divine love animating him to destroy the works of the devil; red being the emblem of love. Even the Chinese books hieroglyphically speak of the sufferings and conflicts of Kium-Tse, just as the Persians do of the combats of Mithras; the Egyptians of the murder of Osiris; the Tyrians of the death of Adonis; and the Greeks of the labours and painful exploits of *a son of Jupiter* who came down upon earth to exterminate monsters. We can therefore be at no loss to conclude that the source of all their allegories was an ancient tradition, common to all nations, that the Middle God was to expiate and put an end to crime by His own sufferings.‖

It is evident, therefore, that a knowledge of these important facts in the history of our redemption had been embodied in the Spurious Freemasonry, where the Messiah, in the execution of His holy office, would be subjected to a contest with Satan, whose head he was destined to bruise,¶ and did actually bruise, by the destruction of serpent-worship, and the conversion of the Dracontian temples into Christian churches. During His ministry on earth He baffled the tempter in the wilderness; cast out evil spirits

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* Tacit. Hist. l. v. c. 13. † Vesp. c. 4. ‡ De Bel. l. vii. c. 38.

§ Perseus was sometimes feigned to have had no father, but to have been born of a virgin (*Just. Mart. dial. cum. Tryph.*, p. 297). Precisely the same fable is told of the Chinese Fehi, and of the Indian Buddha (*Mart. Hist. Sin.* l. i., p. 21; *Ratram. de nat. Christi*, c. 3).

‖ See Ramsay, Cyrus, p. 339. ¶ Gen. iii. 15.

from possessed individuals; silenced the heathen oracles;* put all enemies under His feet, by His descent into hell and redemption thence. And it was for this very purpose that the Son of God was manifested: that He might destroy the works of the devil. The doctrine was also preserved in the ceremonies of the Spurious Freemasonry; for the candidate, who represented Osiris, was made to descend into Tartarus, to witness the torments of the damned. But he was soon delivered thence, and being conducted to the sacred plains, he heard the sound of sacred music, and saw the souls of the just in the enjoyment of those rewards which are the result of piety and virtue.

A reference to the great sacrifice by which these benefits were secured to man was also found in the observances of these remarkable institutions, which were used for conferring a ceremonial regeneration, and the symbol was the colour of the rose, or blood. And it is an extraordinary coincidence that the same relation should exist between this colour and baptism, in Christianity. The Scriptures speak of the rose-tree as the symbol of the regenerated, and dew (*ros*) as that of regeneration. The red and white, which are sometimes united in the rose, are types of the love and wisdom of God, and by appropriating them to himself the candidate becomes regenerated and competent to partake of the benefits which are derived from initiation.

As amongst the Jews an unequivocal type of the Atonement, wrought out by the crucifixion of Christ, had been provided in the projected sacrifice of Isaac by his father; so, in all other nations, evident vestiges of the same fact may be accurately traced in the bloody sacrifices which were used to avert the anger and propitiate the favour of avenging deities, and to prevent the idea from being lost, there was a bloody baptism in the Mysteries, which resembled the ceremony instituted by Moses in the wilderness,† and was typical of the blood of Christ. It was called Taurobolium, and was confidently believed to convey a perfect regeneration to the soul. Mr. Maurice imagines that these regeneratory sacrifices showed the deep and unanimous conviction of the pagan world that man had fallen from the high condition of his original purity; whence he compares them to Christian baptism, and thinks they symbolize the necessity of a radical conversion of the heart.

It is quite clear that the simple act of shedding blood, unaccompanied by any typical reference, could never have been believed capable of procuring the favour or acceptance of God, and therefore a faith in their efficacy could only have been derived from a tradition of the divine command given to Adam, and practised by the first martyr, that animal sacrifices should be used to preserve in the minds of men a knowledge of the vicarious offering which was to atone for human transgression.

This primitive command was perpetuated throughout the heathen world in the abstruse theories of the hierophant, and also by immemorial practice. It was used by Ham, the first post-diluvian idolater, and every colony of his posterity considered the omission to be worse than sacrilege. The same may be said of all the other descendants of Noah who contracted the same defilements. However their opinions respecting the name of the deity or the nature of divine worship might vary, still purification by blood was esteemed the most acceptable service, and was always used on occasions of peculiar solemnity. And it was universally believed that the perfection of human nature would be restored, and general security accomplished, by some great human sacrifice, the use and design of which, says South,‡ "Was to appease the deity by paying down a life for sin, and that by the substitution of a man or beast to die and pay down his life instead of the sinner. For there was a tacit acknowledgment that the wages of sin was death, and that without shedding of blood there could be no remission."

(To be continued.)

* Some say, however, that the oracles did not entirely cease at that period, but remained in repute and were consulted, though perhaps not so frequently, nor with entire confidence, down to the fourth century of Christianity. On this subject the reader may profitably consult Tertul. Apol. Chrys. ad Gent. Grot. de verit. iv. 10; Arch. Attic. vii. 2; Warb. Julian, p. 36.

† Exod. xxiv. 8.

‡ Sermons, vol. iii. ser. 9.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE progress of English Masonry continues, if under exceptional and remarkable symptoms of prosperity. Long may it so continue. We cannot understand why any should cavil or complain at this increase of Lodges and Chapters.

It almost seems as if Freemasonry was destined to be a very powerful body, and its Charities to become a great development. It will be a bad sign for the present, and a bad omen for the future, if our Order increases and our Charities retrograde. They demand anxious and energetic and continued support, and we trust that 1879 may witness a "shaking of the dry bones" of our Lodges and Chapters, in their general and official support as Lodges and Chapters of our great, our needed, our invaluabl Charities.

The October elections for the Girls' and Boys' School are over, and four candidates out of twenty-one were elected for the former, and thirteen out of fifty-nine for the latter.

The formation of the London Masonic Charity Association is announced, for the purpose of combining the London votes in favour of friendless candidates. The system is actively carried out in the provinces, and may well be imitated in the metropolis.

Abroad, especially in France, the state of things goes from bad to worse. The last unruly sitting of the Grand Orient decided by a majority, impatient even of its own friends, much less of its opponents, to invade every other Masonic jurisdiction, and put the rituals in harmony with their recent nihilistic and destructive performances. It is also quite clear that now the good old formula, "A la Gloire du Grand Architecte de l'Univers," is doomed, and is destined to disappear in due course.

And what will then be left?

The Echo, Irish or other, never mind which, replies—Nothing!

And with this sad "consummation," most devoutly to be unwished by us all alike, we close our Monthly Summary. We are not surprised, though very sorry; and though we do not set up as prophets, we have all along said that, like a celebrated statesman, and a still greater warrior, the Grand Orient of France had burnt its "ships" and its "bridges," and had nothing left for it but the "entire animal" of hopeless, ruthless revolutionary change, dishonouring to God, and injurious to man!

It is a sad page in the history of contemporaneous Fremasonry!

THE LOCKE MS.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

I HAVE thought it well to supplement my last article on this subject by a few remarks on what I conceive the so-called Locke MS. really to be.

As I pointed out in my last, we must give up the Henry VI. epoch, and the venerable name, I fear, of Mr. Locke, and merely take the document at its own worth, for what it really is. Now this is somewhat difficult to say. In its present form it is so much of a make-up that it is very hard to declare where truth begins and falsehood ends, to point out where the unreality leaves it, and reality remains. In my humble opinion, it is an hermetic or Lodge catechism, put together at a time when Masons were not very learned, and when confused traditions and shaky anachronisms had got the upper hand. I confess that I do not look upon it as very old. It probably has a "substratum" of truth, in that it represents some old "formula," either of hermeticism or the Masonic Lodges, which has been adopted and adapted by an unprincipled manipulator to foist an element of antiquity into the evidences of Freemasonry. It may preserve in it portions of the traditional teaching of the early Lodges, but even this seems doubtful. It is so much more explanatory than our known earliest documents, that I, for one, am disposed to put it at the end of the last century, when, perhaps, a few phrases and questions were expanded into the pretentious production it now is.

The English evidence of it masonically is *nil*. It came to Masonry from the profane world, not to the profane world from Masonry, as far as we know, and though English forms of it appear—as little pamphlets or fly-sheets—they are late in the last century, and are now very rare. Its truth has been assumed mainly on the covering letter of Mr. Locke, and though generally given up in Germany, it has found its supporters, and still has its believers, in England and America.

It would be curious indeed if Essex's MS., in the British Museum, were a copy from a MS., and not from the printed form, because then that would presuppose a common original; but as Essex is late in the last century, and has a copy in MS. also of the "Grand Mystery," I, for one, cannot so far lay much stress on that fact. It is, however, a point to be remembered and noted in the discussion.

I fear that I can go no further than what I have now stated, inasmuch as all the evidence points to its untruthfulness rather than its truthfulness, to its intentional compilation rather than to its authenticity. Of course fresh evidence may alter such opinions; but until it turns up, I fear we cannot set much store by this assumed MS. in any way whatever.

It has been said that the Mr. Collins was a book collector of that epoch: if so, something may yet turn up to verify his existence; but until some valid evidence appears, to confirm the existence of an original MS., we must, I fear, come to the conclusion that the so-called Locke MS. is altogether unreliable, and is simply the adaptation of some clever rogue of materials which had fallen into his hands, and that for the purpose of deception. It has been asked, indeed, by some, "Cui bono?" and perhaps the question is difficult to reply to. But if we are correct in our estimate of its probable date, and its German origin, or its alleged German origin, it is one of the documents which some of the Masonic Hermetic writers of the latter part of the last century put forth to increase Masonic claims of antiquity, and to give an hermetic character to Freemasonry. All its history, so far, is shrouded in doubt and suspicion, and, I may add, trickery, and I do not see myself that it is anything really, with the exception of one or two old questions and answers, but an expansion of the "Legend of the Guilds" put into "archaisms" which, however, are not archaisms, and which betray the character of a practically literary forgery.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

(*Continued from page* 192.)

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

IN process of time, however, a beast, though it might answer the purpose of ordinary occasions, was thought too insignificant for the acceptance of the vengeful gods in times of uncommon calamity, and the redemption was attempted by the immolation of human beings. The custom was said to have been introduced by Ham, for Sanchoniatho informs us that in the time of a great plague and mortality, he made his son a whole burnt-offering to his father Uranus, or Noah. Such sacrifices were offered to appease avenging demons, and to stave off general destruction; for they had an *undefinable notion, arising doubtless from a tradition of the Messiah*, that the sacrifice of one would save the rest. How can we account, upon any other principle, for that extensive immolation which is mentioned by Snelgrave,* of 4,000 Whidaws, besides people of other nations, of which he himself was an eye-witness. Well might Tacitus exclaim, "Arcanus hinc terror, sacra ignorantia, quid sit illud, quod tantum perituri videbant."

I stay not here to describe the bloody sacrifices of the Jews, which had an admitted reference to the Messiah, because they have nothing to do with the subject under discussion. Every people under heaven, though they were insulated and cut off from any possible commerce with their species, practised bloody sacrifices for the purpose of averting calamities or expiating sin.

The Romans, in times of any great national visitation, used to take some worthless person, and after scourging him, they offered him up as a vicarious sacrifice, burning the body and casting the ashes into the sea, as a general lustration, with the formula, "Sis pro nobis peripsema." From περιψημα, *sordes*, the offscouring.† As if they had said, "Be thou a reconciliation or propitiation for us." Hence arose the Roman practice of a general devoting himself for the safety of his army; and on the same principle, Midas, King of Phrygia, offered many valuable things to appease the angry gods, and concluded the sacrifice by immolating his own son. The Egyptians, the Greeks, and other nations, as well as the Jews, had a custom of laying all their sins and misfortunes periodically on the head of an expiatory victim, that suffered a death which the people thus acknowledged to be due unto themselves.

In the Spurious initiations the hierophants and mystagogues were called dogs; although it is admitted that the word *Cohen* might signify prince or priest. One of the ceremonies of initiation, however, was very dog-like, for it consisted in devouring the flesh of animals raw and crube with blood. This revolting custom clearly evinces how far they had deviated from the ordinances of the Noachidæ, whose institutes they professed to observe, and these canine propensities were often indulged at the expense of human life. At Elethias, during the initiations, men were sometimes immolated by being burned alive, and their ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven. These were usually persons convicted of revealing the mysteries. Porphyry says that at Chios, in the rites of the Dionysiaca, the man was torn limb from limb. And the Messenians, in a time of calamity, consulted the oracle on the means of deliverance, and

* Voyage to Guinea, p. 34.

† See 1 Cor. iv. 13.

the reply was, "Sacrifice a pure virgin of the blood of the Epytidæ to the infernal demons."*

In some places, as we have just seen, the most extensive sacrifices were used to appease the vindictive fury of an offended deity, in times of great public calamity. Thus Acosta, whose opportunities of investigating the manners and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World give a very high authority to his assertions, says that on one occasion the Mexicans offered 5,000 prisoners of war to Tescalipuca. It is clear, from recent researches, that the inhabitants of these countries were addicted to the custom of sacrificing men during the celebration of their Spurious Freemasonry. The victim, who was called *guesa*, or houseless, was led in procession by the *Suna* towards the sacred column, which appears to have served as a sun-dial. The priests wore masks, the chief of whom represented Bochica, who is the same as the Egyptian Osiris; others represented Chia, who was the same as Isis; and others the monster Fomagota, the Typhon of Bogota, who was figured with four ears, one eye, and a long tail. "When the procession, which reminds us of the astrological procession of the Chinese and that of Isis in Egypt, had reached the extremity of the *Suna*, the victim was tied to the column, a cloud of arrows pierced his body, his blood was received into sacred vessels, and his heart was immediately torn out and offered to the king—Sun Bochica."†

To show the universality of this custom I quote a passage from the Oration of Eusebius to Constantine: "The Phœnicians sacrificed their most beloved children annually to Saturn, and in the island of Rhodes they offered human sacrifices to the same deity. Also at Salamis, in the temple of Minerva, it was a custom that a man, pursued by others, ran thrice round the altar; he was then stabbed by the priest, and his body laid upon the burning pile till it was consumed. In the island of Chios they sacrificed a man to Bacchus, and in Lacedemon to Mars. At Laodicea a virgin was every year sacrificed to Minerva, and in like manner the Libians and Carthaginians appeased their gods with human sacrifices. The Dumateni of Arabia offered a boy yearly, and buried him underneath the altar. The Greeks, the Thracians, and the Scythians, before they marched out to war, usually invoked success by the sacrifice of men. The Athenians mention the virgin daughters of Leus and Erectheus, as offered in sacrifice amongst them. In the city of Rome, at the feast of Jupiter, Latiaris, a man, is sacrificed; and Dionysius relates that Jupiter and Apollo required human sacrifices, and says further that when they offered fruits and flowers only they fell into all sorts of calamities, from which they could not be relieved till they had decimated the whole population."

The ancient inhabitants of the vast continent of India were addicted to this abhorrent practice—abhorrent on any other principle than that of being an acknowledged type of redemption by blood. The Narumedha, or human sacrifice of India, was offered to appease the anger of a sanguinary female deity, who is represented as delighting in human blood. Mr. Maurice has displayed this fiend at full length in all her disgusting ugliness, as a black mass of deformity, bearing a resemblance to the human figure; with four arms, goggle eyes, swollen tongue, and covered with decorations, the most horrible and imposing of which is a necklace reaching almost to her knees, strung with human skulls.‡

Instances of the universality of this belief might be produced from every quarter of the globe. Even the northern nations of Europe offered human sacrifices at their public festivals, and in times of famine, or other great national calamity, they would offer up the monarch as an expiatory sacrifice for the redemption of the people. In this manner the king of Vermland, in Sweden, was burned in honour of Odin, to put an end to a great dearth. In their turn the kings did not spare the blood of their subjects, nor

* Pausan. Mess. l. iv. c. 9.

† Humb. Res. vol. ii., p. 134.

‡ See the engraving at page 182 of the second volume of his Indian Antiquities.

of their own offspring. Hacon, King of Norway, sacrificed his son to Odin, that he might obtain a victory over Harold; and Aune, King of Sweden, devoted his nine sons that the deity might be induced to prolong his own life.*

In our own island a firm belief was entertained that the death of a criminal was a most acceptable sacrifice to avert the divine displeasure. And nothing can be a clearer illustration that the doctrine of the Atonement was believed and transmitted by the Druids than the ordinances of these priests in the management of their public sacrifices. Thus Cæsar informs us † that when any epidemic disease raged amongst the people, or when they were engaged in a doubtful war, they either sacrificed human victims, or some eminent person vowed an oblation of himself, using, in all such cases, the ministry of the Druids. They were of opinion that the immortal gods could not be appeased without the commutation of the life of one man for that of many; and therefore they had public sacrifices of that kind instituted, and in extreme cases a multitude of human victims were immolated in a wicker idol as an expiatory sacrifice.

It is scarcely conceivable that this uniformity of knowledge and practice respecting the most important event connected with the salvation of man could have been conveyed throughout the whole heathen world for a period embracing thousands of years in any other manner than through the agency of the secret mysteries of religion, which we denominate the Spurious Freemasonry; because no other uniform institution existed by which it could have been preserved intact during all those organic fluctuations in religion and politics, which involved the fate of nations, produced bloody revolutions, changed dynasties, and established new tyrannies over an enslaved people. They were the only secure depository of ancient knowledge and tradition, although Clemens Alexandrinus asserts they contained the most voluptuous symbols, insulting theologies, institutions of libidinous deities, satyrs, naked nymphs, and contests of buffoons exposed in shameless nudity." ‡

It is worthy of our most serious consideration, whether the allegorical death and resurrection of the heathen initiations § did not shadow forth the Atonement of Christ. They were believed to do so by some of the early Christians, who were better able than ourselves to form a correct opinion of the real tendency of this remarkable ceremony. It appears clear that while in one sense the *aphanism* and *euresis* of Osiris referred to the departure and reappearance of the sun, in another they typified the inclosure of Noah in the Ark, and his subsequent liberation; thus uniting, in these extraordinary celebrations, the arkite and the sabian idolatry, or death in Adam and life in Christ.

The learned Fathers possessed a better knowledge of their true import than it is possible to acquire at this distance of time; because the works of Melanthius, Sotades, Menander, and others who wrote on the subject, are unfortunately lost. And though they had reason to dislike the Mysteries on account of their moral turpitude and irreligious tendency, it is a well-known fact that they studiously transferred the terms, phrases, formularies, rites, ceremonies, and discipline into our holy religion, and thereby very early vitiated and depraved what even a pagan writer could see and acknowledge was *absoluta et simplex* as it came out of the hands of its Divine Author. It must, then, have been a more than ordinary veneration of the people for these Mysteries that could influence the Fathers of the Church to have recourse to such a proceeding. However, the fact is notorious, and the effects are but too visible.‖

The cathedral of Chartres contains a curious illustration of the above hypothesis in a painted window which appears to display the mythology of India. Vishnu, who is painted blue and red, is placed in the midst of a sea of milk, surrounded by a rainbow; and Brahma is seated on a white lotus which issues from his bosom. In a window

* Many instances of this kind are recorded in Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. i., c. 7.

† Bel. Gal. vi. 16.

‡ This insult to common decency was re-enacted by the French Theophilanthropists in the Church of Notre Dame at the Revolution. See Robison's Proofs, p. 252.

§ See the Antiquities of Masonry, by the Author, p. 95.

‖ Warb. Div. Leg., vol. i., p. 174.

higher up appears the Saviour of mankind, with the Holy Ghost hovering over Him in the form of a dove. And what is very remarkable, he is connected with Vishnu by means of a band or chain composed of lotus leaves; thus uniting the symbols of Christianity with those of initiation into the Spurious Freemasonry of Hindostan.

It is an undoubted fact that the hierophant, at a certain point in the initiation, announced the resurrection of the deity, whose death had been previously bewailed, in this explicit formula: "Be of good cheer, O ye Mystæ, our god is risen from the dead and we are saved."

From these facts and authorities it will appear evident that it was an ancient and well-received belief, throughout the whole world, that dominion should be placed in the hands of the Jews by the appearance of a Great Deliverer, who would restore mankind to their primitive purity. If then it be proved that the esoteric doctrines of the Spurious Freemasonry included a knowledge of this fact, and also of a Middle god, who should act in the character of a Mediator between the creature and the Creator; if they preserved and transmitted throughout all time a belief that salvation would be obtained by the shedding of blood, and that the sacrifice of one would be accepted as an atonement for the whole; if they taught that the Logos, or Word of God, was preordained to be a Saviour, an enlightener of darkness and a regenerator of the soul; if they inculcated a belief that His advent would be announced by a Blazing Star, or supernatural appearance in the heavens; if the allegorical aphanism and euresis of the Spurious Freemasonry actually shadowed forth His death and resurrection; why, then it will scarcely be denied that the Mysteries which embodied all these fundamental truths, however they might be misinterpreted or imperfectly understood, were designed by a superintending Providence to keep alive in the minds of those who had been seduced to the worship of false gods a knowledge of the principal features in the process of our redemption, that they might be prepared for the development when the appointed time should come.

THE PLATT MEMORIAL.—OLDHAM.

THE dull monotony which usually pervades this quaint Lancashire town was broken a few weeks back on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of the late John Platt, Esq., M.P., which ceremony took place in presence of thousands of spectators, who occupied every available inch of space from which a glimpse of the figure could be caught. Everybody seemed to vie with his neighbour in showing respect to their late noble benefactor, by a display of bunting, flags, etc., which met the eye whichever way it turned; and this, too, notwithstanding the dull weather and the fall of slight showers during the day, which made the streets very uncomfortable to the feet. About 2.30 the various bodies, societies, etc., which took part in the procession, began to assemble in the appointed places. First, the Memorial Committee, then the Borough and County Magistrates, members of the Town Council, Board of Guardians, members of the various institutions, gentlemen of the town and district. Next came the Lodge of Tudor (No. 467) of Freemasons, who had previously met at the Lodge Room, in the following order:—Appentices, Craftsmen, Master Masons, Officers, Past Masters and Worshipful Masters; then the Brethren from other Lodges fell in (according to rank in their respective Lodges); all appearing in black clothes, white ties, and gloves; together with regalia of office as used in Craft Lodge, and headed by an excellent band. Afterwards came the Foresters, Odd fellows (U. O.), Shepherds, Oddfellows (M. U.), Druids, Oddfellows (U. I. O.), Oddfellows (Bolton Unity), Smiths, Plumbers, *employés* of Messrs. Platt Bros. and Co., Operative Spinners, Skip Makers, with the Brass Founders bringing up the rear. The procession, having marched through the

principal streets of the town, met at the foot of the monument, where had been erected a platform on which were Mrs. Platt, the Misses Platt, Major and Mrs. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. John Platt, Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sykes (Cheadle), and the leading members of the various committees, mayors from others, and other friends. Mr. Wrigley (Chairman Memorial Committee) said his feelings of regret at the loss of their late distinguished townsman were counteracted by many expressions of joy displayed by the vast concourse of people before him on the occasion of the inauguration of that statue to the memory of their late departed friend, who had left them an inheritance of his name and the many acts of kindness they had received at his hands (applause). He had pleasure in calling upon Mrs. Platt to unveil that statue.

(As soon as the drapery fell, loud and prolonged cheers arose.)

Mr. Samuel Platt on behalf of his mother assured them that words failed to express or in any way adequately represent her feelings or those of the family on that occasion. It was not so much the value of the monument itself, but the spontaneous and hearty manner in which the matter had been taken up by rich and poor that touched Mrs. Platt and family. They looked with pride and pleasure upon the vast multitude there assembled to do honour to the memory of one who had lived and laboured so earnestly amongst them; showing by their presence that the name was still remembered by them (hear, hear), and that there was a kindred feeling. Mrs. Platt had consented to unveil that statue that she might show by her presence how much she appreciated their warm sympathy, and that she might thank them for the honour to herself and family (applause).

Mr. S. Buckley then read the deed conveying the statue to the town officials; after which,

The Mayor of Oldham expressed the pleasure and gratitude with which he accepted the statue on behalf of the corporation and inhabitants, and promised that care should be taken of it, that it might long perpetuate the name of him to whom Oldham was so much indebted; dwelling at considerable length on the many good qualities of the late Mr. Platt, and the influence of his life for good on the inhabitants, showing that by such examples of character they as a town had acquired those habits of industry which had so much contributed to their prosperity. He concluded by thanking the memorial committee for having given honour to whom honour was due (cheers).

In the evening a banquet was held and a number of toasts were proposed.

A beautiful gold medal was presented to Mrs. Platt. The *Oldham Express* says:—

"A deputation from the committee waited upon Mrs. Platt, when Mr. George Little, senior manager of the works, in the name of and on behalf of the committee at the works, presented her with a beautiful medallion in solid 18-carat gold, enclosed in a case of blue velvet, lined with white satin. Mrs. Platt, in a few well-chosen words, expressed her sincere thanks for this mark of their affection. The medal bears a representation of the statue, with the inscription, 'John Platt, M.P. for Oldham. Died in Paris, May 18th, 1872, aged 54 years.' On the back of the medal is the following: 'To commemorate the unveiling of the statue of the late John Platt, M.P., by Mrs. Platt, September 14th, 1878.' In gold lettering on the inner side of the lid of the case is the following: 'Presented to Mrs. Platt by the Hartford Works Memorial Committee, September 14th, 1878.' The same inscription has also been placed in alto-relievo on the edge of the medallion. The medal, which is worth about ten guineas, was struck by the firm of Mr. George Kenning, 123, Little Britain, and 175, Aldersgate-street, London. Besides this gold medal, 160 of solid silver, and 5,500 of plated metal have been struck by the same firm, all of which have been disposed of. Perhaps not less than 6,000 were worn this afternoon, and many more could have been disposed of."

AUTUMN.

BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY, M.P.S.

WHERE are the fields of waving golden grain,
With slender stems and heavy hanging heads,
That bend with grace when over hill and plain
The summer breeze its ling'ring sweetness sheds?
To swell the garnered harvest they have gone;
A fair reward for skilful patient toil,
The treasured food that nations feed upon,—
Abundant yield of tilled and fertile soil.
Although the stubbled land is sere and bare,
And verdant leaves have turned to reddish-brown,
The orchards show a sign of plenty there,
And ripened fruit the spreading boughs weigh down.
Thick hangs th' enclust'ring grape from trailing vine,
That stretches o'er the trellised porch embowered,
Where cozy cot is turned to Nature's shrine,
By wealth of fruit and climbing flowers endowered.
When fields are stripped and grassy meads look brown,
Autumnal flowers make tasteful gardens gay,
These fragrant blossoms do the season crown,
Their beauty vying with the gems of May.
When Winter's near and leafless are the trees,
The branching boughs bare-twigged look stiff and cold;
When Autumn's gloom has deepened o'er the leas,
The ruddy sunset's sadd'ning to behold.
Remembrance, then, comes with the waning year,
Of life's decline, of loved ones now no more;
We lift a hand and brush away a tear,
As passing thoughts just touch on mem'ry's shore.
How fast we journey on from stage to stage!
'Tis infant Spring, then youthful Summer next,
With manhood's Autumn joined to Winter's age,
A round of life now pleasant, now perplexed,
Made bright by hope, but darkened most by fear,
Still rolling on as spins the wheel of Time,
Advancing day by day and year by year,
Age piled on Age by silent power sublime.
This world to us is but a place of change,
And truly so; for seasons vary much,
And climates alter with the widest range
From Cold to Hot; the Temperate now we touch.
E'en nature's revolutions we can trace,
In mountains, seas, and fossils from the earth,
And cyclic changes season-like efface
Existing terms, by those of newer birth.
"So generations in their course decay,
"They fall successive and successive rise;
"So flourish these when those have passed away,"
And Autumn's yield the Coming Spring supplies.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MILLER was saying to Beatrice in his most dulcet tones, "How well you are looking to day, Miss Beatrice;" and Molesey of Molesey was assuring her, in his fervent manner, that he did not know which he admired most, her "croquet dress," or her "croquet poses," but I fear they both made but little impression on that fair maiden, and thought her a somewhat inattentive hearer of what Octave Feuillet calls "fades complimens."

And, moreover, I observed, as perhaps a clue to this indifference, that Miss Beatrice was evidently listening to some pleasant speech of young Morley, which brought a blush to her cheek and a gleam to her eyes. Twamley, as usual, intervened and "brought down the house," for going up to Beatrice as if in great inward pain, and with horror depicted on his countenance, he said in words I almost seem to hear still, "Oh, most dangerous and fascinating of victors! be strong and generous; remember that there is such a thing as a broken-hearted as well as a croquetted hero, even though that individual belong to the British Army."

Miller and Molesey and young Merewether all seemed to frown upon the imperturbable youth, though Miss Jane Morley smiled visibly on the bold speaker, and was even *en confidence* with him the rest of that afternoon. I did not quite understand it at the first, though I did subsequently, and do perfectly now.

Molesey declared it was a "woman's twist." Brummer said something of "souvent femme varie;" but all of a sudden even then I called to mind that Miss Jane was a bit of a character in her way, clever and clairvoyante, pretty and pleasant, and she had, as I knew, a great admiration for "Geist."

And thus it came to pass that even then, and as we shall see later, she absolutely preferred Twamley's wit and Twamley's culture to a possessor of less brains if more wealth. Some people contend that women as a rule are "mercenary creatures." I deny both premise and conclusion! Too much, indeed, cannot often be said in favour of woman's courageous struggles to choose for herself a congenial companion through this trying pilgrimage of life. Unfortunately, custom, society, Mrs. Grundy, and family considerations too often stand dreadfully in her way, and frown on her "sentiment," and laugh at her "fancies." I am one of those who agree with Jane Morley in her straightforward estimate of things and persons, of the abstract and concrete importance in all such commodities of the "value received;" but I do not expect many to agree with me.

In saying this, I am running against a windmill of social caste, expediency, and custom, which is very powerful in this great Vanity Fair of ours.

Yes, gentle dulness, if gilded, has many admiring friends, and with some, even all the virtues, all the talents, all the graces, and all the moralities to boot, cannot compensate for want of wealth or position. A dear old friend, alas! now long since past away, sang of old in a memorable work, in some memorable lines,—

> "For if you're in love, and have not tin;
> You'll live to repent what a fool you've been."

And is there not much truth in his poetic proposition?

Praed tells us of a charming but somewhat mercenary young lady, I fear, who in a

P.S. to her dearest, dearest friend, thus deals with this very difficult and delicate question,—

"P.S. I have found on reflection
One fault in my friend, "entre nous,"
Without it he'd just be perfection:
Poor fellow, he has not a 'sou.'
And so when he comes in September
To shoot with my Uncle Sir Dan
I've promised mamma to remember
He's *only* a talented man."

Now I am quite aware that I am treading on very ticklish ground, and some of my readers will even think, and perhaps say, that Miss Jane Morley ought not to have shown her liking for "Master Twamley."

Well, I don't agree with them. Indeed, I condemn from the very bottom of my heart that prudery which affects to think that it is a proof of true feminine modesty to conceal carefully your preference for any one particular or favoured individual. How unwise it is, because some foolish person has said, "Force a man to find out your real feeling," to conceal from an honest-hearted fellow the real wish and leaning of your heart! How in the name of the "eleven thousand virgins" is any man to find out what you so carefully hide up? Half the men in the world won't take the trouble, and therefore the one you really care for walks off, and you and he wander on in diverse paths, perhaps both to end some day in a wretched "fiasco."

Now I don't want girls to be forward, or fast, or slangy, or unmaidenly, by avowing their fondness for Tom, Dick, and Harry; but if a woman chooses, she can always let a man who is worthy of her know, if by some mysterious intuition, her innermost thoughts and feelings, on a matter of such vital importance to herself, and also, I imagine, not less to him.

Now in saying this I am not to be supposed to be advocating hasty or ill-considered marriages—marriages against the wish of parents and families. That is never a wise thing to do; and an impecunious marriage is a great blunder.

Neither must I be supposed to assail "family compacts," and the like, or "comfortable settlements" generally; because, as Mrs. Balasso says, they are the "palladium" of society.

I do not profess to be an admirer of the "Conseil de Famille" myself. In all countries where it exists it has worked untold social evils of every kind; and I for one thank my stars that that "blessed institution," like the Inquisition, and a good many more old-world curiosities, never had any footing, and, I believe, never will have any, in this good free England of ours.

But there are family arrangements, "and family arrangements," and I should not dare, especially in the *Masonic Magazine*, to utter any revolutionary language on this most important topic. Yet I cannot refrain from saying that I fear more marriages are made "on earth" than "in heaven" just now, and I fear moreover that far too many charming girls are induced to marry for wealth and position alone, so that many a fair *fiancée* amongst us may truly be said, alas,

"To have gathered the links of a *gilded* chain,
And fastened them proudly round her."

But let us get on, and leave behind us metaphysical disquisitions and hymeneal reminiscences! We were a very merry party that evening. I greatly enjoyed Mrs. Mortimer's unpretending tea, and homely, unsophisticated welcome to us all. How is it that we have become so artificial, and so formal, and so grand, and so profuse? How is it that society seems to have lost its charm of real welcome and simple heartiness, and to have degenerated into a scramble of ostentatious show and unmitigated sham?

If some of our young, or rather elderly men, are said to sigh to-day "for the girls of other days," as well as for their "dresses," must we not all lament that good old-

fashioned hospitality which seems to have left us altogether, and for which we have now only to confront the senseless chatter of vapid conversation, and the idle extravagance of pretentious formality?

It seems as if I were destined never to emerge in this chapter from philosophy, metaphysics, sentiment, or moonshine, or anything else you like. I fear greatly I must have bored some of my younger readers especially. But as it is the best way always to get out of a "bad thing," to "close the account," I will stop here, for fear lest my erratic pen will not "improve itself," as the Frenchman has it, and if those who do read these pages will have courteous patience until next chapter, I will try to mend my manners and "mend my pace!"

So *au revoir*, kind readers, until Chapter V.

(To be continued.)

DO THY DUTY BRAVELY.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

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

Do thy duty bravely!
  Howe'er so hard it be:
Work on, and trust in God—
  Then help will come to thee.

Do thy duty bravely!
  Though all around looks drear;
And do not think thou art alone,
  For God is ever near.

Do thy duty bravely!
  If clouds hang thick around:
However dark they *seem* to thee,
  Some bright spot may be found.

Do thy duty bravely!
  In this our world of care
None are exempt from trials—
  Some burden each must share.

Do thy duty bravely!
  To thee this thought be given,—
If here there is no place for me,
  There's one prepared in heaven.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

AN ELEGY.

BY W. CORBETT, MARINERS' LODGE, 249.

In Arno's graveyard on the Avon's bank,
Where rest in peace the good, the true, the brave—
Where all are level—equal are in rank—
Is to be seen a lowly, quiet grave!

No marble column rears on high its head
To mark the resting place of noble birth;
No polished granite looks upon the dead
That moulders gently in its mother earth!

A simple stone is all that we can see,
And simple language all that we behold—
Simple they are, but round them memory
Wreathes something holier, better far than gold!

The happy days when life was fair and young
Come back like shadows from that far off time;
We hear again the joyous songs we sung;
And earth is coloured with a hue sublime.

O'er Durdham downs we wander when the bloom
Of hawthorn scents the quiet evening air;
Or with thy children in their little room
Their infant sports and happy pastimes share.

Time sped in love and happiness, and we
Gave to the future not the slightest heed;
But on one dark November day to thee
The summons came which dullest mind could read.

Thou left thy children and thy wife in tears
Of grief, and heart-felt, unavailing woe,
For thou wast only very young in years,
And it was very hard to let thee go!

But Death, the conqueror, will have his way—
There is no hiding from his cruel eye—
His dread command we mortals must obey—
Must bid the world and all our friends good-bye!

Thy tomb lies on a gentle, sunny slope
In Arno's vale, and rose trees o'er thee wave;
And on thy tombstone is expressed a hope
"Of everlasting life beyond the grave!"

Since thou wast laid at rest, the rolling years
Have come and gone, but have not made me wise,
For when I think of thee a mist of tears
Comes quite uncalled, unbidden to my eyes!

Sept. 3rd, 1878.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"ENCAUSTIC."

"Look here upon this picture."

BY one of those over-lappings of systems which seem to form the several stages *in the history of Art just as they do in that of Nature*, we have gradually merged from sculpture, through wall-decoration by "incision," into mural-ornamentation by means of colour applied without the preparatory work of the graving-tool.

We have said "stages in the history," looking at the various modes of treatment as we should regard the steps of a ladder; but it would have been far more correct to have likened the transition from mode to mode and the blending of process with process to the picture of the history of the earth's formation presented to us in the pages of that most interesting science geology.

In this Nature-printed story of her birth and life we easily read how one system extended into another—the one declining and the other increasing through some middle point where, for a moment, they seem to have existed side by side; so in the treasures of archæology *can we see the various art-processes dovetailed into one another*, the incised and coloured hieroglyph partaking of both sculpture and painting.

If now we take this latter, painting, and leave out the former, sculpture, we shall obtain a form of decoration very early in vogue, namely, mural-decoration in colour.

In the days of Haydon and Hazlitt a fierce dispute was raging in France and Germany as to whether mural-painting was ever practised to any great extent by the ancients. M. Letronne asserted that wall-painting was their usual mode, instancing the Temple of Theseus, in which the contours of the works of Polygnotus had been discovered by his friends *cut in on the plaster with the cestrum and the colours afterwards picked* out by the early Christians. The friends of his opponent, Paul-Rochette, asserted, on the contrary, that there was a sinking in of the plaster as if it had been fitted to receive tabular works which were to be let into the walls. Pliny clearly shows that both modes were in use, for, after describing the absurdly large picture (one hundred and twenty feet high) of Nero on canvas, he says that he prefers tabular pictures to those on walls because the latter cannot be saved in case of fire.

A controversy like this, in face of the remains of the remote past, seems somewhat puerile, for of the antiquity of the practise of wall-painting there is and can be no manner of doubt. In Egypt, in the Etruscan tombs, in the dwellings of Pompeii, and in the Catacombs are the remains of wall-paintings which are generally supposed to be frescoes. Those in Pompeii *are particularly worthy of notice, being remarkable for grandeur and* purity of style in design and drawing, combined with a slight and free manner of execution; so much is this latter feature noticeable that, taken in combination with the fact of the frequent repetition of many of the subjects, it has been held to be evidence that these mural-decorations were simply copies by house-decorators of celebrated pictures preserved in the temples and palaces of Rome.

But this does not take us back to the origin of the art, which was probably well-nigh as far back in the history of the world as that of the art of painting itself. If, when the Spaniards landed in South America, the natives conveyed the intelligence of their arrival to King Montezuma, by painted representations of their ships, their dress, and their persons, what more likely than that they should record their history and even symbolise *their hopes and aspirations, their joys and griefs, their pleasures and their pains, but*, above all, their religious belief, on the walls of their dwellings?

Thus in Babylon we find paintings after nature of animals, hunting scenes, and combats. Semiramis was represented on horseback as striking a leopard with a dart, whilst her husband Minus was wounding a lion.

Ezekiel says: "I went in, and saw, and beheld every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, pourtrayed on the wall round about." And again: "She saw men pourtrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans pourtrayed in vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look at, after the manner of the Babylonians and Chaldeans."

Now, considering that great statues were erected in Babylon, the arts must have existed amongst the Babylonians long before the period here referred to.

Of late years quite a revolution has taken place in our ideas on this subject, from the deciphering of the hieroglyphs; and we are now assured of the extreme antiquity of art in ages hitherto considered almost fabulous. From the art of Asia we have been used to turn to that of Egypt; but it now seems certain that this latter people were preceded in their knowledge by the Ethiopians. When, then, we have distinct evidence of the existence of Egyptian art more than eighteen centuries before Christ, how wonderfully old must have been that of the Ethiopians which thus preceded it? Lord Prudhoe discovered the remains of an ancient city of great magnificence some eighty miles above Dayola, which he supposes to have been the capital of Tirhakah mentioned in the Bible. Here he found some splendid remains of art-work.

Again: it is now evident that as early as the nineteenth century before Christ the walls and temples of Thebes were decorated with paintings (as well as sculptures), commemorating personal and historical events. The period at which these pictures were placed there is not known, but it is quite certain that they were there at the expulsion of the shepherd kings, and this was before the time of Moses.

To review the work of more of the nations of antiquity is not now our purpose, suffice it if we have shown the antiquity of the art itself, because it only brings us to consider the words of Haydon: "The beginning of art was the same in all nations. They might improve each other; but we do not believe that painting was ever originally brought into one nation by another, or that there ever existed any, where it has not always been more or less known from the remotest period of their history."

Then we are led to ask ourselves, What was this "same beginning"? Surely, according to the record of the volume of the Sacred Law, the craft practised and handed down to their descendants by Jabal, Jubal, Tubal-Cain, and the other immediate descendants of the Father of the human race—Adam.

We must now turn to the more practical side of our subject, that is, the modes by which mural-decorations have been, and now are, produced.

The ancient Greeks, then, employed two methods, "Encaustic" and "Distemper." The former, as its name implies, called in the aid of heat; whilst the latter was simply our "tempera," for the vehicle of which they employed colour dissolved in water mixed with glue.

In the "Encaustic" (ἐνεκαυεν [burnt in], as the Greeks put on all their "encaustic" pictures) process they employed wax. In this wax, properly smoothed and prepared, they drew the required subject with the "stylus." After a little time some of them ventured to fill in this outline with black, when a result was obtained similar to our profile drawing, which they called σκιαγραμματα (skiagrams), from σκια (shade) and γραφω (to draw). Next came a man with more extended aspirations, who invented the μονογραμμα (monogram), from μονος (only), that is, a picture in outline only. Soon came the use of "positive colour," which was introduced, according to Pliny, by Cleophantus of Corinth; he ground up and used a red brick. This discovery was called μονοχρωμα (monochrome), that is, single tint, and was employed to represent flesh. Next came the white ground (the lime and plaster of the Egyptians, and the "gesso" of the Italians) covered with wax. And then soon followed the rest of the colours, derived from different earths, and thus τολυχρωμα (polychrome), many coloured, was formed.

The art, having obtained its materials, soon advanced to excellence. "How long," says Fuzeli, "the brush assisted only the cestrum, and when it superseded it, cannot be ascertained; it cannot be proved that it ever entirely superseded it, and there is every reason to believe they were always combined."

And now a word or two as to the "manipulation." Why did the Greeks use the word ἐνεκαυσεν (burnt in)? Was it that fire is generally used to melt wax, or was it the application of heat in the process? Was the stylus or cestrum heated with which they drew in the wax? Was actual heat applied in the last stage to amalgamate the colour? or was the wax melted and used whilst actually boiling? Pliny says that there were certain colours which would not stand without varnish; and that after they were laid on walls and dry they were coated with a warm mixture of punic wax and oil. Every Greek artist had his καυτηριον (chafing-dish), and when the varnish was dry, it was heated by fire, "usque ad sudorem" (to the sweating-point), and it was then rubbed with wax candles and polished with napkins. This method the Greeks called καυσις (burning), and why should not this have been the meaning of the ἐνεκαυσεν. Amongst artists "vehicles" and "varnishes" are used somewhat interchangeably, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose that "ceris pingere" (to paint with waxes) and "picturam inurere" were the same methods. So, at least, says Pliny, and he adds, "There were anciently two methods, one cerâ (with wax) and another on ivory with a cestrum; then came a third, boiling the wax and painting ships at once with it, which was a lasting mode, so that neither sea, wind, nor sun destroyed it." It appears, from another passage, that the ships were painted in the same way as pictures were burnt in ("ceræ tinguntur iisdem coloribus, ad eas picturas, quæ inuruntur; alieno parietibus genere, sed classibus familiari").

So then there were four distinct methods of encaustic painting. (1) Mixing the colours with wax and thinning them with a liquid at the moment of painting; (2) placing distinct pieces of coloured wax on ivory, like a mosaic, and uniting by means of a heated cestrum; (3) boiling the wax and using it hot; and (4) softening the whole picture, after completion, by heating it with a "cauterium" (chafing-dish.)

Both Pliny and Vitruvius describe the mode of working, the latter by far the most minutely and accurately. "After your wall is dry and smooth," he says, "liquefy punic wax a little by the fire and temper it with oil. Then varnish, and when dry heat it with a chafing-dish and rub it smooth.

Pliny does not settle the discoverer of this art, but seems to incline to Aristides or Praxiteles. In any case he says Polygnotus and Nicanor, Lysippus of Egina and Pamphilus, the great master of Pausias, practised it; the last-named, Pausias, seeming to have excelled in it to the greatest degree.

Various attempts have been made in modern times to revive it. About the middle of the last century Count Caylus and M. Bachelier, and in 1792 Miss Greenland, made various experiments with a view to its resuscitation. The Count laid the result of his studies before the Academies of Painting and Sciences at Paris, whilst the Society for the Encouragement of Arts at London awarded Miss Greenland a golden pallette. The subject soon dropped, to be revived, however, in Germany under the patronage of the late King of Bavaria, who had some important work executed in this style of art. The mode employed was to grind the colours and lay them on with a "vehicle" composed almost wholly of wax.

Miss Greenland dissolved gum-arabic in water, afterwards adding gum-mastic, which was dissolved by stirring and boiling, and when the mixture reached the boiling point she added the wax. After painting the picture, she passed a thin coating of melted wax over it, with a hand brush, and then drew an ordinary flat-iron moderately heated over the surface. The picture, when cool, was rubbed with a fine linen cloth.

The German method is somewhat similar, but some other ingredients are used; among these potash with the wax; whilst in place of an iron being passed over the face of the picture, the wax is brought to the surface by a vessel containing fire being held at a little distance from it. This, of course, more nearly resembles the ancient method of the chafing-dish.

Encaustic painting, so-called, is never likely to come into very general use, for it cannot be compared to ordinary oil-painting either in brilliancy of colouring, facility of execution, or durability: whilst for the decoration of large surfaces it cannot for an instant compete with its sister-art, "painting in fresco."

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "The Path of Life: An Allegory;" "Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

EARLY the next morning his valet entered his room, took the dress clothes which he had worn the previous evening, brushed and put them away, and at the same time informed him that the General wished to see him immediately in the breakfast-room. Dressing hurriedly, he went downstairs and found his father pacing up and down the room.

"Good morning, sir," Marmaduke said, on holding out his hand to his father as he spoke, "I am sorry if I offended you last night."

"I would rather not reopen the question," the General says, frigidly; "I did not send for you to discuss your follies or inclinations, but to hand you this intimation from the Secretary at War. You asked to be sent on Foreign Service, I think."

"I did, father. The fact is, I'm tired of home life."

"Well, I am not presumed to know your motives, but here are your marching orders. You exchange into the 85th, and hold yourself in readiness to leave with your regiment on the 11th for the West Indies."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all I wanted. I suppose you will want some money for your outfit. How soon will you be ready to start?"

"As soon as you like."

"Well, a soldier should be prepared to go at once. You had better take the next train. I will give you a cheque for £200, and when you want more write and you shall have it. You have been a very extravagant fellow, and I trust you will now endeavour to turn over a new leaf."

"Thank you, father; but I suppose the evening train will do. I have many things to attend to." (Marmaduke wanted to see Mildred to wish her good-bye.)

"Humph, I don't know," the father hesitated; it seemed rather harsh sending his son away like this, when it was possible he might never see him again. "Oh, Marmaduke" —it was the first time he had called him by his Christian name for a year—"I will see you again before you go. There's a letter for you," and with that the General, who was an early riser, and had finished his breakfast, retired to his study.

The young man carelessly took up the letter on his breakfast plate, and turned it over curiously, as men do when they do not at first recognize the handwriting, and like to wonder from whom it is without opening it.

"Marked immediate. Who is it from? Another row, I suppose," he said, languidly, as he cut it open with his penknife.

"Hullo, what's up now," and he read aloud—

The Camp, Colchester, July 4th, 186-

DEAR MATHEW,—

The old lawyer that you wot of has been up here and swears vengeance on you. The young lady says all sorts of things about you, and there's an awful row. The Colonel says you must put it all right, or leave the regiment. Come at once.

MERVYN KNOLLYS.

"I have changed my mind, and will take your advice, and go by the next train as you suggest, sir," Marmaduke said as he looked in at the General's sanctum half an hour later.

"That's a good boy," the General replies; he seems quite mollified at his son's compliance with his wishes, and as the latter strolls off to get his traps put up, the General mutters to himself, "Better so; if he goes off now without seeing her, he'll forget her in a week. It would never do for the future county member to marry Bethune's daughter. Never heard such a preposterous idea before in my life. Wonder what made Lord Kenarlon put the idea into my head? And with Lady Ida in the market too."

Now, the said Lady Ida was the youngest daughter of an Irish Earl who lived in the neighbourhood. He was very poor, of very old family, and had eight daughters, only three of whom were married. The General was worth, it was said, twenty thousand a year, for property, and especially his property, had gone up twenty or thirty fold in value within the last hundred years, for the fens had been drained, and what was once a swamp was now valuable corn land worth £50 an acre. The Earl of Glenorne knew this, and although Marmaduke was the younger son, he knew his father would give him a handsome fortune if he married as he desired, indeed so much had been told him as coming from General Mathew. So it was quite thought (the Countess being a nonentity who always fell in with her husband's views, but who, so far as her other daughters were concerned, had not managed very well for the family) that the Lady Ida, now eighteen, should one day become the wife of Marmaduke Mathew.

CHAPTER IV.

A PRETTY RIVAL!

The General would have opened his eyes if he had known what was taking place at Colchester within a week of the events narrated in the last chapter; and when he did hear of it, the end was not far to see.

"Well, Mervyn, old fellow, and what's the row about this time?" Marmaduke says, as he alights from a first-class carriage at Colchester at twelve o'clock that night; he had travelled straight to town and come on by the mail, and his friend and brother officer had met him at the station.

"What's the row? Well, I like that, Mathew; you know better than I do what's the row. Old Jarvis, the pettifogging attorney, has been at the Colonel about you and his daughter."

"What does he say?" Marmaduke replies, as they drive off in a cab for the officer's quarters, putting a cheroot into his mouth at the same time, and lighting it leisurely with a vesuvian.

"Why, that you committed yourself in some way, attempted to — you understand?" his friend replies, bluntly.

"It's an infamous lie."

"Honour?"

"Honour bright."

"Saint, old boy, I'm heartily glad to hear it. A man's a blackguard who takes away a girl's character in that way, and nothing short of it. I don't mind a flirtation, and all that sort of thing—and of course men are not angels—but there's no occasion to go out of the way to injure any one, and I don't believe you are the man to deceive even a slavey, or a little milliner."

"Thanks for your good opinion. I'm not a Joseph."

"No one said you were, Saint, at least no one who knew you."

Saint was a nickname Marmaduke had in the regiment, and probably had its origin in some supposed connection with his surname. Mervyn said he was called so because

he was such a sinner. The two young men smoked silently for a few minutes, and by that time the cab had arrived at the camp, and the officers strolled up to Marmaduke's room. Late though it was, of course there was another cigar and brandy and sodas for two (a B. and S., they would have said), and the pros and cons were discussed of Marmaduke's last escapade.

It appeared that for the last two or three months, a certain Miss Jarvis, a blonde young lady of fast manners, loud voice, and a good deal in the pretty horse-breaker style, had made a dead set at Marmaduke, whom she had met at the County Flower Show held in the spring at Ipswich, where the band of the Guards played, and which several of the officers thought it their duty to patronise. She was the daughter of a rich lawyer of indifferent reputation. A man who took up dirty cases, and made his fortune by it. A dangerous man to meddle with—great in divorce and such like cases; a perfect terror to evil-doers and to well-doers too, if they once got into his clutches through any little weakness on their part. One thing had led to another; Marmaduke had seen Georgie Jarvis at a public ball. Georgie was smitten, though six or seven years his senior at least, and had determined to win him by fair means or foul.

Mr. Jarvis added to his other avocations that of money-lender, and Georgie had been before the bait which had tempted more than one young officer to his ruin. The lawyer kept a good table; invariably left his card on the officers of the mess whenever a new regiment came into quarters at Colchester, and before the new comers had found him out had generally managed to wing some of the pigeons. Georgie presided at the dinner table with a grace which is better imagined than described. She was undeniably fast, but somehow no one could say anything directly against her character. It was shady, but how shady no one distinctly knew.

But time was getting on, and Georgie, in spite of many attempts, was not yet married. Her name was just a little blown upon, and no one in the town would marry her, that was certain, yet no one could distinctly say that she had ever gone astray.

The fact is, she was not moral or religious, she was only wide awake. She meant matrimony—now that she was twenty-seven (she admitted to twenty-four), for the full fledged beauty was getting a little faded. Assisting at dinners where she did not leave with the ladies, but preferred to stay to imbibe an extra glass and listen to the gentlemen's stories, was not altogether good for the physical any more than the moral tone, and whilst the young ensigns and cornets spoke of Georgie as "a splendid woman, by Jove," the more experienced avoided her as they would a plague. And Marmaduke had been caught in her toils. Long had she angled for him, and now the prize was at her feet.

As Marmaduke told the story to his friend, Mervyn Knollys, it appeared that a month ago he had been invited to a dinner party of young officers (a new regiment had just come into camp) at Mr. Jarvis's. Georgie had been particularly attentive to him, and he had taken, he admitted, a little more wine than was good for him. The rest of the officers had gone, and she had encouraged him to remain—had told him she would let him through the garden gate down by the summer-house, and show him a cross cut to the Camp. They lived a little way out of the town on the London Road.

It was a lovely summer night, bright moonlight, and they went—he did not know who first suggested it—into the arbour. Georgie had given him a rose, and he had kissed her. Well, yes, he had kissed her several times. In fact, he did a good deal of spooning; he supposed it was the wine, or the lovely night, or the woman—and she was a very handsome woman. But, however, he could not tell exactly how it happened and whether it was a plot or not, but presently he saw one of the maidservants coming down the path, when Georgie, uttering a loud scream, fell into his arms and went into hysterics, and the servant, running up in a state of excitement, asked what was the matter in a meaning way, and then dashed off into the house for a jug of water.

Presently Georgie came round, and, in a reproachful way, told him he had better go "*now he had done his worst,*" in the presence of the servant. He did not know what to do, he was so struck all of a heap, he said, and, instead of seeing her into the house, he slunk off as if he had been convicted of some crime. Still, he could not make

out what it all meant till a fortnight after, when he was sent for by Mr. Jarvis, who told him that from a communication he had that morning received from his daughter, who was very poorly, and who had kept to her room for the last ten days and more, he must tell him that he had a very serious charge to bring against him, a charge which was in part corroborated by the statement of Emma, the housemaid.

In vain he expostulated and avowed his innocence. Mr. Jarvis was obdurate. He, Mr. Mathew, had injured his daughter's character—it was already the gossip of the household—and he must make the only reparation he could or abide the consequences. He gave him a fortnight to consider.

When Marmaduke went down to St. Benet's, the wily lawyer, who had heard some rumours about his trying to exchange (the young officer hoping, in fact, to escape by this means) thought to checkmate him by going to the Colonel of his regiment and telling him the story, with such additions as our readers may imagine, but which it is needless to give. So Marmaduke was summoned back to Colchester to meet his fate.

(*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," etc., etc.

OF the Grand Lodge of the Indian Territory, founded October 5th, 1874—whose jurisdiction is bounded on the north by the State of Kansas, on the east by Missouri and Arkansas, on the south by Texas, and on the west by Texas and Mexico—the August number of the *Canadian Craftsman* remarks: "Masonry in the far west has many difficulties to encounter—a wild, half-civilized community, a land infested with outlaws and ruffians, a section with settlements hundreds of miles apart. We think, under these circumstances, our brethren in the wilds of the Indian Territory should extort from us the warmest sympathy and friendship. The Lodges there have united for the express purpose of advancing the best interests of the Craft. We wish them peace, prosperity, and plenty, and trust that ere the Masonic year has passed, the Grand Lodge of the Indian Territory will be recognized not only by the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, but by every Grand Lodge within the Dominion of Canada." But the Grand Lodge of the Indian Territory, I believe, refuses to acknowledge the members of the Negro Lodges as genuine Masons. Let them take care that their own is always the genuine article; for Lodges may be legally chartered, and even their working of the ceremonies be perfect—instead of the miserable bungling which one is sometimes pained to see; but they must aim higher than this, and take care that with them Freemasonry is neither an aristocratical plaything on the one hand, nor a plebeian drinking-club on the other; but they must prove by the purity and gentleness of their lives, that the Craft has a tendency to make men wiser, kinder, and in every way nobler than it found them.

The Rev. Canon Greenwell, a most competent critic, remarks of Durham Cathedral —one of the noblest works of our ancient operative brethren:—

"The Bernician see, at the time of the flight from Chester-le-Street, and the settlement of Saint Cuthbert and his congregation at Durham, was presided over by Aldhun, who thus became what, by anticipation, may be called the first Bishop of Durham. A church was built by him for the reception of the body of Saint Cuthbert, in which it was deposited in the year 999. This building did not remain for quite an hundred years, and in 1093, Bishop William of Saint Carilef, who had previously established the Benedictines at Durham, commenced that magnificent Cathedral, which, after various changes and additions, still exists. It crowns the rocky height of Durham, not only one of the most glorious examples of Norman architecture in England, but, in virtue of its great beauty of proportion, its solemn and most impressive massiveness, and the peculiar but strikingly effective details of its various parts, one of the grandest churches of a country which is second to none in Europe in those marvellous creations of Christian art."

In the year 1616—when William Shakspere was just passing through "the dark valley of the shadow of death"—John Withie, the arms-painter, finished an heraldic MS., not without its value to the student of the history of our great metropolis. It is entitled, "The Names and Armes of them that hath been Aldermen of the Warde of Aldersgate since the tyme of King Henry 6, beginninge at the 30 yeere of his Reigne until this present yeeare of our Lorde 1616. Which names and Armes were collected out of recorde 1616. J[ohn] W[ithie]." The armorial bearings are beautifully coloured; and the work is now being reproduced, and briefly annotated, by Mr. F. C. Price, Fac-similist to the British Museum, and is to be published by Golding and Lawrence, the antiquarian booksellers opposite the Museum gates.

The *Family Novelist* will shortly consist of a complete story in twelve chapters, entitled "The Gable in Drew Court," from the pen of Mr. John Dawson. The same writer has also recently finished a short serial tale, entitled "The Black Tarn," which will be run through a popular periodical. Seeing that it is only by means of stirring tales that we can get the masses to begin to read, every such effort, made in a pure spirit, is breaking up the barren soil, and preparing it for higher things. We are too apt to blame the poor for their love of sensation tales; but is not the very spirit of all our popular preaching, platform oratory, newspaper leaders, and theatrical exhibitions, sensational? Nay, are not the most prosaic lives of our traders and commercial men sensational in the extreme? Men rush beyond their strength to make fortunes fast: those who do succeed run over the sprawling prostrate forms of their brothers fallen in the mad race for worldly wealth, and have not time or inclination to hold out to them a helping hand; and when they have succeeded in being able "to retire," retirement to their badly cultivated minds is almost as bad as solitary confinement to a culprit. Such is the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century: much to admire, but also much deeply to deplore.

Samuel Osgood, D.D. and LL.D., in an able address delivered before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, on "Life and its Records in this Generation," says "the great revival of common school education," in the United States, "is dated from 1817, and its movement continued throughout that whole generation, and entered into the third generation, which we call especially our own. There was in connection with this movement a rise of interest in classical study that had so much importance as to be fitly called a *renaissance* of letters." Having given credit to the scholars, McVicar, Verplanek, Bethune, Alexander, and others, in New York, he adds: "I am most familiar with the history of classical learning in New England, especially in its oldest seat, Harvard University. Classical culture there may be said almost to have begun with the last generation in the endowment of the Professorships of Latin and Greek in 1811, and in the endowment of the Professorship of Greek Literature in 1815, and the call of Edward Everett to the chair, the most brilliant young man of his day. With this rising taste came the new culture of Massachusetts, which has so made its mark upon history, poetry, romance, ethics, and theology. It was virtually the re-birth of the classic spirit, and especially of the Greek thought under the old Puritan rule; and with it there came the research for the standard of

truth and duty in the very nature of things, instead of the old appeal to personal and dogmatic theology." And of that important auxiliary of human enlightenment, the Newspaper Press, he remarks: "The daily paper is no new thing, the first daily newspaper, the *Daily Courant*, being started in London in 1709, and the first in America, the *Pennsylvania Packet*, starting in 1784. But what was the old hand press of 1457 to the great power press of our day? and what were the little gossiping sheets of 1709 and 1784 in comparison with the eight and twelve page dailies of our time, which give in every issue a volume of solid reading, with reports from all lands and peoples by lightning flashes over continents and under oceans?" And he asks us to "think of the increase of American newspapers from 1840 to 1870, in thirty years, from 1,631 to 5,875, with a yearly circulation of 15,000,000,000?" Well may he add that "the press is the peculiar educator of this generation." The remark applies to the Old World as well as to the New; and, whilst we ought to battle bravely for the liberty of the press everywhere, we ought specially to be prepared to strike down at once the miscreant who would prostitute it.

The *Genealogist* for September, edited by G. W. Marshall, LL.D., F.S.A., among other matters interesting to antiquaries, contains an article on the traffic in baronetcies in the seventeenth century, in which the writer observes: "The title of Baronet, so much sought after at a later period and so often eagerly assumed, particularly in Scotland, on very doubtful grounds, was, as is well known, originally sold for money. The Crown was frequently more eager to bestow the honour than were the gentlemen who were expected to be the purchasers to receive it. In Scotland, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling—who was at first intended to receive 1,000 marks (Scots) from every baronet created in Scotland, but afterwards arranged that twice this sum was to be expended solely for the benefit of his languishing colony, Nova Scotia—found he had much opposition to face. The minor barons in 1625 protested against the precedence granted to the new order; and various individuals, to whom it was offered, refused to accept the title, even when urged or coaxed by the king himself to do so. Although it was certain by a royal prerogative to create titles and confer precedence, the Barons holding of the Crown in Scotland long continued to object to a hereditary order being placed between them and the Lords of Parliament." After giving a few cases in point, he adds: "After a time, the taste for the new title seems to have increased, and the order became so firmly established that the sovereigns used to grant as a favour, or in payment of a debt, blank warrants for the title of baronet, which were sold by the recipient. Mr. John Bannantine, minister of Lanark, having taken charge of the sons of the Duchess of Hamilton, her Grace procured for him as a reward a warrant of this nature, which he sold for £100 to his parishioner, Carmichael of Bonnington, who was at once recognized as a baronet. The title was held without dispute by his descendants till they became extinct in the male line, on the death of Sir William Carmichael, Bailie of Lamington and Bonnington, in July, 1738. Sir Robert Carr, of Etal, in Northumberland, a gentleman of Scotch descent, had, in 1647, two warrants of baronetcy from Charles I., which he was unable to make any use of in the then disturbed state of the country. In 1661, he presents a petition to Charles II., asking for their renewal, and His Majesty, on the 8th August, approves this request, and allows that 'he nominate two mete persons to His Majestie capable for their extraction and estates of the dignity and honour of a Knight Baronett.' Unluckily, we are in few cases able to trace these warrants; their issue, their transfer, their formal recognition, are unrecorded." Bearing on this subject an amusing example is given in an agreement made at London, August 7th, 1641, wherein "it is agreed betwixt Sir John Turing, of Foverne, on the one part, and John Turing, of Covent Garden, nigh London, on the other part," that in consequence of plain John having lent his knightly namesake the sum of a hundred and eighty pounds, which he evidently could not pay back, Sir John was to "go halves" with plain John when he sold the baronetcy for which he then held the king's warrant; and Sir John entered into a legal bond, duly acknowledging the debt to his namesake, and fully binding himself to give him one half of the spoil when he sold the baronetcy. It is difficult to keep any government

whatever form it may take, pure and spotless; but a healthy state of public opinion—a spreading abroad of the genuine principles of Freemasonry—will always secure comparative purity; whether it be in a monarchy or a republic. And every Mason ought to know that, though he should be prepared, if necessary, to forfeit his life before he would divulge any of the secrets of the order to those not duly entitled to receive them; yet he is not only at liberty to propagate, but it is his bounden duty to do so, in his words and in his actions, the glorious principles of the Craft.

Bro. Dr. R. A. Dougals-Lithgow, F.R.S.L., a respected medical practitioner at Wisbech, and one of the Honorary Local Secretaries to the British Archæological Association on its recent Congress at that place, has published a volume of poems, under the title of *Pet Moments*, dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate, which Eliza Cook, no mean authority, characterizes as far "superior to many which demand the world's notice," and declares that "the whole of them carry the germ of intellectual and poetic power." In a future Note we may glance at those "charming and fresh inspirations of the Muse," as *Public Opinion* terms them; for the present, this passing notice must suffice. Medical men as a rule are not very poetical. For myself, I never could see why Science and Poetry should be looked upon as antagonistic. All truth is beautiful, and everything that possesses material or spiritual beauty is, so far, poetical. Ghastly as a human skeleton appears to those who have never thought on the useful purposes it was constructed to perform by the wisdom of T.G.A.O.T.U., in the eye of those who carry their researches in the least "into the hidden mysteries of nature and science," it loses at once the horror with which it strikes the ignorant, and becomes beautiful for its fine adaptation for the support and motions of human beings in the highest purposes which they have accomplished in any age or clime. Above all men, the Freemason should be thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of poetry.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FAITHFULLY.

F Full of a high ambition, rendering best homage above,
I Imbued with a holy fear, strong in a perfect love,
D Devoted to works of kindness; with one great object in view,
E Eager to aid in His service, honest, and staunch, and true;
L Learning to find in His chastenings more reason for thankfulness deep;
É Embracing life's dangers e'en gladly,—so of your fruits shall ye reap!

F Faulty may be our endeavour, weak our most fervent prayer;
I In love He will deign to pardon, only leave *all* to His care;
D Doubt not, for strength He has promised, His word will always stand sure
E Each innermost thought He knoweth, strive that each one may be pure.
L Living and loving so *faithfully*, no trouble shall banish your joy,
É Embittered on earth though it may be,—hereafter there'll be no alloy.

Etoile.

SOMETHING FOUND.

My baby boy has found a prize
  Up on the dusty shelf,
Though how he reached it no one knows,
  Except the rogue himself.
Tight clasped in two wee chubby hands
  He brings it to my side—
A packet, yellow, stained, and worn,
  With faded ribbon tied.

It's—no, it's not my old receipts,
  Nor Madame Muslin's bills,
Nor dear old grand'ma's certain cures
  For household aches and ills.
Here, let me see—"My precious pride!
  Your own sweet turtle dove!"
Good gracious! it is what I wrote
  When I first fell in love?"

And Fred has kept this nonsense safe
  Through twenty changing years.
Here's quite a woful sheet, that still
  Is blotted up with tears;
And here's a halting rhyme I thought
  Byronic in its flow;
And here's the little glove I wore
  Full twenty years ago.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! what folly now
  This old-time sweetness seems!
To think of calling sober Fred
  "The idol of my dreams!"
This crumpled note of dire despair
  I smuggled out of school.
What would I do with my own May,
  If she were—such a fool?

Ah, yes, I'm forty, fat, and fair,
  And Fred is stout and gray;
Good gracious! if they saw this trash,
  What would the children say?
We'll burn these ugly papers up,
  My baby, you and I;
Mamma is crying? Darling, no;
  We old folks never cry.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long, shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent, tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

LORD HOUGHTON.

LOST AND SAVED; OR, NELLIE POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE men on deck were soon at their respective duties, the excitement of the fore-part of the evening having been almost forgotten in the mirth and yarns which had followed.

Tom still had the impression that some one had pushed him overboard, but as no one seemed to have seen the act, he thought possibly he might be mistaken. At any rate, he could not fasten the guilt on to any one, and he thought he would "lay to" and await events that might throw light on the subject,

Tom was right in his impression that no one had seen him go over. But just at the time he fell, Jacko, who was a great favourite with Tom, was seen (in the rays of the lantern which the cook was just bringing out of the galley) by the man at the wheel to jump from the rigging on to the third mate's head and to make lively work with his hair. Jacko, by his squeals as he sat on the mate's head, had also attracted the attention of the cook, as he came out of the galley, and when he heard that it was Tom who was overboard, he remembered that he had seen Radshaw standing behind Tom, when he was going in the dark to the galley.

When these incidents were told to the captain, and he remembered the trouble Tom had with the third mate since the recovery of the money in Rio Janeiro, coupled with the threats that Radshaw had made to get even with some folks aboard the vessel before he left her, he came to the conclusion that the third mate knew more about Tom's going overboard than he chose to tell, and hinted as much to him a few days after, when he had a dispute with him as to who was captain of the vessel.

From that time Radshaw did not associate much with the officers, and, when he was in the cabin, was sulky, and was always threatening to make somebody sweat before long. When he was on deck he was much in the company of Crony, as we have before remarked, the worst man aboard the vessel.

One night, about a week after the accident which had happened to Tom, when the vessel was flying along in a ten-knot breeze, the cry of "Fire!" was heard from forward, and the cook came running aft saying that the provision room near the galley was on fire. No one seemed to know how the fire had originated, and the cook, in his confusion, did not seem to know whether or not he had been in the provision room with a light during the day or evening. Mighty efforts were made to stay the flames, which were well under way before discovered, and had now burst out and were rapidly creeping up the forerigging, fanned into a larger blaze by the wind, which rushed down on them from off the foresail.

The captain, seeing that all efforts to subdue the fire were in vain, gave the order to lower away the boat.

The third mate, with part of the crew, and Crony, had been during the confusion hastily constructing a raft out of some fenders and some loose boards that had been taken out of the hold a few days before. When the order was given to lower the boat the raft was over the side, and the men were lowering a water cask on it. The water cask being safely loaded, the men lowered a barrel of biscuit, the salt junk cask, and a lot of loose oars, sails, and such things as came within their reach.

While the raft was being lowered and provisioned forward, the yawl boat was being lowered aft, and two barrels of biscuit, oars, compasses, and other necessities stowed away.

At this juncture, and when the fire was every moment leaping higher and higher, and coming nearer and nearer to the men, until it seemed as though they were breathing fire, smoke, and cinders, an accident happened which not only placed the lives of the men in greater peril, but deprived them of their greatest chance of escape. Tom, who was lowering a cask of water into the boat, in his haste allowed it to strike against the side of the vessel, when one of the chime hooks became unfastened, and the cask dropped with considerable force into the boat. Water immediately began to gather in the stern, and in a few seconds the boat sank out of sight.

The raft was now the only refuge, and the men who had contemplated going in the boat now hastened forward towards the raft, which they found all ready and preparing to leave the vessel.

Aboard the raft were four or five of the crew, besides Crony, Nellie, and the third mate. When the raft was all ready to leave the vessel, Crony had run aft into the cabin, and, seizing the half-unconscious form of Nellie Powers, had returned with her aboard the raft.

"Hold on there! what are you doing?" shouted the captain, as he perceived that, although the third officer was aware of the sinking of the boat, he was going off, leaving those thus left helpless to perish. "Hold on there, and take these men aboard."

Radshaw paid no attention to this order from the captain, It was now evident that he designed to leave the balance of the crew to their fate, for he shouted to Crony to "cast off." He had already cast off three of the four lines, and was about to cast off the last, when the captain, realizing the baseness of the third mate's intention, pulled his revolver from his pocket and cried,—

"The first man who touches that rope dies."

Tom sprang to the rope, and with Jacko (who had begun to think that matters were getting slightly warm) on his shoulder, slid down, followed one by one by the balance of the crew upon the raft.

The fire was now creeping down the rigging near where the raft was made secure, and Peter was about to cast off, when Tom, who at that moment observed the captain coming from the cabin towards them with his hands full of valuable papers, a compass, barometer, and the parrot (which had noticed everybody leaving and thought it was its turn) perched on his head, shouted to him to hold on,

The heat was now intense, and as soon as the captain reached the raft it was cast off, and by great exertion was propelled out of the range of the sparks or falling timbers and the heat of the fire.

Soon after the raft had been trusted to the tender mercies of the sea, the wind began to moderate; and the moon, which had before been shining brightly, went behind a mass of clouds, which made the light from the burning vessel more brilliantly illuminate the weird surroundings. The men, wearied by the efforts they had made to get free from the vessel, now laid on their oars and watched the burning of their hopes. The "Sparkling Sea" was clothed in flames. The fire was creeping up the shrouds and along the stays like so many little fire demons, which, as they grew larger, in their maniacal revels leaped from mast to mast, and after lapping the sails and ropes with their fiery tongues, devoured them. Little streams of fire bursting out through the decks and the sides of the vessel, the hissing of the burning timbers as they fell into the water, the sky streaked with red, which reflected on the water and made it appear like a sea of blood, all formed a scene sublime and awful. When the little company of souls, all alone on the face of the broad Pacific, on a small frail structure, with only provisions enough to last for a few days at the most, and no protection from the inclemency of the weather, beheld the "Sparkling Sea" in her dying throes, the sparks from their late home flying heavenward, their hearts were wrung with anguish.

"Good-bye to you, my oild friend," said Tom. "It's many a good turn you have done me, and me heart is sore now that I can do you none. O the many jokes we have cracked aboard of you and the yarns we have spun! Yes, 'Sparkler,' if thim yarns were strung out they'd reach more than twice the distance you iver sailed. And the

plum duffs I've had aboard of you. Ah! it's the thoughts of them that makes me stomach ache, as the sight of your dear self in such a plight makes my heart ache. It's a long toime before I'll taste another of thim, I'm afeard. O, 'Sparkler,' dear, why didn't you leave me to my fate when you gave me the duckin', and thin I shouldn't behold you, darlint, wrapped in your windin sheet."

"In my opinion some of the men that called themselves officers aboard that brig were not fit for a sailor's berth," said Radshaw in a gruffly manner, as though something didn't turn out as he had been in hopes it would.

"What do you intend to mean by that, you spalpeen? If there was any officer aboard the 'Sparkler' that didn't do his duty it was yourself, and if you cast any shadows on the rest of them by your ugly mug, you cast a shadow on Tom Mooney; and if you do that, as big as you are, I'll put a stopper on you that will learn you to be a little more civil with your tongue."

Tom's little figure, as he stood up and shook his fist at the third mate, compared ridiculously with the herculean form of that officer.

"Men," said the captain, standing up in their midst, "don't let me hear any more of this angry talk. The only chance in the situation in which we are now placed, of our ever reaching the land, is by every man's doing his utmost to promote the interest of his shipmate, by being cheerful and kind to him, and by being obedient to his officers; throwing away all selfish motives, burying all animosities, and resolving each one to stand by the company to the last. If you each make up your minds to do this, I have no doubt but that we shall reach the land in safety, provided we are sparing of our provisions and the water. We may catch some fish on the way, or we may shoot some water fowls; it may rain, or we may fall in with some passing vessel; but none of these can be depended upon. We must put ourselves on allowance, and then if we fall in with good luck we can have a feast.

"I have consulted with Mr. Evans, who is somewhat of a judge in such things, and who has been in one or two similar positions to the one we are now in, and he says that it was only good discipline that ever brought them through. Now it is two thousand miles to the nearest land I know of in these waters. We were blown out of our course somewhat during the past few days, and I am not certain just where the land lies. We cannot expect a raft like this to make more on an average than two miles an hour, under the most favourable circumstances, and perhaps not that, if we encounter many storms, head winds, or chop seas. Allowing two miles an hour, it will take us forty-two days, or a month and a half at the least, to sail that distance, and you can all see the necessity of resolving to hold out at all events, and not give way to petty notions. What do you say, men? Shall we now, in sight of our burning ship, agree to exert ourselves for our mutual good, and the future success of our undertaking? Those who will do this raise their right hand."

The captain had foreseen the necessity of resorting to persuasion, as a means to keep the men together. He knew that naturally men in their condition were liable to be reckless, He knew that to start right was the right way to start, for he was aware that Radshaw and Crony were bad men, who would not hesitate to raise a mutiny at the first opportunity, and therefore he was not surprised when every right hand aboard the raft was raised with the exception of Radshaw's and Crony's.

"Mr. Radshaw," said the captain, "I am surprised that you do not choose to stand by us in this emergency, for I can conceive of no reason why you should not try to save your own life; I should like to have you explain yourself."

The captain had a suspicion that the third mate knew more about the fire than he chose to tell, and as he fixed his eyes upon Radshaw, Tom told Peter that he could see them flash fire.

Radshaw endeavoured to look into the captain's eyes, but he quailed before that steady, unflinching gaze, and when he spoke, it was in a very moderate tone of voice.

"You have no right to command us now, Captain Dill," he said. "You have lost your vessel, and are no more in command of this raft than I am, nor half so much, because

I built the raft and provisioned it, thinking that you would be satisfied if you had the yawl boat to yourself. But no, you must go and sink it first thing, and force yourself on us, to eat up our provision and put us on short allowance. We don't propose to put up with any such thing. We are each of us going on our own hook, and according to all laws you have no right to interfere with us."

The captain rose, as some of the men who had signified their intention to stay by him now seemed about going over to the mate's side, and were exclaiming, "That's so; what right has he to command us now? We shall do as we want to, and who dare say that we shall not?"

Among all companies of men, whether in the army, navy, or merchant service, can be found some evil geniuses, who are always at the bottom of some infernal scheme, or on the eve of disobeying their superior officers.

"Men," said the captain, as he stood up among them, "I shall leave it to you to choose who shall be your captain. It is as the third mate says; in law, a captain who has lost his vessel has no further control over his men, but they may reappoint him by vote if they see the necessity of having some one to take charge of their interest. It is a known fact that no party of men, or any project, ever succeeded where everyone interested was boss, and neither will our undertaking if each man can do as he wishes. There will be no system; the provisions will be soon gone; there will be no end to quarrels; and the final result of it all will be that we shall be left to die on this dreary waste of waters, in the most awful manner, and suffering the most horrible agonies. Now, men, what will you do about it?" said Captain Dill as he took his seat.

Tom looked about him, and seeing that no one else was going to speak, leaned up against the water cask and said,—

"Shipmates, I'm in favour of havin' the captain taking command of the raft, the same as he did the 'Sparkler.' He has brought us so far in her all safe and sound, and as we shipped with him as our captain until we reached port, I say, shipmates, that we continue with him as captain."

The men looked at each other, wondering who would answer. After a few moments' silence the third mate said,—

"Don't you believe too much in what that man says, shipmates. I say he hasn't brought us so far all safe. Where would we have been this minute if I hadn't built this raft? I can tell you where. Roasting ourselves aboard that brig of his burning over yonder. There you can see the effects of his taking command. I don't believe a man who brings a crew eight thousand miles from home, and then loses his vessel, is fit to be put in charge any more. I've sailed many vessels, I have, and I never have lost any yet; besides, I consider the raft mine, and I know when you do what is right you will put me in charge of it. If you do, I'll warrant you I will bring you through all right. You have tried the old captain, and he has not shown himself capable so far, and there is no harm in trying a new one. I could not do any worse than he has done, and I'll show you how I can do better. What do you say? Will you trust yourselves to the man who has got you in this predicament, or to the one who has shown the most judgment in this affair? Remember, if it had not been for me you would all be roasting at this minute."

"I for one goes in for Captain Radshaw," said Crony."

"And I for another," said Dick Flynn, much to the surprise of the captain.

"Hold on, men," said Mr. Evans; "if we are going to vote on this matter, let us do it in the regular way. Here's two kinds of rope yarn; one is black and one is yellow. I'll cut them up into little slips, and each man shall have one of each kind. Then the cook can take his cap and go round, each man putting his vote into the cap. The most yellow ones are to make Captain Dill our captain hereafter, and the most black ones will make the third mate our captain. Is not that fair enough?"

"That's fair," replied most of the men, one after the other; and Mr. Evans proceeded to cut the rope yarn into pieces about one inch long, and handed one of each kind to every person on the raft. The cook then started round with his cap. When he came to the passengers the third mate said,—

"Shipmates, I hold that the passengers have got no right to vote; they were passengers aboard the 'Sparkler,' and let them be passengers aboard the raft. Ain't I right?"

Radshaw looked around for an answer from the men, while the cook stood before Nellie waiting for their reply.

"You are, ain't he, shipmates?" said Crony.

Mr. Evans, who seemed to have been called upon as the spokesman for the captain's party, said,—

"To be sure, when we were aboard the 'Sparkler' our passengers had nothing to say in regard to sailing the vessel, or as to what should be done on board. But now as we are not aboard the 'Sparkler,' but are out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on a raft, and as they are to share our good or bad fortune, live or die with us, I say that they have as much of a right to vote who shall be put in charge of them as any of us, especially as we have decided not to sail as we were aboard the vessel, but as an entirely different set of persons, under different circumstances and about to choose our captain. Those who are in favour of giving the passengers equal rights with ourselves raise their right hands."

All of the hands came up, with the exception of those of the third mate, Crony, and Dick Flynn.

"As the majority are in favour of their voting, we will proceed with the vote," said Mr. Evans. The vote when cast was found to stand eleven for the captain and four for Radshaw. As there were only fourteen aboard the raft, it was difficult to account for fifteen votes, but the supposition was, among the captain's party, that Radshaw had made two out of his one, as two of them were found to be thinner than the others. This little discrepancy, however, did not make any material difference, for Captain Dill was declared captain by a majority of seven.

Captain Dill immediately set to work to make everything as comfortable as possible. Each man when he left the vessel had taken as many things with him as he could carry. The first mate, being the acting carpenter aboard the vessel, had, when he left, brought his bag of tools. The captain had brought a compass, a barometer, and a chart, and several minor articles which he found room for in his pockets. The second mate had brought the ship's tobacco, as that was always his main solace, and he had thrown over on the raft the flying jib, which had been unbent that morning for repairs. Every man had brought something, and often, with a lot of men in their situation, most any trivial thing has been found to be of great importance.

As it was now late in the night, after the customary watch had been set, the men laid themselves down to sleep, each one, however, before closing his weary eyes, instinctively turned them towards the brig, which was still burning brightly about a mile from them.

When the sun rose on the following morning, and cast its beams upon the water, it looked down upon a scene of sorrow. The beautiful brig, which on the evening before it had left sailing gracefully on a smooth sea, and under a fair sky, now lay a blackened mass of smoking ruins on the surface of the water, and round and near floated charred pieces of her fair design. About a mile to the leeward it looked down on the company of joyous voyagers it had left the night before in contentment, now saddened and care-worn, on a small raft two thousand miles from the nearest land.

As the sleepers aboard the raft awoke one by one, they cast their eyes towards the spot where they had last seen the "Sparkler." She had changed her position somewhat, but the charred hull could easily be seen by all on board. As they awoke from their sleep they also awoke to a realizing sense of the helplessness of their condition. What could they expect to do on such a craft? they asked themselves, as the storms which the "Sparkler" had passed through came into their minds. They had thought the voyage of so many miles in the "Sparkling Sea" was fraught with many dangers, and they would now have been satisfied if they only had her yawl boat instead of the clumsy raft.

(To be continued.)

FROM OXFORD TO LONDON BY WATER.*

THOSE who have known the Thames for the past ten years must have been struck by the immense increase of the pleasure traffic upon the river. Expeditions such as that which has suggested the present paper were, not so many years ago, confined almost entirely to boating men from the University or the London rowing clubs. The week after the end of the Summer Term at Oxford saw a goodly stream of four and pair-oars, manned by undergraduates, making their way to Windsor, Richmond, or Wandsworth; and throughout the summer months occasional parties of Londoners might have been found starting from Salter's raft at Oxford for a three or four days' trip down their noble river. Now, however, the fashion has spread wider, and the excursionists on the Thames may be counted by hundreds. The river-side inns are full to overflowing in July and August; and you cannot row for many miles without coming upon a party preparing to camp out in some snug spot by the river bank, either by pitching a tent, or by covering in their boats with an ingenious contrivance like the "tilt" of a covered cart. Some idea of the extent of this pleasure traffic may be formed from the fact that at the beginning of August, when the writer and his party started from Oxford, they were told that Salter alone had at that moment ninety-five boats out along the river between Oxford and London.

Given fine weather, scarcely any more enjoyable trip can be imagined for those who are fond of the open air, good exercise, and pleasant scenery. Those who are not familiar with the Thames have no idea of the lovely spots that lie within an hour or two's journey from London, and of the many varied combinations of wood and hill and stream which the river presents, and in which the artist and the lover of nature may find endless interest and occupation as he passes along. The physical exercise, too, brings health and vigour and appetite; and after a long pull under a summer sun, the veriest sybarite must admit that no bumper of champagne had ever half the charm of the first draught of "Alsopp from its native pewter." The freedom from all the restraints and ties of ordinary life, the sense of independence in moving from point to point with none of the disagreebles of ordinary travel, and the sound and dreamless sleep which only such a healthy existence gives—these combine to "set one up" in the short space of a few days more effectively than all the doctors in London. There are certainly many worse ways of spending a four or five days' holiday.

Let us, however, begin to trace the course of such an expedition, as it is fresh in the writer's memory. An early morning train to Oxford enables us to start in time for a first day's journey to Shillingford or Wallingford; but it is, of course, rather more convenient to sleep over-night at Oxford, and start earlier, before the mid-day heat. The University town—that part of it, at least, in which the colleges mainly stand—is in August like a city of the dead. Broad Street is almost deserted; in the Radcliffe Square not a footstep will disturb our contemplation of one of the most striking group of buildings in the world; the "High," save for a slight bustle at the entrance to the market, is like the High Street of any provincial town. A "honeymoon" couple strolling lovingly along, or a party of keen-faced Americans "doing" the place as rapidly as they can, are the only signs of life in St. John's or New College gardens, or under the shadow of the noble elms in Christ Church meadows, as we pass along the Broad Walk towards the river. The stranger, or non-University man, who does not understand the sacred institution of the "Long," or the half-superstitious belief of Oxford men in the city's unhealthiness as a summer residence, will be surprised to see the most beautiful of English cities so deserted at the most beautiful time of the year: and, if he be a Cambridge man, will be able to plume himself upon the more sensible custom of his own University in its Long Vacation residence for reading purposes.

* As it is unlikely that many of our readers see *The Guardian* newspaper, we take this most interesting paper from it, as very pleasant reading for all.

As we approach the river, with its line of gaily-coloured barges, the contrast between Vacation and Term time is still more striking. Instead of the ceaseless bustle of young and active life, the crowd of boats of all sizes and shapes, the measured swing of the eight-oar, and the sonorous cries of the "coach" upon the towing-path, all is silent and deserted; and the most inexperieneed oarsman, or most erratic coxswain, can arrive safely at Iffley without running into anything except the bank. How different from the scenes at the college boat-races, when—

> "Stalwart footsteps shake the shores,
> Rolls the pulse of stalwart oars;"

and the towing-path is all a hurly-burly of maddening excitement! As we paddle quietly down in our comfortable four-oared "tub," the recollection of such moments makes us inclined to quicken the stroke, and dash the oar blade more sharply through the water; but prudence whispers that we have twenty miles to go, and that, being somewhat out of condition, it is better to economise our strength.

And here let us put in a word as to the kind of boat for our purpose. There is no greater mistake than to have too light a boat, and anything with outriggers should be absolutely avoided. We are to spend from six to eight hours of each day in our boat, often shifting places to take our turns at steering, and landing to bathe, or sketch, or lunch; and it is essential to comfort to have a steady, roomy boat, which will carry our scanty luggage, and show no tendency whatever to upset. For a party of five or six, the sort of boat known at Oxford as an "inrigged tub four" is the lightest consistent with comfort, and a somewhat heavier "company boat" will be found to pull down stream almost as easily, and will be still more comfortable. For three or four persons a "tub-pair" is most suitable. Some will take a sail, but with a four-oared boat this is of little use, and only wastes time. A pair of sculls, in case one member of the party has to take the boat through a lock while the others bathe, a boat-hook, a punt-cushion or two for reclining on during intervals of rest, and some waterproof canoe aprons to cover our luggage, are all the accessories required. We must not, however, forget one important *vade mecum* of the Thames tourist, the admirable map and guide prepared by an Oxford photographer, Mr. Taunt, which supplies in a handy form all the information required for the journey.

For the first day's pull, Wallingford, twenty-two miles from Oxford, makes a good stage; or, if that be too long, the inn at Shillingford Bridge, three miles short of Wallingford, is both picturesque and comfortable. Last year this inn, so the landlord informed us, accommodated during the boating season over 1,000 guests; and on the night of our stay at least one large party had to be turned away. It is, in fact, quite necessary to secure rooms beforehand at any of these Thames-side hotels. With the exception of the reach below Nuneham Woods, so familiar to Oxford picnic-parties and boating-men, the scenery of which, in our opinion, is second only in beauty to that at Cliveden, there is nothing of striking interest in this part of the river. Abingdon is a curious old sleepy town, with many quaint "bits" for the sketcher or the antiquarian; and Wallingford is an old, uninteresting market-town. One or two churches are likely to catch the eye—notably Iffley Church, one of the finest specimens of Norman work in England, and Clifton Hampden, one of the earliest works of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, picturesquely placed on a high wooded bank over a bend of the stream.

From Shillingford or Wallingford (whichever of these be the first night's halting-place), a day's journey of about twenty-five miles, by some of the most picturesque scenery of the river, brings us to Wargrave or Henley. Cleeve Lock, with the noble reach of water above, and the wooded eminence of Streatley Hill behind; Harts Wood, the high bank of trees whose splendid autumn colouring attracts the traveller by the Great Western Railway between Pangbourne and Goring; Basildon Park, with its fine trees reflected in the glassy stream; Pangbourne, the picturesque village dear to anglers, of which a glimpse, all too short, is caught from the railway as the express dashes through; Mapledurham, one of the fairest of fair spots on the banks of Thames; prosperous Reading, with its ever-growing outskirts of new red-brick houses, and the tall chimneys of the great biscuit factory which makes its name as well known as that of Burton-on-

Trent in every corner of the globe where Englishmen are found; Sonning, with its church embowered in trees, and pleasant in garden below the bridge—these are some of the scenes that will remain in our minds as we eat our well-earned supper in the comfortable Ferry Inn at Wargrave, or the more ambitious Red Lion at Henley.

From Henley onwards we seem to have reached more frequented waters. Steam launches—so handy for ladies, loungers, or picnickers, so execrated by oarsmen, anglers, and riparian proprietors, whose banks are damaged by their wash—come puffing along as though the river belonged to them alone; and pleasure parties of all sorts and sizes are more numerous. All this portion of the river, in fact, is becoming thoroughly familiar to hundreds of Londoners in "Saturday to Monday" outings. As we paddle down the Henley racecourse from the bridge to Regatta Island, visions rise before us of many a gallant struggle for the "Grand Challenge" or the "Ladies' Plate," at that pleasantest of summer gatherings, whose fame has caused the quiet town of Henley to become the metropolis, as it were, of amateur rowing, no less than Putney itself. Further down, on a green lawn backed by fine trees, stand the remains of Medmenham Abbey, once famous (or infamous) as the chosen resort of a band of bebauchees, a disgrace to their position as English gentlemen. As we approach Marlow the scenery becomes more and more quietly beautiful, past Henley Lock and Bisham Woods and Abbey, until at last we halt at the Angler's Inn, among the trim villas of the pleasant, cheery-looking little town. Having duly refreshed and rested ourselves, and duly admired the huge stuffed perch and pike and trout which adorn the coffee-room, we start for our afternoon's pull, happy if only we are favoured with fine weather for the most beautiful part of our journey; past Cookham, nestling among its trees on the river's edge; and onwards where the river glides beneath the lofty-wooded bank on which Hedsor and Cliveden and Taplow Court form a line of "stately homes" of unsurpassed beauty. Nowhere in England, nowhere perhaps in Europe, is there a "villa residence" (to adopt the auctioneers' phrase) so strikingly placed as Cliveden; the view from whose terrace, embracing the line of wooded bank towards Taplow Court, with the broad reach of water gleaming below, and the distant country beyond, is one of the most beautiful that can be found. So lordly a place is fitly owned by a peer in whom the ancient lineage and vast wealth of the house of Grosvenor are adorned by the truer nobility of high courtesy, of generous sympathies, and of unsullied name. Taplow Court, whose young owner, Mr. Grenfell, was one of this year's victorious Oxford crew, is well situated at the end of the ridge above Maidenhead, but does not command anything like so fine a view as Cliveden. The view up-stream from the railway bridge, with Maidenhead bridge in the foreground, and the woods and tower of Cliveden beyond, is extremely picturesque, and has caught the momentary attention of many a railway traveller.

Windsor may well be reached on the evening of this, our third day's row; but of Windsor, and the scenery around and beyond it, there is little need to speak. We shall look admiringly on the truly Royal home of our English Kings, set on its sovereign hill, with massive towers that seem to symbolise the strength and solidity of England, and are rich with the history of centuries; and beneath it—

> "The distant spires, the antique towers
> That crown the watery glade,"

where by "the study of godliness and good learning," and also by

> "The sports which breed
> Valiant lads for England's need,"

the flower of English youth are being trained to bear their part in life in the class-rooms and on the playing-fields of Eton. Lower down, beneath the eminence of Cooper's Hill, lies historic Runnymeade, the birthplace of English liberties; and so the "silver Thames" flows broadening on by Staines and Chertsey, Hampton Court, Twickenham, Teddington, and Richmond, past many a spot endeared to anglers and pleasure-seekers, or classic from its connection with famous men, till at last we reach

the tidal waters and the smoke and dirt of London, where Thames is no longer the silver stream:—

"*Londinium* longæ finis chartæque viæque est."

Before concluding this paper, let us answer two questions likely to occur to some who may be inclined another year to follow our example. 1. Is it an expedition fit for ladies? 2. Is it a feasible and enjoyable thing (for men only, of course) to "camp out" at night instead of going to hotels?

1. We shall not, we hope, be accused of want of gallantry if we venture to discourage the fair sex from making such an expedition. Pleasant as is their company on a day's excursion or picnic, we are bold to say it is out of place on a longer voyage in an open pleasure-boat. Discomforts and inconveniences which sit lightly on a party of men are aggravated tenfold by the presence of women. A drenching storm, for instance, in the early part of a long day's row, from which the oarsmen can shelter in comparative ease under an osier bed, in a lock-keeper's hut, or in a wayside public-house, is a far worse trouble for a lady. And the inconvenience of not finding accommodation, or of finding it only at water-side inns whose arrangements are somewhat "in the rough," is better and far more cheerfully borne by unencumbered males. We would go yet further, and say that the enjoyments of a boating-trip, like those of the hunting-field, are hampered, and not enhanced, by the duty of looking after the weaker sex. If ladies are to see the beauties of the river (and why should they not?) it should be managed either by day excursions from a fixed point where there is a comfortable hotel; or at least in a steam launch, which affords better accommodation, with more shelter, in case of need, than an ordinary row-boat. If a husband and wife like to make a trip together down the river, we would not say them nay; but we should deprecate the company of ladies in any other relationship or on a larger scale. τοσαῦτα εἰποῦσι μὴ φθόνος γέτοιτο.

2. As to camping out, we doubt if its discomforts to inexperienced hands are made up for by its advantages—except in the saving of hotel bills; and even on that score, as a good many appliances must be purchased beforehand, we suspect that the balance of advantage is not so great as it seems. The waste of time, too, if the object of the trip be to see as much as possible of the river, is a serious drawback. Camping parties seem to be engaged till eleven or twelve o'clock in packing up and preparing for a start; and about 4 or 5 p.m., or even earlier, you come upon them beginning to pitch their encampment for the night. In a civilised and highly populous country, such a mode of life, for pleasure's sake, seems a little out of place; it is undertaken, moreover, by the majority of those who try it, with no experience and with fewer appliances than would be taken as a matter of course by the explorer in Australia, or the campaigner at Aldershot or Wimbledon. And now that it has developed so much along the banks of Thames, the proprietors of land will probably before long combine to put a stop to it altogether. On the whole, making every allowance for the charms of freedom and independence to those who, like Æneas, carry their *lares* and *penates* with them in their boats, our advice to anyone who proposed a camping-out expedition would be—"Don't." As to the ladies, whom rumour asserts to have tried it, we do not know whether to feel more surprised at them for going, or at their husbands or brothers for allowing them to go.

To each, however, his or her tastes: others can but give opinions which may or may not be acceptable. We will only repeat that, for anyone in need of a few days' change and freshening—for the clergyman, or barrister, or doctor—an excellent recipe is to get together a crew of old friends or kinsfolk, take the train to Oxford, hire a good boat from the obliging Mr. Salter, purchase Mr. Taunt's map, and, free from care, commit himself for the inside of a week to the bosom of Father Thames. He will return to his parish, his chambers, or his patients sunburnt and, maybe, blistered, but a healthier and happier man.

THE BETTER PART.

BY BRO. F. G. FISDALL, 33°.

Addressed to Bro. R. M. C. Graham, 33°.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for trickery and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If men relied
On Love to guide,
We all would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds paternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
We all would be the better for it.

If men would *act* the play of life,
And fewer spell it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath the knife,
Till good becomes more universal;
If priest-craft, grey with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In truth alone,
We all would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings,
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might
In every fight,
We all would be the better for it.

THE BENI MZÂB.

M. E. MASQUERAY, a French traveller, has recently succeeded in obtaining possession of a number of interesting documents which will be of the highest value in throwing light on the history of Islamism. In the course of an exploration which he made in the summer of this year in the south of Algeria, he managed to persuade the clergy of the Ben Mzâb to lend him copies of all their religious books and all their historical documents. In order to understand the significance of M. Masqueray's success, it should be explained that the Beni Mzâb are regarded as heretics by the other Mussulmans of Algeria, who have persecuted and still despise them. This explains the repugnance which the Beni Mzâb have always had to allow infidels to penetrate the secrets of their faith. On the other hand, for the Beni Mzâb, the orthodox Mussulmans are almost as great infidels as Christians. Towards the beginning of the seventh century of our era, M. Duveyrier tells us, in speaking of M. Masqueray's discovery, a pious sage of South Arabia named Abd Allah Ben Ibâdh El-Merri El-Temîmi thought that he understood better than his contemporaries the religion which Mahomed had preached a few years before. He had been a pupil of the Ommaid Kalif Abd El-Melek Ben Merwan, and he remained the *protégé* of that spiritual and temporal sovereign of the Mussulmans who had not recognized the authority of Ali, son-in-law of Mahomed. Abd Allah Ben Ibâdh founded a new Church, which recruited adherents, first in Oman and other parts of Arabia, afterwards in Irak, in Khorassan, in what is now the Khanate of Khiva, in India, and finally in Barbary, where in the Wâd Mzâb, in the Jebel Nefousa, in Tripoli, there are groups of the population who remain to this day faithful to the instructions of Abd Allah Ben Ibâdh, and still profess Ibâdhism. In the course of centuries the Ibâdhite doctrines gave place in Irak, Khorassan, Khiva, and India to the doctrines of one of the four orthodox Mussulman rites. At the present time it is probably only in Muscat, in Barbary, the Jebel Nefousa, Jerba, and the Wâd Mzâb that are to be found communities of sectaries of a religion the study of which will be for us a veritable revelation. It is, moreover, of importance at present, when the Mussulman world has reached a crisis which seems to presage a renovation. The foundation of the doctrine of the Ibâdhites is liberty of judgment, so that progress of thought is a domain that is open to them. M. Duveyrier, in his letter to M. Masqueray, states that he remained sixty days in Mzâb, and only left on account of a secret warning from the *tolba*, or members of the clergy of Ghardayh. He took away with him in a carefully nailed box the following documents and books:—1. The Historical Chronicle of Abi Zakariya, the most ancient and most complete of all the Chronicles of the Beni Mzâb. 2. The Chronicle of the Lives of the Meshaïkh, or Doctors of Religion, of the Sheikh Ahmed. This is a less ancient volume than the Chronicle of Abi Zakariya, but equally valued by the *tolba* of the Mzâb. M. Duveyrier used several ruses to obtain it, and the person who gave it to him told him solemnly never to mention his name. 3. The Book of Religious Practices of the Sheikh Abi Zakariya. This book forms part of a volume which contains abstracts of the works of the principal Meshaïkh of Ibâdhism. It was given him at Djelfa by order of a rich inhabitant of El-Atef, who had bought it in the neighbourhood of Mesila, in a tribe now Malekite, but once Ibâdhite, like the Beni Mzâb. 4. The Nile. This is a work of great value, which M. Duveyrier intends to describe at length. 5. A manuscript work of the wisest man of the Mzâb, El-Hadj Mohammed Tefiêsh, of Beni Izguen, on the origin of Ibâdhism. 6. A similar work of the Imam of Ghardaya. 7. The first Constitution of the *tolba* after the fall of the Imamate, under the direction of Mahommed Sêh, in the eleventh century. This document, very long, is extremely interesting. 8. The *procès-verbeaux* of the principal meetings of the *tolba* and the laity of Melika, for two centuries at least, and of which the present juridicial and ecclesiastical "Canon" is the result. 9 10, & 11. Other

procès-verbeaux and the "Canon" of El-Atef. 12. The Analyses of twelve "Shadjârât," long genealogical lists of different groups of the Mzâb. These lists, veritable *volumina*, written on skins and rolled into tubes, contain in themselves alone a curious subject of study. 13. The Analysis of a certain number of "Nesab," which indicate the ancestry of the principal groups of Mzâbites, and explain the formation of the "coff" or lines. 14. A registrar of notes containing all that the Beni Mzâb themselves told M. Duveyrier of interest as to manners, customs, contemporary history, organization, linguistic. 15. Seventy drawings. The importance of this result of M. Duveyrier's journey cannot be overrated. The military commandant at Algiers has placed at his service a sufficient number of secretaries to copy the books he obtained, and which he must return by secret messengers within three months. He intends to begin by publishing the text and translation of the chronicle of Abi Zakariya. He proposes to include in this series of publications all he has been able to collect during the last two years and a half, and first of all will be published a preliminary volume entitled, "Les Beni Mzâb."—We take this interesting paper from *The Times*.

LEGENDS OF THE PAST.

BY DR. DRYASDUST.

No. I.

TO fill up a corner in your *Masonic Magazine*, I send you, from my dusty library, two little "legends," though modern in guise and dress, which I think may interest your readers. I hope from time to time to forward similar ones, as I often think, old fogey as I am, that there is more romance and truth even in such forgotten legends than we like to believe, or attempt to realize.

The first is concerning Cromwell's burial-place:—

NEWBURGH PARK.

To Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh Park, is devoted a descriptive sketch in one of the numbers of the *World*. By way of preparing the reader for his introduction to the baronet at home, the sketch opens with an account of Sir George's hairbreadth escapes in early life, the first from being captured by the Russians while taking part as a young cornet of Lancers in the celebrated Balaclava charge; the second from being drowned about fifteen years later through the upsetting of a ferry boat in which the York and Ainsty field were crossing the river Ure in pursuit of the fox. The writer thus continues: Newburgh itself is a marvel of antiquity, many parts of it dating from the Plantagenets: it possesses the inestimable charm of a house which has been added to often, but never destroyed or rebuilt. As we trot round the great fish-pond in front, over which may be descried the jagged outline of the Hambleton hills, to the low-browed thirteenth-century porch, we find, standing on an emerald circle of greensward, a little active man, the *beau ideal* of a Hussar. Sir George Wombwell is a country gentleman of country gentlemen; his time is occupied in draining, clearing, and getting land under cultivation; and he has increased the holdings of his cottages with a view to improving the condition of the labourers on his estate. With good old-fashioned courtesy, our host sees us bestowed in our chamber at the end of a long gallery hung with portraits of the house of Wombwell and Fauconberg. We are here in the oldest part of Newburgh. The wainscoted walls are of enormous thickness, affording spaces for recesses and coffers in the windows. Bating occasional repair and general furbishings upon the

occasions of Royal visits, Newburgh is but little changed since King Henry VIII. gave it to Antony Belasyse, the founder of the Fauconberg family. Newburgh and its broad acres came undiminished to the Wombwells, who hail from near Barnsley, on the marriage of the grandfather of the present incumbent with the heiress of Fauconbarg. The portrait of this lady, a magnificent full-length by Gainsborough, hangs in the drawing-room. There is also a delicious half-length of the beautiful Elizabeth Belasyse (the mother of the present Lord Lucan), whose story invests Newburgh with a halo of romance. The garden-walk, up and down which she paced day after day in the years before her death, is still pointed out, and the tradition of her great loveliness preserved. In Sir George's private snuggery are many relics of the olden time, among them several letters of Sterne to his patron Lord Fauconberg. There is, however, a mightier memory than that of Lawrence Sterne associated with Newburgh. In the long gallery is a glass case containing the saddle, holsters, pistols, bit, and bridle of "the greatest prince who ever ruled in England." Not quite opposite to these relics hangs the portrait of a lady clad in dark green and demureness. This serious-looking dame is Mary Cromwell, wife of the second Lord Fauconberg. It was she who foresaw that, the Restoration once achieved, the men who had fled before Oliver at Naseby and Worcester would not allow his bones to rest in Westminster. At dead of night his corpse was removed from the vault in the Abbey, and that of some member of the undistinguished crowd substituted for it. In solemn secrecy Oliver's remains were conveyed to Newburgh, where they yet repose, the insane fury of the Royalist ghouls, who hung the supposed body of Cromwell as well as that of Ireton on the gallows at Tyburn, having thus been cheated of its noblest prey. The tomb of Cromwell occupies the end of a narrow chamber at the head of a flight of steep stairs, and is an enormous mass of stonework built and cemented into the walls. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this story, preserved in the Belasyse family for two centuries and a quarter. The first baronet was chairman of the East India Company.

The second legend is the "Man in the Iron Mask":—

LEGEND OF THE IRON MASK.

During the seventeen years' confinement of this strange prisoner at Sainte Marguerite, St. Mars, who brought him to the fortress, was replaced by a Monsieur de Bonpart, as Governor. The daughter of the latter, just emerging from childhood to womanhood, grew up with this mystery about her. She had seen the graceful figure of the masked prisoner promenading at night upon the terrace and at worship in the chapel, where he was forbidden to speak or to uncover his face, the soldiers in attendance always having their pieces pointed toward him if he should attempt to do either. She discovered that her father always treated him with the greatest respect, serving him bare-headed and standing. His table service was of massive silver, his dress of the richest velvet, and he wore the finest linen and the most costly lace. She had heard her father accidentally speak of him as "the prince." No wonder that his sad fate occupied her thoughts by day, and his noble figure haunted her dreams by night.

She, too, was very young and beautiful, and their eyes occasionally met in chapel. He sang beautifully, and was a very skilful performer on the guitar. It is said she climbed the rocks under the castle terrace and sang sweet songs to the poor captive. Thus a romantic love sprang up between them, and as it gained strength the young girl dared to purloin the keys from her father, and so obtained access to the prisoner. When the governor discovered his child's treachery he was struck with the greatest dismay. His oath was binding upon him to put to death immediately any one who had spoken to the prisoner. But she confessed her love for him, and pleaded piteously for her young life. The captive, also, to whom the governor was much attached, joined his prayers to hers, and implored that they might be made man and wife, and then the secret would be safe. The governor was not stern enough to immolate his child, and perhaps a gleam of ambition may have flashed across his mind, as in the event of the

death of Louis XIV. the prisoner would be acknowledged, and his daughter sit on the throne of France.

However, their nuptials were performed by a priest of the castle in the dead of night, and all were sworn to secrecy. From this union two children were born. A whisper of this reaching the ears of the minister, the Marquis of Louvois, the prisoner was immediately removed to the Bastile for safer keeping, and the mother, the priest, and the governor disappeared. The children were sent to Corsica, to be brought up in obscurity under the name of their grandfather, Bonpart, which was corrupted into Buonaparte. And thus, says the legend, Providence avenged the wrongs of the twin brother of Louis XIV, and restored the eldest branch of the Bourbon line to the throne of France.

Will not many of our readers be inclined to say "What next?"

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

BRO. CANON TRISTRAM at the Sheffield Congress read the following interesting paper on the Assyrian Tablets, which will well repay perusal:—

No fewer than twenty-three points in the narrative of Genesis are given, with some discrepancies, by the tablets. "There is not an incident (said the Canon) touched on, from primæval chaos to the call of Abraham, which is not illustrated and confirmed by the utterances of a language which speaks again after a silence of four thousand years, though we have only just begun to gather a few fragments from its storehouses. The ingenuity of a destructive criticism can avail nothing against this. The creation of the cattle of the field, the beasts of the field, and the creeping things, occur as in Genesis. We have the Fall. 'The Dragon Tiamat tempted him. The God Hea heard and was angry, because his man had corrupted his purity.' The curse is, 'May he be conquered and at once cut off.' On a seal two figures are seated by a tree holding out their hands to the fruit, while a serpent stands erect behind one of them. Four rivers are spoken of as surrounding Gan-dann—*i.e.*, Gan-Eden, the Garden of Eden, two of them the Tigris and Euphrates. Among the names of the Antediluvians occur Cain, Enoch, Cainan, Lamech, Tubal-Cain, or *Bil-kan*, the God of fire and melter of metals. The ten generations of Genesis are represented by ten successive kings. The translation of Enoch is placed after the Flood, and transferred to Noah. Of the famous Izdubar legend, the Assyrian story of the Flood, I need not speak. Twenty-three points in the narrative of Genesis are given in the tablets, with some few discrepancies, enough to show that neither narrative was copied directly from the other. We have the account of the building of the Tower of Babel, its interruption by Divine interposition for man's sin. 'God destroyed in the night what they built in the day. He scattered them also, and made strange their speech, and Babylon was abandoned.' Then comes the story of Nimrod, identified with the highest probability as the *Izdubar* of the tablets, for he founded Babel, Akkad, Erech, and Nipur, which has been shown to be another name for the Calneh of Genesis. Mr. Smith writes: 'Izdubar forms the centre of the national historical poetry, just as Nimrod is stated to have been in the later traditions. I subsequently found that he agreed exactly in character with Nimrod; he was a giant hunter, according to the cuneiform legends, who contended with and destroyed the lion, tiger, leopard, and wild bull or buffalo, animals the most formidable in the chase in any country. He ruled first in Babylonia, over the region which from other sources we know to have been the centre of Nimrod's kingdom. He extended his dominion to the Armenian mountains, the boundary of his late conquests, according to tradition; and one principal scene of his exploits and triumphs was the city of Erech, which, according to Genesis, was the second capital of Nimrod.' The discovery by Mr. Loftus and identification of Ur, with its innumerable inscriptions, its bricks, stamped with the name of Arioch (Genesis xiv. 1), and its temples to the moon-god and other idols, bring down

the exhumed Assyrian annals to the time of Abraham. What, then, is the definite result as to Scripture history? Certainly there is not an incident touched on from primæval chaos to the call of Abraham which is not illustrated and confirmed by the utterances of a language which speaks again after a silence of four thousand years, though we have only just begun to gather a few fragments from its storehouses. The ingenuity of a destructive criticism can avail nothing against this. Subtle intellects have endeavoured to evolve from their inner consciousness the theory of differing Jehovistic and Elohistic originals put together in later ages to form the early chapters of Genesis, and shallow copyists have assumed this as an accepted axiom of scholarship. But historical facts dissipate philological hypotheses. The cylinders of Assyria expand in the same series the so-called Jehovistic and Elohistic portions alike. We have been told that the Pentateuch, in its present shape, was compiled by Samuel, by the later Seers, or by Ezra. But now it is no longer possible to suggest any origin later than the date of the Exodus for the history of Genesis, for to the Jews of the later period of Samuel the records of Assyria were inaccessible, and the structure of the language of Genesis is too archaic to be postponed to the period of the Captivity. We have been told that Genesis i-ii., 3, is a fragment of an old Elohistic document, but Genesis ii. 4—iii., a Jehovistic later document. The story of the Flood is Elohistic, that of the dispersion of Babel is Jehovistic. Can the champions of this subjective criticism explain on their hypothesis of the double authorship how we find the Elohistic and Jehovistic portions alike successively embodied in the series of Assyrian records? This simple fact brushes away a whole cloud of flimsy cobwebs laboriously woven to raise man's uncertainties above God's certainty. Amid the controversies on the origin and meaning of the Sabbath, we now know that it was no Mosaic invention, no exclusively Semitic observance, not even an ordinance delivered to Abraham to separate his family from surrounding idolatry, but a primæval tradition, recognized, be it noted, by the Hamite contemporaries of Nimrod, as instituted from the Creation.

"We have thus another definite result that evidence is afforded that the Sabbath was recognised as a Divine institution before the separation of the Hamite and Semitic families of man, and that the obligation of its observance was acknowledged by both families. The Assyrian records prove to us that the pre-Abrahamic history was not a vision, revealing to Moses facts of which he was heretofore ignorant, but a simple monotheistic relation of a continuous story of the earth and of man's origin, which in a corrupted form had actually at that time long existed in writing. Again, these are not Semitic traditions. They did not belong to the family of Abraham exclusively, but are shown to be in their oldest hitherto discovered form, Accadian—*i.e.*, Cushite, or Hamite, a further evidence that the primæval knowledge was not limited to the Semitic progenitors of Israel. Nor could the legends have percolated from Assyria to Palestine before the later days of the monarchy. Between Chaldæa and Palestine was a wide extent of country inhabited by very distinct and antagonistic nations, the Aramæan and the Hittite, races which have passed away. Abraham must have brought the basis of the early history of Genesis from that cradle of literature—Ur of the Chaldees, the City of Arioch. And I take it that the reasonable view of inspiration is not that God dictated each word to Moses, but that the writer was supernaturally guided to indite that alone which was historic truth. But did a monotheistic writer simply take the legend and eliminate the polytheistic portions? No; for the variations between the accounts show that though they may be derived from a common origin, they are certainly not derived the one from the other. What then was the common origin of the Hamite or Accadian cylinders, and of the Mosaic history? There surely can be none later than the accounts imparted by the common father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet before the dispersion of mankind. These accounts may have been oral, they may even have been written, for the perfection to which the art of inscribing had arrived so soon after Nimrod may well lead us to believe that it was an art transmitted from across the waters of the deluge. Are the great events alike recorded in both histories to be accepted as historical facts, or are we, at the bidding of those who would reject all, because of the marvellous element interwoven, to believe that the compilers intended, by the early story of mankind, to give us figurative

and elaborate descriptions of natural phenomena? We reply in the pungent words of G. Smith, 'If this were true, the myth would have taken to create it a genius almost as great as that of the philosophers who explained it.' But when from the historical we pass to the chronological results of recent research, we must frankly admit many difficulties. From Nimrod or Izdubar downwards the chronology now stands scarcely disputed. Bishop Usher and the modern Assyrian scholars agree in placing him about B.C. 2,250, The difficulty is in the antecedent period from the Flood to his date, for which the received chronology allows only a century. But we can scarcely conceive so vast a multiplication of mankind in the space of three generations, even if we compress the whole into the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, as is evidenced by the history and works of Nimrod. The Elamite conquest of Chaldea (Gen xii.) is frequently alluded to in the tablets, and scholars agree in placing it about B.C. 2,400, 150 or 200 years before Nimrod. But before it we have the tradition of 36 successive kings from the Flood. If accepted at all, we may fairly allow 1,000 years for this succession, which would place the Flood about B.C. 3,500, or 1,000 years earlier than the popular chronology, This position would solve all difficulties. And bearing in mind that succession, not chronology, is the object of the narrative, and that in the Hebrew and other Semitic tongues there are no distinct words for the degrees of genealogy, the statement that Cush was the son of Ham and Nimrod the son of Cush need bear no closer interpretation than that Nimrod was descended from Ham through Cush. When we see how genealogies are notoriously compressed, as in Matthew i., for technical convenience, and find that the Accadian cylinders compress them in the same way, and likewise use the same word for "son" and "descendant," we are entitled, I submit, to allow a period of indefinite extension, if other circumstances require it, for the dispersion and gradual increase of mankind after the Flood. When Moses was supernaturally inspired dimly to sketch the great events and epochs of a far-reaching past, those great epochs towered one behind the other, as the traveller on the plains of India sees hundreds of miles away the peaks of the mighty Himalayan range in close array rising one behind the other, and his eye marks each in succession, without taking note of the vast plains and wide uplands that intervene hidden and buried between each. So it is beneath the standpoint of our faith to measure inspiration by applying the cold bald precision of western criticism to the figurative expressions and vivid metaphors which are the natural outcome of oriental thought, or to measure it by the position of a dot or a point in the Hebrew numerals. When from the historical we proceed to that eye of history, the geographical and topographical details of the early Scriptures, our attention is directed chiefly to the journal of the wanderings of the Exodus, and the allotment of the Land of Promise.

"These are full of topographical notes on the Siniatic Peninsula, and the various countries east of Jordan, while the Domesday Book of Joshua describes with the fulness of a government survey the various tribal boundaries, and contains long lists of the towns and villages allotted to each tribe. Till recently these countries had never been accurately surveyed. Geographical precision and strong local colouring we find to pervade the whole narrative; and the events circumstantially recorded in Exodus are of such a character that on the acceptance of them as historical facts depends the whole question of the truth of the Old Testament. The recent surveys of the Sinaitic Peninsula have shown the most exact accordance of the record of the Exodus with existing topographical facts, an accordance which would be inconceivable unless the history were compiled at the time. Mr. Holland's researches have shown that at that very date the mining region north-east of Suez was occupied by strong Egyptian garrisons, and that the Israelites could have taken no other route than the southern one between Jebel or Rahah and the Red Sea. Then, after crossing the Red Sea, we have Ayûn Mûsa (Moses' Wells), then three days' journey without water, then the bitter springs of Marah (Ain Hawarah), then Elim (Wady Gharandel), with its palm trees and vegetation still existing. From Elim they go back to the sea, and follow down the coast. Then, where a bold headland forbids further progress, 'they removed from the Red Sea, and encamped in the wilderness of Sin'—*i.e.*, when the headland Ras Abu Zenimeh forbids

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further passage, they turn inland and double it. Thence only one road, Wady Taiyebeh, which, with their baggage, the Israelites could have taken towards Sinai, with two halting-places by the way. Here Mr. Holland has traced Rephidim, and beyond the pass the old circular huts of an extinct race, the Amalekitos, with their hearthstones and remains of bones and charred wood. In the open space we find every condition required for the delivery of the law from Sinai, and also for the details of the battle of Rephidim. Eastward from Sinai, again, at a distance of three days' journey, Professor Palmer discovered a piece of ground covered for many acres with the stone circles which mark the site of camps, but of a different shape from any now in use. The hearthstones were still there and pieces of charcoal beneath the surface. Stretching to a great distance round the camps were numbers of grave mounds, said by the Arabs to be the remains of a vast pilgrim caravan, which pitched here ages ago, and was afterwards lost in the desert of the Tîh. No doubt remained on the mind of the explorers that they were actually on the site of Kibroth Hattaavah, and that their fingers, as they turned the stoneheaps, were grimed with the dust of them that lusted. Exactly a day's journey further on they discovered the wells and romantic oasis of Ain Hudherah, the Arabic equivalent for Hazeroth. If beyond this each halting-place prior to the thirty-eighth year of the wanderings has not been traced and identified it is simply because from the nature of the case it is most unlikely that names, probably given at the time by the travellers themselves to featureless camping grounds, should have been preserved. But the latter part of the wanderings has been traced with the same accuracy as the earlier. The discovery by Mr. Holland, only this year, of a labyrinth of valleys, slopes, roads, and hilly country in the north of the desert of Tîh, in the region just south of Ain Gades, recognized as Kadesh Barnea, solves the difficulties connected with the protracted sojourn of a vast host for many years in this region. Proceeding from the watershed of Jebel el Tîh northward through Jebel Mugrah, Mr. Holland found what seems to have afforded the road known as "the way of the spies," a wide region full of traces of ancient habitations and cultivation. West of this region he has traced an easy, direct, and well-watered route to Egypt, with wells and ancient ruins, and numbers of flint flakes, and arrow-heads, proving that it was a road much used in very early times, while large tracts of lands are still cultivated. The pass of Akkrabim, the mountain of the Amorites, Zephath, and Hormah—none of these are now mere traditional names, but actual recognized sites, where the march of Israel can be most distinctly traced. I need not further trace the later history of Numbers and Deuteronomy, the minute details of all the movements of Israel round Edom, through Moab, and to the plains of Shittim, or the high places of Balak and Balaam, as on a former occasion I have been permitted to bring the explorations of myself and others before the notice of the Congress. Thus, entering into Palestine itself, with the Book of Joshua in our hands, we scarcely need a further guide. The officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund have laid down in that ordnance map, which in a few weeks will be in your hands, 2,770 names, where previously only 450 were laid down. Of all the long catalogues of Joshua, there is scarce a village, however insignificant, which does not retain for its desolate heap or its modern hovels the Arabic equivalent for the name written down by Joshua 3,300 years ago. But it is not merely the continuance by an 'occult Providence' of the names in the very places where they ought by the record to be; it is the little touches which often startle by the way in which they carry conviction of the time and place of the sacred penman. Thus when we read that Abraham's second encampment 'was on a mountain east of Bethel, and that he pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west and Hai on the east, and then he builded an altar,' and when between the site of Bethel and the desolate heap, the 'Tell' of Ai, we observe a valley, and in its centre a lofty hill with undecipherable ruins on its summit, whence and whence alone a view of the Jordan valley and the head of the Dead Sea is obtained, we know exactly where Abraham stood and where the writer placed him. Thus is proof and illustration rapidly accumulating, and one definite result is certainly this, that hostile criticism must for the future be subjective and not objective. If there be a corroborated and illustrated history in the world, we have it here. The solvent of unbelief cannot dissolve the sculptured stones and burnt

tablets of Chaldea. But scepticism, like other organisms, may still preserve her continuity, while, Proteus-like, she developes new forms by a process of evolution; that theory which its votaries, as we read in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, tells us is universally accepted by all thinking and educated men, while in the same breath they admit that the proofs are not forthcoming, and that it is reasonable to expect they should be. The historical assault has been triumphantly repulsed all along the line. We calmly await the next charge; for 'Magna est veritas et prævalibit.'"

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 81).

Chapter IV.

I betake me now to the Dialogue between Elias *the Artist, and the Physician, to express what is past, and all other passages.*

Elias. GOD save you *Helvetius?* I have heard of your curious search after natural things, and read thy books, particularly against *Kenelme Digby's* Sympathetical Pouder, where he glories to heal all wounds at a distance. Truly I delight incredibly in all such things, which we see in this Look-glass naturally implanted in the Creatures, whether Sympathetick or Antipathetick: for the inexhaustible Treasures of the Divine light and Deity (abundantly granted us) may be perfectly known out of the Creatures under the Sky, or in the womb of the Earth, or in the Seas brought forth. That with all their gifts and powers (potentially in them) they might be beneficial to restore health and help to mortal man.

Physician. Sir, you are the welcomest Guest; for a philosophical discourse of nature is the only refreshing of my Spirit, and Salutiferous nourishment; come I pray into this Chamber.

Elias. Sir, It seems you have here a whole shop of the fiery Art of *Vulcan*, and perhaps all Spagyrical Medicines, most exactly drawn out of the Mineral Kingdom. But Sir? For what end so many Medicaments? when by a most few we may much sooner and safelyer restore the health of man, if the distemper be not deadly, either out of defect of nature, or putrefaction of any noble part, or the whole consumption of the radical humidity; for in such desperate cases neither Galenical Cures, nor Paracelsical Tinctures can be helpful; but it is not thus in ordinary diseases, where nevertheless often men are constrained before their fatal Term, to travail out of this most sweet light amongst the dead, for want of speedy and potent remedies.

Physician. Sir, I apprehend by your discourse you are either a Physician, or an expert Student in Chymistry. Verily I believe there are more excellent Medicaments, and an universal Medicine, which might prolong life until the determinate end, and also cure and heal all distempers in man's body, but who can shew the way to such a Fountain, whence such a Medicinal Juice may be obtained? perhaps none amongst men.

Elias. Truly I am only a Founder of Brass, yet almost from my Cradle my *Genius* prompted me to search Curiosities in the fiery Art, and I have diligently searched through the internal nature of Metals, and though now I forbear assidual labour and accurate Scrutiny, yet such labours and lovers are delightful to me; and I believe the

most high, great and good God, will in this our Age afford his Spagyrick Sons the Metallick mysteries *gratis* yet, by praying, and labouring to attain them.

Physician. I grant God affords his commendable good things *gratis*, yet he hath seldom given or doth easily sell to his Sons this Medicinal *Nectar* for nothing.

For we know certainly that Infinite numbers of Chymists have and do still draw water through a Sieve, whilst they presume to prepare the Universal Stone of Philosophers, and out of the Books of triumphing Adeptists, none can learn the manner of preparing it, or know their first matter. And whilst one searcheth on the lowest root and foot of the Mountain, he never ascends to the highest top, where only he can eat and drink the *Ambrosia* and *Nectar* of the *Macro-Sophists* or Philosophers. In the Interim it is the part of a good Physician, for want of that universal *Elixir*, to keep a pure and safe Conscience, and apply to diseases such restoring remedies in which he certainly finds the effect and Virtue of Curing them. Therefore in all desperate Diseases I use such most simple Medicaments, that the Patients either speedily recover, or are brought into some way of their former better health.

For there are various kinds of Salts generated in the Glandules and Lymphatick Vessels, after the putrefaction of this or that received nourishment, which afterwards flourish out in various humours, and cause either internal or external distempers, For experience teacheth us, that as many constitutions or Complexions, so many diversities of Diseases, although it be the very same Disease in general. As we have experience in them who drink Wine, where divers operations presently manifest themselves.

For *Peter*, having drunk Wine, presently begins to be angry and furious; on the contrary: *Paul* seems to have a Lamblike timidity; but *Mathew* sings, and *Luke* weeps.

Item. From the contagious Scorbutical poison, the Radical Juice of *Peter* in his Lymphatick Vessels and Kernels is turned into Acidity, which obstructs the passages and Organs of all the whole body. From whence springs up under the skin discoloured Azure or Skie-colour spots; but in the time of the Plague they bud forth in the likeness of Cornes of Pepper.

But the Juice of the same parts in *Paul* is changed into an opening bitterness from whence in the skin grow red spots under the Arms and Legs, like unto flea-bites; but in the plague time Carbuncles.

But the Juice or humidity of the same parts in *Mathew* is turned somewhat sweet and easie to be putrefied, whence bud forth under the skin watry Tumors on his Arms and Legs, the like almost you may see in Hydropical patients; but in the pestilence riseth pestilential Tumors.

But of the same parts in *Luke*, the Juice is changed into a sharpe salty driness, whence come forth under the skin of his Arms and Legs, precipitations of the ordinary ferment of the flesh, and such exsiccations as commonly fall out in the consumptive Atrophia; yea, most often into the true Atrophia: But in the Plague, come forth most ardent swellings, with distractedness until death.

Behold my friend! No Physician, by one universal Medicine, can Cure this only Disease of the Scorbutick-pestilential or Febrile-poyson, but indeed by means of a particular Vegetable or Mineral granted in nature from God, we may; for I can succour and handle all Scorbutical patients, with one Scorbutical Herb, as Scurvy-grass, or Sorrel, or Fumitary, or *Baccabungia*, called Brooklime or Red Coleworts; yea, much less can we succour them with one remedy compounded of all these divers species: for as much as there is such an Antipathy between Scurvy-grass and Sorrel, as there is between fire and water, and the same Antipathy is also observed between the Herb Fumitary, and *Baccabungy:* Therefore

The Corrector of *Peter's* Scorbutical, colouring Salty, and sower Poyson, is made with the bitter Volatile Salt of the Herb Scurvy-grass.

The Corrector of *Paul's* Scorbutick, tinging, salty and bitter poyson, is made with the fixt sower salt of the Herb Sorel.

And the Corrector of *Mathew's* Scorbutick, salty, tinging sweet and moistening poyson, is made with the help of the fixt bitter and drying Sulphur of the Herb Fumitary.

But the Corrector of *Luke's* Scorbutical Tingent, Salty, sharp and drying poyson, is

made by the help of the sweet moistening *Mercury* of the Herb *Baccabungy*, Brooklime or Red Coleworts: As out of the External signature of those Herbs is very easie to judge the specifick internal remedy, against these divers Scorbutical Diseases. Verily my friend; if this be well observed, a prudent Physician will doubt of the universal Medicine.

Elias. I shall easily grant all which thou hast Argued, yet the fewest of Physicians observe this Method. In the Interim it is not at all impossible that there is also in the Kingdom of Minerals (being the highest) an universal Medicine, by whose only benefit we may affect and afford all which are recounted by thee of many Remedies out of the lowermost Kingdom of Vegetables. But our most great and good God for some weighty Reasons, hath not given this kind of magnificent Charismal gift or supereminent Science promiscuously to all Philosophers; but hath revealed the same to a few, though all the Adeptists agree that this Science is true, and that none ought to doubt of the truth thereof in the least.

Physician. Sir, besides the mentioned things, there are yet other observations strenuously opposing the operation of an universal medicine; Partly in respect unto men's age and strength; Partly by reason of the Sex, and other circumstances, whilst there is a plain difference between the tender and strong: Either by nature or education, and between the male and the female; young man and maid; and between the beginning, middle, or end of the disease; And it must be known if the disease be inveterate, or but lately have invaded the party; and lastly, if the Ferment in this disease be promoted, or in another be precipitated: For the Effervency of the Ferment is made in the Stomack, or intestines, and indeed many contradictions are against the Universal Medicine, and few Physicians have *Thomas a Didymus'* Spectacles at their fingers' ends.

Elias. You have argued very Philosophically for so many men, so many minds. And as sweet Musick pleaseth not every *Mydas* ears, or the same meats and drinks please every Pallate: So the judgments of unskilful persons are very different concerning this Universal Medicine, both for humane and Metallick Bodies; And certainly the operation of this differs much from particular Medicines; Some whereof nevertheless are in a manner universal, or so esteemed, as the Herb Scurvy-grass, curing all sorts of the Scurvy, marked with Azure spots; Sorrel, every Scurvy with red spots; Beccabungia (red Coleworts or Brooklime), Atrophia, or the Consumptive kind: and Fumitary Tumors of another kind: Especially with such Physicians to whom the abovesaid observations are in high esteem. Besides there is a vast difference between the universal Medicine of true Philosophers, which revives all the vital spirits, and the particular Medicament of a slight cure; where only the venome of humours boyling against nature (in this man sower, in another bitter, &c., and in one Saline, in another sharp) is corrected; And if these corruptions be not presently removed by the usual Emunctories of Mouth, Nostrils, Stool, Urine, or Sweat; then certainly the Corruption of one, begets another disease; for every spark of Fire having food, and not quencht, will arise to the greatest conflagration. But if there be a defect in the motions of the Vital Spirits, then this is impossible to be effected by particulars; wherefore it concerns every conscientious Physician to learn how he may promote the motion of the vital spirits, to a natural digestible heat, which is most securely and best performed by our universal Medicine by which the sick are notably recreated; for as soon as this more than perfect Medicine removes the mortifying seeds, Nature is restored, and so lost health recovered; and that only by a harmonious Sympathy between it and the vital Spirits; Wherefore the Adept do call it the Mystery of Nature, defence of old Age, and against all Sicknesses, yea, of the very Plague and Pestilence; For this being a kind of *Salamander*, communicates its virtue and (as a Salamander) makes a man live till his last appointed time against all the Fiery Epidemical Darts of the angry Heavens or their Malevolent Influences.

Physician. Sir! I understand by your discourse, That this Medicine doth nothing to the correcting of depraved or corrupt humours, but only by strengthning the Vital Spirits, and our Balsamick Nature; but other practical Chymists teach how to separate

the impure from the pure, and ripen the unripe; to make the bitter become a little sower or Acid, and the sower sweet, and so to turn sharp into mild, mild into sharp, sower into sweet, and sweet into sower. Also I understand you say this universal medicine cannot prolong life beyond its prefixed time, but only preserves it from all venome and deadly sickness, which agrees with the vulgar belief, That the Life depends only upon the will of God. But passing by these things, my question is still, whether a man's former nature may be converted into another new nature? So that a slothful man may be changed into a diligent nimble man, and a Melancholy man by nature be made a merry man; or the like.

Elias. Not at all Sir, for no Medicine hath power to transform the nature of man in such a manner, no more than wine drunk by divers men changeth the person's nature, but only provokes or deduceth what is in man potentially into Act; For the universal Medicine works by recreating the vital spirits, and so restoreth that health which was suppressed for a time. In the same manner the heat of the Sun never transmutes the Herbs and Flowers, but stirs up their potential powers to become active. For a man of melancholy temper is again raised up to his natural melancholy disposition, and a merry man to become merry. And so in all desperate diseases, it is a present and most excellent preservative. Nay, if there could be any prolonging of Life, Then *Hermes*, *Paracelsus*, *Trevisan*, and many others having had the said Medicine would never have undergone the Tyranny of death, but have prolonged their lives perhaps to this very day: It were therefore the part of a mad Lunatick to believe that any Medicine in the world could prolong life longer than God limits.

Physician. Worthy Sir, *I* agree now cheerfully to all you have said touching the Universal Medicine, being no less regular than fundamental; Yet till I can prepare the same my self, it profits me not: Indeed some illustrious men have written of it so cautiously in dark Ænygmas, that very few can understand their progress to the end; and if one could purchase all these Authors, this short life might be therein consumed, and not attain the thing. It remains therefore only to pray and labour, *Ora & labora*, *Deus dat omni horæ*, Work and pray, God gives every day.

Elias. Seldom indeed can this Art of Arts be pickt out of Books without demonstration from some true Adeptist.

But waving this, let us come to Transmutation of Metals, by the most noble Tincture of which many have written, but 'tis true, few Disciples attain this *Arcanum*.

Physician. Your convincing Arguments, and my fore going Experiments, I believe all you say: for *Dr. Kuffler* with the Tincture of one ounce of gold, projected on two ounces of Silver, transmuted, as is said, an ounce and half into the purest gold, and a third of the remainder into white gold, and the rest was still the purest Silver imaginable. And *Van Helmont's* experiment proves the same, But especially *Alexander Scotus*, and *Count Russes'* Experiment, well known at *Prague*, and as here you may see the inscriptions done before the Roman Emperour *Cæsar Ferdinando* the Third; Where with one grain of Tincture were transmuted three pound of Mercury into the noblest pure gold. Yet I confess I never saw a true Adeptist, or projection made, and therefore cannot so absolutely conclude these things to be true.

Elias. My Friend, The art will remain true whether you believe it or not. For Example. In the singular exalted sulphurous virtue in the Loadstone (by its only touch) derives a sympathetick virtue into the sulphurous Iron to become another Magnet or Loadstone by its touch. So doth it happen in the Philosopher's Stone, in the which is all that the wisemen seek. Now in regard their writings are so numerous and dark: it is to be wished one Laconick short Epitomy were extracted out of all for the said Art to be clearly manifested in a short time, with little labour and expence; and so a most easie Transite made to the best Authors. But look here, I will now shew you the true matter of Philosophers to confirm your belief.

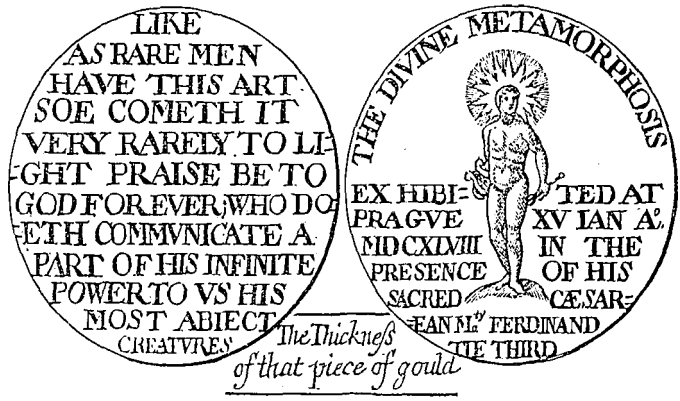
Physician. Is this glassy yellow Masse it indeed? I fear you do but jest or dally with me.

Elias. Yea truly, thou hast now in thy hands the most pretious thing in the

world, the true Philosopher's stone, none ever more real or can be better, neither shall any have another, and I my self have wrought it from the very beginning, to the very end. Then stepping into a more private Room he shewed me these five pieces of pure gold, made out of Lead by the Philosophical Tincture, which saith he, I wear in memory of my Master: Now by thy great reading canst thou judge of what matter of substance it is made and composed.

Physician. Sir, I cannot judge, but it seems you learnt it not of your self, but had a master instructed you to make it. Now I beseech you Sir, bestow a little crum of the same upon me, if it be but as much as a Coriander or Hemp Seed, only to transmute four grains of Lead into gold.

Elias. I confess an honest good man first shewed me the possibility, and then the art and manner to prepare the Medicine, but to give thee any of this Medicine is not

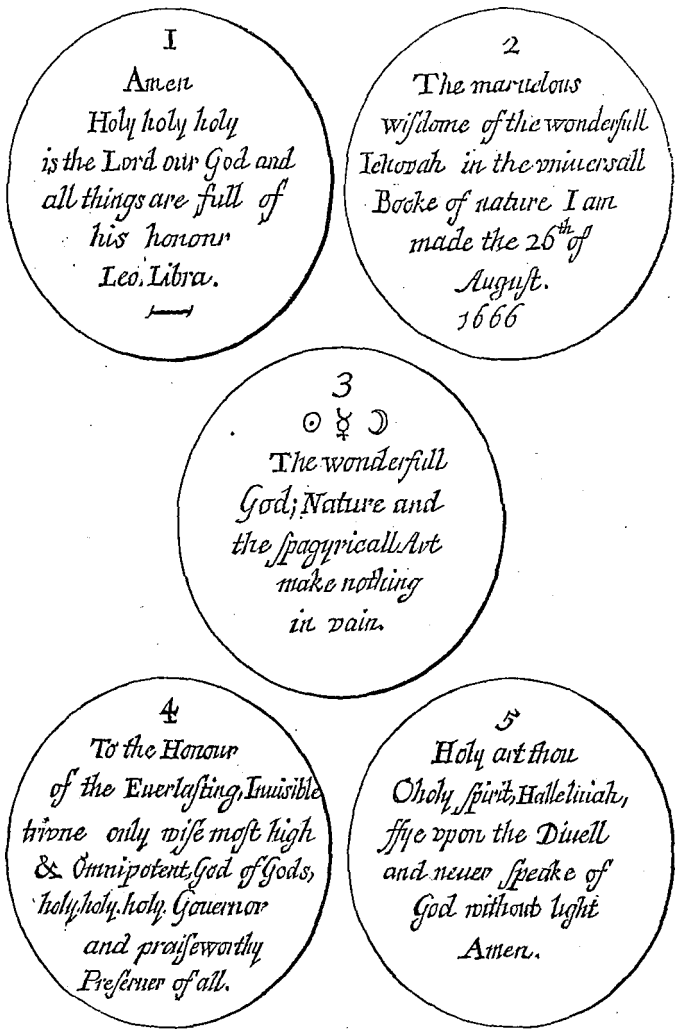


Count Ruſz uppermoſt Hill maſter in Steyer and Carinthia (two Prouinces of high Germany) hath with one only graine of Tincture transmuted three pounds of Quicksiluer into pure gold fixt in all aſsayes & proofes out of which was caſt this piece of Gould

lawful, though I had for it as many Duckets as would fill this room; not for my esteem of the matter, which is of no price at all, but for other private considerations, and to make it so appear, I would now throw all into the fire to be consumed, if it were possible for the fire to destroy fire. Be not therefore covetous, for thou hast sent more than many Kings or Princes that have sought for it. But I must now depart and purpose to come again at three weeks' end, and then if not hindred or forbid, I will abundantly satisfie thy curiosity to see transmutation; in the *Interim*, I warn you not to tamper with this dangerous art, lest you lose your fame and substance in the ashes.

Physician. Sir, What shall I do, if it be not lawful for you to bestow so small a part of your tincture, because of your Philosophical Oath, taken at your drinking the dissolved Silver in the rain water? Yet know I do eagerly desire to learn this, and I

believe *Adam* (thrown out of Paradise for eating an Apple) would again desire this golden Fruit out of *Atlantas* Garden, though to hazard the destruction you premonish. And though I have not yet seen transmutation from you, I thank you for your great friendship in forewarning me of the dangers, and shewing me what I have seen, and till your return, I shall delight myself with what is discovered, both of your Medicine and Person. But I fear Sir, if any King, Prince, or Potentate should know the same (which God forbid) they would perchance imprison and torture you, till you should reveal all the art to them.



Elias. I never shewed the Stone to any in the world, but to you, except one aged man, and henceforth shall not to any; but if any King, or other, (which I hope God will not permit) should Rack me to pieces, or burn me alive, I would not reveal it to them, neither directly nor indirectly, as many circumferanious Physicians, Mountebanks, Vagabonds, and others pretend to do.

Physician. Good Sir, tell me in the *Interim*, who are the best Authors, in regard by experience you are best able to judge.

Elias. Indeed Doctor I have not read many books, but amongst those I have

read, none more curious than *Cosmopolite Sendivogius*, the Dutch *Borger Derwerel*, and Brother *Basilius* 12 Keys. I can lend thee *Sendivogius* at my return, in whose obscure words the Truth lyes hidd, even as our Tincture lyes inclosed in the minerals and Metallick bodies.

Physician. Sir, I give you most hearty thanks for your exceeding kindness and love, Believing that marvellous and efficacious Essences and Tinctures, lies hid in Metals and Minerals under the external rinds and shells of their bodies; though I find few so expert in the Fire, to know how to pick out their Kernel philosophically, for (as *Isaac Holland* writes) the outward body of every Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral, is like to a Terrestrial Province, within which excellent spiritual essences do retire and dwell. Wherefore it is needful that the sons of art should know how, by some saline, fit, sutable, Ferment (pleasant and agreeable to the Metallick Nature) to tame and subdue, dissolve, separate, and concentrate, not only the Metallick Magnetick virtue, where with to Tinge; but also Philosophically to multiply the same, in their golden or silver-Homogenity. For we see that the bodies of all creatures are not only easily destroyed but as soon as they cease to live they hurry to their graves in putrefaction, *viz.*, to their old Chaos and darkness of *Orcus;* wherein they were before they were brought to light by Creation in this World. But alas who or what man can or will shew us the Art in the Metallick Kingdom!

Elias. Sir, I confess you judge right of the natural destruction of things, and if it be God's pleasure, he can (as to me) send one (sooner than thou hopest) to shew thee the manner to destroy Metals and Minerals, in a true Philosophical manner, and to gather their inward souls. In the mean time implore the blessing of this great God, who doth all things as he pleaseth. To whom *I* recommend thee, whose watchful eyes are always open, over all his regenerated Sons, in and through Christ Jesus. So be sure *I* am your friend, and once more Farewell.

THE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll
Light when thou else were blind.

Schiller.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 66.—Vol. VI. DECEMBER, 1878. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have little to report this month, except what the *Freemason* bears witness to week after week, the steady increase of Craft Lodges and R. A. Chapters. We are among those, as we have often said before, who welcome the increase of our benevolent Order, as fraught with utility to the Brotherhood, and benefit to mankind.

No doubt, and we say it thoughtfully on this our last appearance for 1878, there are counterbalancing disadvantages to this continued advance of material prosperity. We cannot be insensible if we would, and we should not if we could, to some anomalies pressing upon us just now, as a great and widespread Order.

Some have objected to the unwieldiness of the machine, but such a fear we dismiss at once as a childish chimera. But we do observe, at least we think we do, signs of weakness in our proceedings which it is needful to note, and advisable to do away with.

1. We are receiving into our ranks a large number of persons who evidently look upon Freemasonry as a great Benefit Society; and this is a delusion which we ought to spare no pains to counteract and dispel.

2. In the next place we are not doing enough for Masonic Charity, *qua* Lodges and Chapters, and a large proportion of our numerous Brotherhood does nothing either, and leaves the "burden and heat" of the day to be borne by liberal hands and willing minds. Let us hope that 1879 will witness a marked improval amongst us in this respect.

3. And once more we have too many applicants for office, and brethren make claims who have no claims at all, and who, if they do get "to the fore," will do no credit to Masonry in any way. Against all these palpable signs of weakness and decadence, common to all earthly associations, let us set our face "sternly," for unless checked and "stamped out," they will work much mischief to Freemasonry. It is impossible at this period of the year not to remember how another twelve months have nearly sped away, and the many good brethren and fellow-members who have left our ranks as month has followed month. Publisher and Editor, in this December Magazine, beg to express to all their friendly supporters their fraternal good wishes and their hearty thanks.

A CORRECT LIST OF THE REGULAR LODGES UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. IN 1777.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

I SEND as a contribution towards Lodge numeration and identification the following list from the "Principles of Freemasonry," delineated, printed, and sold by R. Trewman, Exeter, 1777 :—

Lodges in London and the Neighbourhood.

No.	
370	Aldersgate-street, Castle and Falcon, 2nd and last Wednesday
183	Arlington-street, Piccadilly, Blue Posts, 4th Tuesday
358	Artichoke-lane, Wapping, G. Anchor, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
153	Bennet-street, Rathbone-place, Duke of York, 2nd Monday
34	Bishopsgate-street, Old Magpie, 2nd Monday
324	Bishopsgate-street, London Tavern, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
131	Bloomsbury, Buffalo, 2nd and 4th Tues. in winter, and 4th Thurs. in summer
3	Bond-street, Star and Garter, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
31	Bond-street, Arran Arms, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
74	Bond-street, Braund's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
37	Borough, High-street, King's Head, 3rd Monday
317	Broad Wall, Christ Church, Southwark, Angel, 3rd Tuesday
176	Burlington-street, White Horse, 1st and 3rd Thursday
300	Cannon-street, London-stone Tavern, 1st Wednesday
24	Castle-street, Leicester-fields, Pons' Coffee-house, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
13	Cateaton-street, Paul's Head, 2nd and 4th Monday
477	Cateaton-street, Paul's Head, Helvetick, Union Lodge
14	Chancery-lane, Crown and Rolls, 2nd and last Thursday
16	Chancery-lane, Crown and Rolls, 1st Thursday
96	Charing Cross, Two Chairmen, 2nd Thursday
263	Cheapside, Half Moon, 1st Monday
285	Chelsea, Robinson's-lane, Duke's Head, 3rd Monday
193	Church-street, Soho, Golden Lion, 3rd Wednesday
179	Covent-garden, Shakespeare, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
26	Cranbourn-alley, Crown, 1st and 3rd Thursday
172	Cranbourn-alley, Rider's Court, Swan, 4th Friday
140	Crown-street, Westminster, Rose and Crown, 2nd Tuesday
8	David-street, Grovesnor Square, Running Horse, 3rd Tuesday
21	Doctors' Commons, Horn, 2nd and 4th Monday
75	Drury-lane, Shakespeare, 1st Tuesday
35	East Smithfield, Ship, 2nd Monday
57	East Smithfield, Strong Man, 1st and 3rd Thursday
157	Edmond's Court, Soho, Swan, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
367	Essex-street, Strand, Crown
1	Fleet-street, Mitre, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
23	Fleet-street, Globe, 1st and 3rd Monday
341	Fleet Market, White Horse, 2nd Wednesday

No.
164 Great Earl-street, Seven Dials, Royal Oak, 1st and 3rd Monday
36 George-street, Foster-lane, Anchor, 1st and 3rd Monday
76 George-street, Foster-lane, Anchor, 1st and 3rd Monday
4 Gerard-street, Mill's Coffee-house, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
369 Gerard-street, King's Head
144 Golden-lane, Angel and Porter, 1st Monday
126 Grosvenor-street, Lion and Goat, 2nd and 4th Monday
91 Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly, Griffin, 4th Tuesday
360 Hammersmith, Bell and Anchor, 1st Tuesday
336 Hampstead, King's Head, 1st Thursday
18 Hatton Garden, Cross-street, 2nd and 4th Thursday
203 Hermitage, St. Andrew, 1st and 3rd Friday
59 Holborn, Coach and Horses, 1st Wednesday
77 Holborn, Coach and Horses, 2nd and 4th Monday
90 Holborn, Queen's Head, 3rd Monday
204 Holborn, White Hart, 4th Friday
309 Holborn, Blue Boar, 4th Wednesday
359 Holborn, King's Arms, 4th Wednesday
88 Horsleydown-lane, Red Lion, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
249 Hyde Park-corner, Red Lion, 1st Tuesday
25 St. James's-street, Thatched House, 1st Monday
33 St. James's-street, Thatched House, Britannic Lodge
251 St. James's-street, Thatched House, Royal Lodge, 1st Friday
162 Jermyn-street, Horseshoe, 1st and 3rd Thursday
492 Kew, King's Arms
119 Leadenhall-street, Nag's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
399 Leather-lane, Windmill, 4th Monday
346 Limehouse Bridge, River Lea Tavern, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
397 Limehouse, Church-row, Lord Camden
202 Ludgate-hill, London Coffee-house
325 Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Cock, 3rd Monday
43 Marylebone-street, Piccadilly, King's Arms, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
490 Marylebone, Queen Anne-street, Coach and Horses
326 Mercer-street, Long Acre, Mercer's Arms, 1st Monday
241 Minories, Sieve, 3rd Thursday
268 Minories, Angel, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
349 New-street, Covent-garden, Swan, 2nd and 4th Monday
357 New-street-hill, Shoe-lane, Crown and Anchor, 2nd Monday
334 Noble-street, Coachmakers' Arms, 2nd Tuesday
42 Old-street-road, Sir John Falstaff, 1st Thursday
6 Oxford-street, Roebuck, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
280 Oxford-street, Oxford Buildings, Red Lion, 1st Monday
304 Oxford-street, Swan, 3rd Wednesday
128 Paddington, Pontefract Castle, 1st and 3rd Monday
328 Parker-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Crown, 3rd Tuesday
464 Pearl-street, Spitalfields, Three Tongues
122 Piccadilly, George-street, George, 3rd Tuesday
200 Piccadilly, Union Coffee-house, 3rd Friday
87 Playhouse-yard, Blackfriars, Crown, 1st Tuesday
208 Poultry, King's Head, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
80 Prince's-street, Lothbury, Crown, 2nd Tuesday
133 Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, King's Head, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
417 Prince's-street, Soho, Falcon, 1st Thursday
30 Quaker-street, Spitalfields, Castle, 1st Friday
7 Great Queen-street, Freemasons' Tavern, 1st and 3rd Friday

No.
68 Great Queen-street, Freemasons' Tavern, *Stewards' Lodge*, Public Nights, 3rd Wednesday, March and December
127 Great Queen-street, Freemasons' Tavern, Foundation Lodge, Freemasons' Coffee-house, 2nd Wednesday
376 Ratcliff Cross, Ship, 2nd and 4th Monday
269 Red Lion-square, Blue Lion, 3rd Friday
9 Red Lion-street, Wapping, Dundee Arms, 2nd and 4th Friday
408 Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, Jerusalem Tavern, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
38 Rowland's Row, Jerusalem Tavern, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
297 Shad Thames, King's Arms, 1st Monday
185 Shadwell, Sun, 1st and 3rd Monday
409 Shoe-lane, Ben Johnson's Head, 2nd Thursday
65 Shoreditch, Swan, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
70 Shoreditch, May Bush, 2nd and 4th Friday
274 Shug-lane, Black Horse, 4th Monday
147 Silver-street, Golden-square, Three Compasses, 2nd and 4th Thursday
89 South Audley-street, Albemarle Arms, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
373 Southwark, White Lion and Frying Pan
384 Southwark, Church-street, St. John's, Two Giants, 2nd Monday
433 Southwark, Snow's-fields, Rose and Grapes, 3rd Saturday
73 Spitalfields, Three Tons, 3rd and 4th Thursday
2 Strand, Adelphi Tavern, united with No. 319, and 4th Monday
276 Strand, White Hart, 2nd Monday
68 Tichfield-street, Globe
329 Tooley-street, Black Raven, 2nd Wednesday
5 Tottenham-court-road, Talbot, 1st Thursday
315 Tower-hill, Crown and Thistle, 2nd and 4th Monday
339 Turnagain-lane, Crown and Anchor, 3rd Friday
440 Vauxhall, King's Arms, 1st Thrsday
407 Victualling-office-square, Black Horse, 1st Tuesday
11 Wandsworth, King's Arms, 1st Tuesday
273 Wardour-street, Soho, George, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
271 Warwick-lane, Newgate-street, Three Butchers, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
84 Whitechapel, Crown and Magpie, 3rd Wednesday
261 Worcester-street, Southwark, Horse Shoe and Magpie, 2nd Tuesday

COUNTRY LODGES.

492 Baldock, White Horse
406 Barnard Castle, Hare and Hounds
49 Bath, White Hart, 1st and 3rd Friday
287 Bath, Greyhound and Shakespeare, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
380 Bath, Cheap-street, Queen's Head, 2nd and 4th Monday
53 Birmingham, New-street, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Friday
217 Birmingham, Digbeth-street, George, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
411 Blandford, Greyhound, 1st and last Wednesday
36 Bolton Lee Moor, Anchor and Hope, 1st and 3rd Monday
413 Bridgnorth, Hand and Bottle, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
264 Bridgewater, Swan Inn, 1st and 3rd Monday
461 Bridgewater, Lodge of Liberty, 2nd and 4th Monday
130 Bristol, Three Tons, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
92 Bristol, Bull
190 Bristol, Beaufort Lodge, 2nd and 4th Friday
320 Bristol, Bath Barge

No.
382 Bristol, Goat on the Quay, 2nd and 4th Monday
451 Bristol, White Hart
489 Bristol, Duke William, King-street
247 Burnley, Lancashire, White Bull, every Saturday nearest the Full Moon
59 Bury, Hare and Hounds, next Thursday to every Full Moon
403 Bury, Lodge of Temperance
437 Bury St. Edmund's, Royal Edmund Lodge, Wednesday preceding or on the Full Moon
110 Cambridge, Black Bull Inn, 2nd Monday
143 Cambridge, Black Bear, 4th Monday
238 Cambridge, Sun, 2nd Thursday
432 Cambridge, Rose Tavern, 1st and 3rd Monday
306 Carlisle, Black Bull, 1st and 3rd Friday
422 Carlisle, New Lodge
10 Chatham, Mitre, 1st and 3rd Monday
250 Chelmsford, Saracen's Head, 2nd and 4th Monday
78 Chester, Coach and Horses, 2nd Tuesday
166 Chester, Three Black Birds
171 Chester, Feathers
312 Chester, Watergate-street, Star, 3rd Thursday
464 Chester, Rising Sun Lodge
405 Christ Church, New Inn
64 Colchester, Angel, 2nd and 4th Monday
496 Colchester, King's Head
216 Colne, Hole in the Wall, 1st Thursday
284 Cornwall, St. Ives, Ship, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
279 Coventry, Black Bull, 1st and 3rd Monday
197 Crediton, Angel, 1st Monday
210 Darlington, Restoration Lodge, last Saturday
480 Dartford, Kent, Rose Inn, 2nd Tuesday
229 Deal, East India Arms, 1st Monday
398 Devizes, Wilts, Crown, 1st and 3rd Monday
404 Diss, Norfolk, Royal Alfred Lodge, Monday after every Full Moon
100 Dolgelly, North Wales, Angel, 1st Tuesday
476 Dorchester, King's Arms, Dunnoverian Lodge
243 Dover, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Thursday
245 Durham, Duncow-lane, Castle, 1st Tuesday
262 Ely, Isle of, Red Lion, 1st Wednesday
401 Epsom, Spread Eagle, Thursday nearest Full Moon
48 Exeter, Fore-street, Half Moon, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
213 Exeter, Bear Inn, 2nd and 4th Thursday
307 Exeter, Globe, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
311 Exeter, Valiant Soldier, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
283 Fakenham, Red Lion
116 Falmouth, King's Arms, 2nd and last Thursday
259 Feversham, Ship, every other Wednesday
321 Folkstone, Kent, Hart
456 Gateshead, Durham
118 Gravesend, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Thursday
16 Greenwich, Golden Anchor, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
301 Greenwich, Crown and Sceptre
81 Halifax, Yorkshire, Cock, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
383 Halifax, Yorkshire, Bacchus, 1st and 3rd Monday
257 Harwich, Globe, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
233 Hereford, Green Dragon, 1st Tuesday

No.
350 Holyhead, Eagle and Child, every 3rd Friday
206 Holyhead, King's Head, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
214 Ipswich, Green Man
256 Kendal, Rose and Crown, 1st Wednesday
345 Launceston, Cornubian Lodge
205 Leeds, Golden Lion, 1st Wednesday and 4th, at Master's Lodge
462 Leigh, Punch Bowl
160 Liverpool, George's Coffee-house
252 Lyme Regis, Royal Edwin Lodge, 1st and 3rd Monday
258 Lymington, Nag's Head, 1st and 3rd Friday
29 Lynn Regis, Norfolk, White Lion, 1st Friday
181 Lynn Regis, Norfolk, Star, 4th Wednesday
230 Lynn Regis, Norfolk, Lodge of Friendship, 3rd Friday
430 Malden, King's Head
83 Manchester, Fox, 1st and 3rd Monday
154 Manchester, Crompton's Coffee-house, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
319 Manchester, Fletcher's Tavern
393 Manchester, Fleece
473 Middleham, Wild Man
381 Mitcham, Nag's Head, Wednesday nearest Full Moon
474 Monkwearmouth Shore, Lodge of Harmony, 1st and 3rd Monday
388 Neston, Golden Lion
184 Newcastle-upon-Tyne, St John's Lodge, 1st Monday
313 Newcastle, St. Nicholas' Lodge
455 Newmarket, St. John's Lodge
196 Newton Abbot, Sun, 2nd Tuesday
377 Newton Abbot, Royal George Lodge
19 Norwich, Thatched House, 1st Thursday
66 Norwich, King's Head, last Thursday
103 Norwich, Angel, 2nd and 4th Tuesday
105 Norwich, Maid's Head, 3rd Tuesday
107 Norwich, Bear and Ragged Staff
114 Norwich, Wax Candle, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
134 Norwich, Church Style, St. Peter's Mancroft, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
141 Norwich, St. Martin's at Oak, Royal Oak, 1st and 3rd Monday
165 Norwich, Duke St. Augustine's, 1st and 3rd Monday
168 Norwich, Twins, 1st and 3rd Friday
182 Norwich, Dove, St. Lawrence, 2nd Wednesday
188 Norwich, Three Tons, Aysham, every other Saturday
282 Norwich, Blue Boar, 2nd and 4th Monday
236 Nottingham, Feathers, 3rd Tuesday
391 Oxford, Lodge of Alfred
396 Oxford, Constitution Lodge
427 Paington, Torbay Lodge
106 Plymouth, Prince George, 1st and 3rd Monday
189 Plymouth, King's Arms, 2nd and 4th Monday, and 1st Tuesday, at Master's Lodge
390 Plymouth, Mitre
195 Plymouth Dock, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
416 Plymouth, Bunch of Grapes, 1st and 3rd Wednesday, last Friday Master's Lodge
275 Poole, Old Antelope Inn, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
20 Portsmouth, Three Tons
136 Prescot, Royal Oak
484 Preston, Turk's Head

No.
139 Redruth, Druid's Lodge, 1st and 3rd Thursday
242 Richmond, Yorkshire, Blue Bell, 1st Monday
495 Ripon, Royal Oak
281 Rye, Red Lion, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
277 Sheffield, Rose and Crown, 2nd Friday
314 Shields, North, Lion Lodge
471 Shields, South, King of Prussia
491 Southampton, Lodge of Concord
22 Stockton-upon-Tees, Black Lion, 1st and 3rd Friday
372 Stourbridge, Three Tons
267 Swaffham, Crown, 1st Monday
61 Swalwell, Masons' Arms, 1st Monday and 3rd Saturday
378 Swansea, Beaufort Lodge
169 Sunderland, High-street, Golden Lion, 1st Friday
177 Sunderland, King's Head, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
255 Taunton, St. George's Lodge
449 Taunton, Union Lodge, 1st and 3rd Tuesday
374 Teignmouth, Globe Inn, 1st and 3rd Monday
343 Tiverton, All Souls' Lodge, 1st and 3rd Thursday
260 Topsham, Salutation, 2nd and 4th Wednesday
296 Wakefield, George and Crown
289 Warrington, Woolpack, last Monday
493 Weymouth, Good's Rooms, 2nd and 4th Friday
423 Whitby, Plough
209 Whitehaven, Square and Compass, 2nd Monday
58 Wolverhampton, Swan, 1st and 3rd Thursday
463 Woolwich, Crown and Anchor
478 Workington, Sun and Sector
431 Wrothan, Kent, Bull
415 Wynstay, Lodge
117 Yarmouth, Angel
194 Yarmouth, Swan, 2nd Tuesday
450 York, Apollo Lodge

ADDRESS ON THE DEATH OF MOZART.

DELIVERED IN THE LODGE ZUR GEKRÖNTEN HOFFNUNG, VIENNA,

1792.

Translated for the "Masonic Magazine."

IT has pleased the Eternal God, G A O T U, to tear away from our chain of Brotherhood one of our most beloved and zealous Brethren. Who did not know him? who did not value him? who did not love him? our worthy brother, Mozart. Hardly are a few weeks passed away since he stood here in our midst, ennobling the consecration of our Temple by his magical strains. Who of us, my Brethren, would then have so shortly measured out the threads of his life? Who of us would have thought then, that after three weeks we should be mourning him?

It is true, that it is the mournful lot of humanity, in the very midst of the bloom of the most distinguished life, to be obliged to leave it.

Kings die in the midst of their plans, which they leave to posterity unaccomplished. Artists die after that they have devoted the life-time lent to them to bring the improvement of their art to the highest degree of perfection; universal admiration follows them to their graves; entire states mourn for them; and the lot of these great men is, to be forgotten by their admirers.

Not so with us, my Brethren. Mozart's early death remains an irreparable loss for art. His talents, which he developed in early boyhood, had already made him the most remarkable phenomenon of his age. Half Europe admired him: the great called him their friend; we called him our Brother.

However much justice demands that we should call to remembrance his proficiency in art, even so can we still less forget to bring a fitting offering to his excellent heart. He was a zealous member of our Order; love for his brethren, sociability, agreement with the good cause, beneficence, a true inward sentiment of pleasure if through his talent he could procure advantage to any of his brethren—these were the principal traits of his character.

He was husband, father, friend of his friends, brother of his brethren. Only wealth was wanting to him in order to make hundreds happy as his heart dictated to him. He was in life good, and mild, and honest; a man by understanding and connection, art's darling; he still created for us higher perceptions. Broken is now the link. The Mason's blessing shall go with him cheerful and devoted; for our fraternal love shall lead him even into the land of harmony. We, who in stillness followed his footsteps to find him, where fate found him, where he so often bore the uncounted gift to poor widows' huts; when he built up his support on the orphan's blessing, and gave the clothing to naked poverty, a loan to God, and therefore trusted himself to Him who accompanied him to his grave; he who, not overcome by the flattery of the songs of sirens, could always joy in the cheerful countenance of his poor brethren, and never forgot to be a *man*.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

TRANSLATED FROM J. P. SPITTA, FOR THE "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

THERE is a Song of songs
  Which thou wilt sing for ever,
When once its strain thou learnest;
  To no recital it belongs,
That song so joyous ever,
  Yet full of teaching deep and earnest.

For of a Love it singeth
  Before which life's crosses fly
As clouds before the sun;
  No longer sadness clingeth
To him who all right heartily
  Has that Song of songs begun.

W.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

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

OLD WINTER is coming! prepare!
Prepare to meet him soon;
Old Winter is coming! beware!
Beware of Winter's frown.

Old Father Winter 's a stern old man,
Severe and stern is he;
With his biting frost and drifting snow,
He is coming triumphantly.

"I need not fear Old Winter's frown,"
I heard a fair lady say,
"For my garners are full, my house is good,
And my clothes are warm and gay.

"When the storm howls loud, and the snow falls fast,
They do no harm to me;
I heed them not as I dance and sing,
In the midst of good company."

"But I am afraid of Old Winter's frown,"
A poor lone woman said,
"For my house is cold, my clothes are thin,
And I am scant of bread.

"I have no friend to cheer my home
When the storm raves violently;
There's none but the cricket on my hearth
To bear me company."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

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," etc., etc.

THEY who, like myself, were fortunate enough to witness that mighty triumph of modern engineering skill in placidly placing the hoary monument of antiquity, known as Cleopatra's Needle, on its proper basis, so that we of this nineteenth century may gaze upon the same hieroglyphic-covered obelisk, which Moses often passed at Heliopolis, whither it had been floated down the Nile from its native Syene quarries, would do well to look carefully at the old world bas-reliefs now on the walls of our noble British Museum, showing the poor harnessed slaves of the by-gone removing a colossal bull, whilst their brutal taskmasters are urging them to strain every nerve to accomplish their object by muscular strength alone. Silently as the pointer of some immense clock, without even its quiet ticking, did we see this nearly two hundred tons weight of stone changed from its horizontal position to the perpendicular. To me there was a sublime poetry in that glorious achievement. The oldest handiwork of our ancient operative brethren, I feel proud that it is to distinguished brothers of the Craft that we owe both the princely munificence of the cost, and the wonderful skill of removing it from its fallen place in the sands of Egypt to the busy banks of the Thames, where the honoured names of our Brothers, Erasmus Wilson and Dixon, will henceforth and for ever be indelibly associated with the truly Masonic achievement. Would that the obelisk could indite for us a faithful epitome of the history of its own times! What a book *that* would be!

An English lady in Italy, the daughter of a dignitary of the Church, and wife of a clergyman, communicates the following as the Italian method of curing the whooping-cough, and states that she has tried it with marked success on one of her children, who was suffering severely from that distressing complaint:—"One large tablespoonful of honey to half a pint of water, beat up together thoroughly, and add a full teaspoonful of purified nitre in powder; half to be taken in the morning, and half at night, and to be continued while necessary." In the year 1584, when Shakspere, although married and a father, was only in his twenty-first year; when Virginia was first discovered, and Walter Raleigh (who was *not* with his expedition), was knighted; when Reginald Scott was attacking the foolish belief in witchcraft; "the judicious Hooker" was entering upon his Buckinghamshire rectory; and Seldon, Pym, Massinger, Phineas Fletcher, and others of note, were just making their first appearance on the great stage of life—Thomas Chaloner the younger (who was knighted seven years afterwards), produced *A Shorte Discourse of the most rare and excellent vertue of Nitre*, now a very scarce work, in which he gives directions for its use, inwardly and outwardly, in all manner of diseases; and, though the whooping-cough does not appear to be there particularized, I find seven different recipes for affections of the lungs and windpipe, some of which it would be worth the while of modern medical men to test, and report upon; for if they were really efficacious three centuries ago, I see no reason why they should not be so at the present time. That Sir Thomas Chaloner the younger was a man of some scientific knowledge (though he tells us that he derived his knowledge of the virtues of nitre from his still more illustrious father, the poet, warrior, and statesman), is proved by the fact that he first began the manufacture of alum from the lias formation of the Cleveland Hills; which, as it interfered with the pope's monopoly, is

said to have brought down upon him that fearful curse of the Greater Excommunication,—worse than any I ever heard of being awarded even to popery-hated Freemasons,—of which dear Corporal Trim remarks in *Tristram Shandy*, that "the army swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing like that!"

In the last number of the *Masonic Magazine* I briefly alluded to a volume of poems, recently published, from the pen of our gifted Brother, Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, F.R.S.L., who was evidently properly prepared to be made a Mason before he became a candidate for those invaluable privileges which ought to be more strictly confined to worthy men, and to worthy men alone. For every true Freemason will rejoice at finding the gifted and the good "Brothers of the mystic tie;" and none but a mind which is both could have produced the poems to which I now wish to direct the attention of my readers. *Pet Moments*, Brother Douglas-Lithgow has taken for the title of his neat little volume, because the poems, as he tells us, have been written "in the intervals of study and of active professional work,—at all hours of the night and day, and often under most romantic circumstances,"—so that he thinks "they should disarm criticism, as the smile of a child might disarm a frowning warrior." I cannot say that I quite agree with our good Brother in this last remark; for, though one would always rejoice to know that he "has always found his greatest enjoyment in literary pursuits of some kind or other, and in hours of fatigue and depression, such as come to all, he has ever found rest and solace amongst the Muses," which so far is undoubtedly a proof of a refined mind; yet, if his lucubrations had not been "up to the mark," whatever pleasure they might have given to himself in the composition, that would not justify him in boring the public by their publication. If my cordwainer makes me boots that nip my toes until they give me corns, it is no excuse for him to tell me that he never learnt his trade, which really was that of a barber, a tailor, or a chimney-sweeper. Happily, however, Brother Douglas-Lithgow has no need of any such poor apologies; his poems are harmonious, and full of high thoughts and noble sentiments; and if these are the blossoms of his early life, what may we expect the fruits of his maturer years to be! For with such a man I feel sure that poësy will be no mere flash in the pan, but an abiding power, to be used for good; and I give it to him in terms of the warmest commendation—feeling confident that he is the right man for the work—that in his leisure moments he should assist to increase our too scanty stock of true Masonic poetry, to help to supersede that immense quantity of rubbish which has been palmed upon the Craft under that name; and, though my own contributions only appear in the *Masonic Magazine* by sufferance, and I hold myself *solely responsible* for every opinion I express, I feel certain our dear Editor will be glad to welcome him as an additional contributor to its pages, knowing, as I do, his great anxiety to raise the standard of Masonic literature in England. And perhaps I may be allowed to say, which I do most earnestly, on the word of a Mason, that I know no one who has laboured more energetically, in many ways, for many years, most disinterestedly to accomplish so glorious an object; one in which, I am sure, Brother Douglas-Lithgow will warmly sympathize: and it is a high object, which every true Mason ought to do his best to encourage.

The work now before me opens with a Dedication to Mr. Tennyson, in which "the blank verse" does *not* "halt for it," but which is worthy of the subject; and that is saying much. Let the reader judge:—

> "To thee, around whose genius-lighted brow
> A nation's hands have bound the laureate wreath,—
> Whose honour'd name with loving pride is shrined
> Deep in the chambers of the people's hearts;
> Whose mighty mind has deftly, subtly, wrought
> A web of king-thoughts destined to endure,
> And glow undimm'd, untarnish'd, through all time;
> Whose noble heart, throbbing with soul-fed springs
> Of love and sympathy for all mankind,
> Hath moved thee to unbar the golden gates
> Of genial Fancy, setting free her light
> To tint and mellow that diviner gleam

Which pours its radiance round immortal Truth,—
To wile the sunshine from Life's fleeting hours,
And spread it o'er the paths of Right and Worth;
Whose gentle soul beams like a lover's eyes
O'er every genius-written, tuneful page,
Begetting kindred love for all that 's pure,
And true, and beautiful; begetting hate
For rank hypocrisy and heartless pride,
For foul injustice, cowardice, and crime;
To thee a youthful rhymer would present
A *bouquet* form'd of simple, wilding flowers,
Gather'd in leisure moments, here and there,
Along the busy road of daily life;
A humble tribute to thy gifted mind,
A token of unfeignèd gratitude
From one whom thou hast honour'd, and to whom
Thy kindly hand hath written words of joy.
May health be thine, through many happy years,
And every blessing crown thy worthy life;
May love encompass thee, and consecrate
Thy heart's desires—the yearnings of thy soul,
With joys perennial, and eternal peace.
Thy country's honour, and the people's pride,
The conquests of thy genius still reward.
May time but add fresh honour to thy bays,
And sanctify thy spirit with pure joy:
And o'er that scroll whereon proud Fame records
The noble worth of Britons, great and good,
May TENNYSON'S loved name for ever gleam!"

Saw you ever a more beautiful Dedication, gentle readers? Had he substituted the fine old English word of *Posy*—hallowed to me by the use of our good old English poets in the past, and by the dear innocent lips of children in the present—instead of the (to us) really useless French *bouquet*, the Dedication would have been quite perfect, and equal to the Laureate's own famous Dedication of his *Idylls of the King* to the memory of the Prince who "held them dear."

"The Ministry of Nature" could only have been written by a hand whose heart beat in sympathy with the universe, of which it is a part. Here is a truly Masonic passage, which the Grand Orient of France would do well to ponder at present:—

"Nay, worship none but God alone, our Father!
Arise! and listen to the voice of Love;
Fulfil the noble mission here assign'd thee,
Then share the mansions of thy Lord above.
With simple faith, and uniform obedience,
The path of duty follow undismay'd;
Study thy life-chart by the light of conscience,
And upward, onward, of no toil afraid,—
Scorning impossibilities and danger,
And ever buoy'd by humble, earnest trust,—
Press to the goal with ceaseless, bold endeavour,—
Trample self-yearnings in the abject dust;
Nourish despair by no debased inaction,
But through Life's pilgrimage, determined, plod;
And, in a heart of hallow'd aim and purpose,
Cherish the right, and do it; trust in God!"

How fine the simile:—

"As rosy Morning steals Night's sable mantle
From sleeping Nature's dew-bespangled breast,
So sped the fleeting charms which lull'd my senses," etc.

And the following is applicable to those who, like George the Second, "don't like *B*oetry and *B*ainting":—

"Yes! there are those who scorn the poet's numbers,
His loftiest flights regard as idle dreams,

Whose minds—the reflex of self-leaven'd natures—
Find nought but folly in his noblest themes.
Well, let them scoff! the bard reveres his mission
As holy, and beyond their envious rage;
His numbers may be weak, yet 'point a moral'
To cheer some brother through Life's pilgrimage."

The following seems to me to be far more likely to carry conviction to the mind of an unbeliever than all the angry denunciations of "stupid atheists," which substitute abuse for argument:—

"Each trembling leaf, the zephyr, and the streamlet,
Each flower which blooms upon the verdant sod,
The roar of ocean, and the howl of tempest,
Speaks to the souls of men with voice from God!
There 's not a tone, a touch, a look of Nature,
But tells of Him who gave her wonders birth;
There 's not a creature of all things created
In ocean's depths, or on the face of earth,
But serves the purpose of the Great Creator,—
Fulfilling wondrously His love-wrought plan,
Save him with mighty mind, a soul immortal,
And form most God-like,—unbelieving Man!
Oh! that the sermons ever preach'd around us,
With all the melting eloquence of Love,
By thousand voices of adoring Nature,
From sea, and fell, and mountain, dale, and grove,
Would touch with living fire the crumbling altars
Of poor humanity, and roll a flood
Of mighty Truth to overspread the nations,
Till men were sanctified in brotherhood," etc.

But I must pause for the present, my space being exhausted, and I have no wish to monopolize the whole Magazine. That Bro. Douglas-Lithgow is really a poet, in the highest sense of that term, and no mere namby-pamby versifier; that his sentiments are truly Masonic, and beautifully expressed; all this, I think, must be apparent from the few brief extracts I have given. I have a few more marked for quotation, which perhaps our good Brother, the Editor—himself a poet, and therefore a true lover of genuine poësy—may allow me space for in another number. The book ought to have a wide circulation, being neatly "got up," and one which the most fastidious man need not to hesitate for a moment to present to his mother, his sister, his wife, his sweetheart, his daughter, or his friend. Once read, it will be read again; and I hope our gifted Brother will long be spared, and that he will enrich our noble English literature with many more poems of like sterling quality; for by doing so I am sure that he will materially help to leave the world better than he found it—which is the warm aspiration of every true Freemason.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE.

THE Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon (the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., of Christ's College), delivered an inaugural lecture in the Senate House a short time back, on this subject. There was a good attendance, and the new Professor was warmly received. He said,—"It is more than 230 years ago since the first attempt was made to establish an Anglo-Saxon lectureship at Cambridge. This was due to the zeal of Sir Henry Spelman, who founded a lectureship in 1640, to which Abraham Wheelock (also the first Professor of Arabic) was appointed. His successor was William Somner, the author of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary. In the Civil War the Spelman estate suffered,

and the lectureship lapsed. At Oxford there has been a succession of Anglo-Saxon Professors for nearly a century, yet Cambridge has also had her students. We may point to the name of John Mitchell Kemble, of Trinity College, whose famous essay on the old English Runes attracted so much attention some forty years ago. The story is briefly this: The cross or stone pillar at Ruthwell, near Gretna-green, has inscriptions on all four sides and some sculptured designs. Some of the inscriptions are in Latin and present no difficulty; they refer to various scenes in the life of Christ, as exhibited in the sculptures. But the characters on the northern and southern sides are Runic, and the language in which they were written was unknown. Many attempts were made to decipher these; they were gross failures, because the language was supposed to be a kind of Pictish or Danish. In 1840, Kemble explained the whole matter; he showed that the language was English, discussed the Runic alphabets, and transcribed and translated the whole inscription. His interpretation was at once seen to be correct. Two years afterwards, his attention was drawn to a poem which had been printed from an Anglo-Saxon MS. found at Vercelli, in the Milanese district; and discovered to his surprise and delight, that this poem—The Dream of the Holy Rood—contained the very passage which he had deciphered on the cross. This was a triumphant verification; indeed, he found that he had only to correct about three letters in his transcription. It is a lesson as to the value of patience and careful accuracy. A new method of the study of Anglo-Saxon dates from about this period. Previously little attention had been paid to the vowel sounds. Kemble took occasion to call attention to the great results obtained in Grimm's Deutsche Grammatik, remarking that 'the roots of the Teutonic languages, their methods of declension, conjugation, and derivation, are common to them all; while each language, according to fixed laws of its own, differences the common element.' It follows that any one of the Teutonic languages may throw light upon an obscure form in any other. But we may boldly extend this principle to all the languages of the Indo-European group. Perhaps this principle has not yet been carried out with sufficient thoroughness. We are accustomed to turn to Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin for assistance in English; but we are not enough in the habit of reversing the process, and seeking for assistance from the Teutonic tongues when investigating Latin and Greek. To some extent this has been done; we find Gothic duly recognised in Schleicher's Compendium. But the remains of Gothic are scanty, and we ought to seek for further help. Next to Gothic, Anglo-Saxon claims the second place; our old English records are abundant and various, and the history of the language sufficiently well known. The chief thing for a student to learn is that he should appreciate the letter-changes necessary for transposing words from one language to another. When these are known, analogies are perceived which are of the highest interest. We can thus link together words which appear to be very dissimilar. By way of example, we may observe that such words as Billiter (the word preserved in Billiter-lane, London), chyme and chyle, fusion, and the Icelandic geyser, all contain the same root. This root is ghu, to pour. The Greek represents the gh by the letter chi, and gives the verbs chuein and cheein, to pour, with their derivatives chyle and chyme in use in English. In Latin, the gh of ghu became f, producing fu. This was extended to fud, appearing in the past tense fudi of fundere, to pour; whence the English fuse, fusion, futile, as well as foundry, a word which came to us through the French. In Icelandic the initial gh became a simple g; and by the addition of 's' was formed the root gus, to pour, represented in English by the Scandinavian word gush. A geyser is simply 'a gusher,' and is equivalent to fountain, derived from the Latin fu above mentioned. Turning to Billiter-lane, we shall still find the same root. The Latin fud becomes gut in Gothic, and gives the Anglo-Saxon geótan, to pour, whence the middle-English yeten, to pour, to fuse metals. Hence was formed belle-yeter, that is, a bell-founder; and Billiter-lane is Belle-yeter's-lane, the lane where the bell-founders lived, as is well ascertained. In this word, nothing but the short vowel 'i' is left of the original root. These results could never have been guessed. They are worked out in accordance with known phonetic laws, and they prove the futility of guess-work. I may remark that the verb yet, to pour, is still found in provincial

English; and that the German form *giessen* (with change of t to ss, as in water to *wasser*), is a common word. Students are beginning to learn these laws of letter-change, and many now know their consonants. The harder task remains, that we should learn our vowels. False philology considers the consonants to be of no particular value, and the vowels of none at all. True philology recognizes the converse of this, that the value of the consonants is considerable, but that of the vowels supreme. The life of the word is in the vowel. The letters 'f' and 't' mean nothing; but fate, fat, feet, fit, fight, fought, and foot, are distinct words. How then are we to believe in any etymology which ignores the history of vowels? I will take an easy example. We know that the plural of foot is feet; this is because an Anglo-Saxon long o, now represented by oo, passes into long e, now represented by ee. In other words, ee is the modification of oo, and can be derived from it; but the process cannot be reversed. We cannot derive doom from deem, but must derive deem from doom. So also, to feed is to give food; bleed is to run with blood; breed is to produce a brood.

The Anglo-Saxon *witenagemôte*, or Parliament, is not to be derived from the verb to meet; but the verb to meet is from moot, the assembly. Hence we gain a clue to English spelling, too much misunderstood. If, as I have heard it said, it be a mark of education to spell system with 'y,' because it is Greek, it is equally a mark of education to know enough of old English to say why fought is spelt with ou, but taught with au; and surely we ought to know why gh is found in these words, as well as in light and night. The most hopeful sign for the scientific study of English is given by the splendid results gained for us by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Sweet. The study of English phonetics is now possible, and the results will be very valuable. We shall be able to explain the spelling of nearly every word that we use, and to say why it has taken its present form. The study of Anglo-Saxon can hardly be ignored as heretofore. The historical method of the study of English is the only rational one, and must one day prevail. It ought to be well known that there are two stages in the knowledge of Anglo-Saxon; a first stage, involving the knowledge of essential facts, and a second stage requiring time, research, and critical power. To attain to the second stage is not in the reach of many; but to attain to the first is in the reach of all. A few weeks is all that is necessary for gaining a true light upon English grammar. It is just this work of a few weeks which is too often set aside. All experience shows that while those who neglect the study of Anglo-Saxon cannot even imagine how much they lose, those who enter upon it will never regret the day when they first sought to investigate the main part of their own language in its oldest form."

THE OBERAMMERGAU PLAY.

WE are glad to see that the performance in a London Theatre of this remarkable and religious representation has been for a time put a stop to. In our opinion it is a great mistake to have thought to reproduce in London what is a *specialité* of the most serious and touching kind at Oberammergau. We agree with the *Times* when it says:—

"We were all startled last week by an announcement that several of the tableaux of the Oberammergau play were to be reproduced at a London Theatre by the original performers. Protests against this unworthy desecration, as many considered it, of a ceremony certainly religious in intent and in original purpose, were raised in various quarters. In deference to these protests the manager of the Aquarium announced a few days ago that the proposed reproduction had been abandoned. Few will question the wisdom of this decision. Public opinion would certainly have been shocked, however much the curiosity of the vulgar might have been gratified, by the transfer of any portion of the sacred drama from a remote village in Bavaria to a London stage. On this point, however, it is unnecessary to dwell, as the performances will not be

given. In fact, it now appears that Mr. Robertson has been placed, either through deception or mistake, in the position of having announced a performance from which not only the part of Hamlet, so to speak, but that of all the other actors would perforce be omitted. The Burgomaster of Oberammergau has telegraphed to us to say that the whole affair is an imposture. No native of Oberammergau, he says, in effect, has undertaken to come to London, and none has any intention of coming. This is highly creditable to them, supposing them to have been tempted; if they now hear of the matter for the first time, we trust it will not suggest any desires inconsistent with their old traditions."

It may, however, be well to remember that miracle plays, or "religious shows," formed part of the amusement and improvement of our English people in mediæval times.

It is, for instance, interesting to learn that there is still in existence a rude amphitheatre in the parish of St. Just, near the Land's End, Cornwall, in which sacred plays, some of a Scriptural and others of a legendary character, were performed in the days before the Reformation, a practice still traditionally remembered by some of the people. Mr. Norris writes thus in his "History of the Ancient Cornish Drama":—"The bare granite plain of St. Just, in view of Cape Cornwall and of the transparent sea which beats upon the magnificent headlands, would be a magnificent theatre for the exhibition of what in those days would appear to be a serious representation of the general history of the Creation, the Fall, and the Redemption of Man, however it might be marred occasionally by passages of a light, and even of a ludicrous, character. The mighty gathering of the people from many miles round, hardly showing like a crowd in that extended region, where nothing grows up to limit the view on any side, with their booths and tents, so absolutely necessary when so many people had to remain for three days upon the spot, would give to the assembly a character probably more like what we hear of in the so-called religious revivals in America than anything witnessed in more sober Europe."

It may be remembered, also, that at the Congress of the British Archæological Association held at Bodmin and Penzance in 1856, the Rev. Mr. Lach Szyrma stated that there had recently been brought to light a copy of a miracle play actually performed in Cornwall in former times, the "Life of St. Meriasck,"—comprising the legend of the conversion of Constantine, the legend of the Mother and the Son, and the legendary life of the Saint himself,—one of great local interest, as some of the scenes were laid about Camborne and Truro. Not much, according to Mr. Lach Szyrma, is known as to the way in which these plays were represented, though some of the "stage directions" are extant. They were, doubtless, performed in the open air; but there could hardly have been much scenery, though there were "stage directions" as to tents, houses, etc. At the beginning of the play of the "Creation," for instance, there was a direction to the effect that Hell, when spoken of, should gape wide, from which it may be inferred that the infernal regions were represented by the mouth of an infernal monster, just as shown in old pictures and on old painted windows in Gothic churches. "As at Oberammergau," adds Mr. Lach Szyrma, "the background of hills and rocks might have been, and probably were, utilized in order to give grandeur and effect to the mysteries represented." It may be added that Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, writing a litttle more than a century ago (namely, in 1762), describes the amphitheatre at St. Just as an exact circle, 136ft. in diameter, the bank being 7ft. high on the inside and 10ft. on the outside; and the seats as still traceable, the latter consisting of six series or stages, each 6in. in width, while the rampart at the top was several feet wide. The amphitheatre at St. Just still exists, though the fact that horses and cattle and sheep are allowed to graze upon it, and that it serves also, like a village green, as a playground for children, has lowered its raised stages and "ramparts," and nearly levelled the old stage with the road which skirts it.

And though we shall all deprecate the introduction of the Oberammergau Play in a theatre, we are not prepared to condemn absolutely all attempts to revive the "miracle plays" of older days. It may be a question, however, whether this more polished and educated epoch can abide the untutored simplicity and absolute realism of a less advanced and cultivated age.

HAIL, BROTHERS!

Opening Ode for the Fifty-Ninth Anniversary of Masons in Vigo County, July 12, 1878.

BY THOMAS B. LONG.

AIR—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

HAIL, brothers, hail! Though the years are advancing,
Time has no changes for us in his flight,
These, like the stars in the constant sky glancing,
Pass into centuries glowing and bright.
BROTHERLY LOVE prevails,
Kindly RELIEF avails,
While over all is the sunlight of TRUTH;
On life's broad sea our sails
Swell with propitious gales,
Bearing us on in perennial youth.

What though by thousands our years may be numbered,
What though some brothers grow grey in our cause,—
Even though death with his sleep has encumbered
Loved ones and lost by immutable laws,
Youth fills each vacant place,
Time, with its chast'ning grace,
Softens the grief and the sorrow we feel;
While still through time and space,
Marching with endless pace,
Sweep our grand truths in humanity's weal.

When o'er the land the wild war notes are pealing,
When on the fields lay the dying and slain,
There comes our brotherhood, rescuing, healing,
Binding the wounds and allaying the pain.
'Mid the loud cannon's roar,
Crashing from shore to shore,
In the sharp hail sweeping over the field,
Kind hands the faint restore,
Sad hearts the dead deplore,
And over all cast humanity's shield.

When the fierce elements strike without warning,
Ocean and fire and the demon of storm,
Filling the land with lament and with mourning,
Silencing hearts once so noble and warm,
There, ere the strife be stayed,
Comes our consoling aid,
Hard by the tempest, the wreck and the flames,
Leaving no act delayed;
Go, debt of love unpaid,
Toiling in Mercy's and Charity's names,

So, in the gloom and the darkness of sorrow,
When o'er the land comes the shadow of death,—
When the dread pestilence falls on the morrow,
Blasting the strong with its withering breath,—
Swift to the dreadful place,
Hushed, but with eager pace,
Hasten the Brothers with comfort and care,—
Over each painful face,
Bending with love and grace,
Watching with hope and awaiting with prayer.

But all of life is not shrouded with sadness;
Scenes like the present come often to view;
When the true craftsmen, with greeting and gladness,
Meet ev'ry token and pledge to renew.
Then let the joyful throng
All the bright hours prolong,
Filling their measure with mystical lore;
Music be borne along,
Voices be raised in song,
Till we are called to our labours once more.

Hail, then, to Masonry!—ever renewing
All its gray years with the freshness of youth;
Still in its course all the virtues pursuing,
Pledging its vows on the altar of TRUTH;
Kindly RELIEF avails,
BROTHERLY LOVE prevails,
Far as its glorious legions have trod;
Proof against passion's gales,
Firm though the world assails,
Built on the WORD and the WORSHIP OF GOD.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AT the time at which we have arrived in our history, veracious as it is, we had a great deal of pleasant society at Cayley, and many were our gay gatherings, and our agreeable gossipings. A hospitable fit came over us, and whether it was the charms of our young ladies, or the pleasantness of gregariousness, we saw a good deal of each other. And in the meantime a little by-play was going on, of which I, for one, was an amused, and not altogether an uninterested spectator.

First of all we had a little interlude between Jane Morley, sprightly and fascinating,

and a wealthy middle-aged manufacturer, who fancied himself in love with her. He met the gay gipsy at a croquet party, and "incontinently," as Twamley remarked, became a "victim" to that "dangerous party!" But in vain were anxious looks and "wreathed smiles"; in vain were little attentions and great admiration; in vain open praise and half-suppressed sighs; in vain bouquets and bon-bons. Jane Morley would have none of him, and I fancy Twamley seemed a little more "serene" himself when all this "rubbish," as he termed it, was over, and the forlorn manufacturer had returned to his "mungo" and his "shoddy." Let us hope that he will find a congenial partner to share the wealth and home of his father—Jedediah Longbotham, (for that was his euphonious name)! And then as if the god of Love would never be quiet, he took it into his head to wound Molesey of Molesey, in what Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantam's footman called a "tender pint." All of a sudden he devoted himself to Agnes Miller, but, like Jane Morley, equally that gay "damsel" would not even "look at him," as Twamley put it.

Whether she and young Merewether had found that theirs were congenial tastes and congenial temperaments matters not in any way; but clear it was, to an old campaigner like myself, that they seemed to have a good deal in common, and to like to be in each other's company. I think we may take it for granted, as an axiom, be it in love, or be it simply in what people term "platonic friendship," whatever that may be, that when two persons are thrown a good deal together, and "cotton," as they say greatly, and like propinquity and juxtaposition, they are pretty sure eventually to come together. It does not always so happen—indeed it would not always do if it did so happen,—but still, as young Pottleton puts it, the "odds are in favour of its so coming round the corner." I may observe here, that young Pottleton, like most of our new generation, not even forgetting our legislators and statesmen, affects "Newmarket"; and a good deal of his common conversation is based on the vernacular of that classic heath!

And unless we have lost all "sentiment," unless we are the dullest of the dull, and the most uninterested of the uninteresting, we surely have a little tender spot still in our memory, a little bit of romance in our own common-place history. With Goethe we may fairly say, "ich habe gelebt and geliebt," as to-day we summon up before us a fairy form, a laughing visage of the past, which still seems to smile on us graciously and joyously and approvingly as of yore!

The writer of this tale was once thrown a good deal together, in other days, alas! now a long time ago, with Matilda Mummery, and a right jolly girl she was. Indeed, I once thought that it was "all as good as settled," the more so as Matilda said so touchingly, "she liked the country," and was "contented" with a "pony carriage." But that old maiden aunt of hers would interfere, and prudent seniors discovered that we had not enough to live upon; and then, yes, oh! then, it all suddenly came to an end. Matilda, my own Matilda, whose lock of hair, glove, and minature, I still have by me, carefully put away in lavender and rose leaves, married a fat squire, who sleeps the greater part of his time, and your own poor chronicler—well, yes!—he found promiscuously that angelic being, whose voice he knows so well, and who has been the delight of his eyes, and the charm of his being, etc., etc., etc., ever since. Perhaps some of my readers may say, why this is a genuine bit of romance, and in this unsentimental—though sensational—age, it is worth a great deal! Be it so. I am not ashamed of it; but merely mention it to prove that, if like Master Shallow, I may have had my "lawsuits," I have also, like Tracy Tupman, had an "*affair du cœur.*"

Molesey of Molesey, like a good many other persons we all know well, was a very careful and far-seeing man, and as he did not succeed he did not care to be supposed to have failed, and so he made light of it, called it a "good joke," and a "pleasant little bit of flirtation," but "nothing in it, 'pon honour, my dear fellow."

I always doubt and dislike a man who thus speaks. In the first place, it is not complimentary to the lady; in the next place, it is not complimentary to himself; and, lastly, it is not true.

What! do all those tender preludes mean nothing? Have all those soft speeches and gentle glances, and "sotto voce" remarks brought nothing about? Forbid the

thought, Hymen! O, Hymeneæ! I quite agree with a maiden lady of my acquaintance, who Twamley declares is "forty-nine if she's a day," who avers that in her "opinion the man who says so has not got a heart." Yes, I quite agree, I repeat, with that excellent single-minded, single-conditioned woman, whose labours in schools and refuges are priceless and praiseworthy!

But on certain points the good soul is inclined to be bitter, and one point is matrimony. Why? I pause for a reply.

In my opinion the man generally feels it more than he likes himself to own, and Molesey, we all observed, was very silent and "distrait," for sometime "down in the mouth," as Twamley put it, and seemed to be a good deal unhinged, and "outside" his normal condition.

Never believe a man who avows he "does not care," that "it all meant nothing," and that "there are yet as good fish in the sea as ever were caught"; poor consolation at the very best, is it not? though it be perhaps perfectly stoical!

But a still more serious "coup" was impending. Young Morley, who had to return to Aldershot, became all of a sudden (he who had been the gayest of the gay), taciturn and absent to a degree. While Beatrice, curiously enough—I suppose by some mysterious law of electric sympathy—grew, as Twamley expressed his opinion, "silent and savage,"—she who had been the life and delight of our little circle.

What did it all mean? What could it all portend? The answers to these questions I leave to my intelligent readers!

And, curiously enough, as if to add to the "complication of circumstances," and the "concatenation of atoms," old Miller openly came forward as an assiduous admirer of Miss Beatrice, and it was quite clear, as Twamley liked to point out to us all, that that "old rascal," as he irreverently termed him, was "playing his little game." "But," as Twamley added, "I doubt very much if he has found under which thimble the pea really is."

Somehow or other Miss Beatrice—(how queer some girls are!)—did not and would not notice it, and so Mr. Miller's suit did not seem to prosper. Here was wealth, a fine estate, a good-natured old boy himself, and that perverse girl "positively turned up her nose" at all these good things. Oh, woman, woman! real inexplicable paradox art thou! if, nevertheless, the veriest perfection when you only take the right line.

Now was not such a proceeding on the part of Miss Beatrice a little odd, in these match-making, and some folks will say mercenary, days?

Yes, I confess, looking upon the matter from the world's eye, it seemed simply and really incredible, that a young woman not very well off should put out of her consideration so much wealth and position, and positively assert, in reply to her mother, anxious for her dear child's interests and happiness, that in her opinion "golden love was a snare," and "loveless marriage a sin!"

How very strange! What words are these in a young woman's mouth? Yet so it was.

Mrs. McCrowther, a sedate and stout good-natured widow lady, declared to me that such conduct in a young woman was as "singular as it was indefensible," and that, in her opinion, Beatrice was "out of her mind" to refuse such an offer. But who after all is right—Mrs. McCrowther or Miss Beatrice?

In my opinion, as young Pottleton says, "the young'un will win."

Whether she will or no, time, however, alone can shew; to that I refer m yreaders, and recommend them to await the *denouement* in faith and hope.

(To be continued.)

CYPRUS.

THE following interesting paper by Major Wilson, Director of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, was read at the recent meeting of the British Association at Cyprus, and was listened to with close attention. He stated that Cyprus, the third largest island in the Mediterranean, is situate in the easternmost part of that sea, having Asia Minor to the north and Syria to the east. Cape Cormachiti is about forty-six miles from Cape Anamour, in Cilicia; and Cape St. Andrea, the north-east point, is about sixty miles from Latakia, in Syria. Since it became subject to the blighting influence of Moslem rule each year has seen vineyards run to waste, cultivation decrease, and a hopeless state of despondency settle down on the people, until at last the most beautiful and fertile of islands has become in parts almost a desert. For years the land has lain fallow; but with the influx of British capital and energy the island is capable of again becoming the garden and granary of the East. A very short time will see the great plain again covered with golden corn; but to replace the vineyards, the olive groves, and the forests, which were once the glory of Cyprus, will require time. The island is chiefly occupied by two mountain ranges, having a general east and west direction. He mentioned that there are three separate peaks, the highest being about 6,160 feet. There are no vines on the summits, which are quite bare, the rock being broken up by the action of the weather. A short distance down the mountain is the large monastery of Troodissa. The level ground is covered with gardens and fruit trees, the valleys are green with pasture land, while along the coast line one village follows another in quick succession. It is the richest part of the island, and the fresh sea breezes from the north and the numberless rapid streams from the mountains make it the healthiest. There are no good natural harbours. The chief places of trade at present are only open roadsteads. Salamis and Famagosta are artificial harbours; the latter could easily be made a good one. Tyrinia, on the north coast, is a very small and bad port, but the only one on that side of the island. Larnaca, which is built on the site of ancient Citium, is now the chief place of trade, and contains 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. Limosadi is the principal export town for wine. Paphos, the residence of Sergius Paulus, is where Elymas was struck with blindness. It is celebrated for the worship of Aphrodite, or Venus, who was believed to have there risen from the sea. Salamis was called by the Greeks a good harbour; Jews had Synagogues there. The population of the island is about 144,000, of whom 44,000 are Moslems. The Cypriots are dull and stupid, but are very docile and sober, and their love of home and family is a most favourable trait in their character. The Cyprian peasants themselves have so little skill and forethought that the most careful government would have some trouble in getting them to work harder and more intelligently. "Cyprian ox" was the term of old used to describe this race,—so stubborn, so wanting in intelligence; and even at the present day the true Cypriot squats in his native village, surrounded by filth, sticks to his ancient habits and goes no further than he can help. The climate has been affected by many causes. The forests, which had been the glory of the island, have disappeared. During the period of the Turkish rule every one cut down what they wanted; no one ever thought of replanting. The poorer the people became the more the forests disappeared, and the finishing touch was given by Mehemet Ali, who cut down nearly every tree, partly for sale, partly for shipbuilding, partly for use in Egypt. When the people were asked about disforesting, they said, "It has always been done in our country"; and when the consequences were pointed out, they said, "The Government wishes it"; so accustomed were they to abuse the Turks for their own shortcomings. The climate is good, but there are fevers, just such as attack visitors at Malta, which last only two or three days. Near the end of the great plain there are large swamps, into which the rivers divide themselves, and are thus prevented from reaching the sea. He recommended the introduction of the eucalyptus, or Australian gum tree, a plant which has the effect in swampy districts of producing beneficial results, as was instanced in Algeria. It is also

the only green plant which, after it has grown for one year, the locusts do not attack because of its astringent properties. This is also the more important, because the island is visited by a plague of locusts. There are also seasons of great drought, but the heavy dews to a great extent counteract their effect. As to the mineral products, Major Wilson mentioned that copper mines had been extensively worked in the island by the Romans. The principal ones were situated near Tarnassus, about three hours' ride from Dale (Idalium). Coal, or shale, has also been found near the ancient Soloe. Besides copper, Strabo mentioned that the island produced silver; and Pliny records the existence of precious stones, probably rock crystal. In saying that light fevers attacked those who visited the island he did not wish to convey that the climate was what could be fairly described as unhealthy. It arose from the circumstances which he described, which prevented the rivers reaching the sea. It would also occur to them that the place could scarcely have been unhealthy, when the Greeks adopted it for the worship of Venus. He hoped that one of the first things the Government would do would be to send over a properly organized scientific expedition to survey the island. They had no proper topographical survey. The maps they had were by different itinerants, who had crossed the island from different directions. They had no scientific maps of the mines; and he thought a geological survey should also be made. The whole country required to be excavated, for there must be a great number of inscriptions there which must be most valuable. As an instance of what might be discovered, he mentioned the bi-lingual inscription, in Phœnician and Cypriote, upon marble found by Mr. Lane at Dale, the ancient Idalium, in the British Museum. He had no doubt that the energetic High Commissioner, Sir Garnet Wolsely, would so deal with the administration of the country that in a few years Cyprus would set an example to the whole country of rich produce, and he would like to see the old castle of Buffamento one day the seat of the High Commissioner of the island of Cyprus.

CENTRAL ASIAN RACES.

IT is curious to note and to remember what a great deal we have got to learn in respect of our fellow-creatures. At the recent Anthropological Congress in Paris, M. de Ujfalvy gave a short account of the anthropological results of his travels in Central Asia. He met in these regions with only two races, properly speaking—a white race, the Indo-European, especially in its Iranian branch, and a yellow race, the Mongolo-Altaic. M. Ujfalvy insisted on the neccessity of banishing from scientific terminology the word Turanian, which means nothing, and which has been greatly abused in support of ethnological theories more than doubtful. The word Scythian is not less improper, and ought also to be banished from scientific language. The white race of Central Asia is there represented by the Iranians—*i.e.*, by the Tajiks of the mountains, or Galtchas, and by the Tajiks of the plains and towns. These latter, who count among them descendants of the aborigines with colonists from Persia, ancient freed slaves, are, nevertheless, of a blood much mixed with that of the Tartar invaders. They are of good stature. M. Ujfalvy measured fifty-eight, who had a mean height of 1·67 mètre. They are good-looking according to the European notion of beauty; the nose is aquiline, the mouth small, the eyes large and straight, and varying in colour from black to blue, while the hair is of all shades from black to blonde. The feet and hands are very large, while the body is hairy. But what is most characteristic is their great brachycephaly, the mean cephalic index of individuals observed by the traveller being 86·21. M. Ujfalvy thinks that the purer in race a Galtcha is, the shorter is his head. Among the yellow race, the purest met with by M. Ujfalvy are the Mongol-Kalmuks, who inhabit

the northern slope of the Thian-Shan. These people have a large and round head, the front bulging, the ears prominent, the nose large and short, the eyes small and oblique. While the body, and especially the face, have little hair, the hair of the head is black and coarse. The tribes of Turkish race, as the Usbecks, Turcomans, Karakalpaks, Khirgis-Kaisaks, present an evident ethnical mixture of two types. However, the Khirgises of the mountains of Ferghana, or Kara-Khirgises, appear to be of very pure Altaic race. As to the Sarts, they are members of no nationality whatever. The term Sart is applied to any individual who abandons the pastoral and nomad life to devote himself to agriculture; it signifies "sedentary." It follows, then, that the Sarts are of various races, but the blood is always Iranian. The Tajik element predominates considerably among them, since the Tajiks were the ancient possessors and workers of the land. M. Topinian, in remarking on M. Ujfalvy's paper, drew attention to the remarkable similiarity between the broad-headed Galtchas and the Celtic Savoyard. He regards this as one proof of the Central Asiatic origin of the Indo-Europeans, and seems to regard the Galtchas as a home-staying remnant of the great Aryan swarms that spread over Europe. The Oxus and Jaxartes have always been the mutual limit to the expansion of the two great races, white and yellow. These two frontier lines have historically been disputed by the Iranians and Turanians, who, M. Topinian maintains, as a nation, if not as an ethnical group, have an incontestable historical and geographical existence. At the most, he holds the Iranian power cannot be carried back further than 3,500 years.

All such enquiries and all such information are of inexpressible value, and deserve to be perused and preserved by us all alike.

THE EARTH'S POPULATION.

THE fifth publication of Behm and Wagner's well-known "Bevolkerung der Erde" is just out, too soon to contain the new arrangement in the East. Since the last publication of these statistics the population of the earth shows a total increase of fifteen millions, partly arising from natural growth and partly the outcome of new and more exact censuses. The total population is now set down at 1,439,145,300, divided among the continents as follows: Europe, 312,398,480; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa, 205,219,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,471,300; America, 86,116,000. The following table gives the latest results for the chief countries in the world:—

EUROPE.

Germany, 1875	42,727,360
Austria-Hungary, 1876...	37,350,000
Liechtenstein, 1876	8,661
Switzerland, 1876	2,759,854
Netherlands, 1876	3,865,456
Luxemburgh, 1875	205,158
European Russia, 1871	72,392,770
Finland, 1875	1,912,647
Sweden, 1876	4,429,713
Norway, 1875	1,807,555
Denmark, 1876	1,903,000
Belgium, 1876	5,336,185
France, 1876	36,905,788

Great Britain 1878	34,242,966
Faroes, 1876	10,600
Iceland, 1876	71,300
Spain (without Canaries), 1871	16,523,511
Audorra	12,000
Gibraltar, 1873...	25,143
Portugal (with Azores), 1875	4,319,284
Italy, 1876	27,769,475
European Turkey (before division)	9,573,000
Roumania, 1873...	5,073,000
Servia, 1876	1,366,923
Montenegro	185,000
Greece, 1870	1,457,894
Malta, 1873	145,645

ASIA.

Siberia, 1873	3,440,322
Russian Central Asia	4,505,876
Turcoman Region	175,000
Khiva	700,000
Dokhara	2,030,000
Karatogin	100,000
Caucasia, 1876	5,301,744
Asiatic Turkey	17,880,000
Samoc, 1877	35,888
Arabia (independent)	3,700,000
Aden, 1872	22,707
Persia	6,000,000
Afghanistan	4,030,000
Kafiristan	300,000
Deloochistan	350,000
China Proper	405,000,000
Chinese border-lands, including Eastern Turkistan and Djungaria	29,530,000
Hong-kong, 1876	139,144
Macao, 1871	71,831
Japan, 1874	33,628,373
British India, within British Burmah, 1872	188,421,264
Native States	48,110,200
Himalaya States...	3,300,000
French Settlements, 1875	271,460
Portuguese Settlements	444,617
Ceylon, 1875	2,450,542
Laccadives and Maldives	156,800
British Burmah, 1871	2,747,148
Hanipur	126,000
Burmah	4,000,000
Siam	5,750,000
Annam	21,000,006
French Cochin China, 1875	1,600,000
Cambodia...	890,000
Malacca (independent)	200,000
Straits Settlements	303,007
East Indian Islands	304,05,910

AUSTRALIA, ETC.

New South Wales, 1876	639,843
Victoria, 1876	841,938
South Australia, 1876	229,630
Queensland, 1876	187,100
West Australia, 1876	27,321
Tasmania, 1876	105,484
New Zealand and Chatham, 1879	444,545
Rest of Polynesia	1,896,000

The details as to Africa are rather hazy. In 1877 Algeria had 2,867,626 inhabitants. The population of Egypt is now estimated at 17,000,000, and the equatorial regions of Africa at 44,000,000. Caffre-land, north of the Transvaal, is estimated at 1,000,000; Orange River Free State, 65,000; the Transvaal, 275,000; Natal (in 1875), 326,959 inhabitants; and Cape Colony, 1,148,482. The unknown regions of Africa make up the balance.

In America the figures are but little changed from those of the previous issue of these statistics. Greenland (1877), is estimated to have a population of 10,000; Nicarauga (1877), 400,000; Brazil (1872), 11,108,201; Guiana (1875), 342,300; Equador (1875), 1,000,000; Peru (1875), 3,000,000; Chili (1875), 2,333,568; Uruguay (1876), 445,000; Paruguay (1876), 293,844. The United States, the Canadas, Mexico, and other of the South American Republics make up the 86,116,000. It is startling to realize that the inhabitants of the earth amount to 1,439,145,300 in totality.

MINUTES OF OLD LODGES IN THE PROVINCE OF PEEBLES AND SELKIRK.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

We take this interesting paper from the *Scottish Freemason*:—

Peebles, Decr 27th 1717.

This day being St. John's Day—the Right Honourable company of Masons, belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett and proceeded thus—John Wood Merchant in Peebles having made application to this honourable company was gravely and decently entred a member of the said Lodge, any compliment to be given to be referred to himself—

As also Andrew Gray, a member of the Society was this day convict of a gross misdemanner, and accordingly came in the companies will, whereupon he was fined in half a crown—to be immediately pay^{d} or his bill therefor.

John Wood chose for his intenders, Mr. John Taitt and Wm Brotherstains, choosing for his mark this  , Andrew Veitch chose this  , William Duguid this  , who all pay^{d} for the same.

The Honourable company proceeded to the election of a deacon and the present deacon David Whyte, Francis Gibsone, and Adam Saltone—being put in lite, and roll called and votes marked, Francis Gibsone was unanimously chosen as deacon for this year,—John Hyslope, David Whyte, John Ker, Robert Scott put in lite for Warden, and put to vote, John Hyslope was chosen Warden for this year.

John Ker, and William Brotherstains was put in the lite for Box Master—when John Ker was chosen Box Master as also William Brotherstains was chosen Key Keeper, as also the Clark was continued for this year.

Robert Paterson chose this for his mark and pay^{d} for the same 

Peebles, Decr 18th 1718.

The which day the Honourable company of Masons decently and orderly received and entered Mr. Robert Rutherford, gentleman to the R. Honourable the Earle of March, and Mr. John Porteous writer in Peebles as Brethren and Members of that honourable Society, composition gratis, being a compliment given to you as gentlemen—Mr. Rutherford chose for his intenders John Hyslope, Warden, and Mr. John Taitt, Clark. Mr. Porteous chose for his David Whyte and John Friar—upon which the laws of the Society were read oram, and the for^{sd} two Brethren signed the same, but their Marks given out was delay^{d} for some time.*

Peebles, Decr 19th 1718.

The which day Mr John Douglas Brother German to the R. H. the Earle of March—was by the Honourable Society of Masons in the Lodge of Peebles received and admitted members of said Society—and pay^{d} into the Box yr of ane guiny (guinea) in gold as composition, and chose for his intenders John Hyslope and Francis Gibsone, he chose for his mark

As also Captain George Weir of his Majesty's troop of Scots Guards was by the said Society received and admitted Member thereof, and pay^{d} into the Box thereof 10 sh and sixpence—and chosed for his intenders Mr. John Taitt, and John Frier, and for his mark  upon which the Honourable Society having received ane handsome treat, thought fitt to give in compliment to the for^{sd} gentlemen 02 lb, 10 sh, 00d, being that which was due to their carecter. R. S.

(To be continued.)

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* By way of comment in passing, we notice—First, that this old Lodge or Society of Masons had a code of laws for their guidance, which they were in the habit of reading over to the applicants upon their admission as Members, and which also they signed. The unlucky Bro. Andrew Gray comes under the ban of the lodge, and is fined 2s. 6d. for the said violation or "*misdemanner.*" Another case occurs (which will receive notice in the course of our extracts) in which Bro. David Whyte, one of the founders of the lodge, is convicted of a breach of the laws. They seem to have had no Masonic code of laws till 1725, when Bro. J. Ramadge (or "Remmege," as we find the name in minute of September, 1717), being then Provost of Peebles, presented the lodge with "ane Book of the Constitutions of the Freemasons, containing the History, charges, and regulations of that most Ancient and right worshipful Fraternity." Secondly, This lodge, starting as it does at the 1717 period, like the old Haughfoot Lodge,—the records of which go some 14 years farther back—maintains the "Speculative" theory, admitting into its roll Merchants, Gentlemen, and Military men—as, for example, we find that during the two years 1717-'18 they initiated Bros. Wood, *Merchant;* Rutherford, *Gentleman* (by which appellation I understand private servant) to the Earl of March; Douglas, *brother German* to the same nobleman; Porteous, *Writer;* and Captain Weir, of the Scots Guards—none of whom could be operatives. And Thirdly, we notice at this early date *two degrees* mentioned, viz., apprentice and fellowcraft. In the Haughfoot records these degrees are given in 1702; and in the Peebles Lodge we find it recorded as part of the business of St. John's Day to enter and examine apprentices and fellowcrafts, as will be seen from our next extract, date December 27th, 1718.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new tale, "Catherine Carmichael," will appear in the extra Christmas Number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, price One Shilling, ready on December the 15th, at all booksellers and railway bookstalls.

AM RHEIN.

BERNARD BARKER, in the *West End.*

HERE, in an old world German town,
Smoking, I sit at an attic casement;
Shafts from the west, where the sun goes down,
Strike the slant roofs with a moment's amazement.
Kindle yon cluster
Of chimneys with lustre,
Glow on the gables, where pigeon-folk muster.

So! all of a sudden the sunlight's lost—
Whish, from the gable-ends, fifty wings flutter;
Loose leaflets shiver, litter is tossed,
Spun into circles and twirled in the gutter;
Then the small, fretful
Wind grows regretful,
Sighs into silence, is soothed, and forgetful.

Down in the street there dim figures pass—
Peasants, with echoing wooden shoes, mostly;
Later the priests, coming homeward from mass,
Clad in long cassock, grim-featured and ghostly;
Last, a young yellow-
Hair'd wine-happy fellow,
Trolling a student-song tenderly mellow.

Dwindles the daylight, gathers the gloom,
Home-gleams peep out, here and there, through the shutters;
Hark! with a solemn and somnolent boom,
Seven the minster clock measuredly utters;
Slowly the sound dies,
Floats o'er the bound'ries,
Swoons up the slopes where the dark hills around rise.

Still I sit watching. All my cigar's
Warm life has ended, as mine must, in ashes;
Night, the soft broad-bosom'd mother of stars,
Soon the last ling'ring of twilight abashes;
Only a lapping,
Low, liquid flip-flapping,
Is heard where the Rhine's lips are sucking and sapping.

OLD LETTERS.

Ay, better burn them! what does it avail
To treasure the dumb words that never perish?
Like dead leaves tossed before the autumn gale
Will be each written page we cherish,
When Time's great wind has swept them all away—
The smiles, loves, tears, and hatreds of To-day.

Living, we hoard our letters—holding them
Sacred and safe as almost sentient things—
So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem,
So true when Doubt creeps in, or Treason stings.
Parting may smile, such golden bridge between;
Change cannot come where unbought faith has been.

Dying, we leave them to our children's care—
Our well-prized solace—records of the time
When life lay spread before us, rich and fair,
And Love and Hope spoke prophecies sublime—
Love sorely gathered through laborious hours,
Wit's playful flashes—sweet poetic flowers!

All these to us—to us; and for a while
Our love will guard the casket where they lie,
Glancing them over with a tearful smile,
Touching their yellow foldings tenderly—
A little while; but Life and Time are strong,—
Our dearest cannot keep such vigils long.

And by-and-by the cold bright eyes of Youth,
Lighting on such spare flotsam of the past—
The shattered spars of Trust and Hope and Truth,
On the blank shores of Time's great ocean cast—
Will read and judge, with naught of soft behoving,
Dissecting, sneering,—anything but loving.

So let us burn them all;—the tottering words
The guided baby-fingers wrote us first;
The schoolboy's scribble; lines the man affords
To the old eyes that watched, old hands that nursed;
The girl's sweet nonsense; confidence of friend,—
And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

Heap them together—one last, fervent kiss—
Then let them turn, ere we do, into dust.
Ashes to ashes! Well and wise it is
To meet the end that comes, as come it must,
And leave no relics to grow gray and rotten,
Waiting the certain doom of the forgotten!

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "The Path of Life: An Allegory;" "Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

GONE TO THE ——!

THE first mail to England brought a letter to General Mathew from his son, making a sort of confession of all he had done; asking for no forgiveness, for he expected none, but merely requesting that his things might be all sent after him.

It was a letter difficult to understand, and the General, never a very clear-headed man, did not quite comprehend it. The son accused himself of some most unwarrantable piece of folly, if not of crime, but at the same time did not distinctly say what the nature of that crime was. He stated that he should not return to England for many years, perhaps never. The General gathered that there was a woman in the case. He knew that Marmaduke had been in money difficulties; vague rumours had reached him of his manner of living; and he felt sure that whatever it was, his son had ruined himself and disgraced his family. And let it here be said that Marmaduke had been badly brought up. His mother died young, and the General, a passionate, proud martinet, had ruled his family with a rod of iron. He was naturally a disagreeable man, and possibly was all the more severe because in early life he had not been so circumspect in his conduct as he might have been. A very injudicious father he had been—fickle as a woman, stern as a Roman soldier. One day making much of his youngest son and petting and spoiling him as a boy, another punishing him most severely for the faults he had himself by his conduct and teaching encouraged. What wonder, then, if the son who had inherited some of his father's bad qualities—pride, a hasty temper, and obstinacy amongst them—but who also possessed much of his mother's sweet, loveable nature, and an affectionate and forgiving disposition, should have grown up, as he had done, a wild, dissipated, careless young rake, always in hot water. Womankind had ever been his bane; would the time ever come when one woman would be both bane and antidote? The effect of the Jamaica letter was soon felt at the Abbey.

The General, who was extremely angry, but very reticent, quietly gave orders to have his son's things sent after him, and then desired that Marmaduke's name should never be mentioned by any of the servants in his presence on the pain of instant dismissal. Mr. Mathew's sudden departure from St. Benet's, and the subsequent rumours which got abroad, most of them without the slightest foundation, of course, only tended to perplex the good folk of St. Benet's, and afford them almost as constant and interesting a topic of conversation for the first month or two as that inevitable subject to Englishmen—the weather. But by-and-by even Marmaduke and the Abbey ceased for the time at least to occupy the attention of the old ladies who met for tea and scandal at Mrs. Pierpoint's and Mrs. Maynard's, for the General went off to his shooting box in the Highlands, and the Abbey was shut up. The valet, in putting up his young master's clothes felt something in the pocket of his dress coat, took it out, and finding it was a letter addressed to Miss Bethune, quietly put it into the post, and said no more about it.

It was not the first letter addressed to a lady he had posted from his master, not

the first by any means, so perhaps he did not think so much about it as he might have done.

Mildred had been ailing, no one knew why, and her aunts could not guess; how should they? So they went off with her to Hastings, to try change of air, and then to the North of England to visit some friends, and then into Wales; and the letter never reached Mildred till late in the autumn.

How did it find her then, and what did she think of the writer? Some women's thoughts are difficult to fathom, and Mildred did not wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at.

What the good people of St. Benet's thought may be easily guessed at from a conversation which took place between our friends Dr. May and Mr. Grice, the butcher.

The worthy doctor, who was always fond of a bit of gossip, and who used often to stroll over the way to talk politics with Grice, who was suspected of Radical views, but who hitherto had voted straight for the Tories, was talking of the chances of the forthcoming election, it having been stated most positively that the General was going to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and the name of Marmaduke was consequently brought to the front.

"And what's to become of the Captain?" Grice had asked (he had promoted the young officer, as is common amongst people of his class, out of compliment, I imagine).

"I suppose we shan't hear anything of him now, and Mr. Dalrymple will walk in." Mr. Dalrymple was the Whig candidate.

"I can't say it's a bad job, I fear."

"You are right there, Doctor. I expect it's true what they say, and the gallant Captain has gone to the devil!"

Grice was rather given to plain speaking.

CHAPTER VI.

"A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID."

LATE in the autumn of that year, as I have said, Mildred received Marmaduke's letter. It was a very long one, too long to quote here, and it was couched in affectionate, even loving terms. There was something, however, unsatisfactory about it. The writer accused himself of being about to do something which would probably separate them for life, but he entreated her to remember that whatever happened, come weal, come woe, she alone of all the world was the woman he loved best.

Of course this letter made Mildred very unhappy, and the reports which got abroad concerning her lover, for such in her heart of hearts she knew him to be, perplexed and troubled her, though she resolutely refused to believe anything against him.

And so the weary time wore on.

Two years and more had passed away, and not a word had been heard from Marmaduke, either by General Mathew or Mildred. The two years had aged the General more than he cared to own, and he found his heart softening towards his son, in spite of everything. When, therefore, he heard (a brief note from a brother officer, written at the instance of Marmaduke who thought he was dying, had been received), that his son was very ill with yellow fever and not expected to recover, he at once wrote off entreating him to come home. Death had been busy in the 85th; several of the officers, Marmaduke's seniors, had succumbed to the fatal disease which infests our colonies in the West Indies, and the young officer who had turned over a new leaf and become a model of propriety, had got his company, and was now Captain and Adjutant of his regiment. So much the General had heard from the Colonel, who was an old friend of his, and he was disposed to receive his son with cordiality.

Perhaps now the object of his heart might be attained, his son might succeed him as Member for the County, and marry the Lady Ida Glenorne.

Great was the excitement in St. Benet's when it was known that Captain Mathew was returning home invalided, and much the perturbation in fair Mildred's mind when her aunt Fanny, a dear old lady who had been disappointed herself in her younger days, and who had felt keenly for and sympathised with her neice, whose secret she had discovered, told her cautiously of the news.

And so as was stated in the first chapter, many were the bright eyes turned upon the Squire's pew as the General and his son took their seats in the Parish Church that Sunday morning.

But Marmaduke never once looked towards the seat where Mildred sat, and when the service was over, walked wearily out of Church after his father, smiling a sad smile of recognition at such of his old friends as he noticed, but stopping scarce a moment to speak to any one.

Mildred, poor soul, had hurried out of Church and gone home; it was but a few steps, and running up to her little chamber and throwing herself on the bed, cried till her large lustrous violet eyes looked quite sore with weeping. Aunt Fanny guessed the cause, but said nothing, though her heart bled for her darling; but when she came down to dinner, quite placid and serene, the dear old lady rejoiced to see her look herself again.

And shall it be owned that Mildred had many such tearful, solitary, communings with her own heart and none else beside? and will my readers think that she was weak because she loved this man, with all his faults, far dearer than her life?

Marmaduke stayed at home three months, but never showed by word or sign that he knew Mildred was at home. Indeed, so unaccountable was it all to her, poor girl, that she entreated her aunts to take her away somewhere; so after he had been at the Abbey a month, Mildred and her aunt Fanny went off to the North of England to the same friends they had visited before, who were now staying at the pleasant little bathing-place, Seaton Carew, and there remained during September and October. During the first part of his stay, it is true that Marmaduke had never after the first Sunday morning gone to the Parish Church; perhaps he could not bear to see Mildred, but after she went away (who could have told him she was gone?) he was there regularly every Sunday morning.

The General was not very astute, and did not notice this, but Miss Bethune, Mildred's aunt Mary, did, and putting this and that together as women will, concluded that it was not indifference which kept Captain Mathew away from her house. But time was getting on; the General had been keeping open house at the Abbey; his widowed sister, Mrs. Tracy, had come to do the honours, and Lord and Lady Glenorne, with two of their daughters, the Ladies Edith and Ida, had been staying there for the past three weeks. It was the General's custom to invite the whole of the leading families of St. Benet's to dinner once a year, and to one of the last of these dinner-parties in November the Misses Bethune and Mildred, who had returned home, were invited. The Glenornes had gone, all but Lady Ida, who was specially begged to stay by Mrs. Tracy, who had, it appeared, taken a great fancy to her. She was a pretty lady-like girl of fashionable manners, possessed of few ideas, but capable, no doubt, of making a rich man happy.

The General was much too proud to exclude Mildred, whom he ignored in fact so far as his son was concerned, and she determined to go, for fear that St. Benet's would talk more if she did not.

It was a large dinner-party. Marmaduke, at his father's request, took down Lady Ida; the Vicar's son, who has been just ordained, takes down Mildred whom he much admires. Mildred sings charmingly, and when the ladies had withdrawn she delights them in the drawing-room with her rendering of some of Moore's melodies, and quite wins the affections of Lady Ida, who is a warm-hearted Irishwoman, and a great lover of music. Marmaduke is also passionately fond of music, and speedily makes an excuse to leave the dinner-table and join the ladies.

The General, thinking the attractions of Lady Ida have something to do with his son's disappearance, takes little heed of his departure, and Marmaduke is soon by Mildred's side turning over her music. The keen eyes of many of the guests are upon them, and Marmaduke finds but small opportunity of making his peace with her.

One observation, however, is caught by Miss Bethune, who chanced to pass by the grand piano to speak to her old friend, Mrs. Spinks; it was this:—

"Did you receive my letter, Mildred, a long time ago?"

"I did."

"Well, I have never altered; have you?"

"I never change."

Whether the General saw anything he did not like as he entered the drawing-room with the other gentlemen, it would be difficult to say, but it made him resolve that night to press his son upon what was nearest his heart.

Accordingly, when the guests had all gone, he asked Marmaduke into his study, and entered into a long and prolix list of reasons why his son should marry—the advantages which would accrue from his doing so, and the handsome competence he was willing to settle upon him if he married according to his wishes, hinting at the same time that Lady Ida was of all young ladies the most desirable.

"But Lady Ida Glenorne would not marry me if I asked her, father."

"How do you know until you have tried?"

"Well, I don't want to marry her."

"Your affections are not otherwise engaged, I suppose, young man?" the General said, with a scrutinizing glance and in a slightly satirical tone.

Without heeding his father's question, the young soldier, who waxed a shade or two paler, and who after a moment's silence seemed to have come to some sudden resolve, merely replied in the weary tone which was so habitual to him now, "I *could not* marry Lady Ida if I would."

"And why?"

"*Because I am married already!*"

Marmaduke never forgot the angry pallor which came over his father's face when he said these words, but he was resolved that the truth should be told at last, and he told it.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

THE EARLY HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF FREEMASONRY.*

THE more we see of Bro. Fort's Book, the more we like it, the more we appreciate its worth and reality. For though here and there it is just possible that we do not quite coincide with its able author in the views he propounds and the conclusions he arrives at, yet, as even these divergences of opinion are few and far between, we feel strongly what a debt of gratitude all Masonic Students owe to Bro. Fort's remarkable publication.

We have ourselves laboured in the dusty "high-ways and by-ways" of Masonic archæology; we have collated anxiously, and studied diligently, and read much, and we know well what were, what are still the difficulties of Masonic research, and what a

* Sampson, Low, and Co., 188, Fleet Street, E.C.

weary wilderness, like the plodding Jews of old, we have to wade through, and wander through, ere we catch a glimpse of the Promised Land!

Masonic archæology has many temptations and dangers for the student, misled by unveracious statements, crediting unauthentic chroniclers, accepting fables for truth, and legends for history. He may be lured away by some of those will-o'-the-wisps, which have landed so many enthusiastic, but too credulous, followers in the clinging morass of spurious authorities and deceiving myths.

When we consider the state of Masonic history and criticism now, as compared with what it was in Olivier's palmiest days, or when we ourselves began the study of Masonic antiquities, we are startled by the contrast, we *must* be gratified with the change.

We shall hardly be doing wrong if we give to that period of Masonic literature what the Germans have also wittily ascribed to a period of their own—the "Sturm und Drang" epoch—Storm and Pressure. That is to say, everything was very arbitrary, dogmatic, high-minded, and absolute. Contradiction was not permitted; opposition was not allowed. Certain views were true, were correct, were what was to be believed, and the consequences of such a system were hurtful in the extreme, hurtful to Masonic literature, and menacing to all independent Masonic enquiry. We have only to take up Olivier's books to see how this fatal tendency warped his views, coloured his theories, ruined his efforts, and has undermined his prestige.

With all his zeal, energy, knowledge, right thinking, and good intention, much eloquence of language, and lucid exposition of evidence, he is unfortunately the chief of our uncritical school. To Germany we undoubtedly owe the right aim of thought, study, comment, and criticism.

Bro. Findel's history struck so completely the right chord, that henceforth the false notes of the uncritical and unhistorical school seem to have vanished into the thin air. Stembreuner, in America, did good services, as Hughan and D. Murray Lyon have done in Great Britain; and now there comes from a young Mason across the Atlantic, a work equally commendable for its modesty and its accuracy, its strictly critical and distinctly historical character. Indeed, too much commendation can hardly be accorded to it in this respect. Bro. Fort, whose labours of search, verification, and collation must have been intense, marshals his statements in a way which does him infinite credit; while he unfolds to us the contents of his valuable collocation of individual and general authorities by a power of language, and yet simplicity of verbiage, which are alike pleasant and praiseworthy in the highest degree. Indeed, when we take up Bro. Fort's work we are startled by its range, the methodical use he has made of most important data, and the numerous striking testimonies he adduces, and the argument he brings forward in favour of the existence of a Masonic Operative Fraternity or Guild.

The only points on which we venture to differ somewhat from Bro. Fort are these, —in which he leans to Bro. Findel's view of the mediæval practical origin of Freemasonry, if rightly we understand him, and to what is called also, though in this he is opposed to Bro. Findel, the hermetic view of Freemasonry.

The theory of a German origin of Masonry, and thence radiating into all lands, has always appeared to us, however fascinating to the patriotic German mind, a chimera of chimeras. In the first place, these Sodalities existed before the 13th century, which is Bro. Findel's date; and in the next place, the legends of the Steinmetzen are not peculiar to Germany; and thirdly, what are we to do with Masons' Marks? If, for instance, the "Ars Quatuors Coronatorum" was only known to the German Steinmetzen, something might be said for the contention that the legend of the "Macons foure" is in our "Sarum Missal" in the 11th century.

We have never doubted that the Anglo-Saxon Guilds were originally of Roman origin; and that our early operative, architectural, ecclesiastic, and civil work, came from the Roman Operative Guilds.

How we link ourselves on to them is another and a very difficult matter, so difficult that even to-day it is more a question of supposition and probability, than of fact or certainty.

Many "indiciæ" seem to point to the inevitable conclusion of this veritable connnexion as between the Guilds and assembly of Operative Masons, and the Grand Lodge of Speculative Masons; but at present we are still without any tangible or distinct evidence on the subject.

Bro. Fort leans to an hermetic origin and use of Freemasonry. And much, no doubt, may be said for it, that an hermetic association existed. That the Rosicrucians were a real body, we think must be admitted fairly; but that they produced or preserved Masonry, is not only "not proven," but we venture to think not proveable.

Bro. Fort leans to the reality of the Locke MS., which, however, we feel sure must be given up as an authentic document, and pointing to the hermetic character of Masonry; but in this, also, we beg respectfully to differ from him.

Neither do we lay the stress he does apparently on Scandinavian mysteries, though we are not insensible to the abstract difficulties of the Guild theory, which have apparently struck Bro. Fort.

But having said all this, we can safely assert that we have never read any Masonic book (and we have read it through), with greater pleasure; that we always put it down reluctantly, and always take it up again with profit to ourselves.

It is a work worthy of its author,—a young and promising Masonic historian,—and is a good omen of the future progress of Masonic archæological study amongst us.

BJORN AND BERA.*

THIS is not an age of poetry, much less is it an age of poets. The reader of poetry is an uncommon person, but the poet himself is indeed the *rara avis*.

The author of *Bjorn and Bera* is without question a poet of the highest order, but whether he will be so acknowledged in his life-time is another matter. The Norse legend which Mr. Ranking has chosen for the subject of his poem is in itself, though it were told in the plainest and most common-place prose, poetic in its idea; but in the hands of a poet like Mr. Ranking it assumes a grand and majestic status, and takes its place amidst the finest, the purest, and even the grandest specimens of English poetry. We do not believe in the expediency of telling the plot or story of a novel, a drama, or an epic poem, because in so doing one robs the reader of a pleasure in store, hence we shall confine ourselves in the present instance to quoting two passages from Mr. Ranking's poem, rather to show that he is a poet than that *Bjorn and Bera* is a poem. The greatest test of a poet's power lies in his treatment of human nature, and nature herself, pure and simple. We will quote Mr. Ranking on nature, first. In our opinion the following descriptive passage is equal to anything in English poetry:—

"A garden pleasaunce, where the turf
To myriad buds of spring gave birth,
Here, where its smooth and level space
Seemed newly shorn, a starry race
Of daises smiled upon the sky;
And, where like meadow it waved high,
Beneath the boughs an azure sheet
Of blue bells made the light air sweet
That hardly stirred the whispering trees,
But went and came; and mixed with these,
Half-floating in the tinkling stream,
Forget-me-nots, that seemed to dream,

* A Poem by B. Montgomeric Ranking, London, Remington & Co.

Smiled upwards to the lady-smocks,
And in the boughs the throstle-cocks
Were singing as 'twere morn of May;
And ever and anon the lay
Of the night-singing bird would rise,
And higher, near the magic skies
The noise of some new risen lark."

Had this been ascribed to Byron, he would not have blushed. On human nature we extract the following, observing meanwhile that it is a pity Mr. Ranking did not enlarge more upon this and kindred subjects:—

"The strongest love may fall on sleep,
But hate will waken ever,
Strong love its full content may keep
Within the soul so warm and deep,
Close-wrapped and doubting never,—
That lost in the strength of sure delight,
It hardly shall know of its own true being,
As children's eyes shut fast at night,
Weary with wonder and dazed with seeing,—
So love may cease to toy and kiss,
Seeking no sign of its certain bliss,
Sleeping in safety, nor fearing harm,
But living to waken alive and warm
At kiss of the sun or clang of the storm.

But hate, like a miser worn and old,
Who muses of traitors manifold
That seek to pilfer his darling gold,
Still wakes and watches warily.
The beads of evil are daily told,
And it treasures its memories charily,
Until the wished-for day may come
When wrath shall clamour and pity be dumb,
And the tiger may cease to hide and creep,
And crouch himself for the long-stayed leap."

Nor Swinburne, nor Tennyson, nor Browning, nor Austen, have done better than this; and we boldly assert that if Mr. Ranking can follow in the path he has chosen in *Bjorn and Bera*, not one of the names of the poets mentioned will, in time to come, be greater than his.

THE PEASANT COUNTESS.

BY WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

IN the pages of the *Masonic Magazine* frequent attention has been directed to the literary and archæological labours of Mr. William Andrews, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, of Hull, author of the "History of the Dunmow Flitch," and other popular works. In the well conducted *Hull News* we find he has commenced a series of articles under the title of "Old Stories Retold," relating to the tales, traditions, etc., of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. We feel certain that readers of the *Hull News* will wel-

come Mr. Andrew's articles, which are written with considerable ability and good taste. We have pleasure in re-producing the opening chapter for the benefit of our readers :—

"The history of our great families is rich in materials for the romance writer and the poet. One of the most attractive stories is that of the Peasant Countess of

'Burghley House by Stamford Town,'

a lady immortalized by Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, who was, as our readers are doubtless aware, born at the Parsonage of Somersby, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, in the early part of the present century. The poet tells us in his charming ballad, entitled *The Lord of Burleigh*, how Henry Cecil, under the guise of a poor landscape painter, sought and won the heart and hand of a village maiden, and how he conducted her on a tour, seeing

'Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great;
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure or for state;'

until they reached a majestic mansion, where we are told that the domestics bowed before the young lover, whose wife then, for the first time, discovered his rank.

'All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin,
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove,
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness,
To all the duties of her rank.
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour,
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and even fainter,
As she murmured, "Oh! that he,
Was once more the landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.'

The real facts of this remarkable story are not so highly poetical as Mr. Tennyson's lines would lead us to believe; they, however, present a curious example of aristocratic eccentricity. Henry Cecil was born in the year 1754, and was the only child of the Hon. Thomas Chambers Cecil, by his marriage with Miss Charlotte Gardner. When he had reached the age of nineteen he was an orphan and presumptive heir to the titles and estates of an uncle, for whom he had not any affectionate regard. So long as the old Earl lived he did not trouble Burleigh with his presence. Young Cecil spent his time in travelling through England, and enjoyed a life of quiet and homely adventure. While yet his uncle held the family estates and titles he married into a good country family of the West of England, selecting for his bride the pretty Miss Vernon, only daughter of the Squire of Hanbury Hall, in the county of Worcester. The union was far from a happy one, and after fifteen years of married life, in June 1791, just when he was seven-and-thirty, he petitioned for and obtained a divorce. We find, before procuring

freedom from the bonds of wedlock, that he was bound down with heavy debts, and put on a disguise, and came to reside as a poor and humble man at Bolas Magna, a delightful rural village, nestling amongst the green lanes and apple orchards of Shropshire. He was not troubled with visitors, no one coming to inquire after him; to the fashionable world he was lost, and from the gaze and knowledge of all his relatives he had vanished. To the simple villagers, Henry Cecil, or, as he was known to them, John Jones, was a puzzle, and as he had not any ostensible means of obtaining a living, numerous were the surmises as to who and what he was; the prevailing belief at one period being that he obtained his bread as a highwayman. One authority tells that in anticipation of the divorce he paid address to a young lady of considerable attractions, called Taylor; she, however, being engaged, declined his hand. He lived in the house of a cottager named Hoggins, and his daughter Sarah, a plain, but honest girl, was next flattered by the noble refugee. Eventually he obtained the heart and hand of the village maiden, though not until after a struggle, for the equivocal nature of circumstances went against him. The worthy mother sturdily opposed the union, but the father's logic was simple, and ultimately prevailed; for, as in their day and in our day, mothers cannot withstand such arguments as, 'Why, my dear, he has plenty of money.' He showed that he had plenty of money by erecting the largest house in the district; it is now called Burleigh Villa. It stands in pleasant fields, and faces the well-known inland beacon, the Wrekin, and is about half-a-dozen miles from it. Mr. Cecil had not a long courtship, for on the 3rd of October in the year of grace 1791, in the little village church of Bolas, Henry Cecil was united in the bonds of matrimony to Sarah Hoggins. A writer who has paid considerable attention to this marriage says: 'It has been set forth that Mr. Cecil, disgusted with the character of his fashionable wife, resolved to seek some peasant mistress who should love him for his own sake alone; but the probability is that the young noble was simply eccentric, or that a craving of sympathy in his solitary life had disposed him to take up with the first respectable woman who should come in his way.' They continued to live in the village, and who Henry Cecil was and what was his parentage remained a mystery to all—even his wife did not know. A little daughter was born to them, but it only lived a few days and was buried in the churchyard of Bolas, without a stone to mark the spot, and the grave is now forgotten. He appears to have not been particular as to what work he performed. On one occasion, we are told, he gratified his father-in-law by carrying a large pig to a neighbouring squire. His manners and conduct, in spite of the mystery as to his means, inspired confidence, and he obtained the appointment as overseer, or churchwarden, or parish constable. On parochial duties he had to attend the Shrewsbury Sessions, where he was noticed by a brother magistrate, who had been a schoolfellow, but it did not lead to his detection.

He spent much time in carefully supplying by education all the accomplishments which might be supposed to be wanting in a peasant girl who had become a wife and a mother. A little more than two years after his marriage he read in a country paper the tidings of the death of his uncle the earl, which occurred near the end of December, 1793. Feeling the time had arrived that his presence would be required at Burleigh House, he accordingly set out one fine morning in January. Having bidden adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins, Henry Cecil and his young wife (just nineteen years of age) set out on horseback for a destination of which she was ignorant. Mr. E. Walford says, 'Her husband merely told her that he was called on business into Lincolnshire, and that she must accompany him. Like a good and trustful wife, she at once obeyed his wish, and made the journey seated, as was the fashion of the day, on a pillion behind him. They rode on through Cannock Chase, past Lichfield and Leicester, stopping at the various gentlemen and noblemen's seats on the road, till they came within sight of a noble Elizabethan mansion in a lordly park. Sarah Cecil gazed in admiration, and quietly remarked—

'What a magnificent house!'

'How should you like, my dear Sally, to be mistress of such a place?' was her lord's reply.

'Very much indeed, if we were rich enough to live in it.'

'I am glad that you like it; the place is yours. I am the Earl of Exeter, and you are not plain Mrs. Cecil, but my Countess.'

According to the accounts usually given, the Countess was a ruddy-faced and rather robust woman, but in the portrait of the noble pair, by Lawrence, kept in Burleigh-house, the lady appears possessed of an oval countenance, of what may be called of very considerable beauty, and the reverse of rustic in style. On good authority it is recorded that the happiness of the Earl and his Countess was unalloyed; she did ample justice to his choice, and became the partner of his joys and of his sorrows. But their married life was brief. Besides their firstborn they had a daughter and two sons. The younger son, Lord Thomas Cecil (after having given birth to whom she died in childbed), lived till 1873; the elder son inherited his father's earldom, and also the marquisate conferred on him in 1801; the daughter married the late Right Hon. Henry Manvers Pierrepont, by whom she was the mother of Lady Charles Wellesley, who again was mother of the heir to the honours of the house of Wellesley. Thus (as Mr. Walford observes) strangely enough the future Duke of Wellington is the great grandson of the peasant girl who, in 1791, milked cows and churned cream in the village of Bolas Magna. The Earl married for his third wife the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, and died in 1804."

NEW MUSIC.*

CHURCH TUNES which possess merit are at all times a welcome addition to the repertoire of the organist or the lovers of devotional music, and we have here Six Tunes which will win their way to favour wherever they are heard. There is about them a refinement of style and true devotional feeling which fits them for the service for which they are designed. The composer has set them to hymns which are fortunately not so trite as many to be found in the Collection of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and on this account will be doubly appreciated. The first hymn in the set is adapted to "Thy Kingdom Come," and is set in three sharps. The second, "Oh! Day of Rest," is in the key of C, and is rich in harmony. The third, "Take up thy Cross" is in A flat, and is most aptly set to the words. The fourth, "Art thou Weary," in G, is a nice, plain, simple theme, well carried out. No. 5, "Glad sight," in three sharps, is much to our taste; and No. 6, "Gracious Saviour," A in four flats, will hold its own against any other adaptation to the same words, as words and music flow so charmingly together.

We cordially recommend this little sheet to the notice of our musical friends, and we trust that ere long these Tunes will be generally adopted at all Churches where the words of the hymns are sung.

J. H. J.

* Six New Tunes to well-known Hymns, composed by Mrs. M. A. Tebbs. Dedicated by permission to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Rochester. Price 6*d*. London, Novello, Ewer, and Co.

FASHIONABLE SLANG.

BY "VERAX."

IT has been said that the use of "slang" or "cant" words in the national literature points to the actual decadence or the moral degradation of that country in which it is prevalent. Without going so far as that (though there is no doubt some truth in the assertion), I am prepared to contend that as possibly adages have had their slang in some form or other, conventional words peculiar to the age that is, though the evil be no doubt great, and to be regretted on many grounds, it is useless to exaggerate either its evil or its effect on society.

In all countries, all societies, all professions, there are certain technical words which become in one sense "slang"; and just as there is the *patois* of countries and the pronunciations like "Platt Deutsch," and "Yorkshire lingo," so we have schoolboy slang, university slang, naval slang, military slang, racing slang, gipsy slang, thieves' slang, and the slang of great cities, and even religious slang. Berlin has, for instance, a slang of its own, Paris has its "argot," and London has slang familiar to its irrepressible boys and peculiar people.

Therefore, slang exists, and it is useless to "heap up the agony" about slang, as it is most unwise for our "feeble forcibles"—the retailers of "pure platitudes" and dull anathemata to denounce slang. Society is not to be mended, in my opinion, by the vapid utterances of "Boanerges Bugg," nor by the noisy rant of the great Stiggins, or even by that outcome of "proverbiality, that plethora of invective, which flow either from the polished unction of Father Pomposo, or the impassioned personalities of "Jim Fly"!

Let us look at the matter calmly, seriously, severely, if you like, and sensibly of course, and above all in a genial temper, with a kindly spirit.

The days of cursing, and excommunication, and auto-da-fes, and denunciation are, thank God, over; and so let us see what a little calm consideration may do, honestly intended, carefully carried out, and peacefully interchanged, face to face, heart to heart; for we all have some, at least I believe so, feelings which may be touched and minds and wills which may be affected for the "good, the beautiful, and the true." I am now simply speaking as a professor of moral æsthetics, *ad hominem et fœminam*, and have dropped, *pro tem.*, the preacher's robe, and the "Sermon *ex cathedra*." I agree with, first of all, Charles Mackay in his "Social Notes," where he tells us that "exaggeration in their expletives," marks too many of all classes amongst us at the present day. As he truly observes, "'Very good' and 'very bad' are phrases that are seldom heard, having been superseded by such words as 'awful' and 'dreadful.' A very pretty girl is an 'awfully pretty girl,' or a 'dreadfully fine woman.' Our golden youth, male and female, as well as the lower grade of people who ape their manners and language, are at some times 'awfully jolly,' at other times 'dreadfully bored.' 'I was at an awfully nice dinner-party last night,' says one. 'You should see the new farce,' says another, 'it is screamingly funny.' 'I am going down to Brighton next week,' says a third, 'it is so jolly to be by the briny.' While a young lady accepting a bouquet from an admirer graciously acknowledges the gift with these words, 'Oh, thank you so much! Ta! awfully ta!'"

He also points out: "It is another characteristic of the present time that young people—at least in company, or in the ordinary current of conversation—never talk of 'friendship' or 'love.' Those honest old words are antiquated, and it is almost as contrary to good manners to mention them as it would be to speak of the commonest functions of nature. Fashion often disguises what it has to say in this respect under synonyms derived from the gutter. 'I am awfully bored in general society,' said a

lady of title, 'but I enjoy myself immensely among my pals.' 'He is a great ally of mine,' said one member of Parliament to another, as if he were afraid of believing in friendship, and loth to utter its name. Love fares still worse than friendship in the year 1878. 'Smith is awfully spoony upon Miss Jones,' says one. 'Well,' replies his companion, 'she is an immensely fine girl, but she has no tin.' 'I can't understand,' says Snob the first to Snob the second, 'how a fellow can go spooning about a girl that hasn't got a penny to bless herself with;' and Snob the second replies, 'Nor I either. Neither can I understand how that awful ass' (Jones or Robinson, as the case may be), 'can spoon about his own wife as he does, after being married two years!'"

Stable slang is, alas, just now very popular among all classes, and it is much to be feared that the demoralizing habits of Newmarket and racing stakes have affected both our habits and our literature to a very hurtful extent. And yet let us remember that much may be said, on the other hand, in favour of "legitimate horse racing,"—at least I suppose there can, though I do not feel so sure about it, I confess, as I did some years ago—and I for one, cannot think it right in any one to devote his time, his talents, and his means to horse racing, when he might be doing God and man good service; and when, to adapt the hackneyed description of Burke, he gives up to Newmarket what was "meant for mankind."

I greatly deprecate the introduction of stable language by our young men, and especially our young women. To an outsider their conversation is often unintelligible. Mackay amusingly notes a certain use of stable slang which all can read with profit: "Two words derived from the stable are constantly heard from the mouths of men who may have studied at Oxford or Cambridge, who may hold commissions in the army or the navy, or be high in the civil service of the Crown, or who may otherwise rank honourably in the estimation of the world and of society. These words are 'groom' and 'form.' A fashionable newspaper, noted for its excellent caricatures of the notables of the day, writes of a lady, whose name shall not be repeated, 'She is fair and splendid, and has a profusion of hair, which she *grooms* in the plainest way, without fringe.' 'Look at that little *filly*,' says a vulgar man in a ball-room, 'how nicely she is *groomed*.' 'Form' in the stable signifies the state of health and general condition of a horse. The word is of such modern acceptance as to be unknown, not only to Captain Grose in the last century, but to the compilers of Hotten's Slang Dictionary, published so lately as 1864. It is no longer confined to the race-course, to Tattersall's, or to the stables where it originated, but is constantly employed to convey the idea of fashion, manners, customs, and polite observance. It is not good 'form' to arrive too late for dinner, to dance with animation, or to applaud heartily at the opera, etc. It is good 'form,' however, to call a hat a tile, a child a kid, money dibs, a father a relieving-officer, a mother or a wife an old woman, a cigar a weed, clothes togs, a pocket-handkerchief a wipe, a cravat a choker, a shilling a bob, £25 a pony, etc., etc. That men of superior culture by frequenting low society should pick up the words of their associates is intelligible; but that when out of such society they should repeat and be proud of the vulgarity, which they have caught as they would catch scarlet fever, is no more to be understood than that a gentleman should like to be considered a costermonger or a chimney-sweep."

We all can add to this list of terms others which we may hear in society constantly day by day. When a fair and sporting young woman asks you to luncheon, and says, "We put on our nosebags at 2 p.m.," you can only bow, and admire such unsavoury language from such a very pretty mouth.

But I don't wish to be too severe, and don't wish to preach a sermon, as magazines are not meant, in my opinion, to usurp the duties of the pulpit; neither do I wish to treat the matter too severely, as I look upon it as a passing folly.

SONNETS FROM THE PYRENEES.

BY J. T. AUBERTIN IN THE "GRAPHIC."

THE MOUNTAIN.

'Tis morn, but on the misty mountain's brow
The rising sun no golden ray can shed;
While all is brilliant in the vale below,
Darkness and cold are lowering o'er his head:
E'en thus, in early life, hearts that are led
Too soon by towering hopes and visions fine,
With mists of doubt and thought long cumbered,
See all the humbler spirits smile and shine.
Struggle, brave heart! and as thy day wears on,
The brightest of the glow shall still be thine;
When from the lowly valleys it hath gone,
Around thy brows alone it shall incline:
Thy force of thought shall fling thy mists away,
And shining Heaven concede its crowning ray!

THE CLOUD.

Soon as the cloud escapes the mountain's brow,
Swift it regains its pristine sphere on high;
Free from earth's bonds it rides in summer's glow,
Sails on the breeze, rejoicing in the sky.
Such have appeared to me the minds that lie,
Cold and encumbered with established dread
Of merely counterfeit authority,
That holds them long subdued and chained and dead.
These, when the pouring warmth of Reason's ray
Dissolves their bonds at last, and they expand,
Then they arouse, and tear themselves away,
Scorning the sterile tyrants of the land,
Aid and delight mankind, as clouds that rise
Water the valleys and adorn the skies.

THE CHANGEFUL SEASONS: A WINTER SONG.

Written for the "Masonic Magazine."

THE winds are keen,
As they have been
Through all the winter long;
The clouds are black
With gloom, alack!
Oh! for the gay lark's song.

We pine for days
Of sunlit haze,
For dreamy, misty morn;
For swallows' flight,
For poppies bright,
All in the standing corn.

For days of June,
Gone, ah! too soon,
And fields of new mown hay;
For sweet wild flowers,
And summer hours,
And children at their play.

But winter cold,
In days of old,
Followed the autumn's glow;
And wind and rain
Will come again,
With sleet, and ice, and snow.

So we must be
Content to see
The seasons change, and feel,
Though long we roam,
We may come home
To the land of the leal.

Though long we stay,
We must obey
The laws of nature, too;
The falling leaf
Tells time is brief,
And wasted days we rue.

So let us live,
That when we give
Our bodies to the grave,
We may be blest,
And lie at rest,
Amidst the good and brave.

The changing year
Which found us here
May lose us as we sing
In realm above,
Celestial grove,
And everlasting spring.

EMRA HOLMES.

Fowey, Cornwall.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,
Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," etc., etc.

BARD of *The Flower-bud*, and *The Lyre and Sword!*
Thy German heart beat high for liberty;
Thou 'gainst the invader stood firm as the tree*
That rustles in thy songs. Trust in the Lord
Of Hosts, and love for thy dear Fatherland,
Though life were thine; and, like a yäger true,
Quick from its sheath thy trusty sword thou drew
Against thy country's foes, to bravely stand
Or fall in her defence. Thy gory death
Was glorious. In such a cause to die
Is but to gain an immortality
Amongst the brave and true! and whilst one breath
Of freedom kisses the green German oak,
Thy trumpet-songs will fire the slave to break his yoke.

* The Oak.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

Mural Decoration—"Fresco."—I.

——"*And on this.*"

THE art of Mural Painting, as we have before very briefly noticed, is of extreme antiquity, and of Mural Painting possibly the most ancient form is "fresco." When we put forth this statement, however, it must be understood to be made with this reservation, that by "mural" painting here we mean the art when it had approached something like maturity. As for wall-painting in its earliest stages, in all probability, as it strikes us, and probably would strike anyone that gave it a thought, colour would be applied to walls, old as well as new, whenever it struck the possessor of the wall that a little decoration of this kind would be an improvement. To dogmatize upon the relative antiquity of the respective processes of any art is, at best, a somewhat hazardous proceeding; and any conclusions that we draw from such slight premises as those pertaining to the original forms of the various arts are very apt to be overthrown, or, at least, considerably modified. We, therefore, think it better to state our opinions more in the form of suggestions than of statements which have undergone or will be able to undergo the test of definite proof.

Wall-painting doubtless had its origin in a very simple way. Men—just as we often see mischievous or thoughtless boys do now—sketched upon the walls of their abodes. Very rude these sketches would be at first, and very simple would be the materials employed. Probably, a good example of what we mean is the already quoted "portrait of a lover," executed by the lady's sweetheart in burnt stick on the garden wall. In fact, all kinds of objects, animate and inanimate, were doubtless depicted for all sorts of purposes, in all manner of places, with every species of material. Such representations would, no doubt, in time be designed to serve the purposes of religious or historical representations, although at first they might have been simply executed for ornament, or even been the freaks of some imaginative genius, who, on the spur of the moment, thus gave vent to his creative or imitative faculty.

Putting altogether aside the consideration of those crude efforts that were doubtless the parents of the pictorial art, not only of the branch of it known as "fresco," but of all other kinds as well, we find amidst our archæological researches instances of finely-executed specimens of a very early date indeed. Thus it is with the buildings of ancient Egypt, the sepulchral monuments of Etruria, the walls of the disentombed dwelling-houses of Pompeii, and the sides of the Catacombs of the Eternal City. In all these places the remains of mural decoration are supposed to have been executed in "fresco." The wall-paintings of Pompeii are particularly remarkable for the grandeur and purity in the style of their drawing and design. The manner of their execution is slight and free; and from this feature, as well as from the frequent repetition of the same objects and designs, it has been conjectured that the paintings are merely copies by decorators of originals, which were paintings of note in the temples or palaces of Rome. Whether these originals were "frescoes," or moveable "panels," has long been a matter of dispute. The Greeks, as we have before remarked, are stated to have preferred moveable pictures, which could be sold or removed if necessity should arise from fire or other accident; whilst Pliny asserts that Apelles never painted on walls. Various pictures of immense value, again, were stated to have been taken from Greece to Rome. To whatever conclusion we may come, however, as to the origin of the designs at Pompeii, there are the drawings themselves upon the walls; and upon a

thorough examination, there can be but little doubt that these, as well as the other ancient examples of which we have made mention, were actual "frescoes."

If we now come down to more modern times, we find that many celebrated artists and well-known writers have maintained that "fresco" is the only way in which the highest efforts of the pictorial art should be embodied. An extremely large proportion of the best works of the Italian Schools, notably those of Rome and Florence, are executed in this mode; and, in the present century, the art having being revived, the German school has followed suit. In Great Britain the art has found some considerable favour, the corridors of the Houses of Parliament being rendered exceedingly beautiful by specimens of historical pictures in "fresco," executed by the best artists of the day.

But all this time our readers will doubtless have been saying, "We have, as yet, had no definition of 'fresco'; we thought all wall-painting went by this name, but from something that has fallen by the way, it seems that such is not the case."

"FRESCO," then, is only one species of wall-painting, and derives its name from the Italian *fresco* (fresh). It is thus named because the colour is applied to the surface of the wall whilst the plastering is wet or freshly done.

We will now describe the process of "fresco"-painting:—

First, a "cartoon," or drawing, of the subject is made of the design. This must be correct as to form and outline, and have the effect of the shading, etc., fully shown. This finished "cartoon" may be either of the full size of the intended work, or it may be on a smaller scale; but, in any case, a full-size drawing must be prepared, if it be only in outline. When the finished "cartoon" is made of the same size as the intended painting, it is usually executed "in black and white," that is, in chalk or charcoal; but, if so, it is still requisite to have a carefully executed "study" of the subject "in colour," and this is usually made an a smaller scale.

All the colours used in this branch of art must be able, of course, to withstand the action of lime, consequently they are comparatively few in number, being confined mostly to the earths and minerals. All these are ground, and applied with pure water.

The "ground" to be painted upon is the last or smooth coat of plaster that is laid over the earlier rough coats with which walls are usually prepared.

The last smooth coating, or rather, as much of it as the artist can cover in a day, is laid on immediately before he commences work. The surface is wet, but it is firm and smooth. A "tracing" having been previously prepared, it is laid on the plaster, and the artist with a "point" of hard wood, or bone, goes over the lines of the tracing, slightly indenting them in the still yielding plaster-surface. With the full-sized "cartoon" and the finished "study" lying by him for his guidance, he then goes on with his work. After the day's work is over, any portion of plaster left uncovered is cut away to the outline of the completed part. Next day the plasterer is again at hand to make a neat junction of the new plaster to the old, which, when cut, was left slightly sloped.

The lime, as it dries, throws out a kind of crystal surface, which protects the colour and gives it an appearance far surpassing that of "tempera."

"Fresco," although apparently simple, yet requires great nicety of manipulation and delicacy of handling; for the surface of the plaster is delicate and must not be "overworked"; besides, the lime only imbibes a certain quantity of additional moisture in the form of the liquid "vehicle" with which the colours are applied, after which it loses its crystallizing quality, and the surface becomes what painters call "rotten." Many "frescoes" have been utterly spoiled in this way whilst they were being worked. The worst of the evil is that in such a case the mischief cannot be discovered until the lime has dried. The proper plan in such cases is to cut away the flawed portions, have fresh plaster laid on, and do the work of those portions again. Too often the flaws have been simply retouched with "tempera" colours, and though they may not be noticed for a time, the parts so treated will inevitably change or come off in the course of a few years.

Another difficulty in "fresco"-painting is, that as the plaster dries the colours become much lighter. Allowance can, however, be made for this, and, by practice, the artist learns to master the obstacle. Besides, he has a ready test at hand by which he can tell the difference between the shade of the colours when wet and dry. He puts a touch of it upon a piece of umber, which absorbs the moisture, and shows in an instant the appearance that the colour will present after the much longer period that it will have taken to dry when applied to the lime-charged surface of the "fresco"-painting's plaster ground-work.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 240).

CHAPTER IV. (*continued*).

THUS my Friend *Elias* taking leave, left me three weeks, and to this very day; nevertheless, (as a Spur) he impressed all these things deep in my mind, and *Paracelsus* confirmed them, saying, That in, with, of, and by metals spiritualized and cleansed, are perfect Metals made, and also the living Gold and Silver of Philosophers, as well for humane as metallick bodies. Wherefore if this guest my Friend, had taught me the manner of preparing the Spiritual and Celestial Salt he spake of, by and with which *I* might (as it were) within their own matrix, gather the spiritual Rays of Sun or moon, out of the Corporal Metallick Substances, Then truly from his own light he had so enlightened me, that *I* should have known how Magnetically (by a Sympathetick power) in other imperfect corporeal metals, their internal souls might be Clarified and Tinged, so that their own similary bodies being of like kind, might be transmuted into Gold or Silver, according to the nature of red Seed, into a red body; or of the white Seed into a white and pure body; for *Elias* told me that *Sendivogius* his Calybs was the true Mercurial Metallick humidity, by help of which (without any Corrosive) an Artist might seperate the fixt rayes of the Sun or Moon, out from their own bodies, in a naked Fire, in open Crusible, and so make them Volatile and Mercurial, fit for a dry Philosophic Tincture (as he partly communicated and shewed me before he went) to transmute the Metals. For all learned Chymists must consent, that *Pyrotechny* is the mother and Nurse of many noble Sciences and Arts, and they can easily judge from the Colours of the Chaos of metals in the fire, what metallick body is therein. And thuro every day, metals and transparent stones, are yet so procreated in the bowels of the Earth, from their proper, noble, vapourous seed, with a spiritual Tingent Sulphurous Seed, in their divers Salty Matrixes; for the common Sulphur, (or the Sulphur of any pure or impure metal, whilst yet conjoyned with its own body) being mingled only with Salt-Peter in the burning heat of Fire, will be easily changed into the hardest and most fixed Earth. And this Earth is afterwards easily changed by the air into most clear water, and this water after by a stronger fire, according to the nature of either pure or impure metallick Sulphur admixed) is turned into Glass, coloured with various and very beautiful colours. Almost so likewise is a Chicken generated and hatcht out of the white of an Egg, by a gentle natural heat; and thus also from the seminal Bond of Life of any metal, is made a new and much more noble metal, by a heat convenient to a salty fires nature, Though few Chymists know perfectly how the internal virtues of metals (always magnetically moving according to their harmony or disconsonancy) are distinguished; and why one metal hath such a singular Sympathy or Antipathy with the other metal, as is seen in the Magnet with Iron, in Mercury with Gold, in Silver with Copper, very remarkably. And so in some are notably found an Antipathy, as Lead against Tin, Iron against Gold, Antimony against Silver: And again, Lead against

Mercury. There are 600 such Sympathetical and Antipathetical Annotations in the animal and vegetable Kingdom, as Authors have written.

Thus Candid Reader have I here printed what I have seen and done, for with *Seneca* I desire to know only that I may teach others: nay if wisdom were given conditionally to be kept secret, I would reject it. If any shall yet remain doubtful, let him with a living faith believe in his Christ Crucifyed, and in Him become a new Creature, through the most strict way of regeneration, and be fixed therein in hope, and use true love and charity to his neighbour, till his life be justly, chastly, and holily finisht, thereby safely to sail through the wicked and impudent Sea of this world, to the peaceable Haven of Heaven, where there is an everlasting Sabbath with true Christians and Philosophers, in the true *Jerusalem*. *John Frederick Helvetius*, *Count Russ* in *Syria*, and *Carynthia* in *Germany*, with one grain of Tincture, transmuted three pound of ☿ into pure ☉ at all assayes.

THE GOLDEN ASS WELL MANAGED, AND *MYDAS* RESTORED TO REASON.

Or a new Chymical Light appearing as a day Star of Comfort to all under Oppression or Calamities, as well Illiterate, as Learned, Male as Female; to ease their Burdens and provide for their Families.

WHEREIN

The Golden Fleece is Demonstrated to the blind world, and that good Gold may be found as well in Cold as Hot Regions (though better in hot) within and without through the universal Globe of the Earth, and be profitably extracted: So that in all places where any Sand, Stones, Gravel, or Flints are, you cannot so much as place your footing, but you may find both Gold, and the true matter of the Philosopher's Stone. And is a Work of Women, and play of Children.

Written at Amsterdam, 1669, by *John Rodolph Glauber*, The bright Sun of our Age, and Lover of Mankind, like a true *Elias* riding on this Golden Ass in a Fiery Chariot.

And Translated out of Latin into English in briefer Notes, 1670, by *W. C.*, Esq., True Lover of Art and Nature, and well wisher to all men, especially to the poor distressed Household of Faith; The true Catholick Church, and body of Christ, Dispersed through many Forms of Religions through the whole World, as the perfect *Israelites*.

THE EPISTLE OF W. C. TO THE CHRISTIAN AND COURTEOUS READER.

Job 28. 6. & 2 Esdras 8. 2.

Reader, GOD who made Man out of Earth or Clay, and out of Stones could raise up Seed to *Abraham*, hath here sent thee *Manna*, and commanded these very Stones to yield thee Bread, in these Calamitous times, or rather that which may satisfie thy honest and moderate wishes more for Food and all necessaries (as was intended in the Fiction of *Mydas*) For every thing thou touchest by this Art may turn to Gold, and purchase whatsoever thou needest for thy self, Friends and Family, without borrowing, extortion, or fear of want, or wearing longer Ears then will become a rational man and a good Christian; And so thou maiest prove a true *Fortunatus*, or Providential *Mydas*, and procure thee a lighter heart then many that have a heavier

Purse, which may be exhausted, lost or spent on their Lusts, and yet not satisfie their fears or covetous desires, though in present Plenty of Corn and Wine. Yea, if thou hast Grace and Wisdom, out of the very Stones in the Streets, or *Job's* Dunghill, thou maiest raise the Golden Fleece, though in extract and *Job's* small quantity, and mayest gain the Philosopher's Stone, and withal make gold more plentiful then in *Solomon's* days, and ride in Triumph over the World on this Golden Ass, by *Glauber's* new Chymical Light, without old *Balams* property. *Quid non Mortalia pectora cogis Auri, sacra fames.* Let this Art therefore breed in thee a holy hunger of God, rather then Gold, and improve this Talent to God's Honour that sent it, and to thy honest Neighbour's good; and fear not to be the poorer, though thou light thy Neighbour's candle, by communicating something of this Art, or the Fruicts thereof liberally, as thou wouldst be done unto; That so all may glorifie the Almighty giver for His great Treasures and bounty, and live together in Peace and Love, without Griping, Grudging, or Anxiety; whence may spring the true Golden Age, so long expected and desired, with *Halcion* days; Neither needest thou be sollicitous for thine or their posterity, least they want bread, if thou givest them but these Stones, with the use thereof for a Legacy. I have no other message at present, but to wish thee herewith to be content, and provide thee Treasures for Eternity, without taking notice of this mean messenger that brought it hither to thee, who though invisible or unknown, shall remain

Thy well wishing Friend and Servant,
W. C. Or twice five hundred.
L'aurum amice elegis Rus.

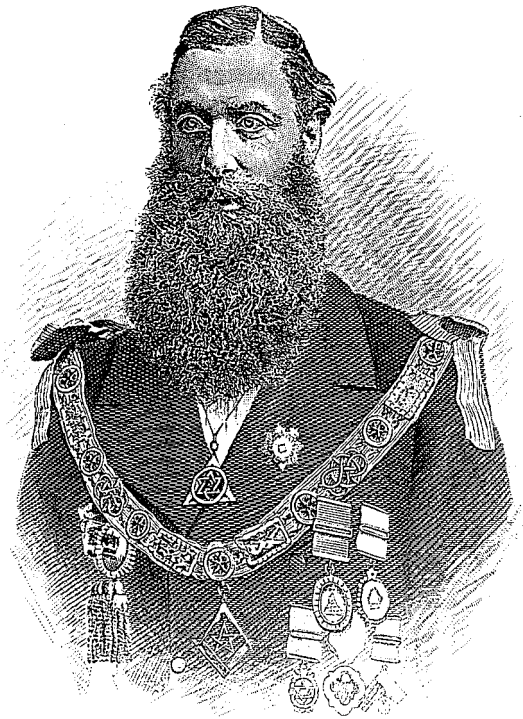
POSTSCRIPT.

TO help thee here a little forwarder. Take four ounces (or what quantity of powder of Emery you please, such as *Cutlers* use, and is bought at the Ironmongers, or else good Yellow, Red or Purple *Talcum*, or other good Stones or Minerals, Dissolve it in Spirit of Salt, of *Glauber's* cheapest making, Distill or Evaporate the Menstruum gently, or precipitate the Tincture by Lixiviat Salt, with ☽ or ☿ or the properest Loadstone ☉, and reduce all by ☿, but be sure not to be too hasty for a *Regulus;* But when you think it sufficiently washt, and digested, cast it into a Cone for the first *Regulus*, Then with *Glauber's* Martial Discipline, Mortifie the remaining sulphurious matter, and you have a courser *Sol*, and after a Lunary Body. Then begin again, and add the last to the first, and turn Ixion's wheel in the Fire as oft as you please, till you find good profit.

SHALOM ALEHEM.

SHALOM, Alehem! Peace to *all*,
Good friends and true about the lodge,
Whatever fortune may befall,
Be this the sentence of the Judge:
In love and peace to pass away
And sleep beneath the Acacia's spray.

And when life's imagery shall fail,
And closing eyes and ears no more
Tell of the friends we loved so well,
And in their hearts our memory wore,
May the Great Master from His throne
Say: "Peace be with you everyone."



R.W. Deputy Grand Master of England.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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New Year Thoughts.

WE cannot allow our Magazine to confront the tide of public approval and criticism in 1879 without a few words of seasonable introduction. No one, we think, can witness the departure of an old year, or the beginning of a new year, altogether unmoved. He may be cold or callous, a Sybarite or a Stoic, but he must have, we venture to believe, the innate feelings of our common humanity! "Time was, Time is, Time will be," was said to be a Triad of mystic import of old, and so no doubt it was, and the realization of the flight of Time has ever had deep influence on all right-thinking minds.

Another civil year has passed away, and here we are beginning with New Year's Day another spell of earthly existence. What has it in store for us all? Who of us can say! Behind its dark veil no mental eye can penetrate with light or knowledge. From its deep abyss no oracle as of old proclaims the dubious enigma of futurity. No—we have to wait in patience, as Time unfolds its roll, and what 1879 may bring to any of us, to old or young, to readers or scribe, what pseudo-prophet is there among us who can dare to seek to predict?

Let us leave then, contentedly and resignedly, the future to the future, trusting in the good Providence of T. G. A. O. T. U.

We leave 1878 no doubt with grieving minds and halting steps. We deplore much personal affliction (many of us), and not a few serious trials; and a grieving land and a sympathetic Order part from 1878 with deep sympathy for a sorrowing Sovereign.

And so all seems dark and desolate enough in good truth. But still, with 1879, let us look on in faith and in hope, as loyal soldiers, and trusting pilgrims on our march onwards and homewards. May 1879 bring peace, and rest, and happiness, and consolation to all sorrowing hearts and troubled Brethren amongst us, and may 1879 alike witness the maintenance of our national reputation, the restoration of commerce and trade, and the healing, as far as may be, of all those wounds which time or separation has cast over the mourners, the lonely, the suffering, the stricken, the widowed, the orphans, the destitute amongst us!

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN MASONRY IN 1878.

BY THE EDITOR.

WITH a closing year it seems well to look around us, and try, as the French say, *envisager*, or, as we should perhaps put it, "look it in the face,"—I mean that Masonry of and about which we talk so much, and which, no doubt, we do in some measure really value. I fear that I have come to that time of life when I don't think much of "palabras," words, and prefer practice to profession, and reality to seeming.

When we are young we are credulous and confiding; as we grow old we become doubting and deprecatory.

For one, I am greatly pleased with the outlook of that great family of Masonry which "hails" from Great Britain and its Colonies and Dependencies, the far American Republic, and the Canadas.

In that vast phalanx of a million of Masons, if there are anomalies here, shortcomings there, drawbacks and deficiencies to "bring forward" and "make good," yet, on the whole, we can leave 1878 well satisfied, and with high hopes for the future.

We are still a compact and comprehensive body, holding fast to ancient landmarks, abiding by cosmopolitan precedent, and true to our great principles. The spectacle, to my mind, is very fine indeed of a million of Masons proclaiming, in this doubting and yet dogmatic age, their loyal adherence to their several religious formulæ, their "owning" before men of T. G. A. O. S. U., their "Father which is in heaven."

If the recent melancholy occurrences in France and elsewhere have done much harm, they have also effected one great good—they have thrown Anglo-Saxons closer together, brother to brother, shoulder to shoulder, all over the world, and made them feel more and more the value of their kindly brotherhood, and the genuine and sacred principles of universal Masonry.

Charity is also extending its work and claims amongst us in England; and though trade is at present bad, and its future prospects do not as yet look bright, I, for one, do not fear but that 1879 will witness, as did 1878, of the evidence of true Masonic charity amid our always ready confraternity—that true charity which seeks to shield the orphan's youth and dry the widow's tears—to cheer infirmity, and comfort old age. May our anticipations all be realized, and may 1879 witness once again how the characteristic, both of our Masonic profession and practice, is living, unostentatious, practical, goodly charity.

Abroad, the least said, probably, the soonest mended. The insane proceedings of the Grand Orient of France—for they are positively and recklessly insane, and without excuse—have lighted a torch of discord, denial, and defiance, which seems to be destined to ban, deface, defile all on whom it lights.

This torch they seem disposed to throw headlong among all jurisdictions, caring little whom it injures, whom it scorches. We do not wish to-day to go into long details of a *fait accompli*, of follies, if not crimes, masonically perpetrated in the name of toleration and liberty of conscience, but we feel bound to say this, that we can only hope that 1879 may witness a reaction from these hasty and ill-considered innovations, from changes which threaten to transform Freemasonry in France into a political sect, and to give a handle to countless foes, exulting over the folly of its members and the childish gullibility of a multitude led like sheep by a few dark, dangerous, and subtle spirits.

We confess we close the old year and begin the new with fears and forebodings for Freemasonry abroad.

In England we still have hope as ever, as, like her own white cliffs, she seems to confront the stormy billows, and still to be as ever a beacon light of truth, loyalty, charity, and toleration to all our scattered brethren in the world!

THE NEW YEAR.

TIME comes and goes in haste from all
  Year *follows upon year*,
Life's pleasures and life's follies pall,
  Warm fancies disappear;
Another year at last has vanished,
  Yet another year to-day,
Despite an old year sternly banished,
  Confronts us in the way.
Welcome, New Year, to me and mine,
  Welcome to all, I say,
Mid all those hopes and dreams benign
  Which appear on New Year's Day.
For Time once more has measur'd
  A term in solemn pace,
Gone are the joys we treasur'd,
  The follies that disgrace!
Ah, me! how each departing year
  Seems sternly still to throw
A glamour both of doubt and fear
  On all of earth below;
How all we love, and all we hate,
  How all that joys us here
Is doom'd to yield to solemn fate,
  To bloom—and disappear.
Nothing is left to-day I find
  Of all I lov'd so well:
Warm hearts and hands so soft and kind
  Have yielded to the spell.
The pleasant form, the loving smile,
  The voice of joyous mirth,
Have left us, at the last half-mile,
  Have passed away from earth.
Oh, strange, strange paradox of time,
  How idle seems thy theme,
Which warms the rhapsody sublime,
  Or haunts the poet's dream!
If nothing here can stay, how vain
  Are all the hopes of men!
If pleasure ever yields to pain,
  When comes the "golden age" again?
Ah! many years must fleet away,
  Before the "good time" comes at last,
Until the dawn of a better day
  Shall lighten up all our past;
Until in God's good time we hail
  An end to *doubt* and fear,
Mid hopes and hours that never fail,
  An eternal glad New Year!

W.

In Memoriam.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, DIED AT DARMSTADT, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

She sleeps in peace! far from her native shore,
That home, those friends she lov'd so much of yore,
And round her gentle form in a strange land
The anguished husband, sobbing orphans stand.
No more to mingle in those halls of fame,
With those who glad repeat her pleasant name,
The highly-gifted woman, noble wife,
The joy, the bliss, of pure domestic life,
Can any greet her! Her smile no more can fall
On any, a day-star guiding, gladdening all!
Alas! we mourn for her thus called away
In her young life, in her great gifts to-day.
And yet tho' sad and strange that end may be
To those who see it as the world would see,
To some who, looking up to God above,
Believe in His great Wisdom, endless love,
That end's not strange nor sad. Her quiet rest
She's found in God's good will, for ever for the best.
She died "at her post," no nobler death to die
Can any pray for "poor humanity."
Like some dear saints who once this earth have trod,
She died *for* duty, and she died *to* God;
In God's good time her spirit's found release,
In love's own labour: God rest her in His Peace.

A.

The Princess dead, the Alice of our love?
Then is our nation truly plunged in grief:
Noble by birth, nobility her name,
A noble sister to our noble chief!

Gentle Alicia! noble rightly called,
Well to thy princely brother did'st thou shew,
By death's approach, that thou wert unappalled,
And, like brave Nelson, fear thou didst not know.

The Princess dead!—Hush'd be the festive mirth,—
Our harps are broken, sorrow treads our halls:
The season of our Holy Saviour's birth
Is sad and dreary when a lov'd one falls.

Rude was the blast that nipp'd our English Rose,
Kind tho' the hearts that pray'd around her bed:
Heaven call'd her upwards to her children dear,
And while we hoped her saved her soul had fled.

Through all the regions where our sceptres sway,
In every hamlet, sing her requiem—
Toll the bells gently—let our people say,
"Our tear-drops shall outshine her diadem."

Good, duteous daughter, sister, mother, wife,
Thy excellence, thy epitaph with us shall be;
And the remembrance of thy gentle life
Our hearts shall shrine till all Eternity.

7, *Cricketfield Road, Clapton, N.E.* "933."

GUILDS.

A GOOD deal has been written about Guilds, but a good deal remains yet to be discovered and published. As Mr. Toulmin Smith tells us in his interesting though too partial collection, a large number of returns of Guilds, *tempore* Richard II., still remains uncollated, undigested, undeciphered, and unpublished, awaiting in the dust of oblivion and neglect some "cunnynge clerke" to read them and edit them. We might even find a Masons' Guild return among them, just as Mr. Toulmin Smith gives a "Tylers'" return.

Mr. H. L. Coote, in 1871, read before the London and Middlesex Archæological Society a most interesting paper on the ordinances of some secular Guilds of London, 1304 to 1496. From it we take the Guild of Glovers, in his *ipsissima verba*, commending it to the notice and perusal of Masonic students :—

"1. Every brother shall pay sixteenpence a year, by quarterly payments, towards providing two wax tapers to burn at the high altar of the chapel of Our Lady, in the new church-haw beside London, and also to the poor of the fraternity who well and truly have paid their quarterage so long as they could.

"2. If any brother be behind of payment of his quarterage by a month after the end of any quarter he shall pay sixteenpence, that is to say, eightpence to the old work of the church of St. Paul, of London, and the other eightpence to the box of the fraternity. Also as often as any brother be not obedient to the summons of the wardens, or be not present in the 'hevenys that folk be dead,' and in offering at the funeral of a brother, and in attendance at church with the fraternity on the feasts of the Annunciation and Assumption, and others, he shall pay sixteenpence in like manner.

"3. Every brother shall come to *Placebo* and *Dirige* in the 'hevenys of dead folk,' in suit or livery of the fraternity of the year past, and on the morrow to mass, and there offer, in his new livery or suit, upon pain of sixteenpence.

"4. If a brother be behind of his quarterage for a year and a day, and though it be in his power to pay it he maliciously refuse, he shall be summoned before the official of the Consistory of London, etc. (see *ante*).

"5. If any brother or sister be dead within the city, and have not of his (or her) goods him (or her) to bury, he (or she) shall have burning about his (or her) body five tapers and four torches at the cost of the brethren, provided the deceased have continued seven years in the fraternity, etc.

"6. All the brethren be clothed in one suit, etc.

"7. The masters, wardens, and brethren shall attend and hear mass on the feast of the Assumption, etc.

"8. Every brother shall keep his livery for four years, etc.

"9. Settles the fee for entrance into the fraternity, and also the form of oath.

"10. On the day of the feast when the brethren have eaten they shall go together to the chapel of our Lady before-mentioned, and there continue the time of *Placebo* and *Dirige*, and on the morrow shall attend mass of *Requiem*, and from thence come together to their Hall, on pain of sixteenpence.

"11. If any brother revile another he shall be fined sixpence or eightpence, etc.

"12. All the brethren, with their wives, shall go together to their meat the Sunday next after Trinity Sunday, etc., etc.*

* Upon the admission of females to the companies' dinners, Mr. Herbert makes the following quaint remarks (vol. i. p. 83):—"This curious, we had almost said indecorus, custom, but which must at the same time have greatly heightened the hilarity, occurred in consequence of the companies consisting, as we have seen, of brothers and sisters; and which practice they seem on their reconstruction to have borrowed from the religious Guilds. Not only did widows, wives, and single women, who were members, join the joyous throng, but, from the Grocers' ordinances of 1348, we find the brethren could introduce

"13. A trade regulation concerning the admission of apprentices.

"14. Settles fines for 'contrarying' against the rules.

"15. Settles further penalties for disobedience to the rules, and regulations as to apprentices.

"Twenty-nine brethren have signed these rules. At the same time they were sworn (*fidem fecerunt*) well and faithfully to keep and fulfil them."

We gave some time back the ordinances of the Guild of Blacksmiths, signed by sixty-five brethren, A.D. 1434 (vol. v., page 125).

Guilds can be traced back to Anglo-Saxon times, and during the Middle Ages exercised great influence on English social, and trading, and artistic, and operative life. A good deal has been said about them lately, their origin, etc., various opinions prevailing, and therefore we think it well to append Mr. Coote's lucid remarks on the subject, which are perfectly satisfactory to our mind, as setting before us alike the "rationale" and the matter-of-fact view of the case:—

"Finding thus a succession of Guilds in England from the seventh century to the present era, with nothing to show that they received their creation from King Ine of Wessex, we may naturally ask, to what origin are we to refer these fraternities of our land?

"This has been a topic much discussed both at home and abroad. As might be expected, the opinions expressed upon the subject have been various and contradictory.

"Lappenberg traces our English Guilds to the sacrificial feasts of the Teutonic tribes. This is perhaps the strangest theory of all. For what connection can reasonably be supposed between a rendezvous of uncivilized Pagans and an association of Christian men combining for schemes of mutual benefit?

"Dr. Brentano rejects this hypothesis, and supports a view of his own in the following manner. He says, 'Neither Wilda, the principal writer on Guilds, nor Hartwig, who has made the latest researches into their origin, is able to discover anything of the essential nature of Guilds, either in what has just been related about the old family and its banquets, or in the sacrificial assemblies; and it is only as to the one point of the custom of holding banquets on the occasion of anniversary festivals that Wilda is inclined to derive the Guilds from them. But of the essence of the Guild, the brotherly banding together in close union, which expressed itself in manifold ways, in the mutual rendering of help and support, he finds no trace. The banquets were either casual meetings, to which every one, as he thought proper, invited his friends, or which several people prepared in common, and which did not produce any more intimate relationship than that already existing from the actual bond of the family, or state, or neighbourhood, or they were meetings in which every one of the nation was able, or was obliged to take part. There appears in them nothing of any closer voluntary confederacy of the members within or by the side of the union caused by the State or religion. Hartwig considers these objections of Wilda conclusive, and believes that from the continued existence of Pagan ceremonies, even amongst the religious Guilds, and from the custom of holding feasts, nothing whatever can be deduced which is essential to the Guilds.'

"Dr. Brentano, having thus disposed of an opposite theory, goes on to attribute the Guild to the family, *i.e.*, the Teutonic family, the Guild being an instance of that union for mutual support which existed in that Teutonic family, and he sums up as follows: 'The family appears as the first Guild, or at least as an archetype of the Guilds. Originally its providing care dispels all existing wants, and for other societies

their fair acquaintances on paying for their admission; and that not, as in modern times, to gaze in galleries, the mere spectators of good living, but as participants. There is an amusing simplicity in the ordinances alluded to of the Grocers on these points. They enjoin that every one of the fraternity, from thenceforward, having a wife or companion, shall come to the feast, and bring with him a damsel, if he pleases. If they cannot come from the reasons hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, being sick, or big with child and near delivery, they are then, and not otherwise, to be excused."

there is therefore no room. As soon, however, as wants arise, which the family can no longer satisfy—whether on account of their peculiar nature, or in consequence of their increase, or because its own activity grows feeble—closer artificial alliances immediately spring forth to provide for them, in so far as the State does not do it. Infinitely varied as are the wants which call them forth so are naturally the objects of these alliances. Yet the basis on which they all rest is the same. All are unions between man and man, not mere associations of capital, like our modern societies and companies,' etc.

"It is not very difficult to dispose of the theory to which the fervid Teutonic genius has led Dr. Brentano.

"This theory proves too little in one sense, and too much in another. It is wholly illogical to deduce from the natural obligation of the family an institution which is not only voluntary and optional, but which can only begin outside of that family. In this respect, therefore, Dr. Brentano's theory falls short.

"Again, if the Guild be derivable from the family, every other association of freemen must be equally so derived, and should Dr. Brentano's arguments prove his contention, the army, the navy, the civil government of a country, have all claims to that origin. But this is to prove more than is proposed.

"Mr. Toulmin Smith was of opinion that 'none of our Guilds were founded upon a Roman basis.' Miss Smith adds, 'and, when a reference to early Roman history was suggested,' he replied, 'There is not the shadow of an analogy (misleading as even analogies are) between the old Sabine *curies* and our old English Guilds. We trace ours back to the old Saxon times.'

"As I am free to confess that I do not understand the allusion in this, I must leave it, with all its mystery, uncommented upon, except to observe that it may mean that English Guilds are of English origin.

"In the various hypotheses which I have referred to the propounders all agree in one point, viz., in ignoring the past history of Britain. They seem to have forgotten that England was a Latin country for four centuries, and during that period, as she received Latin colonists so she received also Roman laws and institutions.

"Amongst the latter the *collegia privata* were planted here, at the infancy of the Conquest. The *collegium fabrorum* which dwelt in the *Civitatis Regnorum*, when Claudius and his successors were Emperors, is known to all antiquaries.*

The colleges remained in this country throughout the imperial rule, and with the provincial inhabitants survived the Anglo-Saxon occupation of Britain. They were subsequently, through that marvellous imitativeness † which distinguished the German in the early stages of his national life, adopted by him also.

"That this is the true origin of the English Guild it will not be very difficult to demonstrate.

"Under the empire and before it private colleges (*collegia privata*) were corporations composed of men voluntarily bound together for a common lawful purpose. ‡

"They were established by legal Act,§ either of *senatus consultum*, or a decree of the Emperor.

"The number of the *sodales* could not be less than three. It might be any

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* Horsfield's "History of Sussex," vol. i. p. 41, gives the inscription in its existing state, and see Horsley's "Britannia Romana," p. 332 *et seqq.* for an ingenious restoration by the celebrated Roger Gale. Whatever may be thought of this restoration in the whole or in part, we have in the original (as it now exists), the words, "gium fabrorum," which can only be read "collegium f." These colleges were amongst the few "antiqua et legitima" left undissolved by Augustus (Suet. in Aug, c. 32).

† See the acute and philosophical remarks of Dr. Rollestone, who discusses the "imitative tendencies" of the Teutonic race in vol. xlii. "Archæologia," p. 422.

‡ See J. F. Massman's "Libellus Aurarius," under the heading *collegia*, p. 76 *et seqq.* See also Dig. 50, 16, 85, and 3, 4.

§ *Ibid.* p. 75. Massman says, "Inde frequens illa formulo, quibus ex S. C. coire licet.' (Gruter 59 i., 391 i.; Murator, 462 3, 520, 3; Orelli, 4075, 4115; 1467, 2737). See also Sueton. in Augusto c. 32.

larger number, unless it was restricted by the authority which gave the college existence.*

"In its constitution the college was divided into *decuriæ* and *centuriæ*—bodies of ten and a hundred men.†

"It was presided over by a *magistr* and by *decuriones*—a president and a senate.‡

"It had a *quæstor* and *arcarius*—a treasurer and sub-treasurer. §

"It was a corporation, and could hold property as such.‖

"It had a common cult and common sacrifices at stated times. It had its priest and temple. ¶

"It had its *lares* and its *genii*.

"It had a *curia* (or meeting-house), where the *ordo collegii* (its senators) met to consult and to determine.

"At the same *curia* also the whole sodality met at their general meetings and to feast.

"There was a common *arca* (or chest) to contain their revenues, their contributions, and their fines.

"Each college had its archives and its banners.

"It had a *jus sodalitii* or full power over its members.

"To each candidate on his admission was administered an oath peculiar to the college.

"The *sodales* supported their poor brethren.

"They imposed *tributa*, or contributions to meet their current and extraordinary expenses.

"They buried publicly deceased brethren, all the survivors attending the rite.

"A common sepulchre, or *columbarium*, received the brethren.

"Each college celebrated its natal day, a day called *carœ cognationis*, and two other days called severally *dies violarum* and *dies rosæ*.

"We may guess the intention for which the natal day and the day *carœ cognationis* were appointed, viz., to carry out the general purposes of the college; but for the *dies violarum* and *dies rosæ* there were other purposes. On those two days of charming nomenclature the *sodales* met at the sepulchres of their departed brethren to commemorate their loss, and to deck their tombs with violets and roses, an offering (if not a sacrifice) pleasing to the spirit of the *manes*.**

"Each college could hold property.

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* Fabretti, x. 443, Marini Fratres Arvales. (Quoted by Massman, p. 75). Dig. de verb. signific., "Pliny's Epistles," x. 42.

† "Collegia divisa erant in decurias et centurias," says J. F. Massman, quoting Muratori, 518, 4; Fabretti, 73, 72; Marini, Fratr. Arv. 174*a*; Orelli, 4137.

‡ See the authorities (derived from epigraphs) for these and for varying names of the same officers in Massman, p. 80.

§ *Ibid.*

‖ Dig. 47, 22, 3.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 81. For all the ensuing assertions the reader is referred to Massman, and the authorities quoted by him.

** Massman, in reference to these days, says only that the *dies carœ cognationis* was in the month of February, that the *dies violarum* occurred when the violet began to blow, and that the "*dies rosæ*" was on the 10th day before the calends of June. (*Ibid.* p. 83.) This, however, gives only part of the information. It omits the objects for which such days were appointed. As regards the two floral days the information, however, is at hand. Violets and roses were strewn or hung in garlands upon tombs in commemoration of the dead, and to soothe the ever wakeful and mischievous spirit of the *manes*. As to the employment of these flowers, see Orelli, 4419, 4107, 4070, 3927, and Marini, Fratres Arvales, 580, 581, 639. Suetonius (Nero c. 56) says, that after the burial of that emperor "non defuerunt, qui per longum tempus vernis æstivis que floribus tumulum ejus ornarent"—persons strewed his tomb with violets and roses. Byron's allusion to this fact is amongst the best known passages of his *Childe Harold*. Before then Augustus had acted similarly in regard to the remains of Alexander the Great. (Suet August.) "Corona aurea ac floribus aspersis veneratus est." M. Antoninus Pius (Capitolinus c. iii. vol. i. p. 46, Peter's edition) so honoured his *magistri* that after their death "sepulchra eorum

"Of trade colleges epigraphy has preserved an infinity of examples; but, as I have intimated, the private colleges were not of craftsmen only; any person could combine and form a college, if the common purpose of it were lawful.

"Men could combine themselves into a religious college if the religion were tolerated by the State;* and De Rossi has shewn that colleges *funerum causâ*, or for the purpose of holding land wherein to bury the *sodales*, were rife in Rome both before and after the rise of Christianity.† In fact, it was the glorious destiny of this order of colleges, as the creators of the catacombs, to preserve our nascent and struggling faith. Under cover of a Roman burial club the scheme of man's redemption was carried out.

"Though a glance over the preceding pages will have shewn the identity of the English Guild (through the Anglo-Saxon institution) with the Roman college, it may perhaps assist the reader if I place their resemblances in stricter juxtaposition. In doing so I will refer, where I can, more particularly to the Guild as found in the Anglo-Saxon period of our history.

"The *collegium* was an association of men, combined for a common lawful purpose, and cemented together by admission into a *sodalitium*, and an oath of fellowship.

"The Anglo-Saxon Guild was identical in these respects.

"The *collegium* had a complete self-government of master and officers.

"Though we have no full information upon this in the Anglo-Saxon Guild, the old English Guild is constituted in a manner similar to the *collegium*.

"When the *collegium* was large it was divided into *decuriæ* and *centuriæ*.

"We have seen this identical division in the Anglo-Saxon Guild of London.

"The *collegium* and the Guild had a special cult. In the old English form this is uniform and prominent, and it shews itself in the Anglo-Saxon Guild of Cambridge in the reference to S. Ætheldryth.‡

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floribus semper honoraret." A graceful poem (*Anthologia Latina*, 4, 355), thus alludes to the same custom—

"Hoc mihi noster herus sacravit inane sepulchrum,
Villæ tecta suæ propter ut adspicerem;
Utque suis manibus flores mihi vinaque sæpe
Funderet et lacrimam quod mihi pluris erit."

This scattering of violets and roses upon tombs was commonly known by the quaint names of *violatio* and *rosatio* (see Orelli), and Henzen has gone very fully into the subject of the mischievous powers of the *manes*, and of the consequent necessity for propitiating them. (See Annali di Roma for 1846). He quotes the following inscription, preserved in the Villa Panfili: "Quamdiu vivo, colo te: post mortem nescio; parce matrem tuam (*sic*) et patrem et sororem tuam marinam, ut possint tibi face repost me solemnia." (See also a paper by the same author in the "Annali" for 1849, p. 77). In the "Archæologia," vol. ii. p. 31, is recorded an inscription found at Hispellum of the same tenor: "Viridi requiesce viator in herba; fuge si tecum cæperit umbra loqui." The phrase, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" (if it be ancient), refers to this property of the manes. It is not a lesson of generosity, as it is now taken to be; but a counsel not to rouse the anger of an irritated ghost by speaking too freely of his past actions in the flesh.

* Dig. 47, 22, 1.

† A very interesting paper of the Cavaliere de Rossi's in the *Revue Archéologique*, vol. xiii. N.S. p. 295 *et segq.*, and entitled "Existence légale des Cimitières Chrêtiens à Rome," contains a *resumé* of his discoveries upon this and cognate points treated from time to time in the *Bullettino di Archeologia Cristiana* and *Roma Sotterranea*. I refer the reader to this paper, p. 240 *et segq.* The Cavaliere thus sums up his discoveries (*ibid.* p. 240): Aussi les Chrêtiens, en leur qualité de possesseurs de cimitières communs, ont-ils formé *ipso jure* un collège de ce genre (*i.e.*, *funerum causâ*); et pour leur ôter le bénéfice du senatus-consulte on devait prouver qu'ils tombaient sous le coup de cette restriction de la loi: *dummodo hoc prætextu collegium illictum non coeat.* A la constatation de ce délit équivalait chacun ces édits spéciaux de persécution, où l'on interdisait aux Chrêtiens l'usage de leurs cimitières; et ces édits sont en effet du iiie siècle, époque où l'histoire et les monuments témoignent que les fidèles possédaient des tombeaux en qualité de corps constitués. Après la revocation de l'édit le privilège rentrait en vigeur; et alors les empereurs restituaient aux évêques comme representants du corps de la chrêtienté la libre possession avec l'usage des cimitières."

‡ Mr. Toulmin Smith is anxious to exculpate the Guilds from the charge of being religious. He says, "These were not in any sense superstitious foundations, that is, they were not founded, like monasteries and priories, for men devoted to what were deemed religious exercises." ("Old English Guilds," Introduction, p. xxviii.)

"There are fixed general annual meetings of the *collegium* for business.

"We have seen the same in the Anglo-Saxon Guild.

"The *collegium* and the Guild have also severally their *réunions*, at which to feast and disport themselves.

"The *collegium* and the Guild subsist through the contributions of their members. Their business and their pleasure depend upon these exactions.

"The *collegium* and the Guild correct their disobedient members by mulcts and fines.

"They both have a common chest, and they both may and do hold landed estate.

"The *sodales* of the *collegium* are brethren as well as contributories.

"Nothing is better defined than the same feature in the Guild also.

"The *sodales* supported their poor, and comforted their sick brethren.

"We have seen this in the Guild.

"The *collegium* and the Guild could make bye-laws for their respective regulation.

"When a *sodalis* died the surviving brethren followed him to the grave, or to its Roman equivalent.

"The same kindly spirit is enforced in the Anglo-Saxon as well as in the old English Guild.

"The *collegium* was a corporation.

"The Guild was unequivocally the same. In the dearth of words of precision which followed upon the disuse of the Latin language in this country, the word was assumed and continued to late days to express a *commune*—the same thing.*

"We have found also in one of the Anglo-Saxon Guilds mention made of the brethren suing in the aggregate.

"Lastly, as the pagan sodalities met on the day of violets and the day of the rose to commemorate the death of brethren in the manner which has been mentioned, so the Christian Guild at all times of its history in this country met similarly on stated days for an analogous commemoration of those who had preceded them with the sign of faith, to use the words of the old office of *memento*.

"I think that these resemblances are so striking, and so nearly connected with the essence of each, that the common similarity can mean nothing less than the identity of the two institutions—the *collegium* and the Guild.

"And it does not, I think, conflict with this conclusion that the *collegium* could not be constituted without authority, while it is more than probable that no such difficulty existed in regard to the Anglo-Saxon Guild.† But any authorisation, besides not being of the essence of the institution, would be out of the question in those days of irregular liberty which succeeded the dislocation of Britain from the empire.

"Still less does it affect that identity for which I have contended, that amongst all the purposes for which *collegia*, so far as we know, were instituted, there is no mention made of mutual assurance. For, as it was the machinery and system which made a college, whatever the object might be, the institution was still a college, being like the sun in Horace, 'aliusque et idem.'"

[We think our readers will be pleased to read these lucid statements and interesting details.—ED.]

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* See Glanville, v. c. 5. Domesday, in speaking of Canterbury, says that the burgesses held certain land "in gildam suam," *i.e.*, in their aggregate capacity. (See Ellis's Introduction, p. 115.) At Dover the burgesses had a "guild hall." (*Ibid* p. 105.)

† The proems of the Anglo-Saxon rule in London seem to prove this. In addition thereto is the inference to be drawn from a fact related by Herbert, vol. i. p. 24, who says that in the reign of Henry II. certain Guilds were amerced as being adulterine, or set up without the King's licence. In other words, these were probably old Guilds which followed the old custom. The Normans had introduced the licencing of these fraternities.

FREEMASONRY; ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND DESIGN.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

SOME of my readers may remember that some time back our able and distinguished Bro. Albert Mackey wrote a very striking paper on this same heading, which I much admired then, and admire still. But thinking that our worthy and accomplished Brother has "missed his way" on one or two special points, with all deference to him, I deem it well to point out to-day wherein I agree and wherein I differ from such a "bright Mason." Nothing but the fact that, under my old pseudonym I have long paid due attention to the whole subject of Masonic archæology, would justify me in thus assuming a "rôle" always difficult to fill, and which to some might appear to denote arrogant pretensions or dogmatic impertinence. I quite agree with Bro. Mackey in his able and lucid introduction:—

"There needs no occasional event, however interesting may be the circumstances connected with it, to secure to the Masonic Order a valid claim to public consideration. To say nothing of its antiquity—for it is by far the oldest secret organisation in existence—nor of the humanitarian objects which it professedly seeks to accomplish, its universality alone clothes it with a peculiar interest that does not appertain to associations more circumscribed in their relations. Freemasonry boasts, as did the Emperor Charles of the extent of his Empire, that there is not a civilised country of the world, whether Christian or not, in which its Lodges are not to be found. The question of the origin of Freemasonry, as a mystical association, has for more than a century and a half attracted the attention of many scholars of England, Germany, France, and America; also a body of treatises and essays on the subject have been published, the extent of which would surprise any one not familiar with Masonic literature. At the present day, the historians of Freemasonry who are engaged in the discussion of this question may be divided into two schools, which may be appropriately distinguished as the Mystical and Authentic. The former of these is the older, for the latter has become prominent only within the last three or four decades. Masonic opinion is, however, very steadily, and indeed rapidly, moving in the direction of thought that has been adopted by this latter school. The mystical school of Masonic history was inaugurated about the beginning of the last century by James Anderson, D.D., and Theophilus Desaguliers, LL.D., who had been mainly instrumental in elaborating what has been called the revival of Masonry by the establishment, in 1717, of the Grand Lodge of England. Dr. Anderson was a man of acknowledged learning, the minister of a Scottish congregation in London, and a writer of some reputation. Dr. Desaguliers was recognised as a distinguished lecturer on experimental philosophy. But it is Anderson who is really to be considered as the founder of the school, since he first promulgated its theories in the 'Book of Constitutions,' which he published in 1723 by order of the Grand Lodge.

"Unfortunately for the interests of truth, Anderson was of a very imaginative turn of mind; and, instead of writing an authentic history of Freemasonry, he accepted and incorporated into his narrative all the myths and legends which he found in the manuscript records of the operative Masons.

"The Masonic writers of England who immediately succeeded Anderson more fully developed his theory of the establishment of the Order at the Temple of Jerusalem, the division of the Craft into Lodges, with degrees and officers, and in short an organisation precisely such as now exists. This scheme was accepted and continued to be acknowledged as the orthodox historical creed by the Fraternity during the whole of the last and the greater part of the present century. It was incorporated into the ritual, much

of which is founded on the assumption that Freemasonry is to be traced, for its primitive source, to the Temple of Jerusalem. The investigations of the more recent or authentic school have very nearly demolished this theory. All of this is now explained, not historically, but symbolically. And so important, and indeed essential, to speculative Masonry is the Temple of Solomon as a symbol, that to eradicate it from Masonic symbolism would be equivalent to destroying the identity of the Institution."

I cannot, however, agree with Bro. Mackey in terming Anderson a founder of the mystical—an appellation which far more properly belongs to Hutchinson, as succeeded by Oliver.

Anderson and Desaguliers were in no sense mystics. Anderson put into plain, readable English the legend of the Operative Guilds; and though he undoubtedly assumed the reality and truth of the Solomonic tradition, he did so in its literal import, and not in any mystical sense. I have very carefully studied Anderson, and I can find no trace of credulity or mysticism. He seems to have been a painstaking matter-of-fact Scotchman, who was told to do a certain thing, and he did it, and did it for the time well. He was bound down by certain stipulations, and restrained within certain limits which he could not overpass, and I apprehend that no Masonic writer could have done more or better than Anderson did, in compliance with the Order of Grand Lodge—namely, compose a modern and readable history of Freemasonry in 1723.

As regards the connection of the Temple of Solomon with Freemasonry, it is confessedly a "Crux," which cannot be got rid of by dogmatism or deprecation, by ridicule or sarcasm, by the "ipse dixit" of any one writer, be he who he may. Oliver, as it will be remembered, attributed the introduction of the legend and symbolism of the "Temple" to a work called "Νανμετρια." It is, in fact, derived alone from the guild legends. But as I treat this subject later, I pass on. Mackey goes on to say:—

"The theory of the origin of Freemasonry now most generally accepted is that of the authentic school of Masonic history. The leaders of this school in England are Hughan and Woodford; in Scotland, Lyon; in the United States, Dr. Mackey and Fort; and in Germany, Findel. If a prodigality of credulity has been the weakness of the mystical school, their rivals may be charged with having sometimes exercised an excess of incredulity. They decline to accept any statement whose authenticity is not supported by some written or printed record, though they do not (as some have) go so far as to circumscribe the history of Freemasonry within the narrow limits of that period which commences with the revival, or the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century; but are much more sensible, and now, as a general rule, their theory of the origin of Masonry has been accepted by the more intelligent members of the Fraternity, while the fanciful and legendary speculations of the old writers are gradually giving place to the well-supported statements and the logical deductions of the authentic school."

It is not quite correct to say that what is called the authentic school has entirely given up the "Solomonic Legend." Some may do, but certainly not all; and I for one cannot see why it is at all necessary to do so.

The Temple of Jerusalem is, no doubt, not only a striking point in all the guild legends, but, as we know, is ever to the fore in Masonic ritualism. I for one do not know any very great difficulty either in the historical account or the matter of fact. On the contrary, it seems, as the Germans have a "standpunkt," we may well observe a standing "obelisk," even before the Temple of Truth, in the great Masonic desert of Time. It is quite clear that the Masonic legend of the Temple has nothing to do, as once erroneously thought, with the Templars or Hermeticism; it is such as it is, for good or for evil, purely Masonic, and must be accepted and treated, critically if you like, accordingly. To the tradition there is no *à priori* objection; it is indeed fully borne out by the significant silence of the Bible, on some of the main incidents familiar to us all as Master Masons, and I cannot concur with Bro. Mackey in thinking it at all a mark of the authentic school, that it absolutely discards all connection with the Temple. Indeed, I am quite sure Bro. Fort does not, and I more than doubt whether Bro. Hughan would do so. With this protest I pass on.

"By most of the leaders of this school the complex question of the origin of Freemasonry is being solved in the following way:—

"There existed in Rome, from the first days of the kingdom, and all through the times of the republic and of the empire until its final decay, certain guilds or corporations of workmen, which are well known in history as the Roman colleges of artificers. Numa, who is said to have founded these guilds, established only nine, but their number subsequently greatly increased. From the Roman writers who have treated of the form and organisation of these colleges, we learn enough to show us that there was a great analogy in their government to that of the modern Masonic Lodges, especially in their character as a great society, and in their initiations and esoteric instructions to which candidates for admission and the younger members were subjected. Of these guilds, the one to which Masons particularly refer is that which consisted of architects or builders. The authentic school of Masonry does not claim, as the mystical most probably would have done, that the Roman colleges of architects were Lodges of Freemasons. They simply contend that the facts of history exhibit proofs of a derivation of the Freemasonry of this day from these Roman guilds, although the course of the succession was affected by various important changes. But these changes have not been sufficient altogether to obliterate the evidence of the relationship. This relationship is thus indicated. From a very early period the Roman people were distinguished by an active spirit of colonisation. No sooner had their victorious legions subdued the semi-barbarous tribes of Spain, of Gaul, of Germany, and of Britain, than they began to establish colonies and to build cities. To every legion that went forth to conquer and to colonise was attached a guild or college of architects, whose numbers, taken from the great body at Rome, marched and encamped with the legion, and when a colony was founded, remained there to cultivate the seeds of Roman civilisation, to inculcate the principles of Roman art, and to erect temples of worship and houses for the accommodation of the inhabitants. In the course of time, the proud mistress of the world became extinct as a power of the earth, and the colonies which she had scattered over the Continent became independent kingdoms and principalities. The descendants of the Roman colleges of artificers established schools of architecture, and taught and practised the art of building among the newly-enfranchised people. A principal seat of this body of architects was at Como, a city of Lombardy, where a school was founded which acquired so much reputation that the masons and bricklayers of that city received the appellation of masters of Como, and architects of all nations flocked to the place to acquire the correct principles of their profession. From this school of Lombardian builders proceeded that society of architects who were known at that time by the appellation of Freemasons, and who from the tenth to the sixteenth century traversed the continent of Europe engaged almost exclusively in the construction of religious edifices, such as cathedrals, churches, and monasteries. The monastic orders formed an alliance with them, so that the convents frequently became their domiciles, and they instructed the monks in the secret principles of their art. The Popes took them under their protection, granted them charters of monopoly as ecclesiastical architects, and invested them with many important and exclusive privileges. Dissevering the ties which bound them to the monks, these Freemasons (so called to distinguish them from the rough masons, who were of an inferior grade and not members of the corporation) subsequently established the guilds of stonemasons, which existed until the end of the seventeenth century in Germany, France, England, and Scotland.

"These stonemasons, or, as they continued to call themselves, Freemasons, had one peculiarity in their organisation which is necessary to be considered if we would comprehend the relation that exists between them and the Freemasons of the present day. The society was necessarily an operative one, whose members were actually engaged in the manual labour of building, as well as in the more intellectual occupation of architectural designing. This, with the fact of their previous connection with the monks, who probably projected the plans which the Masons carried into execution, led to the admission among them of persons who were not operative Masons. These were high ecclesiastics, wealthy nobles, and men of science who were encouragers and patrons of

the art. These, not competent to engage in the labour of building, were supposed to confine themselves to philosophic speculations on the principles of the art, and to symbolising or spiritualising its labours and its implements. Hence there resulted a division of the membership of the brotherhood into two classes, the practical and theoretic, or, as they are more commonly called, the operative and speculative, or "*domatic*" and "*geomatic*." The operative Masons always held the ascendency in numbers until the seventeenth century, but the speculative Masons exerted a greater influence by their higher culture, their wealth, and their social position.

"In time, there came a total and permanent disseverance of the two elements. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were several Lodges in England, but for a long time there had been no meeting of a great assembly. In the year 1717, Freemasonry was revived, and the Grand Lodge of England established by four of the Lodges which then existed in London. This revival took place through the influence and by the exertions of non-operative or speculative Masons, and the Institution has ever since mainly preserved that character. Lodges were speedily established all over the world—in Europe, America, and Asia—by the Mother Grand Lodge at London, who, for that purpose, issued provincial deputations or patents of authority to introduce the Order into foreign countries. No important change has taken place in the organisation since that period. Now in every kingdom of Europe, with two exceptions, in every State of the American Union, in the Dominion of Canada and other British Provinces, and in each of the South American Republics, there is a Grand Lodge exercising sovereign Masonic power, while in some colonies which have not attained political independence Provincial Grand Lodges have been invested with slightly inferior prerogatives.

"Freemasonry of the present day is a philosophic or speculative science, derived from, and issuing out of, an operative art. It is a science of symbolism. One of the authoritative definitions of Freemasonry is, that it is 'a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.' But a more correct definition would be, that it is 'a system of morality developed and inculcated by the science of symbolism.'

"Its original descent from an association of builders has given to its symbolism a peculiar character. All the labours of operative or stone Masonry, its implements and its technical language, have been seized by the speculative Freemasons and appropriated by them as symbols, each of which teaches some important moral or religious truth. The cathedrals which their predecessors erected, some of which still remain as proud monuments of their surpassing skill in architecture, have been replaced as symbols, for esoteric reasons, by the Temple of Solomon, which has become, with one exception, the most important and significant of the symbols of the Order.

"As all these symbols are applied to religious purposes, and receive a religious interpretation, we must conclude that Freemasonry is a religious institution. It is not a religion. It makes no such claim. It does not profess to offer the renovating efficacy and the spiritual consolation which make religion so necessary an element in the healthful life of man. But it does inculcate some religious truths, without any attempt to define theological dogmas. It demands of its initiates a trusting belief in God, and in the immortality of the soul, and its ceremonies and its symbols impress these truths with all the moral consequences that a belief in them implies. It recognises all religious truth, and tolerates, but does not accept, sectarian dogmas. It repudiates nothing but atheism. Around its altar, consecrated to T. G. A. O. T. U., men of all creeds may kneel in one common worship, each holding in his heart with all tenacity his own peculiar faith, the brotherhood around neither approving nor condemning by word or look. Incidental to its organisation as an association of men engaged in the same pursuit, we have other characteristics common to it with all similar human associations, but which it possesses and practises with greater perfection because of its universality and its numerical extension.

"Such is its social character. In the Lodge, all artificial distinctions of rank, and wealth, and power are for the time suspended, and Masons meet together on the great

level of equality. The prince and the peasant, the bishop and the layman, sit together, and join hand in hand in the same symbolic labour. It is but the other day that the heir-apparent of the British Crown was seen kneeling at the feet of one of his subjects and giving to him his oath of Masonic allegiance and fealty.

"So, too, it is eminently a benevolent institution. There is no other institution that has built and endowed more asylums for the aged and decayed, or hospitals for the sick, or houses for orphans, or done more to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, or relieve the poor, and in granting eleemosynary aid to the distressed Brother or his destitute widow. It hallows and sanctifies the gift by the silence and secrecy with which it is bestowed. Such is Freemasonry—venerable in its age, beneficent in its design, and practical in its charity."

I have not thought it necessary to interrupt the course of my Bro. Mackey's eloquence, or to lessen the force of his animated words, by any "notes or comments" of my own.

In all that he says in this latter portion of his Essay I entirely go with him. Dubious still as is the history of Freemasonry, on many heads, and complex as are the difficulties attendant on any satisfactory theory of Masonic history, I think the following "points" are well worthy the attention of all Masonic students and writers, and, above all, the historians of the future.

The whole difficulty is summed in this: What is the revival of 1717?

Is it the resuscitation of a previously existing fraternity? or is it the happy adaptation by some ingenious and benevolent individual, wishing to utilize the decayed guild life of an operative Order, for purposes of sociality and benevolence, and universal Brotherhood?

Masonic writers seem to be converging more and more definitely into three great schools: those who see in the revival of 1717 the incorporation of decaying Operative Sodalities; those who behold in it the development of an Hermetic Association; those who find in it nothing but a skilful adaptation to social and benevolent purposes of the skeleton or framework of a defunct organisation; and much may be said for all these schools, and views, and theories. To my mind the evidence is irrefragable which links on our Freemasonry to later and mediæval guilds, to Saxon and Roman Guilds, to Jewish and Tyrian Masons. But it may not be so to others; and as unfortunately the evidence in England, so far, is most scanty, and the period of "intersection" and "crossing," so to say, of the Operative Guilds and the Speculative Grand Lodge is not yet by any means clearly ascertained, there is still room for argument, for doubt, and for disquisition. So far our English evidence amounts to this,—that in 1646, 1682, 1686, 1696, a society existed called "The Worshipful Society of Freemasons," *which was not identical either with the Masons' Company of London, or with any other known body.* If this society is the same as ours substantially to-day, the connection with the Operative Guilds is made, I venture to think, absolutely incontestable on any ground of historical evidence or critical enquiry.

If it be not, then are we no doubt still left, like sailors in an open boat on the great ocean, struggling with the waves of doubt and debate. And here I leave the matter *pro. tem.*, hoping that what I have said may arouse friendly discussion, and lead to accurate disquisition on a subject which is interesting and important *per se*, and deserves alike, I believe, the serious attention of the Masonic student, the historian, the critic, and the archæologist.

1878 AND 1879.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

OH, POSTUMUS! another year
Has left you and me to-day,
And mid its closing hours so drear
'78 has passed away;
The sisters three with solemn fate
Have broken another twine:
So here's good-bye to seventy-eight,
And good-day to seventy-nine!

How very sad it often seems,
As year follows upon year,
To find glad hopes and golden dreams
Each in turn disappear.
Alas! alas! mid love and hate,
As we quarrel or combine,
We say farewell to our seventy-eight,
We greet our seventy-nine!

Another year! perhaps the last
That you and I may see,—
How all its many hours have passed
In stern rapidity;
We have seen, my friend, the small and great,
And dear ones of yours and mine
Leave us in tears in seventy-eight,—
Shall we be missing in seventy-nine?

If idle seems this life of man,
And all beyond control,
As vanished every joy and plan
To which we gave our inmost soul;
Yet idler is it to calculate
Each lost hope and design
Which marked our lot in seventy-eight,—
We can't recall them in seventy-nine!

No, do what we will, a stern behest,
Beyond our power to change,
Attends the things we love the best,
However dark or strange;
And one law rules o'er our mortal state
(In Providence benign)
Which made us mourn in seventy-eight,
And will do so again in seventy-nine.

Let us, then, taught by a sacred lore,
And by memories sublime,
As we stand weary on the shore
Of all departing time,
Accept whatever love or hate
Has brought to yours or mine,
And let us kindly look on seventy-eight,
As kindly on seventy-nine!

What will come by God's grace to us and ours
Neither of us can say;
What may chance in all these coming hours
Let us not ask to-day.
But as Masons, I say, my trusty mate,
Let us in unity combine,
As we trusted on God in seventy-eight,
To do so in seventy-nine.

F.

THE WALL OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Rev. xxi.

A city glorious! and the wall was founded
Of stones most precious that the mines afford:
The gates were each a pearl, the streets all golden,
And in it shone the Glory of the Lord.
And these that wall's foundations: first the Jasper,
In its bright crimson spoke the shame and strife;
Next came the Sapphire, and as if to promise
Through its blue ray, a happier, nobler life.
Leading us on to higher, purer feelings,
The milk-white Chalcedony takes its place.
Fourthly, the Emerald flashes out its story,
Speaking of hopes eternal, and free grace.
As if to blend the tenderness and anguish,
The veined Sardonyx was the chosen jewel,
Shewing in all its varied hues so radiant,
The promised pardon—for the sin so cruel.
Then came the blood-red Sardius, fraught with meaning,
Pointing to Blood which cleanses, wounds which save,
Crowning the one grand human work, and seeming
The *Keystone* of the life beyond the grave;
That life to be attained, that life triumphant!
In gayer gems this wall as emblems hold,
The yellow Chrysolite, so bright and mellow,
The sea-green Beryl, tipped with blue and gold.
And too the Topaz, rich with sun-filled beauty,
And Chrysoprasus, with its thrilling sheen,
One, telling us of joy which knows no ending,

And one of rest, in it's transparent green.
Lastly the Jacinth, mingling with the violet
Of the rich Amethyst, so deep of hue,
Reminding us that all these joys are ours,
And ours this City, if our lives are true—
True to the *light* that reason always gives us,
True to the *faith* in which our fathers died,
True to ourselves, and therefore true to others,
If that we make the God of truth our guide.
Like stepping-stones, this holy wall's foundations
Lead us o'er moor and fen, o'er mire and clay,
Until we reach the wall of that great city,
Pass through the Gate of Pearl, to endless day.

ETOILE.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

BY *this time it was clear to us all that something very serious was impending over* our cheerful little coterie, and that poor Beatrice would be, *nolens volens*, one of the chief *dramatis personæ*, which we all thought was rather "hard lines" for her, as that most amiable and agreeable of young women certainly did not deserve it, as she was perfectly contented with her lot, quite disposed to take things easily, and to "let well alone," and wait, in patience and hope, for the "coming man," and a possible special "young man" of her own. But many are the vagaries, and serious the "twists" of the god of love. What transformations he effects in society, what dilemmas he places households in, how he upsets families, worries parents and guardians, and renders supposititious lovers desperate, is almost too trite a story to renew here to-day! For much of the mischief on the earth is that blind and wayward little "Æon" responsible, *and though the world would be very stupid, and no doubt a very unhappy world without love*, yet it would be a much quieter world without it, and so I am glad to think that Mrs. Balasso, who has "great experience in such things" (her husband says), quite agrees with my humble reflection! I often think that, despite much we all may say in favour of early marriages, especially when marriages of sincere affection between two reasonable mortals, that it is a great mistake to "tie up" our young people too soon. In the first place, we break up a happy family circle, which will, perhaps, not often get together again. In the next place, we take away the happiness of parents in the company and development of their children—as I do not, for one, believe in that parental affection which is not revived and renewed on the happiness and presence of young people—big boys and big girls. And lastly, it makes young people themselves prematurely "earthy of this earth," hard, calculating, and self-asserting.

We meet with male chickens, and female chickens, some like little bantams of both sexes, day by day, who startle you with profound marital platitudes, and din into your ears the charms of "Egbert" and "Margerie," and tell you with the gravest and yet most scientific air in the world, that "baby" is a "wonderful child," and that "my

third little girl has had the chicken pox—a very serious case indeed, but my dear Dr. Bolus says she will pull through."

Oh, talk of the British nursery—how much better would it be if they were all relegated to their own proper abiding home by day and by night! But as there are two sides to almost every question, there are two sides certainly to this, and I don't affect to lay down the law, not being even a "Monthly Nurse," and knowing nothing of the subject *en grand*, or *en petit*, except by "observation," perhaps, happily, at a long and a safe distance!

At Cayley, however, things took a different turn, and there came upon us what is called at the German Baths a "crise," to be followed if by slight "feverish symptoms," yet by after tranquillity, and a successful "Kur." Those of us who have ever loitered *unter den Linden* at pleasant Kissingen, or been at Marienbad, or Schwalbach, or Homburg, or Wiesbaden, or countless other resorts of health and treatment, will endorse all that I can say in this respect. Young men are said to be "great geese" when in love, and a lover's follies as well as a lover's rhapsodies have received the commemoration of poets, and encountered the scorn of satirists, in all ages more or less.

But if you want true folly and weakness combined, commend me to an "old boy" in love!

He forgets in the first place his own age and, above all, the age of her whom he has persuaded himself will do very well as Mrs. Pidginton. He may be a confirmed bachelor, or a sentimental widower, but it matters nothing. He is in love, and he makes a great "anser" of himself accordingly. He cannot understand that "puss" means anything, or that a young girl, budding and blossoming into pleasant womanhood, may reasonably look for congenial age, tastes, habits, and amusement.

On the contrary, he rather leans to the idea that she was made solely for him, and therefore he sets to work at once to keep at a distance all younger rivals, by the assiduity of his attentions, and, if he has a liberal mind, (which some have not,) by the profuseness of his presents. He deprecates all companions who keep up what he likes to term the "giddy and unreflecting frivolity of youth," forgetting—dyspeptic and bewigged Diogenes as he is—that "youth is youth," that "age is age," and that January and May never have truly consorted, except in very few instances indeed, and which we may count upon our fingers, as well in the history of the world as in our more limited domestic and personal experience. They are, we submit, exceptions to the general law of life and of domestic happiness, and the true onward progress of society.

No doubt if wealth or position alone could make people happy here, if three per cent. consols were everything, if plate was not a "sine qua non," if a magnificent trousseau was really the height of feminine happiness, and the existence of daily life amid the ease and luxury and heat of wealth all we need look to, a good deal might fairly be said for any such proposition as made a wealthy marriage, independently of age, or taste, or sympathy, all that we could wish for now. But, as we know, such is not, never has been, never will be the case.

All these things at the best are but transitory, uncertain, vain shadows, which fall on our horizon of life for a little, often only to pass away. Gleams, if you like, of golden-tinted brightness, which are often exchanged for "clouds and thick darkness." If it be true that "impecunious love" is a great mistake in itself (as no doubt it is), and a nuisance to your friends (which we all know it to be), on the other hand, what can we say of good or as commendable of that love whose highest emotion is "squared" by a large income, a good jointure, diamonds and an opera box, a seat in the country, and a fashionable house in London? Amid all these outer and perishing things, there is a *little voice* and a little visitor who will be heard, a visitor somewhat unruly in his habits and somewhat difficult to control! And that visitor is, as a great statesman has written it in a German love tale of old, "The Heart. Yes, that mysterious organization, physical formation, physiological abstraction, functional reality, call it what you will, will be considered, will not be overlooked in all these complex arrangements, will assert itself, will be heard, and if stifled or silenced now, will speak hereafter with ten-fold power, and with intenser meaning.

J. A. Sterry says practically the same in his well-known "Boudoir Ballads," in the words which follow, which seem most appropriate to our train of thought just now, and over which reflection may well shortly linger:—

"They tell me you're happy, and yet on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of you;
And if you have moments of thought and dejection,
It may be those moments are known to but few.
You've rubies and pearls and a brilliant tiara,
You breakfast off sevres of the real "bleu du Roi:"
'Tis better, no doubt, than a heart mia cara,
And a poor posey-ring with its "Pensez à Moi."
* * * *
At times when mid riches and splendour you languish,
To still your poor conscience you fruitlessly try,
As tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You'll own there *is* something that money can't buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries which gold cannot stifle,
The ghost of a dead love that will not be laid,
And while in the bright world of pleasure you trifle,
Do *you* never meet the sad eyes of a shade?"

Mr. Miller, who has given rise to this "iligant" little dissertation on the heart, "a very quare and troublesome consarn," as Paddy says, thought he had got a heart (he might have), and as he had taken it into his head that Beatrice liked him, he determined to offer it to her, as her own, and only hers. The steps he took, and the follies he committed in carrying out this hard undertaking we shall see in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"FRESCO."—II.

HAVING described the process of "fresco"-painting, we may now turn our attention to the controversy as to its being the best possible method of decorating wall-surfaces.

Let us, then, repeat, in the briefest possible manner, what "fresco" is. It is a mode of painting "in the flat," capable of great breadth of colouring and scope of design, as well as, under ordinary circumstances, rapidity of execution.

The exact nature of the process is a laying on colour in such a way that the vehicle employed evaporates together with the moisture of the fresh plaster-ground, leaving the colour incorporated with the ground-surface; whilst, at the same time, a kind of crystallization takes place above the face of the colouring, giving it a permanent protection.

The votaries, then, of "fresco" claim for it pre-eminence above all other methods for the following reasons:—

1. It has the property of clearness and of exhibiting all the colours employed in a state of absolute brightness and purity. It is free from the surface-dryness or dulness of work executed in tempera, and from the glossiness and reflected lights of oil-painting. For these reasons a "fresco" appears to as great advantage from one point of view as

another, and this, especially when the painting is intended as a wall-decoration—for a church or assembly-room, for instance—is a point not to be lightly passed over.

2. Another property, and that a valuable—we should rather say an invaluable—one, is its durability. In proof of this we may adduce the repeated instances of "frescoes" painted, not only on the arcades or the cloisters of churches, which are open to the air on one side at least, but also of those executed even on the fronts of houses, in the open air, where they are naturally entirely exposed to the influences of sun and wet, and indeed every vicissitude of atmospheric agency.

3. A quality, the beauty of which it may perhaps require an artistic instinct to estimate at its proper value, the skill and dexterity—"dash" would be a good term to describe what we mean—requisite for the execution of this art; no retouching being admissible, nor any of those appliances available, such as glazing over painting, which can be made use of in oil-painting. All these circumstances compel the "fresco" painter to confine his energy particularly to the subject and design rather than to such mechanical qualities as are so eagerly sought by the artist who works in oil.

The advocates of the superiority of "fresco" over all other methods of mural-decoration point to the exhibition of these qualities in the paintings of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, of Raphael in the stanze of the Vatican, and of Corregio in the cupola of the Cathedral of Parma.

But, when all this has been admitted, there is still something to be said on the other side; for instance:—

1. That, though a certain degree of clearness, purity, and brightness is the prevailing feature of "fresco," it is nevertheless deficient in depth and richness of colouring.

2. That, although the absence of the glossiness of oil in "fresco" work is an undoubted advantage where a mural painting of large size is employed as an architectural decoration, this difficulty can to a great extent be obviated. Witness Delaroche's great picture of the Hemicycle in the Beaux Arts in Paris, which, although painted in oil, is so free from the ordinary surface gloss above alluded to that it is often mistaken for a "fresco."

3. That, whilst in *pure* "fresco," where there has been no "retouching," there is no doubt that the colours are but little, if at all, liable to change; yet that, in ordinary practice, the surface is so fragile that it is easily broken or scratched, and that should such accidents occur, there is no possible way of covering the flaws save by "retouching" with "tempera" colours; and that, if this be extensively done, the entire nature of the work is altered, and it becomes simply a picture in "size" colours.

The opponents of "fresco" urge in support of these views, the "Madonna de Foligno," "Madonna di San Sisto," "Sposalozia," and other celebrated "easel-pictures" of Raphael, which are in much better preservation than his "frescoes" in the stanze of the Vatican.

4. Further, the properties of difficulty in execution and limited range of colouring, and of technical appliances, the opponents urge, are entirely of a negative kind. We do not close our eyes to the fact that some painters have maintained that grand composition and good colouring are qualities that will not go hand in hand; but, on the other hand, in disproof we point emphatically to such works as the "Entombment" of Titian, in the Louvre, and the works of Peter Martyr, at Venice.

We have already spoken of the difference of opinion amongst competent authorities as to whether the great works of the ancients were or were not truly "frescoes." This may, as we have seen, be doubtful as to some original designs, but our own opinion certainly inclines to the idea that "fresco"-painting was, at least in certain cases, actually employed.

On the whole, we think, the conclusion may be fairly drawn—an opinion that has been for a long time pretty generally adopted—that where painting is to be combined with architecture, "fresco" is the style that most readily assimilates itself to it. And yet, on the other hand, we cannot deny that the soundness of many of the views formerly held as to the superior advantages of "fresco"-painting are successfully

combated, or at any rate materially weakened, by the fact of Delaroche having executed in oil in the Beaux Arts a work pre-eminently, from its size and other characteristics, adapted for "*fresco*"; to say nothing of the method of wall-decoration in "stereochromic" painting adopted by our British artists of the present day.

And now a few words as to two varieties of the art, one of which is as far inferior to pure "fresco" as the other is said to exceed it in advantages.

Firstly, "FRESCO SECCO," which is in extensive use in Italy in ordinary house-decoration, is merely a spurious kind of "fresco."

By this method the colours, mixed with water and laid on the wall-surface after it is dry, adhere in some degree by absorption of the vehicle by the plaster. In this mode of treatment the crystalline surface of the plaster, which should have proved the protection of the colour by after formation, having already been produced, has to be removed by the application of pumice. The result is an appearance of dry coarseness—in short "rottenness," which is fatal to the beauty of the pictures.

Secondly, "STEREOCHROMIC PAINTING (*στερεος firm*, and *χρῶμα colour*), or "water-glass," known also as Fuchs' "soluble glass"—an invention of the late Dr. J. R. Fuchs, which, being passed over the surface of "fresco secco," imparts great brilliancy, and, fixing the colours, gives them great durability.

By "water-glass" is ordinarily meant the soluble silicates of potash or soda, or of a mixture of the two. It is usually prepared by boiling silica with caustic alkali, under a pressure of 60lbs. to the square inch, in a digester. When pure and solid it has the appearance of common glass. It is slowly soluble in boiling water. A solution mixed with sand, etc., is used to form artificial stone. It is also spread on the surface of stone to preserve it from decay, which it effects by sinking in and cementing the particles together, thus preventing atmospheric disintegration. It also enters into the composition of certain cements.

Fuchs' form of it is a peculiar silicate prepared by melting together eight parts of carbonate of soda, or ten parts of carbonate of potash, with fifteen parts of pure quartz sand and one part of charcoal; which last is added to facilitate the decomposition of the alkaline carbonate. A black glass is thus obtained, which is insoluble in cold, but dissolvable in six times its weight of boiling water.

Professor Kuhlmann, of Lille, published in 1857 a method of producing the same or a similar composition for protecting stone; and Mr. Ransome, of Ipswich, has employed these compositions not only as a cement for consolidating silicious sand into a hard and durable artificial sandstone, which is capable of being moulded into various forms before being "fired," but also as a vitreous varnish, in which latter case, applying a coating of a solution of chloride of calcium, he forms a silicate of lime which is absolutely weather-proof. Wood, too, thus prepared, will resist almost indefinitely the action of fire.

This latter use is one of the two made by Fuchs, but the other, and the one with which we are now more immediately concerned, is its employment as a varnish, or "fixing," for "fresco" colours—in short, its employment in "stereochromy."

This form of "fresco"-painting is much used by Kaulbach and other German artists in Berlin; and the late Prince Consort was so much impressed with the bearing that the discovery would have upon mural-decoration that he translated and printed for private circulation a German pamphlet describing "the manufacture, properties, and application of water-glass (soluble alkaline silicate), including a process of stereochromic painting."

Mr. Maclise, R.A., made use of this invention in the execution of his great picture in the Palace of Westminster of "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo."

Whether this style is really as durable as it is effective, and whether the modern process will stand the ravages of time as well as those "frescoes" of antiquity that have been spared to us time itself alone can show.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

IN order to assist our reading and student brethren in the laudable study of church architecture, a very healthy and interesting pursuit in itself, and one which links us as speculative Masons to our operative brethren, we have thought it well to reprint a translation of Dr. George Moller's celebrated little essay, which, not much known in England, has great merit, and is well worth careful perusal.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE AGE OF THE BUILDINGS, OF THE MIDDLE AGE, THEIR DIFFERENT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE, AND THEIR MERITS.

To fix the age of ancient buildings is the first indispensable requisite in the history of architecture, since it is the only way of obtaining a correct view of its progress. But the great number of contradictory hypotheses which have been hitherto advanced on the origin and improvement of ancient architecture in general, and on the churches of the Middle Age in particular, are evident proofs that to ascertain the age of an ancient edifice is usually attended with considerable difficulties.

On a perusal of the accounts of the erection of ancient buildings, we frequently discover that the assigned period of their foundation does not agree with the style of their architecture, which is either of an earlier or more recent period. In all the descriptions of the Strasburgh minster, for instance, it is stated that the nave of this church was built by Bishop Werner, in the year 1015, and finished in thirteen years.* On this evidence, the identity of the nave supposed to have been built by Bishop Werner with the existing nave of the cathedral of Strasburgh has been assumed as unquestionable, though the style of its architecture clearly belongs to the thirteenth century. And this fully corresponds with a statement of *Schade*, which has, I suspect, been hitherto overlooked. He says: "The church, which is now called the minster, was finished only in the year 1275" (page 13); and when he speaks (page 15) of the great fire of the minster in the year 1298, he says: "The fire consumed all the wood-work of the minster, particularly the covering (the roof), which at that time was not vaulted. The heat was so great that much of the stone-work was cracked. It therefore became necessary to build anew, and to repair at a great expense the parts which were damaged by the conflagration, and the whole was made much more beautiful than it had formerly been. It was at this time that the upper windows with their ornaments were executed." Similar errors are so frequent, and repeatedly made, that a few observations on the principles to be adopted in such inquiries will not be deemed unimportant.

There are two species of proof of the historical truth of statements concerning the history of any art; one *direct*, from documents—the other *indirect*, from arguments. Whenever the authors of the former were contemporary, when they were notoriously in a situation to know the truth,—and it cannot be presumed that they made their statements on light grounds, or that in a given case they could have a particular bias to deviate from truth,—the evidence of such contemporary, well-informed, and impartial historians has very great weight. Among the documents of this kind, inscriptions hold the first rank, although they are frequently of much later date than the events which they record: many tombs on which inscriptions or epitaphs are found have been erected a long time, and frequently some centuries after the death of the individuals whose

*. See *Schaden's* Beschreibung des Münsters zu Strasburg, *i.e.* Description of the Strasburgh Minster by *Schade*, 1687, 4to. page 11; and *Granddidier's* Essay sur la Cathédrale de Strasbourg, pages 16, 18.

memory they were intended to perpetuate; as is the case, for instance, with the tomb of King Dagobert of France,* and with the monument erected by the Emperor Charles IV.† at Engern, in Westphalia, to the memory of *Wittekind*, Duke of Saxony. The examination of the sources whence we derive our information, therefore, requires particular caution.

Later writers, who advance assertions, upon the authority of others, are worthy of belief only so far as they were able to draw from the right sources, and were endowed with a correct judgment and capable of sound criticism. Certain it is, however, that the historians of the middle age, who were wont to take upon trust, and publish with boldness the most ridiculous legendary tales as undoubted facts, are by no means calculated to inspire us with much confidence. I know, from my own experience, that those which unfortunately are often the only statements extant, have no greater value than popular traditions. But even when a statement has been found altogether worthy of belief, another difficulty arises, from the circumstance of most of the ancient buildings having undergone a great many alterations, and consisting of parts whose different periods and styles of architecture are manifest; nay, frequently not a vestige of the original building remains. A document concerning the erection of an edifice may therefore be perfectly genuine, and yet the uncertainty whether the work to which the document refers be really the identical building or another, and whether the statement relates to the whole edifice, or only to some of its parts, is not removed. In such a case, nothing but the strictest inquiry of scholars as well as artists of sound judgment, capable of judging how far the statements are worthy of belief, can guard us against errors; and the historian is entitled to our thanks, who, instead of copying unauthenticated matter, directs our attention to the uncertainty in which the objects of his research are enveloped.

In order to judge correctly of the internal credibility of statements concerning the history of architecture, the buildings to which they refer must not be considered singly, but in connexion with earlier, contemporary, and later works. But above all, the history of the art is never to be separated from the history of the nation, whose fate it shares alike in its progress and in its decay. Architecture, whose application, more than that of any other art, depends on outward contingencies, developes itself but slowly and gradually. The creations of the greatest genius are constantly modified by the influence of the time to which he belongs, so that the best and most perfect work can only be considered as the result of the progressive improvement of several generations; and an accurate comparison of a series of architectural works, combined with a diligent study of history, points out the only safe road on which the development of the different styles of architecture is to be pursued. After the principal periods of the improvement of the art have thus been carefully and critically fixed, a proper place is more easily assigned to some special, though anomalous works.

With regard to the names of the several styles of architecture which appeared in Europe after the decay of Roman architecture, and continued till the sixteenth century, when they were superseded by the modern Græco-Roman art, they were all for a long time comprised under the general name of Gothic architecture. This epithet was afterwards applied to the pointed arch style, which predominated in the thirteenth century. At present it is well known that the appellation of Gothic architecture is not a suitable one: but as those of Byzantine, Saxon, and German architecture, by which it has been attempted to supersede it, are neither generally received, nor sufficiently distinct, I shall content myself with designating the different styles of architecture by the century and the country in which they flourished. In respect, however, of the question, to whom the merit of the invention and of the improvement of the art is to be ascribed, the following more architectural than historical observations may perhaps be of some importance in the inquiry.

* See Parallèle d'Architecture, par *Durand.*

† See *Fiorillo's* Geschichte der zeichnenden Künste in Deutschland; *i.e.*, History of the Delineating Arts in Germany, first part, page 135.

The forms of buildings are far from being arbitrary and accidental in their origin. The climate, the building materials, and the character of the nation exercise a very essential influence on them, and cause those diversified appearances which vary as much as the physiognomy of countries and the situation of nations. Whatever is produced by these causes is singular in its kind, and in harmony with itself. Every species of architecture, on the contrary, which, owing its origin to foreign nations, to a different climate and different circumstances, is transferred to other people and other countries, retains the character of unsuitableness and unconnectedness, until some artist of eminent talents successfully appropriates it to his own use, and forms out of it a new, national, and consistent style of building. If this be admitted, that nation undoubtedly has the merit of a particular style of architecture, whose edifices

1. *Correspond with the climate, with the style of construction adapted to the materials, and with the sentiments and manners of the nation and of the times;* and

2. *Constitute in their principal forms, and in their several parts and ornaments, a whole in harmony with itself, which excludes or rejects everything foreign and unsuitable.*

These principles, which, without a view to any particular school, may be applied alike in forming a judgment of the works of all ages and all nations; they are a sure guard against any partial over or under-rating, and will hereafter serve to regulate our examination of the several hypotheses concerning the architecture of the middle age.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER ROMAN CATHOLIC ATTACK ON FREEMASONRY.

THE Romanists will not leave us alone, and each succeeding attack is marked by increased bitterness, vileness, mendacity and vulgarity.

A Roman Catholic priest, a Jesuit, we understand, has issued a most ridiculous book in Dublin, and some of the "gobemouches" of the press, and they are many, have eagerly and greedily transferred portions of it to their pages.

Extracts from the work in question have appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Southport Visitor*, and the *Bradford Observer;* and we think it well to transfer a portion of this unseemly rubbish to our pages, as information for our brethren, premising that we need never expect to look for consistency, much less truth, from our rabid ultramontane assailant, to whom Freemasonry is like a bit of "red rag."

Listen to the words of a non-Mason, how accurate and truthful they are!—

"I am not a Freemason, neither do I intend ever becoming one, no matter how the brethren may press me to join the body. Not that I have any particular reason for objecting to being made a Mason. Some of my most intimate friends are Masons, and notwithstanding what follows in this column, I am not aware of having suffered any way in consequence. Freemasonry I have in the past looked upon as being the means to a good deal of social enjoyment; and if nine-tenths of the brethren spoke their minds they would admit that that is nearly all they obtain from being a Mason and a brother. At all events, their wives would say so, and the female view of the question is to my mind not very far off the square. For those who delight in a festive life Masonry should afford them the most pleasure; but in the case of studiously-inclined people like myself, life is too short for such indulgences. There are others who take a widely different view of the craft to that which I do, and who look upon it as a social plague—a system which aims at uprooting all the forms of Government which exist in this or any other country on the face of the globe. Such a one is the author of a book which has been placed in my hands, and which professes to be an exposure of the whole of the secrets, aims, and designs of the craft. These secrets, I admit, have ever excited the

curiosity not only of the Mrs. Caudles, but, it must be confessed, of nearly everybody outside the order at one time or another; and the only way in which it has heretofore been able properly to gratify that curiosity has been for those who were curious to be admitted into the brotherhood, which Masonic writers claim to have had a being 'ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms.' This is rather an indefinite period from which to date its origin, and Solomon's Temple is considered by the craft, I believe, to be a landmark more easily appreciated and more tangible to swear by. Of the great antiquity of the order there is, however, no room for doubt; and its introduction into Britain, we are told, took place as far back as the year 674. That an institution which has existed so long, and whose members are to be found in almost every country under the sun, should have preserved its secrets inviolate, can scarcely be credited, yet Freemasons assert that it is so. The book, however, to which I have referred professes to disclose the whole ceremonial of the order, with all the pass-words, grips, etc,, connected therewith, and which, if correct in its description, is likely to bring the craft into no little disrepute. The book has to a non-Mason an air of truth about it; the author writes with strong feelings on the subject, and terrible as some of the oaths are which he, as a Mason, must have subscribed to, he seems to have no scruple in breaking them, and proclaiming to the world at large what the secrets of the order are. The author is a citizen of the city of Dublin, where the work has recently been published, and his deep-rooted hatred of the system will, no doubt, be attributed by some of my Masonic readers to the fact that he is a Roman Catholic by religion. In his introduction to the book, our author, speaking of the close brotherhood which, he asserts, exists between English Freemasonry and that of the Continent, says: 'Let England speak for England; but certain is it that the public and private feeling of high-principled and religious Ireland recoils in horror from the blood-stained, plundering, unprincipled, and blasphemous Freemasonry of the Continent. Owing to the strength and pressure of the Christian-loving element in these countries, British and Irish Freemasons are constantly compelled, in words at least, to disclaim all connection or identity with the craft of the Continent.' But notwithstanding these disclaimers, he maintains that they are in truth all one body, and are animated by one and the same spirit. Not only does he say there is great political danger from the workings of such a vast body, but there is shown to be great social danger, which he exemplifies in the uniform conduct of Freemasons in all classes and situations. 'On corporations and poor-law mendicity boards, grand juries, railway and bank companies, and public offices, he (the reader) will find that system equally uniform, in army, constabulary, law courts, elections, etc.,—everywhere justice forgotten and merit overlooked for Masonic fraternal love; and I think he will agree with me that the Freemason is a public and a private enemy of God and man.' The solution of all this, he thinks, is to be found in the clause repeated in each Masonic oath, 'I swear that I will never wrong a brother Mason of a penny, nor suffer him to be wronged. I will give him timely notice of all danger that threatens him. I will not speak any evil nor suffer it to be spoken of a brother Mason behind his back.' And again, 'I will espouse his cause so far as to extricate him from the same, whether he be right or wrong.'"

We omit a great deal of senseless matter, but what follows will make Masons laugh:—

"The Past Master's degree is enacted amidst intentional riotous confusion, the object of this confusion being to convey to the candidate the important lesson never to solicit or accept any office or station to fill which he does not know himself to be amply qualified. To be made a Mark Master the candidate goes through a less trying ordeal, but there seems to be associated with it no little irreverent use of the sacred word, which is brought more and more into requisition as the higher degrees are reached, as, for instance, in the conferring of the Most Excellent Master's degree, when the 24th Psalm is read by the Master of the Lodge, the brethren lifting their heads in response to the words, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in.' After some more psalm chanting, the pass-word is given to the candidate; a 'sleight of hand' process, I am told, supplies the lodge 'with the fire that came down from heaven,' which fortu-

nately is not made to burn up such a blasphemous band of brethren as they must be, if my author tells the truth, as they perform the profane ceremonial, in which the Ark of the Covenant is introduced; and the lodge is afterwards closed. The next in order is the Royal Arch Mason's degree, and the conferring of it appears to involve still more profane ceremonial, in the course of which the Tabernacle, Moses and the burning bush, the siege of Jerusalem, the Ark of the Covenant, the hidden manna, and Aaron's rod are in turn introduced—a piece of loaf sugar, our author says, doing service for the manna. The other degree to which I would briefly make special reference is the Knight Templars, and as this involves the indulgence in no less than five libations of wine, presumably that degree is beyond the ken of teetotallers. The last of the libations is drunk from a human skull; and should the candidate hesitate to drink of the hideous cup, he eventually drains it off under the pointed compulsion of the swords of the Sir Knights, repeating after the eminent commander the words, 'This pure wine I take from this cup in testimony of my belief in the immortality of the soul and the mortality of the body, and as the sins of the whole world were laid upon the head of our Saviour, so may the sins of the person whose skull this once was be heaped upon my head in addition to my own, and may they appear in judgment against me both here and hereafter, should I violate or transgress any obligation in Masonry."

The kindly reviewer of this most veracious work thus concludes:—

"It is only fair to the order that I should repeat that the author of the book boils over in his hatred of the body, of which he must once have been a member; but may not, after all, there be some grain of truth in the following sentences, with which I conclude my quotations from a work I have read with some interest and no little surprise and wonderment: 'Men enter this society in order to advance themselves, and to secure *the objects of their worldly interest or ambition. Bound together by mutual oaths,* they form a body of closest organisation, and out-manœuvre, outgeneral, and outbid every unmasonic candidate, no matter how fair his claim. They mix in the most friendly manner with all the members of their profession, business, station, etc. Yet by their secret organisation they do them every injustice. Mason helps Mason, and merit, friendship, and public welfare must be ever sacrificed to Masonry.'"

This is the old American lie re-issued in the English market, and we can only express our regret that respectable papers should reprint such "garbage," and so trade on the credulity of their readers.

AN AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE.

AS the following letters refer to a "vexata quæstio," we think it well to reproduce them in the Magazine, the more so as our American contemporary, from whom we cull them, remarks—and with whom we agree—that they are well worth reading by all.

19, *Albert Gate, Knightsbridge,*
London, October 12, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your favour. of which I hope you keep a copy. I will endeavour to answer its points.

The report you have heard is true as far as this: I am one of *four* persons who have dramatized "That Lass o' Lowrie's" in England. There was no earthly reason why we should not do so. The authoress in her book has shown a natural and proper desire to retain *copyright* in both countries. But she has not printed one syllable to lead one to suppose she desired to retain *stage-right* in it. And as it is not the habit of novelists, unless they are known dramatists, to dramatize their own works, she has left this entirely open, especially as the law of England gives no novelist *stage*-rights in his

work, but only copyright, or the sole right of *printing* and *publishing*. I will add that of the three other English dramas on this subject one was played all over England for ten months, and another for four months, and the third publicly advertised before I took the subject in hand, and I should not have done it then if Mrs. Burnett had been the *author* of either of these versions, or if the authors had shown themselves capable of dealing with the subject.

But here was a subject wretchedly handled, open in law, open by custom, and *apparently* open in morality, for novelists do not dramatize their works, and the book itself claimed no such right. So much for England, where every novel of *mine* is dramatized by others, unless I produce a drama on the subject *before* the novel and give due notice of *stage*-right. The American business is a mere offshoot. Miss Eytinge was here and knew I was about to produce the drama, and had taken a theatre at Liverpool for the purpose. She knew my drama would be taken for the United States by somebody, and she treated with me for it. Some time ago she let me know that Mrs. Burnett desired to deal with the subject in her own interest.

I wrote to say that neither in England nor in the United States does there exist any such thing as stage-right in a novel, but still it would be agreeable to my feelings if she would come to terms with Mrs. Burnett and pay her so much for each representation; and that I, myself, would forego a similar proportion of my very moderate fee. Thus the matter stands as regards Mrs. Burnett and myself. As regards me and American citizens generally, they have always robbed me of my dramatic property under circumstances very different. I am a dramatist. Nothing but bad laws ever drove me into the novel. My novels are known to have a drama already written behind them, yet the American managers take every one of them and get some scribbler to write the drama, though I offer them mine. They drive me off their stages with bad versions of "White Lies," "Griffith Gaunt," "Rachel the Reaper," "Put yourself in his Place," "Foul Play," etc., though I offer them the good dramas. The scribblers and thieves of the nation have never consented to share with me; they have always taken *every cent*, and driven me *entirely* off the American stage by means of my own talent and labour.

No egg can be roasted all on one side. I cannot be divinely just to American citizens in a business where they never show me one grain of human justice or even mercy; and so long as your nation is a literary thief you must expect occasional reprisals. These reprisals are a sort of bad equity.

However, I only throw this out as a general proposition. Notwithstanding my own bitter wrongs as a dramatist, I am unwilling to injure Mrs. Burnett's interests in the United States. I shall now write to Miss Eytinge more decidedly, requesting her to offer a nightly fee to Mrs. Burnett. Should she come to terms with Miss Eytinge, that lady will also pay her a portion of my fee, if she does not rob me of these fees, as Miss ——, the last American actress I trusted, did. I will, with pleasure, also allow Mrs. Burnett something out of my English profits, *if any*. But, not to raise any great expectations on that point, I must tell you that my predecessors on this subject have very much prejudiced the London managers against it, and I have no offer for it whatever at present.

But it is only in London that an English author can realize large profits by a piece of this kind, which entails great expenses and requires a full company of good actors to do it properly.

I shall ask Miss Eytinge to suspend performance until she has used all reasonable endeavours to come to a friendly understanding with you, and I respectfully advise you not to neglect to negotiate with her, but to make terms and stipulate that she puts on the bills, "By consent and special treaty with Mrs. Burnett." That will serve to bolster up your imaginary right, for, believe me, in the United States, as in England, there is no such thing as stage-right in a novel.

Yours respectfully,

Dr. Burnett. CHARLES READE.

Washington, D.C.,
Mr. Charles Reade: *October* 27, 1878.

Dear Sir,—I have just been reading your reply to Dr. Burnett's letter, and I see from it that somehow a little misunderstanding has arisen. I did not see Dr. Burnett's letter before it was sent, but I can scarcely think he meant to ask from you what you seem to fancy. I am a young woman, and an Englishwoman, but I am not young enough to expect anything from my compatriots which the law does not demand for me. My "Lass" was condescendingly printed in England with the announcement on the front page that it was done with "the special permission of the authoress," and I was informed of that fact by a letter from Messrs. Warne & Co., nobly accompanied by a gift of a yellow-backed copy of the book, which I shall naturally ever cherish sacredly and tenderly as a delicate tribute from a generous publisher to a grateful author—a publisher who even went to the godlike length of saying that he would be glad to give to the world any other books I might write—upon the same terms. A gentleman of the name of Hatton, in conjunction with another of the name of Matthison, wrote a play founded on the story, which made of Joan Lowrie a big-boned maudlin young woman, with a sentimental passion for a pretentious prig; of Anice Barholm, an entrancing creature, with all the engaging jauntiness and *abandon* of a barmaid, and also improved the other characters in the most encouraging manner. These gentlemen, of course, paid me nothing, but I was not young enough then to expect such romantic lavishness; and besides, I felt it was only fair that they should have all they could make as a recompense for writing such a play. If *I* had written such a play I should have expected to be remunerated handsomely. When I read it I was so moved by—shall we deal in glittering generalities, and call them conflicting emotions?—that I wrote a long letter to *you*, giving you all the permission I owned—nay, even begging you, as an act of generosity, to rescue the people I am fond of from dramatic infamy, and make a good play, which I knew you could do if you took it in hand. I did not ask you to give me any of the proceeds of it. I did not think of that at all; what I cared for was something else. After I had written the letter, I thought that perhaps, as the thing had been spoiled already, you would not care for it, and did not send it. I wish I had now, because then I might have retained an illusion or so. Until now I fancied that a man's right was enough for him, notwithstanding other people's wrong. But the point is that I wish you to feel quite at ease on the score of my asking you to share anything of the proceeds of your play with me. As it is, it would only be a fine accentuation of myself to demand what better people don't get.

I have no rights in England, notwithstanding I have lived more than half my life there; but I *have* rights in America, and it is because you have tried to infringe even on these that I protest. I wrote "Lass" here, copyrighted it here, reserved stage-rights here (which *can* be done in the United States), wrote my play here, copyrighted that here, and it will be played here. If any one attempts to produce another version I shall defend myself—as I can. You have been badly treated in America, I have no doubt; but did an American dramatist ever write a play on a book of yours and take it to England and have it played there in the face of a version of your own already copyrighted and sold? If it ever was done, it was pretty hard, wasn't it? I think it was, and I sympathize with you—and I hope you like my sympathizing with you.

With many thanks for your generous offers—they *are* generous, since you have so conclusively proved that I have no rights *anywhere*—

I remain yours respectfully,

Charles Reade, Esq. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

This correspondence would not be complete without adding a characteristic advertisement of Mr. Reade's, which appeared in an English newspaper:—

"Notice to Managers.—Charles Reade claims Stage-Right in so much of his new drama, 'JOAN,' as is not taken from Mrs. Burnett's Novel; and particularly in the order and sequence of the Scenes: in the whole of the First Act, except Two Dialogues,

Joan and Liz, Joan and Miss Barholme; in all the Second Act, except the business of Joan with Liz, and Joan with Dan Lowrie; and the whole of Acts Four, Five, and Six, except the Explosion in Mine, and Five Lines of Dialogue connected with it; also in all the Stage Pictures; and in the Mechanical Effects of Act Five—the Rending-piece and the Breaking-piece, both of which are his Sole Property. The Right thus clearly defined will be supported promptly by Injunction, if necessary, and this advertisement made part of the case.

"All ordinary Advertisements having failed to keep Thieves and Vagabonds from Pirating 'IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,' Mr. READE now Advertises for Thief-takers, and will give a handsome Reward to any Person who will give him timely notice of Piracy, and furnish him means of bringing it home to the deliberate criminals who commit it in the teeth of this Notice."

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A MISPLACED CHAPTER.

IN order that the reader should thoroughly comprehend Marmaduke's story, it is necessary that we should go back in our history some two years or more, when our hero, if we may call him so, received the letter from his friend at Colchester which has been published in Chapter IV of this veracious history.

It has been hinted that Marmaduke was somewhat weak and vacillating: he was only just twenty-one at that time, and the result was not difficult to understand and predicate with certainty. He went home to St. Benet's, fearing he should have to marry Miss Jarvis, and he came back prepared after his interview with the Colonel (who believed Mr. Jarvis's story, and was prejudiced against young Mathew as a foolish young fellow who he was afraid was a blackguard to boot) to marry her rather than run the risk of an action for a crime, which in justice to him it is only fair to say he would have scorned to commit, but which the father threatened and circumstances favoured. He could not but feel that fortune was against him, that he was dealing with people who knew the trickery of the law, and who would not scruple to use it against him to serve their own ends, and it was not difficult to foresee the ultimate possible necessity, innocent though he knew himself to be, of being compelled to leave the army in disgrace unless he adopted the only course which seemed open to him.

On the 10th July, 186—, accordingly, at the Church of St. Peter's, Marmaduke Mathew was married to Georgiana Jarvis, Mervyn Knollys being sole groomsman, and Emma Purvis, Miss Jarvis's maid, the sole representative on her side to the contract.

Marmaduke had stood out for absolute privacy, and obtained in this case what he required.

He seemed at the last desperate, and Georgie thought it better to give way now, her turn would soon come. But even she was scarcely prepared for what followed, nor was his friend, Mervyn Knollys. The ceremony was over, the old pew-opener of the

lovely Protestant Church (with the great galleries and the round-headed windows, the dirty high pews, and the dirty-surpliced parson) was making her way down the nave to open the doors and receive her customary fees with a curtsey, dependent upon its depth to the amount bestowed, when Marmaduke drew himself up at the door, and addressing himself to Mr. Jarvis, and quietly withdrawing his arm from that of his newly-made bride, said,—

"Sir, you have forced me to do what you wished, and for what I fear you have schemed. I have given your daughter my name, and I shall never see her nor you any more."

With that he walked coolly and calmly out of the church, leaving the rest in dismay.

Georgie fainted this time really and not in pretence, and before she had recovered he had hailed a fly which chanced to be passing, or, what was more likely, had been engaged for the purpose: in less than half an hour he had left Colchester, and the following day sailed for the West Indies.

And this was Marmaduke's story.

It was at a late hour when the conversation was concluded, for Marmaduke told his father all, and the meeting was a stormy one.

When Marmaduke had done, the General got up and paced the room for some minutes without a word.

He was evidently revolving some scheme in his own mind. The son, sitting and looking moodily into the fire, with his legs outstretched and his hands deep down in his pockets, quietly waited to hear what his father had to say.

At last the General halted, and looking keenly at his son, said,—

"And this is the truth, sir?"

"I regret to say it is, father."

"And you married this girl?"

"I did."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"Never. She did me a great wrong in compelling me to marry her. I never wish to see her again."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"I know nothing of her; nothing whatever; but I believe they left Colchester."

The General muttering *sotto voce*, "Humph, then that won't do," resumed his military stride up and down the spacious chamber.

Presently an idea seemed to strike him, for, turning suddenly on his heel and coming up to the fire into which his son was looking abstractedly and moodily as before, he said,—

"You were married at St. Peter's Church, Colchester?"

"Yes."

"In what name?"

"Marmaduke Matthew."

"Do you happen to remember that you have another Christian name?"

"Well, yes, Wynfield; but I never use it."

"Did that strike you at the time."

"No."

"How did you sign your surname?"

"Well, they spelt it with two *ts* in the license by mistake, and as I did not want the marriage to get to your ears, I repeated the blunder."

"So that in fact Marmaduke Wynfield Mathew was not married to this Miss Jarvis, but Marmaduke Matthew?"

"True, but I fail to see your drift; what matter could that make?"

"Simply this, that your marriage is irregular, illegal, and I imagine void."

The son at first brightened at this idea, and then seemed to come to some quiet resolve, for he stood up, and facing his father replied,—

"I cannot fail to see now that there is a possible way of escape from a marriage

distasteful, indeed hateful, to me. Yet marriage is after all so far sacred to me that though I loathe the woman I am bound to, and could not prevail upon myself to see her again, yet I cannot forget that I have been in a measure myself alone to blame, and I seek no release, since it would injure her. Were she poor I might even entreat you to spare her of your wealth, but penury I know will not be her fate, for her father is wealthy (with ill-gotten riches), and she is his only child. I have forged my own chains, and I must be content to wear them. I have made my own bed, and I must sleep on it. Let her keep my name, not much honour has it brought her yet. She has injured me, but I will not be a party to injure her by seeking a release, which will only bring reproach upon her and make her life more unhappy than it is now."

"You seem to forget me, sir," the General said wrathfully

"I beg your pardon, father, but I cannot do it."

"You have brought disgrace upon the family."

"I admit it and regret it, but I should only injure you more if I brought it into the Law Courts, and made our name a laughing stock through my own follies. No, father, I have resolved to wear my chains."

The meeting was over, and Marmaduke had gone to his room, leaving his father in a towering rage. Late as it was, the General did not fail to summon the butler and one of the footmen to his study, and taking a large parchment from his *escritoire*, added a codicil to his will which left the whole of his property to his eldest son, and made Marmaduke a beggar.

The next morning Captain Mathew left his father's house with his father's curse upon his head.

CHAPTER VIII.

AND WHAT THOUGHT SHE?

THE next day all was known. The General bound no one to secrecy. He was angry very angry, as any one could see. Even the way in which he mounted his horse showed that he was "in a deuce of a way about summut," so the groom remarked to the stable-boy.

Within an hour of his leaving the house he was brought back a corpse.

It appeared at the inquest that it was the merest accident. The General had been ambling carelessly over a part of the road at the bottom of the Great Whyte, evidently little heeding what was going on around him, when his horse suddenly slipped, threw her rider on to his head, broke his neck, and he died almost in a moment.

The mare, a thorough-bred, it appeared, had not even fallen herself; but his end had come, as ours must too. Let us pray against sudden death, for it is an awful thing. Marmaduke had left England that night, and gone across to Antwerp, and then on to Bruges and through Flanders. It was weeks before he heard of his father's death, and then it was only to learn that he had left him a beggar.

He immediately took steps to sell out of his regiment, and on the proceeds of the sale of his commission he resolved to live for the present, determining to study at Antwerp, and see whether the talents which Mr. Bethune used to say he possessed as an amateur would serve him now as a professional artist. Then an awful calamity came upon him, a fearful retribution for all the misdeeds of his youth.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' HOMES.

THE following graphic account, from *Night and Day*, edited by Dr. Barnardo, whose benevolent labours are well-known, well deserves perusal:—

In the early days of the Boys' Home I had many difficulties with first admissions coming from the adjacent neighbourhood of Ratcliff: for the most part Roman Catholics, and of Irish extraction. Little boys frequently came, having the barest vestiges of clothing that can well be imagined. Professing to be parentless and upon the streets, the ingenuity with which they parried my questions made it difficult, with our small staff of helpers and limited experience, to discover traces of their whereabouts, and they certainly looked bad enough to be street boys.

In a few instances these were received after some little inquiry, and appeared to be duly grateful for the kindness shown them. Three or four months' feeding and kind care worked wonders in their appearance; but, alas! I was often bitterly disappointed, from the fact that shortly after receiving a brand new suit of uniform, with corresponding good boots, the "destitute waif" mysteriously disappeared, as did also the brand new uniform and the boots.

Generally this elopement could be connected with the appearance of some disreputable-looking man or woman who had been observed prowling about the Causeway, and it not unfrequently transpired that a relative who had lain *perdue* until the boy had been fully rigged out, suddenly turned up, and of course by preconcerted action assisted in the lad's exodus.

This occurred several times, to my great annoyance and the injury of the Home. At length I was determined to put a stop to it, and resolved that the very next runaway should be closely followed up. Shortly after arriving at this resolution, I received a poor lad whose clothing consisted of the merest oddments, curiously hung together. I had him photographed as he came in, and possess the "shadow" now. Suspecting from what I heard that an elopement would take place, I kept a sharp look-out, but my boy was too clever, and baffled me in the long run. After five months' residence in the Home, during which time E. L—— was carefully watched, and always clad in comparatively poor clothing, one day in my absence the Father of the Home incautiously allowed him to put on a completely new suit of uniform, and sent him on an errand, from which, of course, he did *not* return.

That night, at half-past ten, I received word from the Boys' Home that E. L—— had disappeared, and no traces of him were to be found. "But," added my informant, "a woman, suspected to be his mother, was seen prowling about the Causeway in the afternoon." I started off in search of my boy. Having reached the Home, and gathered up the threads of the only clue I possessed, I travelled in the direction of Wapping. From information received, I went to the police-station, King David's Lane, and got the assistance of two constables, and began with them a systematic search of several courts and narrow streets adjacent to Brunswick Street, the far-famed "Tiger Bay."

We must, however, have gone home, after a fruitless search of more than a dozen wretched houses, if a woman, half intoxicated, standing in the narrow doorway of a dilapidated lodging-house, had not said, "I'll show you where he is, guvnor, for tuppence!" There was no room for hesitation. I agreed, and with a horrible leer she beckoned us into another court not far from where we were then standing. It was a dreadful, cut-throat-looking place. I shuddered as I entered. One of the houses in this court showed a light from the second-floor window, and pointing to it, the woman assured us the boy we sought was there, as she had seen a lad half-clothed enter the house an hour ago.

The constables informed me that that house, and most of the other dwellings in

the court, were places of ill-fame: the resorts of criminals and persons of abandoned character. However, my mind was made up, and I determined, at all costs, to attempt the recovery of my boy. Approaching the street door one of the constables knocked loudly. After an interval, during which there was no response, he knocked again. I stood on the opposite side of the court watching the window where the light was. At the second knock it was extinguished, and in response to a third knock half of the window was opened and a woman's head appeared. "What do you want?" asked a woman's gruff voice. The constables thought it better to hide in the shadow of the door below, while I replied, from the opposite side, "I want a boy who has run away from the Home, and who is now upstairs." No other reply was given to this except a muttered oath; then the window was violently closed. Repeated knocks failed to obtain any further response.

The hall door of the adjoining house was, however, ajar, and I penetrated as cautiously as I could, using my bull's-eye lantern, and found the passage led into a little yard at the back. This yard was contiguous with a similar enclosure at the back of the house which we desired to enter. One of the constables followed me to this yard and remained there, the other watched the front of the house, whilst I climbed the fence between the two yards and scrambled down on the other side, getting one leg and foot well soaked in the water-butt, into which I incautiously stepped.

Finding the back door of the house open, I boldly entered, and using my lantern, discovered a staircase midway, which I ascended, having agreed beforehand upon the signal which would bring the policemen to my assistance. The constables had no warrant, and it was a serious responsibility for them to enter even such a house unless a definite charge had been made, or positive proof obtained of the boy's presence there.

I am not ashamed to say my heart beat violently as I stood outside the door of that room on the second floor, from the window of which we had seen the light. I knocked, but there was no response except the sound of hurried movements and suppressed voices within. Turning the handle, I entered the room, throwing the light of my lantern on the inmates. The embers of a fire, almost out, still flickered in the grate. Two fierce Amazon-looking women crouched over it, and although in a state of semi-intoxication, they remained up to this moment comparatively quiet, and I was in hopes of attaining my object without much trouble.

Having looked round the room in vain for some time in search of the young fugitive, at last I espied a small form lying covered with bedclothes on a mattress in the corner. Turning the light of my lantern on this object, I was satisfied it was my boy. Finding I was alone, one of the women now advanced. "What do you want here, you ——? *Get out of this room, will yer?*" "I want that boy I see lying on the bed. He belongs to our Home, and ran away to-day with a new suit of clothes, so you had better give him up at once. I must have him." Her reply was an oath, and a declaration that I had better keep my hands off. Again I explained that the lad had been given a new suit of good clothing, and was induced to run away from the Home, in order, as I suspected, to sell his clothing; but, I added, if he was at once given up I would look over the offence. It would perhaps have been better if I had not been so bold. The women now felt satisfied that I was quite alone, and imagining that no one was near to help, rushed at me with furious threats and gestures.

I did the best I could under such trying circumstances, and getting into a corner with my back to the wall and door, I defended myself (no easy task) from the assaults of these furious creatures.

Finding, however, that I was likely to get into serious trouble, I picked up an old boot which lay near me on the floor and flung it with all my might against the window. As I expected, it broke the glass and fell on the pavement below. I now shouted loudly, "Come up," all the time keeping my eyes upon the women, and warding off their blows as well as I could. Not one moment too soon was the heavy tread of the constables heard upon the staircase. They made a mistake and entered the wrong room, but soon rectified this, and were by my side. Their presence, however, seemed to

madden the women even more. One of the constables undertook to attend to each woman while I darted to the bed, pulled down the clothing, and there without a stitch upon him lay my boy!

His clothes were gone, and I afterwards learned that the greater part had been pawned early in the evening, and that his shirt and stockings had been hastily stripped off when we first knocked at the street door. Underneath the mattress we found his belt and shirt, and one of his boots we picked up in the back yard. The remainder of the clothing was recovered from the pawnbroker's next day. The policemen now insisted upon the two women going with them to the station, having recognised them as persons who were "wanted" for other offences.

It was a dreadful scene; the whole neighbourhood turned out. With much difficulty, and only by the help of other officers who were summoned to their aid, did the constables get the women away. It transpired that they were abandoned persons of the most hopeless class, companions of noted criminals, and *half-sisters of this poor lad* whom we had rescued. The saddest part is, however, yet to be told. As I reached the police-station at King David's Lane, a huge mob from another neighbourhood met the crowd which accompanied us. That mob surrounded a stretcher, on which was an elderly woman, violently drunk and abusive, but fastened down to the poles, on which she had been carried by two constables, her grey hairs the while falling over her face, a crown not of glory, but of dishonour and shame.

She proved to be *the mother of my lad and of his two wretched sisters,* and was herself a woman of evil life. The meeting inside the station-house, when the crowd was dispersed and the doors were closed, between the two women and the boy who came with my party, and the aged woman who was mother of all three, is not to be described.

Such was the family from which this poor lad had been taken—his mother and two sisters ill-conducted drunkards, companions of thieves. Happy I am, however, to say that the boy expressed his great desire to come back with me, which he at once did. He has been now six years in our Home, and is with me to-day, a good workman, an honest, truthful, industrious lad, and I hope, also, one who has felt and owns the power of high and gracious influences.

Never have I more forcibly felt the value of such Homes as ours in lessening crime than I did that night, or rather morning, when leaving the station-house with my recovered boy, the child and the brother of criminals, but, like many other street boys, himself still young enough to be guided into another path, and to be moulded by a Higher power.

Since that time wider experience, more complete organisation, and more careful research, have enabled us to avoid such distressing occurrences, whilst an extended knowledge of our work has at the same time made even the class to which this poor boy belonged prize the inestimable advantages of a training in our Home.

A VISIT TO TETUAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

(Contributed.)

WISHFUL to send a paper to Brother Kenning's excellent *Masonic Magazine,* I remembered me of a contribution of mine sent, some twenty-four years ago, to an excellent periodical now long since numbered with the "things of the past." On re-reading it to-day, with one or two needful if slight corrections, as its readers were not many, and probably not one of our many friends has ever seen it, I thought, as I still think, that it will not be out of place in the pleasant pages of so good and

useful a periodical. And so without further preface I commend it to the friendly criticism of a lenient circle.

Gentle reader, are you a traveller? Has it ever been your lot to delight your eyes with Mediterranean loveliness, or to bask in the sunshine of the "Morgen Land?" Have you seen Mont Blanc? Have you stood upon the Pyramids? Have you beheld the white walls of pleasant Cadiz? Have you lingered amid the olive groves of fair Corfu? If you have, you will, I think, charitably listen for a little space to-day to the "experiences" of your brother traveller. If you have not, sit down with me upon my "magic carpet," and let me transport you for a while to a foreign country and a distant scene.

Some years since, it was my lot to pay a visit to Tetuan, under circumstances which impressed it strongly on my memory, and with friends who imparted a deeper interest to the voyage, short as it necessarily was. What I witnessed then I have thought may be of amusement to some now (though a few years have rolled away); yet "a true story is a true story still."

Without further preface, then, for prefaces luckily are shortened in this whirling age, I will begin what I have to say. Tetuan, as doubtless most of my readers know, belongs to the Moorish empire, and is in the Morocco country, some miles beyond Ceuta, and a few miles only across from Gibraltar. And though, were I to speak statistically (in Spanish idiom), Tetuan is in itself a very insignificant town, yet, from its position as regards Gibraltar, it becomes a very important place. That large and rock-held garrison requires food; and as the good Moors are nothing loth to supply so reasonable a want, almost all the beef consumed in hungry Gibraltar comes from Africa. While mutton comes from Spain and Andalusia, thousands of the little Moorish cattle are shipped accordingly from Tangiers, but from Tetuan most of all; and having been made to pass through the sea, from the ship to the shore, on their arrival in Gibraltar Bay, to wash off all possible contagion, are slaughtered in the vast shambles on the "Neutral Ground."

Thus, *es versteht sich*, as our German friends would say, it becomes of the highest importance, at all times, to keep the Moorish authorities in good humour; and for this laudable purpose, in pursuance of orders from "home," occasional visits are paid and presents given by the magnates of the rock to their official Moorish brethren, in order to maintain this good understanding, and to insure a continual supply of necessary aliment for Gibraltar's numerous garrison and populous town.

Well, then, in the "days of old," when a bright *regime*, delighting Rock-scorpions* and military alike, swayed the destinies of poor old Gib., it was, that a party was made up, under the "highest authority," to pay a visit to Tetuan, and to its Governor.

There was a noble frigate, the *Medea*, under the command of the well-known Horatio Austin, then lying off the Old Mole, which was pressed into the service of the distinguished voyagers; and one glorious morning, in August, 1837 (alas! a long time ago), saw our large party assembled very early indeed on the *Medea's* quarter-deck. The sun was barely tinging the Spanish hills when our noble vessel, with its goodly gathering, steamed out of Gibraltar Bay for Tetuan.

I am going here to make what some perhaps may think a bold assertion, when I say that there are few scenes, if any, more beautiful in their entireness than is this same Gibraltar Bay. I can safely say, for my own part, that, though I have seen many lands, and looked on many scenes of beauty and of brightness, I know few, if any, which give you such emotions of pleasure, or leave you such lingering remains of grace and yet of grandeur. Here, however, is the picture itself—regard it well—though the canvas perchance be bad, and the limner's colouring faint.

We are standing (let us suppose) on the *Medea's* quarter-deck, and what a sight of freshest beauty stretches out before us and around us! We are leaving a large basin-like expanse of blue water, surrounded on three sides (as it were) by land. Before us

* Persons born at Gibraltar are called "Rock-scorpions."

rises a bold outline of Spanish hills, and at their bottom we discern the white houses of Algesiras peeping out from amid the green trees; and we look on vineyards extending all along towards the left, unto Cabrita Point; the gleaming foliage of the vines, and the darker background of the hills, commingling together and forming into shades as countless as beautiful. To our "right front" lies the low Spanish shore, with the "Orange Grove" fresh and bright, and above it outstands conspicuously St. Roquè, on its fine portion of higher table-land. Above St. Roquè, though at a great distance, we see the glittering heights of Castellar, with Ronda Hills just peeping into view, and only just, in the dim background of all. Behind us stands bold out old Gib. itself, with its marked profile, its many-coloured houses, its greenest foliage, its frowning batteries, and with countless crafts of all nations and rigs lying cradled at its sea-beat base. To our left lies the open channel of the Straits; on its other side are staring Ceuta's walls; above Ceuta, bleak and rugged Ape's Hill; while behind, far away, "hoary Atlas" towers in stateliest majesty over all.

Now all this, with the deep blue sky and the deep blue sea, the elastic atmosphere —always supposing that the "Levant" has ceased to blow—makes up a scene of power and fascination which I must entreat my untravelled readers to picture out for themselves.

Sure I am, however, that if any who now peruse these pages have ever seen classic Calpe's face, or there have wiled away some of life's fresher hours, they will assent to my remarks, if only they do not complain that my lagging words and feeble illustrations fail in doing justice to the scene. However, we must remember that all this time we are supposed to be under weigh. So, Sumonos nos con Dio. Accordingly a short voyage, while a merry one, brought us off Tetuan, or rather Tetuan's shore, for Tetuan itself is above five miles from the beach; and from the distance its white and picturesque houses contrast conspicuously with the green and leafy garden-land in which it lies (as it were) embedded.

We anchored off the little Moorish fort, principally composed of wood, and were speedily boarded by a boat of stately and turbaned Moors, whose screams rang in our ears for many a long day after. Being admitted forthwith to "pratique" (as the term is), we prepared to land; and at the appointed time, amid the flashes of the Moorish cannon from the fort, and the roaring echoes of the *Medea's* huge 84-pounders, our party, which made up three boats, reached the marshy shore. But when we landed, we found that we should have need of our patience, as the promised horses of the Pasha had not yet arrived to carry our numerous train; and so, to save ourselves from the burning sun, we took possession "en masse" of the little Moorish guard-room which abuts upon the landing-place, and meekly awaited their arrival. Before, however, I proceed on our journey (as the Pasha's horses are not yet come), one word or so as to our party—a right pleasant one, believe me, was it—though composed of many, and apparently conflicting, elements. The sedate and the merry—the dignified "authority" and the *insouciant* subaltern—soldiers and sailors, "great guns and small"—all these were here mixed together, with keen spirits and gladsome hearts, bent at any rate upon one day's enjoyment, and one day's release from the trammels of duty and the responsibilities of command.

What a joyous assembly we were, and how did our laughter make the old Moors stare, and horrify the Moslems' staid notions of manly demeanour, as within that little white-washed guard-room we sat in heterogeneous circle, all order in abeyance, and all etiquette forgot; and drank from a shallow Tetuan clay dish, in our turn, weak brandy and water (very weak it was), which was supplied to us by a female Good Samaritan, by way of preparation for the scorching of our inland journey, and the burning sun at 99 in the shade. Alas! as to-day, when colder thoughts and calmer associations prevail, I look back upon that laughing company, and think of those vanished hours, the reflections which the consciousness of the present brings to the floating memories of the past are in sober truth both touching and sad. Of that merry circle how many links are missing, or rather, alas! how few, if any, even remain except the writer. Forty years make a sad hole in our years! Forty years ago positively it is since we

were merry, full of youth, all hope—now we are all either old men, or even lying in the grave. The gentler forms who graced our party then have long since, alas, left us weary and wayworn here.

At the outside not more than three or four survive; some who once perhaps were the gayest of the gay, yes, and the smartest of the smart, are now but feeble and forlorn, descending infirmly the hill of life. Alas that it should be so, but so it always is; and nothing is so sad as to look back at the past and to remember how few survive who shared our youth, our joys, our sunny scenes, and our pleasant hours. But if I stop to moralize, I shall never reach my journey's end, nor get my story told.

At last the horses, and mules, and donkeys, and ponies arrived, which the anxious Pasha had forwarded to convey us; and after no little confusion, and no little loss of time, our goodly cavalcade started—the ladies of our party being seated on some tranquil donkeys, the rest of us mounted as we could the first animal within our reach. As we were all mixed together—those in uniform and those in "mufti"—and some of us on bony horses, some on stubborn mules, some on little ponies, and one or two even on donkeys—the effect was ludicrous in the extreme, as we moved on slowly in twos. And onwards thus we went, with hundreds of Moorish soldiers before and behind us, and the road lined on each side with multitudes of a wild sort of militia, specially summoned to do honour to the English Pasha.

For five long weary hours, under an African sun in August, we had to march in this way, and at a foot's pace, towards Tetuan.

In the meanwhile, by way of marked compliment to us, the Moorish soldiery amused themselves by firing off their clumsy matchlocks almost in our faces, amid the braying of the donkeys, the neighing of the horses, the shrill cry of the mules, and an occasional gentle scream of our fair companions. As the poor Moors' powder is none of the finest, every now and then you heard an exclamation more earnest than decorous from some indignant aide-de-camp, or heedless middie, as the skin—very tender and peeling from the burning sun—smarted under a sudden sting from the scattering grains of the matchlock's charge.

At last (voting all this parade a great bore) we reached the old gateway of the city, and were soon threading its narrow streets, and wending our way to the Pasha's palace.

I may say that Tetuan—with the exception of what is always curious to English eyes, in the Moorish architecture of its houses, and the novel customs of its strange people—presents little worth the attention or time of the traveller or antiquary. I regret to say, too, that Tetuan, which I often saw after this visit, is in a sad state of unenlightened barbarism; that is to say, its manners are "patriarchal," and its ideas "unreformed." It has no "market price for labour"—it knows nothing of "bullion laws"—its people generally get "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work"—and I never yet heard of a Tetuan "strike." It is evidently, therefore, in the rear-guard of civilization! But, to revert. All Tetuan was out on the house-tops to receive us—dusky men and veiled women in great numbers; and as we moved along, wondering and amused, they heralded our arrival with one universal shriek of welcome, shrill and long. We reached at last, quite tired out, the outer gateway of the palace, and were in truth right glad to dismount and stretch our stiffened limbs.

As soon as might be, arranged in diplomatic order, and ushered by many attendants, we wended our way through the trellised walks of a shady garden, and by many a sparkling fountain, which refreshed our sun-dimmed eyes with a pleasant prospect of coolness and repose, into the presence of the Pasha.

The Pasha received us seated in a large alcove of a well-proportioned hall, surrounded by his sons and attendants, the European dresses and the Moorish costume combining to make up a most striking "tableau vivant." The Pasha himself was a funny object to look at—a short roll of drapery, sitting cross-legged on a pile of velvet cushions and rich embroidered silks, playing with his ten toes. We called him "Hash, Hash"—not, I fancy, his real name, however. *Apropos* of this then grand potentate, I happened, years afterwards, to see in the *Times* that on his death, a short time

back, his eldest son had succeeded to his dignity and wealth; but that his son (whom I remember there well) had been arrested by the Emperor's command, evidently, poor fellow, to be "squeezed" (as they say there) by that most imperious of sovereigns. After all, sad as it is, such are daily the "ups and downs" of life, and such in truth is the stern "morale" of all life's gayest scenes.

After the usual official "palaver," and sundry gesticulations and assurances through the obsequious interpreter of our "entente cordiale," the Pasha requested us to be seated, and refresh ourselves with cakes and sherbet. After this, in a little space, the presents were produced, which seemed to delight the Pasha immensely, and caused what seemed to us an interminable quantity of civil speeches to be interchanged. At last, for a time, the "séance" was over, and we were shown into a long cool room to rest ourselves, while the greater authorities proceeded to discuss with the Pasha affairs of state. Outside the room was a tempting fountain, whose great basin of water seemed to invite us to partake.

I never shall forget a scene which followed here—indeed I can almost picture it to my fancy now. Heated and blistered with the sun, we rushed in a body to the grateful fountain, and bathed our sunburnt faces—having bared our necks and opened our shirts—in its refreshing and cooling streams, standing in a circle round its marble basin. The amusement of the obese Pasha and his grinning attendants was intense, to see "the infidels" so disporting themselves.

We spent the afternoon very enjoyably indeed, drinking sherbet, and plucking the grapes from the trellises over our heads, and, in recumbent idleness, making the horse-shoe cloisters ring again with our merry laughter. In due time came dinner; but here we were sadly disappointed; for, having looked for a thorough Moorish dinner, in its stead behold "old familiar friends," roast ducks and roast fowls,—nay, a piece of roast beef, etc., etc., with but one solitary dish of native cookery "pur et simple," which, in African patois, we called "koos koos," something like a mild curry. As accompanying beverages, we had aniseed, brandy, and plenty of Moorish wine, thin and sour. However *malgré* our disappointments, we enjoyed ourselves amazingly, and drank the Pasha's good health most manfully.

The dinner passed off—as most "state dinners" do; but, amid our attendants, we remarked one tall good-looking Jew, whose civilities we had experienced the whole day long; but also, we all observed at dinner, redoubled his attention most carefully, and watched our proceedings most attentively. Of him more anon.

Well; we had eaten, and drunken, and laughed, and smoked, and bullied the interpreter, and made our "salaams" to "Hash, Hash," when, as the shadows of evening were falling around us, with endless protestations of everlasting friendship, we wished our Moorish friends good-bye.

Again we mounted our steeds, and mules, and donkeys, and ponies, and hastened—our long train interspersed with torch-bearers—to the beach. We did not take quite so long in, returning as we did in coming, as you will easily suppose; and the ride in the cool night air was pleasant and refreshing. When, however, we reached the beach, an uproar perfectly terrific greeted our ears. Moors were shouting, sailors were swearing, oxen were lowing, sheep were bleating, and numberless other noises, all of which put together turned the calm and gentle night into a perfect Babel. And all this proceeded, we found upon inquiry, from a magnificent present made by the Tetuan Pasha to the Gibraltar Padisha of a couple of oxen, a dozen sheep, fowls by scores, eggs by thousands, and fruit and bread "ad infinitum."

Very pleasant all this, we thought, though rather a bore; however, there was no help for it; and so, at last, after a great deal of trouble, these noisy strangers were, like ourselves, safely embarked. Early the next morning we steamed into the Old Mole again, and not without pleasure found ourselves once more, safe and sound, under the protecting shadow of old Gib. We were all much pleased with our trip, short as it was; and we had got a faint notion of that strange country, and its stranger children. We had had a pleasant party, and a "merrye companye"; and what we had seen, and what we had done—many a trivial incident, and many a merry joke—furnished us with

plenty of agreeable "souvenirs," as our hearts then were light and our cares, thank God, were few.

Some weeks after our return, when our visit to Tetuan was well-nigh forgotten, the civil Jew whom I mentioned before appeared at Gibraltar, and unfolded his dire griefs and intolerable wrongs to one whose kind heart was always open to the injured or the sorrowing. And now his story came out. I am ashamed to say, when first most of us heard of it, we could not help laughing at the clever rascality of the old Pasha. We had thought him very magnificent, indeed; but it appeared now that all the grand dinner, and the grander present, came from the Jews, and not from "Hash, Hash!" He had been sent for, poor Solomon said, by the Pasha, the day before our arrival, to the palace, and when there the old Moor thus addressed him,—

"Friend Solomon—my good friend English great man from Gibraltar come to morrow; I want dinner for him—like Gibraltar dinner; you know, Solomon. You provide it."

Solomon hesitated—what Jew would not?—as nothing was said about payment.

"Well, friend Solomon, remember—if no dinner, bastinado!"

"And what could a poor Jew do, Excellenza?"

"On the morning of your arrival," continued Solomon, "Pasha send for my brother Judah. 'Friend Judah,' he says, 'I want present for my good friend English great man from Gibraltar: two oxen, twelve sheep, plenty of fowls, eggs, bread, and grapes. You must have them down at beach this evening, Judah.'"

As nothing was said about payment, Judah also naturally hesitated.

"Well, friend Judah, if no oxen, no sheep, no grapes, no bread, no fowls, no eggs —remember, bastinado!"

"Ah!" said poor Solomon, "but that is not all yet. I did supply dinner, and Judah did supply present; and when I went next day to take my plates and knives and forks, the Pasha said, 'I like them, friend Solomon; but if you choose to pay for them, well; if not, I keep them!' And what could a poor Jew do, Senor Gobernador?"

I rather suspect that our friend, Mr. Solomon, made out a good grievance for himself, and returned to Tetuan a richer man than he left it: probably ere long, however, to be squeezed again—poor fellow.

Some years afterwards I met the real and original "Judah." The poor Solomon had "slept with his fathers," and Judah still remembered with deep gratitude the kind interference of the kindest of men on a memorable occasion which I have described above.

I have often thought since of this Moorish Pasha. And though I saw, too, Africa afterwards more than once, this stay always put me in mind of all Africa's scenes, truly read: outward show—inward corruption; fairness without—falseness within. We hear people talking of enlightened Mohammedans! For my part, I believe in nothing of the kind. Some, indeed, have received the "veneer" of European civilization, or have been touched up with a little "French polish;" but at the most you have but superadded the vices of Europe to the desires of the savage—the sharpening of intellect to the grossest materialism.

My story is done. I have lingered too long already, I fear; but if I have afforded amusement to any of my readers, I am indeed content, and shall hope to encounter them again—somewhere or other, at home or abroad—in the "pleasant pages" of Brother Kenning's Magazine.

PATIENCE.

(Translated from the German for the Masonic Magazine.)

A TRANQUIL angel wanders
Through this nether world to-day—
To soothe the weary wants of earth
God has sent him on his way:
A gentle grace is with him,
And in his look is peace,—
Oh, follow that angel of Patience
Until thy life shall cease!

He leads thee ever truly
Through earth's afflictions here,
And ever speaketh cheerily
Of a day-dawn to appear;
When thou art ready to despair,
His courage is good to see:
He helps thee now to bear thy cross,
And makes all good for thee!

He changes to gentle sorrow
The bitterest soul-smart,
And steeps in still submission
The poor storm-tossèd heart;
He makes the darkest hours
Bright again by degrees as noon;
He healeth every open wound,
If not at once—yet soon.

He does not despise thy sorrows
When he would thee console;
He does not blame thy longings,
Though he keeps them in control
And when in times of soul-storm
Thou murmuring asketh, why?
Mildly laughing, but all silent,
He pointeth upward to the sky.

For every question always
He has not an answer here;
His device it is "Endurance,
The State of Rest is near;"
So walks he ever by thy side,
Perchance his words are rare,
Yet he keeps pointing forwards
To the Goal both great and fair.

W

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON THE TURKISH BATH.

SCENE—*Opposite the Turkish Bath, West Street, Brighton.*

HAM.—To bathe, or not to bathe,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer
The aches and pangs of disordered nature,
Or to take baths against a sea of troubles,
And by so doing end them? To strip—to sweat:
No more; and by a roast, to say we end
The headache and a thousand natural ills
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To strip—to sweat:—
To sweat! and be shampooed;—aye, there's the rub;
For in that heat such evils may remove
We need not shuffle off this mortal coil,
But save our lives. 'Tis this experience
That makes so many take the Turkish bath;
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The consumptive's cough, the fat man's obesity,
The pangs of dyspepsia or Bright's disease,
The torturings of asthma, or the woes
That alcohol upon the inebriate brings,
When he himself might his deliverance take
With a bare body? Who would rheumatism bear,
And grunt and groan under a weary life?
But that an ignorance of Turkish baths,
Those re-discovered pleasures, unto which
Wise travellers return, doth still prevail,
And makes us tamely bear those ills we have,
Heedless of remedies that we know not of.
Thus ignorance oft makes wretches of us all;
And thus the native hue of health and vigour
Is sicklied o'er with the pallor of disease.

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," etc., etc.

I REMEMBER, perhaps a quarter of a century ago, the proprietor of some interesting public gardens in Liverpool (Mr. John Atkins, I believe, was the name) favouring me with a private view and explanation of his method of hatching eggs by artificial heat. I had gone over to make some preliminary arrangements for one of those cheap trips for the toilers in our hives of industry, and admittance for "the cheap trippers" to the gardens at reduced fares was one of the advantages we offered in our posters. There was a good model of Shakspere's house, but the cotton-spinners said that they had seen scores of "post and panel houses" at home; there was a centrifugal railway, which pleased them better; but the hatching of live chickens from eggs, without either hen or duck to sit on them, seemed to the majority the greatest curiosity about the place. They had never read of the ancient Egyptians doing the same thing, though perhaps not with the complete apparatus which modern ingenuity had discovered. The *Appleby and Kirkby Stephen Herald*, of October 19th, 1878, however, gives an account of a cat hatching eggs, as follows:—

"At a farm-house not far from Newton Stewart, a rather uncommon circumstance took place recently. A hen's nest had been made in an out-of-the-way place, in which eggs to the number of seventeen had been laid. The cat took possession of the nest, covered the eggs with straw, and there brought forth kittens. Puss and the kittens remained in the nest for a considerable time, and the result was that fifteen out of the seventeen eggs sent out birds. The cat was seen lying with its brood, but no one ever saw a hen near the nest, or knew the eggs were there until the birds came out."

Under the title of *The Derbyshire Gatherer*, Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., whose pen is never idle, has in the press a collection of Archæological, Historical, and Biographical Facts, Folklore, etc., gleaned from all manner of—*sources*, I had nearly written, and thus committed a bull: for one is so used to that word now as a matter-of-fact expression, that we are apt to forget that it is a figure of speech at all; and that a source is literally the spring or fountain from which a stream begins.

It is one of the peculiarities of my nature, to have an intense love for paying pilgrimages to the graves of the gifted and the good; to make my "meditations among the tombs," on the frailty of human life, where the bodies which once enshrined the noblest souls are now mixed with the dust from which they sprung: and though it is always a solemn thing to hear the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," pronounced over the corpse of one who, when animated with life, was but "of the earth, earthy," there is to me something more solemn still, to stand by the last resting place of some gifted brother of the human race, and think that he is now but a portion of the ground on which I tread. One day it may be in a gorgeous cathedral, beneath those fine old Gothic arches which our ancient operative brethren so loved to raise, that always seem to me as if placidly holding their stony hands aloft in prayer to the Great Architect of the Universe, for whose worship they were erected. Another time it may be in one of those fine old parish churches which everywhere adorn our land. And sometimes in a quiet rustic churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," under the grassy hillocks, where the children pause in their innocent play, because they know that they are graves. It was in such a mood as this that I lately sallied forth, bent on finding, if I could, the pauper grave of poor Chatterton, whom the ever truthful Wordsworth so well describes in a single line, as,—

"The marvellous boy, who perish'd in his pride!"

Those who have carefully studied the life and writings of that Bristol genius—certainly the most gifted youth of whom I know—will agree with me, that a more pithy line was never penned. Malone went so far as to term him "the greatest genius that England had produced since the days of Shakspere,"—which, seeing that a Milton had intervened, was saying *too* much! "A prodigy of genius," as Warton termed him, he certainly was; "a singular instance of premature abilities." And we may easily add with the historian of English poetry: "He possessed a comprehension of mind and an activity of understanding which predominated over his situation in life, and his opportunities of instruction." And well did Scott of Amwell sing:—

"Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O, why your kind relief delay'd?
O, why not snatch his desperate hand—
His foot on Fate's dread brink not stay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakspere or new Milton paid!"

And Poet-laureat Pye stands higher in my estimation for his four lines in *The Progress of Refinement*:—

"Yet as, with streaming eye, the sorrowing Muse
Pale Chatterton's untimely urn bedews,
Her accents shall arraign the partial care
That shielded not her son from cold despair."

And Robert Southey—no unqualified judge—has pronounced him "the most extraordinary young man that ever appeared in this country." And if my readers have Coleridge's poems at hand, I beg of them, as a favour, to read his beautiful "Monody on the Death of Chatterton." Knowing that the poor poet's body was hastily thrust into a parish shell, and buried in the pauper burial-ground attached to what had once been the metropolitan palace of the Bishops of Bangor, but was then a workhouse, in Shoe Lane, I more than suspected that no stone would mark the place where, as Mrs. Cowley has it, he "with the vulgar dead unnoticed lies!" But still I thought—though I learnt the quondam palace-workhouse had long been pulled down, and Acts of Parliament were now printed on the spot—some portion of the burial-ground might yet remain kept sacred from the purposes of trade,—a breathing-place in the over-grown and ever over-growing city. On making proper search, however, I found myself like the man who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it! I had been at the great wholesale emporium for watercresses, and seen fine carrots and other useful vegetables, nutritious to the bodies and purifying to the blood of the living, exposed for sale in Farringdon Market, but never once suspected that many a human skeleton lay below its flags, and that poor Chatterton's unheeded grave was either there or under the adjoining buildings! Such being the now unalterable fact, let me suggest that a goodly stone column, surmounted by a bronze statue of the unfortunate bard, should be erected in the centre of the market—which much needs some such ornamentation—which a small subscription from all who have derived pleasure from his writings, marvelled at his genius, and sorrowed for his unhappy fate, would easily accomplish.

Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, writing to the *Northern Echo* from Armidia, in our newly-acquired island of Cyprus, thus describes his present residence:—

"My home, hospital, asylum is a fair example of the higher class of house in Cyprus; the genuine native house untouched by influences from a foreign source. It is not a konak; not an official residence of any sort; but such a private house as the better sort of Greek might build, and the richer class of Turk might live in. It is neither new nor old, as houses might be called in England, where we build of brick and stone. I set it down at forty or fifty years; but this is old for Cyprus, where nearly all the dwellings are built of frail and perishable stuff. All villages here are built of mud; mud mixed with straw, dried in the sun, and cut into large square cakes; a cross between the hovels built of sun-dried bricks on the Nile, and the adobe cabins raised on the Colorado and the Sacramento. Towns in Cyprus are partly built with stone; the konak and the magazines are always built of stone; but even these pretentious edifices last but a little while; the native red sandstone and white limestone being almost equally friable when they are exposed to this semi-tropical sun. Nothing in the way of edifice endures as churches and castles endure in England, Italy, and France. Cyprus had once a hundred temples of the gods; temples of Aphrodite, temples of Jupiter, temples of Isis, temples of Apollo.

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They stood on the sea-shores, on the great plains, and on the mountain tops; but time, and heat, and rain have wasted them into dust. No vestige of these temples now remains. Constructed by Tyrian and by Greek, brothers of the men who built the tower of David, and the temple of Athenæ, they are not the less all gone. The masons of Cyprus had to build in limestone, not in granite, not in marble. At the present hour no Phœnician, no Egyptian, no Greek edifice stands above the ground, even in a state of ruin—all are dust. The only ruins that exist are graves; and these are dust outside, whatever treasures of gold work, terra cotta, bronze, or bone, they may conceal within their silent caves. Unlike Palestine, Cyprus has levelled the Crusaders' lines and works. Even the later efforts of the Lusignian princes and Venetian governors are in ruins; bigger and nobler, yet but little more enduring, than the Turkish konak in the town is the Turkish blockhouse on the coast. It is not surprising, therefore, that my asylum, though the oldest dwelling in the neighbourhood, dates no further back than forty or fifty years. Garden, water-wheel, and house are evidently of the same age; and from the size of the great apricot tree, in the pleasant shade of which I write these words, I have no hesitation in setting down the date."

From the foregoing extract it will be seen that it will be in vain to search for any noble relics of the handiwork of our ancient operative brethren in Cyprus, so far at least as the once magnificent temples erected by them are concerned. However politicians may disagree about the value of the island as a British possession in the Mediterranean,—a subject I cannot discuss in the *Masonic Magazine*, where everything having the least appearance of party or of sectarianism would be quite out of place,—the island is evidently not the miserable desert which some of our writers and public speakers, through ignorance or prejudice, have represented it to be. Rest assured that the ancient Greeks would never blunder so much as to specially assign a wilderness to the goddess of love and beauty! How many a poor "Britisher," who dare scarcely pluck a blackberry from the hedgerow of a farmer, nor even a crab from a tree overhanging the queen's highway, would be glad "of apricots" to "have their fill!" and "on every side" to have only to put their hands out, and "draw in" what they want, according to their taste; "green grapes, dark coloured figs, pomegranates"—of which the majority of us English Freemasons know little more than that from the exuberance of their seed they have been wisely chosen as the emblems of plenty—"ripe and ripening limes—so welcome to the parched and fevered lips," and the delightful oranges in their season,—the only thing almost of which poor invalids in this country seem never to be disgusted with, however diseased their digestive apparatus may have become. Really Mr. Hepworth Dixon almost makes one's mouth water in hopes that Mr. Cook may soon favour us with cheap trips to Cyprus, where proper drainage and cultivation will soon free us from all fear of fever:—

"Beyond the courtyard drones the waterwheel, which keeps the adjoining gardens green and fruitful. Of the primitive Persian type, worked by a mule, which walks his endless circle from dawn of day till after sunset, this wheel resembles the machines by which the ancient patriarchs raised and scattered their supplies of water. Wells are semi-sacred in the East; and the diggers of deep wells, even though their names may be forgotten, are remembered in the daily prayers of those who drink and live. The fluid from this wheel is carried along the adjacent garden by a system of canals, as simple, roundabout, and shallow as the ducts by which an Arab peasant entices the Nile into his cotton field and melon yard. The water trickles from tree to tree; round every bole a cup is hollowed out, forming a tiny basin, so that every root is fed with moisture. Five or six acres of ground are covered with vines, olives, pomegranates, figs, karobs, apricots, grapes, peaches, limes, and oranges. The jewel of the garden, an enormous apricot tree, stands in the centre, spreading its branches like an English oak, and offering welcome shade to any number of sun-burnt pilgrims. When the fruit is ripe, this tree is said to be at once a blessing and nuisance. People who are fond of apricots have their fill; but over-ripe apricots dropping in blobs and splashes on your face as you recline in the shade may be a little overmuch for the greatest epicures in the fruit. The canopy of boughs is more like that of a secluded nook in an English wood than anything you might expect to find in a country too dry and hot for grass. Cactus and oleander peep at you through every opening in the leaves; on every side you put your hand out and draw in what you want, according to your taste; green grapes, dark coloured figs, pomegranates, ripe and ripening limes—so welcome to the parched and fevered lips. The time of oranges has not come, but they are hereabouts, with promise to be ready when their season comes. This cool and verdant paradise is peopled by no obnoxious creatures, though at times some vermin from the outer world, some snake or fox, contrives to break the covert, and to carry off an innocent chick. The creatures proper to the garden are innumerable larks, which break into their song and twitter at the break of day, hush themselves in their nests almost as soon as men are up and at their toil, to wake again as day is going down, and fill the evening air with resonance and song. Bees swarm about the garden, laying up their store of honey for a winter not too long. In a land which gives no milk, and therefore knows no butter, honey is an object of man's greatest care; but bees, like Negroes, Bedouins, and other thriftless

beings, lay up no excess of food. At best they have none to spare, and in this garden their greatest enemies are the hornets, who lie in wait for the returning bees, attack them, rifle them, and not unfrequently kill them. The marauders are entrapped by very simple means. A bottle, half filled with water, is sufficient to entice them to their death."

That a halfpenny daily newspaper should be able to arrange for the first publication of really valuable contributions to our literature, like those letters of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's, is one of the promising signs of the times, and speaks well alike for the spirited proprietors and for their subscribers in the north of England, where the paper has an immense circulation, under the able management of our Brother, John Hyslop Bell. It would be interesting to know how many of our brethren have been, and now are, connected with the press, that great enlightener of mankind; and every true Mason ardently wishes for more light, both for himself and for others.

There is always something interesting to me in looking over the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, preserved in our parish churches; and I have wished for many years to see the whole of such as are still legible printed and published separately, with explanatory notes where necessary to throw light upon history. Occasionally one comes upon singular entries. The November number of Dr. Marshall's *Genealogist* gives the following from the Registers of Easham, in Worcestershire:—

"1741. Bur. Tho. Lewis of Orleton An ingenious honest Man thought to be destroy'd by Egerton Boswell of Cleobury A Silley ignorant pretending Quack (Mr Lewis not being well) gave him so large a dose of opium, y^t^ he Never waken'd; but see ye justice of Providence, Boswell to Vindicate his Own Reputation, (being told he had kill'd so good A man & thereby Ruined his ffamiley leaving behind him a wife and many Children Much in Debt) Said he c^d^ safely take ye same Quantity wch he did wch had such an effect upon him y^t^ he im'ediately lost ye use of one Side, lay lingering and Senseless 3 or 4 Days and then Dyed Unpittyed.

"October 29th 1741. Bur. Elizabeth *Lewis Sister to ye Above Tho. Lewis Spinster She was Ever* Esteem'd a very Verteous Modest woman tho' thro' some Disorder in her Head Cut her own throat almost from Ear to Ear about 3 years before She Died Her wind pipe was 3 parts Cutt through her throat puding (*sic*) More y^n^ halfe way her whole Breath and Voice came thro' ye wound. She was y^n^ ye most fearful and Gastly Object I ever Saw Yett please God (by ye Assistance of Dr Seager of Tenbury) She soon got well of y^t^ terrible wound, perfectly recovered her senses, and became a sincere penitent (I do believe) before she dyed."

And in the early part of the present century we have:—

"1808. Married. Thomas Elton Miller Esqr of Bockleton in this County and Elizabeth Whitehead June 4th. The only & much beloved Daughter of the Rector of this Parish. She was a happy Bride little more than one month, dying at Exmouth in Devon, July 12th."

Hamand, and other Poems, is the title of a little volume by E. S. Littleton, of Tunbridge Wells, a young poet of considerable promise. The principal poem—a dramatic one, though intended for reading only—opens with Hamand walking slowly along the sea-shore, beneath the cliffs. It was a fine conception of Charles Dickens to make a child wondering at "what are the wild waves saying?" Mr. Littleton's translation of their never-ceasing song has music as well as fancy.

"Onward we roll, onward we roll,
With a laugh for our song, and a hiss for our dole;
With a surge and a bound, and a roaring around,
We roll as for ages before.
From the far distant west we are speeding our course,
And on our bosoms are bearing the breeze,
And the soft balmy air, of the still western seas:
We have hither been driven by the deep ocean's force,
To be shatter'd and spent on the shore.
We rejoice 'neath the light of the moonbeams above,
'Neath the shadows of yon frowning cliffs;
'Tis to leap in the moonlight and shadows we love,
'Midst the jolly-faced fishermen's skiffs.
* * * * *
We are singing a song we have sung to the dead,
And roll'd o'er them a funeral dirge;
O'er the souls of brave men we deep terror have spread,
And have sadden'd with moans in our surge."

Hamand himself is, from first to last, a mere moody madman; and, if the loving and lovable Esmeldine could not win him from his dreadful despair, he ought to have been sent to a well-conducted lunatic asylum, and never have been suffered to go abroad without a strong keeper to attend him. To chronicle his melancholy moanings seems to me scarcely worthy of Mr. Littleton's blank verse. When he flings himself from the cliff, and so ends his miserable existence, one feels it somewhat of a relief to be rid of him, and is (very wickedly, no doubt) tempted to wish that some other *Hamands* had followed his example. With the lovely Esmeldine it is widely different, and she certainly merited a better fate than to destroy herself for so worthless a fellow. That Mr. Littleton has healthy sentiments only needing fair play within him, the following lines, from his *Cerus and the Goddess of Poesy*, will show:—

> "Sweet Poesy! the muses' power—thou hast
> A blessing of thine own, which thou bestow'st
> Upon but few, the sons of Genius, whom
> The muses have inspired, whose lofty souls,
> Fill'd with thy pow'r, ascend the skies of bliss."

I do not write thus in the least to discourage our young author from pursuing poesy—far from me be such a wish—but to urge him by all means to curb his fancy from dwelling too much on unhealthy subjects, and to use his God-given genius for the enlightenment and elevation of the human race. I will look with interest for his second poetical volume.

Rose Cottage Stokesley.

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you have gone and done it,
  Yes, I know—most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
  Though you see I am single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
  Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
  At a *soiree?* So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
  With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
  In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
  Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
  You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
  Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
  As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
  When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
  That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected—
You rejected? So was I!

A REVERIE.

On distant hills a gallant host is standing
Armed to the teeth in goodliest array,
Noble in presence, and in port commanding,
Like those we often see on festal day;
May all of good be with them! Let us pray,
We who in far-off England watching now,
That God may shield them in the deadly fray,
And give bright laurels to each soldier-brow.
May the "Old Lion" hold its onward way
'Mid treacherous Afghan, and 'mid subtle foe:
And if the cannon-throats like war-dogs bay,
And angry hosts in the dark dust lie low,
Where England's gallant soldiers onward press,
Ready for "Queen and country," aye, to die,
May a good angel be near to aid and bless,
And lead them on to honoured victory.

Idle the chant of Peace! Where treachery dares
To sap the mighty Empire of the Seas,
For covert sneers or childish taunts who cares?
We cannot listen to the craven's pleas.
Old England's up and doing! Down she'll cast,
In her roused might, into the veriest dust,
The foe who dares, forgiven in the past,
To brave her kindly patience, ever just,
Forbearing and enduring. But when her sword she draws,
She draws in earnest. Woe to him who has to meet
That sword so heavy, only drawn in a good cause,
So keen, so avenging, and so fleet.

A.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 68.—Vol. VI. FEBRUARY, 1879. Price 6d.

Monthly Summary.

WE have little to report except that all is flourishing with English Masonry. We have to deplore the loss of three very worthy Masons, Bros. Head, Boyd, and Commander Scott.

Bro. Head was well known to the Craft as an active friend of the Masonic character, whose kindness and whose zeal was proverbial among the London Brethren; while Bro. Boyd perhaps may be estimated as the "Facile Princeps" of all English Royal Arch Working. He was ever ready to communicate his "light," which was great, to those who sought for instruction and information, and he was most emphatically a "Bright Mason." Commander Scott, not perhaps much known, was a zealous Masonic Student, one of that little band who appreciate Masonic Literature, and welcome Masonic research. We wish we had more like him. We have yet, we fear, to learn a good deal and advance much as regards the bulk of our order, before we realize that there is something more artistic than a "Menu," something more intellectual than the "Knife and Fork Degree." It is sad to think even to-day, what an up-hill struggle in this, as in all Masonic jurisdictions, the kind provider of good Masonic Literature has to go through and overcome.

Too many, alas, weary with the struggle, "give up" and "give way," and one by one our "literary combatants" leave us for more congenial pursuits, more paying avocations. We can only hope that in Masonic Literature the French adage is still good, "Il sait gagner, qui sait attendre"—"He knows how to win, who knows how to wait." "So mote it be."

THE SCOTTISH CRADLE OF FREEMASONRY.*

WE are pleased to reprint the following able review of a very interesting book from the *North British Daily Mail*:—

On the richly storied seaboard of Ayrshire, from the stately birthplace of the Bruce on the rocky Carrick coast to the pleasant bay at the Northern extremity of Cunninghame, where the aggressive power of the Norwegian invader was finally broken, there is no spot more attractive to the archæological student than that which is dominated by the massive tower of the Abbey of Kilwinning. To the lover of the picturesque the place is not without its charms, for it overlooks the sylvan glades of Eglinton, there is an old-world air about the town that nestles round the Abbey, and the view seaward includes a most magnificent sweep of land and water, terminating in that peak-crowned island whose sublime beauties make it the gem of the Clyde. Even the modern associations of Kilwinning are in happy keeping with the dignity of its external aspect. No one who is familiar with the region can turn to the spot without having the image recalled to his mental view of that chivalrous nobleman who in the central years of our century so worthily sustained the brightest traditions of the ancient house of Montgomerie, and, in spite of his sentimental adherence to a worn-out political creed, did more than all the other local members of the hereditary aristocracy put together to sweeten the breath of society by his broad human sympathies and his fraternal regard for the poor. Who that was alive forty years ago can forget the Tournament, the young Earl's expensive and mistaken attempt to restore the most picturesque pastime of days that were dead and could never be recalled—a revival of which the envious clouds conspired to make a failure, but which was still a splendid failure after all? Who that was wont to attend the shooting at the Papingo some thirty years since does not remember the spectacle of the genial Earl, when he had won the prize and been proclaimed the Captain-General, gallantly going through the customary dance at the Cross with auld Tibbie Glen? The literary and theological associations of Kilwinning are by no means such as anyone dare despise. Robert Baillie, a true master-spirit in an age of great men, the writer of those famous Letters which form one of the most graphic contemporary records of the mighty Constitutional struggle of the seventeenth century, was parish minister of Kilwinning; and in the same pulpit which the Principal of Glasgow adorned, old Ferguson preached those discourses which have still so much vitality left in them that a skilful prophet of our own day, Dr. John Cumming, has extracted from them (forgetting to mention the fact) many of his brightest gems. These are claims to distinction which by themselves would entitle Kilwinning to hold up its head with any parish in the land; but they are far from exhausting its features of historic interest. For it can boast, with perfect justice, we believe, that it was the birthplace of Freemasonry in Scotland; and when another decade has passed the Archers of Kilwinning will be able to say that four hundred years have come and gone since their ancient society was instituted, and the custom began of shooting at the Papingo, which Sir Walter has described with so much spirit in "Old Mortality," and which continues to be practised down to the present day—the most venerable celebration of the sort that holds its ground in this kingdom of Scotland, or, for that matter, in Great Britain, so far as we have ever heard. Nor is this all. The Druids' Grove, situated in a sequestered nook a mile north from the Abbey, its three-hilled altar now crowned with trees, carries the mind back to pre-historic times, when the solemn

* History of the Mother Lodge, Kilwinning, from the Earliest Period till the Present Time, with Notes on The Abbey. By Robert Wylie, Secretary of the Mother Lodge, Kilwinning, and P.G.S. for Ayrshire. Glasgow: John Tweed.

recesses of the "forest primeval" were lighted by the beal-fire, and witnessed the bloody rites of antique superstition. There is every reason to believe that the Abbey of Kilwinning is one of the few religious houses which can trace a distinct connection with the early hagiology of Scotland. A cœnobium or monastery existed there at least as early as the opening years of the seventh century; and this was in all probability one of those religious centres which owed their existence to the evangelistic labours of the Culdees, for St. Winning, who gave his name to the spot, is believed to have been one of that noble band of primitive Christian missionaries who carried the Gospel message in its single integrity to the people of Scotland centuries before Augustine landed from Rome on the shores of Kent. St. Winning had received his training for the ministry from Columba in the school of the prophets which that great teacher founded in the island of Iona. "Is it too fanciful to suppose," asks the author of the book which has suggested these remarks, "that the religious fervour of the South-western Lowlands, which found ever-memorable expression in the revolt against Prelacy in the seventeenth century, may have been at first kindled by St. Winning and others such as he, who were animated by a spirit of Christian self-sacrifice? Is it too fanciful to suppose that to this remote, yet full-welling fountain-head of change, the piety of so many succeeding generations may be traceable? As a fact these proto-missionaries came to the West—to that isle of the Hebrides where the Church of Iona was founded—later to various points along the Western coasts; and, also, as a matter of fact, the men of the West have been historically distinguished for the ardour of their religious prepossessions." This thought, which we accept as much more than a mere fancy, is indeed one which, as Mr. Wylie justly adds, makes the name of Winning smell "sweet as buds in spring, though his body has lain in the dust for more than a thousand years."

On the site of St. Winning's Kirk (for the word "cell," as it is now understood, conveys an utterly erroneous impression), the Norman Sir Hugh de Morville, High Constable of Scotland, built the Abbey in the year 1140. According to Timothy Pont, it was a "faire and staitely" structure, "after ye modell of yat of Glasgow, with a fair steiple of seven score foote of height yet standing quhen I myselve did see it"—which was towards the close of the sixteenth century. The monastery was one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments in Scotland, enjoying revenues equal to £20,000 sterling; but at the Reformation short work was made both with the edifice and the princely income of the priests, only a remnant of the former being left to indicate its original splendour, and the latter being distributed amongst the local aristocracy.

The presumption is, of course, that Kilwinning became the cradle of Scottish Freemasonry in connection with the building of the Abbey, the "Mystery" being introduced by an architect or master-mason from the Continent. Unfortunately the Cartulary of the Abbey has been lost. But the masons' marks on the broken walls and mouldering ashes of the Abbey—lithographed copies of which Mr. Wylie has reproduced from the minute books of Mother Kilwinning—are varied and numerous, some very beautiful in design; and they form a chapter of special interest to the craftsmen. A contract in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Scotland proves that the Lodge of Scoon and Bertha, now Scoon and Perth, proceeded from the Lodge of Kilwinning about 1193. The documentary evidence, however, is exceedingly scanty; and it need hardly excite surprise to find that the obscurity in which the birth of the Mother Lodge is shrouded has led to many controversies, most of them conducted with quite unnecessary heat, and some of them never likely to be permanently settled. As much as is possible in the way of solving the questions in dispute seems to have been accomplished in the volume before us. Mr. Wylie entered upon his task with the modest design of furnishing his brethren with a small brochure on the Mother Lodge and a few notes on the Abbey; but the work grew on his hands, and the result now lies on our table in the shape of a handsome and richly illustrated book of nearly 400 pages, into which he has gathered all the materials available for forming a judgment on the various points in dispute. His regard for the Mother Lodge, previously evinced by many years of devoted service in the promotion of her interests, is too

sincere for him to wish to assert for her any title whatever to which he does not honestly believe that she has a valid claim; and he advances no conclusion without a frank and candid statement of the grounds on which it is based, the contrary assertions of other writers being fully cited and fairly met. We shall be considerably surprised if the event does not prove that he has administered, by his patient, critical investigation, a deathblow to the design, explicitly avowed of late in high places, to affiliate the Kilwinning Lodge to the leading Lodge of the Scottish capital—to depose the Provincial Guild from the high position of mother to the subordinate place of daughter. The incisive nature of the criticism which Mr. Wylie brings to bear on this proposal may be indicated by a reference to his remarks on the obscurity of the birth of the Mother Lodge. "That very obscurity," he reminds his opponents, "is itself a proof of her exceeding age. If she had begun to exist in 1642, the date of her oldest minute-book now in the Charter chest, or in 1599, the date of the Schaw Statute, she would have had no legendary fame. The fact that Holyrood Abbey was build in 1128 by masons whom King David brought from Strasbourg will not of itself suffice to nullify the all but universal belief in the primogeniture of Scotch masonry at Kilwinning. If the building of a Scottish abbey, and the formation of a Scottish lodge, must have been contemporary events, then to the first ecclesiastical edifice built in Scotland must belong the honour of the institution of masonry, as a trade fraternity, in our country. But I am not aware that this has been contended for in so many words. No doubt it is presumed that the balance of probability is in favour of the earlier building; but even if this rule of probabilities were a better guide in the past than in the present—for, in these days we know that it is the unexpected which happens—is it likely that tradition would pass by the Metropolitan Abbey, set as it was on an unrivalled eminence in view of the nation, and shown in the searching light which beat upon Holyrood, and fix upon Kilwinning as being the birthplace of Scottish Freemasonry?" This is admirably put; and it is a question which the advocates of the opposing view will find some difficulty in answering. Clearly the tradition that has for so many hundreds of years assigned the priority to the Kilwinning Lodge is not a thing to be sneered away as of no practical account. In certain quarters it has been alleged that the Mother Lodge sold her rights; but Mr. Wylie demonstrates, by citation of the agreement, that the sole object of the union between the Mother Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Scotland was the concord of the Masonic Fraternity, and the obvious desirability of having only one Grand Lodge in Scotland. The historian of the Lodge of Edinburgh dismisses, in a very contemptuous fashion, the statement that the head masonic courts of the St Clairs were held in what he is pleased to call "the isolated village of Kilwinning." But Mr. Wylie quietly invites his attention to the fact, of which he seems to have been ignorant, that the Roslin family had at one time the most intimate connection with Kilwinning and its Abbey, for in 1541 Henry Sinclair became Abbot, or perpetual Commendator of Kilwinning. At a still earlier date—viz., in 1491—we find the King expending a large sum on an entertainment given by his Majesty when holding high festival at what the Edinburgh partisan designates "the isolated village."

Enough has been said to indicate the nature and value of Mr. Wylie's historical argument, which is conducted throughout in a temperate, candid, and altogether becoming spirit. The materials have been most admirably arranged, and the style is simple and lucid. The descriptive portions of the work are exceedingly graphic, and at times, as in the presentation of the legend of St. Winning, the author rises to a strain of genuine eloquence. The account of the Order Heredum de Kilwinning, established by King Robert the Bruce, and which enjoys the highest celebrity in France, is the fullest we have seen. The old Schaw Statutes, discovered in the charter-room at Eglinton Castle, are printed in full; and the other features of the book embrace a very complete illustrated account of the St. Clairs and of the chapel and castle of Roslin, extracts from the old minute-book of the Mother Lodge, Sir Alex. Boswell's song in her honour, most interesting tributes to the memory of such departed worthies as W. Cochran-Patrick and Hugh Conn, poetical pieces by the late James Manson (a Whistle-Binkieite) and Archibald M'Kay,

the historian of Kilmarnock, and an article on Burns and Freemasonry. From these samples it will be perceived that Mr. Wylie's historical essay is exceedingly diversified in its contents, and that he has overlooked few, if any, of the topics that properly came within the scope of his work. It remains to be added that upwards of two hundred pages are devoted to condensed reports of all the occasions on which the office-bearers of the Mother Lodge have officiated at the laying of foundation-stones from the time of the Burns Monument on the Banks of Doon (1820) down to the Kilmarnock Monument to the Ploughman-Poet (1878). Theser eports are leaves of local history of the utmost interest, and of great permanent utility. They tell us much concerning piers, harbours, bridges, hospitals, town halls, schools, and churches; and they rescue from the oblivion of newspaper columns some of the wisest, wittiest, and most eloquent orations that were ever uttered in this western region of Scotland by some of its noblest sons. It was a happy thought to embody these speeches in a book, and their presence will make this volume one which no future historian of our westland shires can safely overlook. Meanwhile, it is sure to find a large circle of delighted readers; and these will not only unite in thanking the author for the manner in which he has performed his labour of love, but also in paying a tribute to the publisher for the excellent get-up of the volume, and especially for the lavish supply of illustrations which, unlike so many contemporary engravings, are really worthy of the name.

BRO. HUGHAN'S NEW WORK.

AS we know many will be interested in the above, we have procured a few particulars as to the new work by Bro. Hughan—viz., "A Numerical and Numismatical Register of the United Grand Lodge of England."

The Introduction will refer to early Freemasonry, the whole of the allusions to the craft in the "Natural History of Staffordshire," by Dr. Plot, of A.D. 1686, being given *verbatim et literatim*. The "Articles of Union," of A.D. 1813, have also been carefully reprinted from an original copy by Bro. Harper. Then follows an account of many curious points in the histories of old Lodges as to numeration, etc., and many particulars are afforded as to the "modern" and "ancient" Lodges, before and after the "union." The "Arms of the Freemasons" receive careful attention from Bro. Hughan, those adopted by the Grand Lodges before December, 1813, and by the United Grand Lodge being fully considered, and indeed more so than ever before, the Arms of the "United Grand Lodge," in appropriate colours, forming a unique and special feature of the work, in fact is placed as the frontispiece to the volume; which, as we have said before, is to be dedicated to the R. W. Bro. Sir Albert W. Woods, Garter (P.G.W.), the G. D. of Ceremonies. The subject of Masonic Numismatics is not neglected, for several pages are devoted to that purpose, and in which the Masonic tokens and medals of this and the last century are enumerated, from those soon after the institution of the Grand Lodge down to the Royal Installation Medal struck by Bro. Kenning quite recently.

Sketches are also presented of the special Medals and Jewels belonging to the following Lodges:—

ROYAL MEDALS.

Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, London.
Prince of Wales's Lodge, No. 259, London.

COMMEMORATIVE AND SPECIAL MEDALS, ETC.

Grand Stewards' Lodge, London.
1. Grand Master's Lodge, London.
4. Royal Somerset House Lodge, London.
9. Albion Lodge, London.
10. Westminster and Keystone Lodge, London.
16. Royal Alpha Lodge, London.
29. Lodge of St. Alban, London.
41. Royal Cumberland Lodge, Bath.
67. Star in the East, Calcutta.
76. Lodge of Economy, Winchester.
534. Polish National Lodge, London.
And others.

JUBILEE MEDALS.

356. Harmonic Lodge, Island of St. Thomas.
390. Australian Lodge, Sydney, N.S.W.

SPECIAL CENTENARY JEWELS.

7. Royal York Lodge of Perseverance, London.
23. The Globe Lodge, London.
22. The Neptune Lodge, London.
39. St. John the Baptist Lodge, Exeter.
43. St. Paul's Lodge, Birmingham.
70. St. John's Lodge, Plymouth.
82. Foundation Lodge, No. 82, Cheltenham.
105. Fortitude Lodge, Plymouth.
111. Restoration Lodge, Darlington.
112. St. George's Lodge, Exeter.
137. Lodge of Amity, Poole.
139. Britannia Lodge, Sheffield.

Also a Roll of all the ordinary Centenary Lodges, and particulars of the Freemasons' Hall Medal of 1780, the Inauguration, Royal Installation, and Charity Medals, etc. The whole of the Lodges that formed the United Grand Lodge in December, 1813, will be arranged in numerical order, with all the changes effected in 1832 and 1863, and the numbers by which they were distinguished immediately before the "union." Also a list of extinct Lodges. The plates of medals will be as follows:—*Plate* 1.—Obverse and Reverse of the Antiquity "Royal Medal." *Plate* 2.—Grand Master's Lodge, No. 1. Royal York Lodge, No. 7. Obverse and Reverse of Royal Somerset House Lodge, No. 4. *Plate* 3.—The Royal Medal of the Prince of Wales's Lodge, No. 259. *Plate* 4.—Centenary Medal. Westminster and Keystone Lodge, No. 10. Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16. Star in the East Lodge, No. 67. *Plate* 7.—Inauguration Medal. Royal Installation Medal. Freemasons' Hall Medal and Charity Medal. Subscriptions should be sent at once to *Bro. W. J. Hughan, Truro*; 10*s.* 6*d.* per copy, post free,

In Memoriam.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALICE MAUD MARY, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE DARMSTADT.

Obit Dec. 14th, 1878, *Ætat* 35 *Years.*

Oh, let the universe of love now weep,
And mourn a Princess dear to every one;
Her name, and fame, in mem'ry's mine we'll keep,
With reverential care 'till life be done!

To praise the good is poor respect to pay,
Where goodness dwells it blesseth and is blest;
A passing tribute let us give to-day,
And shed a tear o'er ALICE, now at rest.

The loss is sad, and must be keenly felt,
The clasping hand, the well-loved voice to miss,
"Thy Will be done;" the blow is kindly dealt,
'Tis earthly joy exchanged for heav'nly bliss!

So fair a life, from childhood's budding days
Expanding to the genial light of love,
A rare effulgence sheds, and by its rays,
We trace the golden path of peace above.

When loved ones die, the parting rends our hearts,
A solemn silent spell is cast around;
The grief we feel a holiness imparts,
Our tears are dried with rev'rence most profound.

And now a nation's grief, sincere and true,
From land to land extends with light'ning speed;
Let loyal hearts their fealty ever shew,
And ask for aid Divine in every need.

SAVARICUS.

THE IDEAL.

"BE good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them all day long;
And make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE REALITY.

"SO GOOD, SO KIND, SO CLEVER."*

"So good, so kind, so clever"—'tis the right order;
Base, shaft, and capital—a perfect column;
'Tis what we deepest prize when near the border
Of death so solemn.

* See Letter of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Lord Granville.

So good; with hope well fixed on right foundation,
On "Rock of Ages," like thy father dying;
Thus right at heart, fulfilling each relation,
On Heaven relying.

So kind to all, from highest to the lowest;
Soother of sorrow, living to shed bliss;
Ah! tender mother, thine own death thou owest
To thy child's kiss.

So clever, cultured deep in various learning,
Well hast thou all thy gifts and graces worn;
O'er thee, in deepest sorrow, fondly yearning
Two Empires mourn.

"A grand, sweet song's" thy life; its notes are stealing
O'er million hearts, in myriad darkened homes;
The mighty power of goodness thus revealing
Where'er its music comes.

Down here, is all the gloom and bitter weeping;
(O may thy dear ones find sweet solace given!)
Up there, a holy festival they're keeping
With thee in Heaven!

J. O. J.

IN MEMORIAM.

C. T.

Ah! "kindly light," * that leads the mourners on,
Through mist and cloud, to yon eternal clime,
Where life and growth are measured not by time,
And full-orbed Love crowns love on earth begun.
Weep not, sad hearts, for her, who now hath won
The crown of joy that fadeth not away,
Where, in the light of everlasting day,
Lost "angel faces" wait her near the Throne.

Weep not, but pray, for those to whom are left
The toil and burden of the lonely years,
Life's sunset sky of all its glow bereft,
And distant hopes as yet half-seen through tears:
So, living as she lived, in faith and hope,
May they, and we, yet climb the mountain's cloud-girt slope!

E. H. P.

Addington; December 7th, 1878.

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* Dr. Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," was sung before the Service for the Burial of the Dead began.—*Guardian.*

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

(*Continued from page* 313).

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ROMANO-GRECIAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE, FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY AS THE RELIGION OF THE STATE IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE EIGHTH CENTURY AND ON ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE REST OF EUROPE.

TO form a correct notion of this style of architecture it will be necessary to consider the forms of earlier buildings.

The edifices of Egypt are distinguished by their uncommon durability. They have no inclined roofs; their covering consists of very large and thick stone plates, disposed horizontally; and the strength of their columns, the proximity of these columns, as well as the horizontal direction of the roofs and openings, are natural consequences of this kind of construction.

The Grecian buildings, which also are very durable, display, moreover, the most beautiful proportions. They had timber roofs covered with tiles of burnt clay, or of marble. Large edifices had flat timber coverings; but smaller ones, like the outward colonnades, are covered with stone: hence the Grecian columns, which, compared to the Egyptian, have no heavy burthen to support, are more slender than the latter. The use of timber coverings, and the necessity of employing large stone masses, is the cause (as in the Egyptian architecture) of the horizontal covering of the inner rooms and colonnades, as well as of the doors and windows. Vaulted roofs and arched doors and windows were not in use. Both the Egyptian and the Grecian edifices, whilst they are suitable to the climate, the building materials at hand, and the purpose for which they were erected, possess at the same time the greatest harmony in their forms. They are free from inconsistency and disagreement.

Colonies of Greeks diffused their civilization through Lower Italy. The temples of *Pæstum* in *Magna Græcia*, at present the kingdom of Naples, belong to the best works of Grecian architecture. This species of art flourish also at Rome: but, whatever the beauty of the plan and of the construction of the buildings peculiar to the Romans, of their basilicæ, their amphitheatres, bridges, aqueducts, streets, and baths, yet the Roman temples, which are imitations of the Grecian ones, though more splendid and more extensive, have not that simplicity of form nor that purity of style which characterise the Grecian edifices. The Hetrurians in Middle Italy, judging of them by their works, were a highly civilized people. They practised architecture with the most distinguished success, and, like the Egyptians and Greeks, they were not only acquainted with the art of constructing buildings of large blocks of freestone without the aid of mortar, but also erected the most durable vaults.† The Romans, situated in the centre between Magna Græcia and Hetruria, and more addicted to war than to the arts, adopted both the Grecian and Hetrurian architecture, and employed both vaults and colonnades in their buildings. The remains of Mecænas' villa at Tivoli, the Pantheon, and many similar works, excite astonishment by their magnitude, and delight the beholder by their excellent and ingenious construction of the large vaults which have been preserved unimpaired. To harmonize with the vaulted roofs, wherever they occurred, the openings of doors and windows were likewise provided with vaulted coverings; but columns,

* An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, traced in and deduced from the ancient edifices of Germany, with references to those of England, etc., from the Eighth to the Sixteenth centuries, by Dr. George Moller, first architect to the Grand Duke of Hesse, etc.

† The *Cloaca maxima*, that admirable common-sewer to carry off the dirt and filth of Rome, was built by the Tarquinians, and may be regarded as the work of Hetrurian architects.

unable to support the pressure of large vaults, lost, through the introduction of the latter, their principal destination. Having been retained as ornaments in vaulted buildings, they were employed in the situations *disengaged* from the walls, as in the interior of the Pantheon; or half *engaged* with the walls, as in Mecænas' Villa, in the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Coliseum. This combination of vaults with columns and horizontal architraves, parts totally heterogeneous at their origin, affords, in my opinion, a very simple solution of the riddle which the specimens of later Roman and Byzantine architecture, as well as those of the Middle Age up to the latter half of the twelfth century, offer throughout the different countries of Europe by the frequent disharmony of their forms and construction. To solve this, a number of hypotheses have been invented. If, as in the Temple of Peace, enormous cross vaults could, though but in appearance, be rested on columns and their friezes, there was no reason why, in smaller distances, they might not likewise be connected by arches, instead of horizontal architraves. And as columns were already in most cases considered as mere decorations, requisite for effect, and might be omitted without prejudice to the stability of the building, the Romans did not scruple to introduce them even in places where they were to serve merely as ornaments without any apparent object.

In this stage of decline was the Roman architecture anterior to the invasion of the barbarians, under Diocletian, the last emperor before the introduction of the Christian religion. In the baths of this monarch at Rome we find large groined vaulting on columns, counterpoised by flying buttresses in the exterior, which were subsequently so much improved in larger churches. In his palace at Spalatro, the colonnades of the court-yards are connected by means of arches resting directly upon the columns, and over the *Porta Aurea* (golden gate), the principal entrance of the palace, there are rows of lesser columns also connected by arches, as decorations. All this shows, that the decline of the empire was also attended by the decay of the arts; and that this decay was brought on by the Romans themselves, a long time before the invasion of foreign nations.

When Constantine removed the seat of the Roman empire to Byzantium, and Christianity became the only religion of the state, it seemed likely that architecture should have derived a new splendour from the extensive buildings which the Emperors erected to embellish their new residence.* I do not know whether any of the edifices that were then built at Byzantium are still in existence: but when we observe how the buildings at Rome, particularly the Triumphal Arch of Constantine, as far as it was renovated at that time, are constructed, we are soon sensible to what extent unfortunate Rome had already declined. The decay of the arts and the decline of the general prosperity, introduced, after Constantine's time, the custom of pulling down old buildings to erect new ones with their materials. It is evident that the columns and parts of the old buildings thus applied could not possibly suit the new edifices. A total neglect of exact proportions was the natural consequence of this ruinous practice. The style of building probably underwent less alteration in dwelling-houses and strongholds, or fortresses, on which the existence of empires depended in those times more than in ours. The walls and towers of the palace at Spalatro, and many other edifices of that period, still manifest considerable stability; and the frequently tottering empire of the East was often indebted for its preservation, during eleven centuries, to the solidity and height of the walls and towers of Byzantium. But the style of building edifices for public worship was much more extensively altered. The temples, which at their origin had never been destined to receive large congregations in their interior, were either not sufficiently roomy to serve as churches, or they were at first regarded as having been profaned by the worship of the heathen gods. Their place was supplied by basilicæ, partly with flat timber roofs, as was generally the case, and partly vaulted. Churches were rarely built on a circular or polygonal plan, after the model of the Pantheon or of the Temple of *Minerva Medica*. The want in these round churches, of a chancel, of vaulted aisles on each side of the nave, and of a portico, frequently induced

* See *Gibbon's* History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

the architects to erect in the middle of the building four transepts of equal dimensions in the shape of a Greek cross, which style of building appears to have been in great favour, particularly in the Greek empire. The church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, those of St. Vitale at Ravenna, and of St. Constance and St. Agnes at Rome, as well as the cathedral of St. Mark at Venice, although it was built at a later period, but entirely in the Grecian style, and the cathedral of Pisa, are evidences of this combination of domes and circular churches with colonnades and the shape of basilicæ.

The practice of filling the voids of large and small arched openings with columns, which, though they do not contribute to the solidity of the building, yet seem essential supporters, and frequently give the whole a light and at the same time rich appearance, was introduced by the Byzantines. The first example of it is, however, found in the Pantheon at Rome. This practice is particularly characteristic, and appears of great importance in the architecture of the following centuries.

All the buildings which, from Constantine down to the ninth century, were erected within the limits of the former Roman empire, bear witness to the corrupted Roman architecture of Diocletian's age, with the additional alterations which the use of churches, the custom of building with old materials, and the continually sinking state of the empire and of the nation, necessarily introduced. The irruption of the Goths and other barbarians who inundated the provinces of the Roman empire did not probably introduce any material alteration in the state of the art, except that of hastening its fall. I cannot possibly accede to the opinion of those connoisseurs who ascribe an individual and peculiar style of architecture to the Goths and Lombards in Italy and Spain, to the Franks in Gaul, and to the Saxons in England. On examining their works, it will be found that the Roman architecture of the fifth and sixth centuries, with some few modifications, prevailed in these countries; and the circumstance is easily explained. The conquerors did not exterminate the old inhabitants, but left to them exclusively, at least in the first periods of their invasion, the practice of those arts of peace upon which the rude warrior looked with contempt. And, even at a later time, the intimate connexion with Rome, which the clergy, then the only civilized part of the nation, entertained, and the unceasing and generally continued use of the Latin language in the divine service, gave considerable influence to Roman arts and sciences. This must have been so much the more the case, from the constant obligation of all free men to devote themselves to war; whereby the practice of the arts was left almost exclusively to the clergy. The taste for fine proportions was almost entirely lost in these barbarous ages, and architecture became little less than a mere slavish imitation of earlier forms. Yet it appears that the art of preparing mortar, and the selection of building materials, as well as the knowledge of solid construction in their structures, for which the ancient Romans were so eminent, were fortunately preserved.

It will be proper to mention here a passage in the epistles of *Cassiodorus*, the senator and chancellor of Theodoric, the Gothic king, who reigned in Italy from the year 493 to 525, in which he describes the state of architecture in his time. *Tiraboschi* quotes it in his History of the Sciences in Italy (third volume, page 68). Speaking of the then existing works of art which excited his admiration, *Cassiodorus* gives a particular description of the very great lightness and elegance of columns in the following terms:—"*Quid dicamus columnarum junceam proceritatem? Moles illas sublimissimas fabricarum quasi quibusdam erectis hastilibus contineri et substantiæ qualitate concavis canalibus excavatas, ut magis ipsas æstimes fuisse transfusas; alias ceris judices factum, quod metallis durissimis videas expolitum.*" * This passage, if clearly and correctly translated, and confirmed by the architectural monuments of that time, would be of immense interest to the history of architecture. I do not know of any building, from the time of Theodoric down even to the tenth century, to which this description seems to apply. The basement of the palace, which is supposed to have been built by Theodoric at Terracina, is entirely in the Roman style. The church of *St. Apollonaris* at Ravenna is a common basilica, like the many that have been erected before and after,

* *Cassiodori* Opera, Venetiis MDCCXXIX, page 103.

and the front of the convent of the Franciscan friars in the same town, which is said to have been the entrance to the palace, bears the greatest resemblance to the *Porta Aurea* of Diocletian at Spalatro. All these buildings are very far from being in a light or daring style; they are, on the contrary, extremely heavy. One *Aloysius*, and the well known *Boetius*, a native of Rome and a Roman senator, whose skill and knowledge are frequently praised by Cassiodorus, are mentioned as the principal architects of Theodoric; and this is a strong confirmation of the Goths having no peculiar style of architecture, but that their edifices were built by Romans, and in the Roman style. Even all the buildings erected in Europe at a later period, from the seventh to the tenth century, as, for instance, the south gate of the cathedral at Mentz, have, it is true, pillars in recesses, but of a very heavy antiquated form, not agreeing in the least with the description of *Cassiodorus*. The gates of St. Leonard's church at Mentz, on the contrary, and those of the church at Gelnhausen,* as well as many other works which were erected towards the end of the twelfth or in the beginning of the thirteenth century (consequently full six hundred years after the reign of the Goths in Italy), appear so completely to correspond with that description, that one could fancy Cassiodorus had these buildings before his eyes. His description therefore seems to possess few criteria of inward credibility, and must continue unintelligible until the buildings still extant in Italy, of the time of Theodoric, are more accurately, and more critically, examined and described than they have hitherto been. But were it even demonstrable that architecture had been at that time such as the quoted passage of Cassiodorus seems to describe it, yet the art could not be ascribed, as *Tiraboschi* seems to do, to the Goths, who, as warlike nomades, only invaded Italy in Theodoric's time,—and to whose reign *Narses*, the general of the Greek empire, had put an end in the year 552, their sway having lasted only fifty-nine years;—but rather to the Byzantine Romans, among whom we must search for all that was preserved of arts and sciences.

The Lombards, who, in the year 568, overran Italy after the Goths, and whose reign continued to the year 774, were in the habit of building much, and appear to have quickly attained a higher degree of civilization than the Goths. The twenty-fourth plate of *d'Agincourt's* History of Architecture exhibits the church of St. Julia, near Bergamo, that of St. Michael at Pavia, and the round church of St. Thomas at Bergamo, which are ascribed to the Lombards. As far as it is possible to judge from these plates, which are on a very small scale, and admitting, what however still requires proof, that the delineated buildings are really the original churches erected by the Lombards, the same remark will apply here which was made above, respecting the edifices built under the sway of the Goths. The Lombards, a rude invading people, adopted the civilized manners of the conquered, as well as their architecture. Considering the very imperfect knowledge of which we are hitherto in possession, of the style of building of the Lombards, it is certainly erroneous to ascribe to them, as but lately has been done, even down to the eleventh century, and after they had already left the scene for three hundred years, any material influence upon the architecture of the west and north of Europe. Still more erroneous is it to give the appellation of Lombardic to the style of church building which prevailed in France and Germany during the Middle Ages.

* See the plates to Moller's work.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. MILLER had for some time been forming a grand resolution within his own mind, and having taken a few extra pinches of snuff, determined resolutely to put it into execution. He accordingly got into the "night express," and telling his daughter that most important business with his lawyer required his presence in London, started for the great metropolis, with aims and ideas peculiar and pressing. How many men often find it needful to go to London to see their lawyer, leaving their domestic circle with bustling complacency, whose journey, if one followed, and whose real errand, if one knew, might well cause us to smile, if sadly, at the weakness and gullibility of human nature!

How wonderful it seems sometimes to find one's self amid the streets and noise of London, especially when one has left some peaceful little village home amid the grand shires, or grander hills, and the "country side!"

There all was gentle dulness, and calm repose; here all is bustle and uproar. There was an old nobleman in days gone by who liked to talk of the "blessed lights of London;" and no doubt much may be said for the attractiveness of London to the gregarious and the citizen of the world. "The sweet shady side of Pall Mall" is still sweet to many of both sexes, and there is no place to which you get more accustomed than London, with all its peculiar ways, queer people, and sensational living.

London, however, to many is only a place of mournful memories. To them its noisiest thoroughfares are empty streets, peopled only by the sad wan ghosts of the past, and whether it be Pall Mall or St. James' Street, Piccadilly or Rotten Row, Charing Cross or Whitehall, aristocratic Grosvenor or *rotourier* Golden Square, the present fades away, even amid its crowds and colours, and "war paint" and "war cries," and leaves for them, after a long flow of years, the scenes, the voices, the faces, the fantastic kaleidoscope of the past!

Mr. Miller put up at a comfortable hotel, kept by a countryman, famous for "cock-a-leekie" and "whisky toddy;" and, after due ablution and a real Scotch breakfast (oh! my digestion), started off to see his lawyer.

Social life in London has charms for many, but is, I confess, on the whole disappointing and dispiriting. We hear now of "American Colonies" and "habitual visitors" filling our grand hotels, and new and gorgeous "hospitia," but I think in this respect, not only have we a good deal to learn from Paris, for instance, and many another great continental centre, but hotel life at the very best is the least comfortable of existences! Better far a cottage at Putney, or a *gîte* at Eastbourne! You know beforehand every item of furniture, heavy and sad; you can "discount" every detail of the *menu*, dyspeptic and commonplace; and you know that all the time you are paying highly for what you could get much better for yourself.

Still, as travellers must both be lodged and fed with good entertainment for "man and beast," probably Mr. Miller did as well as he could do.

The firm which transacted usually Mr. Miller's most important business was one of the most respectable in the metropolis (all Scotchmen, let me observe), and when the senior partner had listened gravely and serenely to his respected and wealthy client (though a smile passed over his face once or twice), he said to him, though with suave deference of manner, "This, Mr. Miller, is business hardly of our kind; but I will give you a letter to a friend of mine, who is not quite so particular as we are, the great Mr. Docket (for he is really great in his way), of Tipton Square." Having written the note, and marked it "very private," he shook hands with Mr. Miller and bowed him out;

but no sooner was Mr. Miller gone, than he said to his confidential clerk, who came into the room with some legal documents, "That old fool is going to make a confounded ass of himself;" and here the excellent senior partner of "Brixton, Milbank, and Holloway" showed great irritability, and his confidential clerk had a *mauvais quart d'heure* of it, you may rest assured. Time, which heals all wounds, and the recollection of that important entry, "long and confidential interview according to appointment, £2 2s.," no doubt soon soothed that worthy individual's feelings, allowing him to say with some one of old, *Meâ virtute me involvo*—as some one has translated it, "I wrap myself up in my own napkin." And so let us follow Mr. Miller on his unaccustomed pilgrimage to Tipton Square. I need not describe that well-known locality to my readers: suffice it to say that the houses are mainly let out in chambers, occupied by solicitors and special agents, and agents not special, and agents for whom Chief Inspector Shore has often a very keen look out, in fact by a colony so various in its epitome as perhaps not badly to illustrate the motley and even questionable character of a large portion of the denizens of the great metropolis.

By the way, what an important usage it is, and how much is involved in the expression, "my lawyer."

How often in average, and for the matter of that above the average, English society do we hear the words, "I will go and see my lawyer!"

Oh, happy vision of a confiding past! oh, thin reality of a helpless present, or bright anticipation of a *bilious* future!

Still, let us not say one word against such "needful bricks" in our great social pyramid, against a useful, energetic, and long-suffering profession! Let us venerate them as indelible portions of the British constitution, let us laud their efforts, but tax their bills!

Mr. Miller entered a smart new set of chambers, and walked up to No. 4. A knock at the outer door, on which "Docket and Co." were inscribed on a small brass plate, was opened by a youth with a Jewish cast of features; and Mr. Miller, sending in his card and the note, was ushered into the presence of the sagacious Mr. Docket—for Mr. Brixton had so spoken of him sententiously to Mr. Miller, when he said, "Mr. Docket's a very sagacious man, my dear sir, and quite up to all this sort of business." But as "expectations" are often destined to disappointment here below, Mr. Miller did not find himself yet at the end of his journey.

For when Mr. Docket had looked slyly at Mr. Miller over the letter which he kept in his hand, and at the letter, and had heard Mr. Miller's own statement, he said,—

"Well, I do not do this sort of thing myself exactly, but I shall be glad to put you in the way of doing it. I will send you to Grogwitz."

"Grogwitz," replied Mr. Miller; "who is Grogwitz?"

"Never heard of Grogwitz, my dear sir?" said Mr. Docket; "I thought everybody had heard of Grogwitz! Everybody goes to him, my dear sir, under peculiar circumstances. Does a great deal of business, my dear Sir. But you will have to pay. I see my old friend Brixton" (how Mr. Brixton would have winced had he heard this speech) "says you don't mind money. You had better go to him at once. My fee is—hum, hum—we will not fill up the blank, suffice it to say it was paid. By the way," said Mr. Docket confidingly, "one word of caution, Beware of Madame."

"Eh, oh, ah," said Mr. Miller, "Madame!" And Mr. Docket winked, and Mr. Miller winked, and our readers must suppose that something very mysterious and recondite was intended by the warning and the winks.

And then, after a most friendly farewell, and a grin from the Jewish youth (who got a shilling), Mr. Miller pursued his onward journey.

What made Mr. Docket throw himself back into his chair and laugh heartily? What made him rub his hands, and smirk for five minutes successively? What made him call Docket junior and tell him the story, and show him a little crossed cheque with animated countenance and cheery face?

If my readers feel very interested in Mr. Miller's proceedings, or wish to learn the *eclaircissement* of this great mystery, let them read Chapter VII. in the March number of Bro. Kenning's excellent Magazine.

(To be continued.)

MASONIC LIGHT.

By Permission to Bro. W. T. Howe, G.P., P.M., 1445 and 1460; P.Z., 217.

Light, holy light, Masonic light,
It maketh crooked things aright;
It drives despair and fear away,
And turneth darkness into day.

As years roll on, and Time grows old,
Masonic Love, it ne'er gets cold;
But Hope and Life, these always thrive,
In this our grand Masonic hive.

Some cannot, will not, understand
The power of this mystic band;
Whate'er they say, they all confess
Their spite and hate is powerless.

Yet we will strive, and we will do
All that is right, the wide world through;
We have no fear, we have no hate,
Our work of love don't hesitate.

Our tenets, they are sound and good,
Anathema they have withstood;
For our support's built on the rock
Which scoffers scoffed at, and did mock.

Our temples, they're enshrined in love,
This essence cometh from above.
His guardianship is over all:
We in our prayers Him Father call.

And whilst our labours in Him rest,
We are his children ever blest;
His o'ershadowing is our strength;
His charity, it knows no length.

Whate'er our toils, they're justly sweet:
We humbly worship at His feet,
And ask His blessing on the work;
In all our acts no guile doth lurk.

He fills our garners ev'ry year,
And multiplies our treasures here:
The helpless and the orphans' cry
Is hushed to silence, mystery.

Our gracious teachings, they instil
And freight the brethren with "good will.
This stands a witness for their deeds,
And will outlive all human creeds.

At home, abroad, on land or sea,
You're sure to find Craft Masonry,
'Tis wondrous strange, but 'tis a fact,
The Brethren form one grand compact.

And whilst we thus give God the praise,
He will our minds for ever raise,
And fill our hearts with earnestness;
This by His Spirit we confess.

T. BURDETT YEOMAN, W.M., 1460.

August, 1878.

ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

MURAL DECORATION—"DISTEMPER."

THE last mode of applying colour-ornamentation to wall-surfaces, that is, the last which we are able to fairly describe as coming under the head of "art," is that known as "distemper" (French, *détrempe*), or painting in tempera, sometimes called, too, "size-painting," by which last designation the mode of painting, or at least the "vehicle" employed, is pointed out.

Distemper, then, in opposition to "fresco," with which it is sometimes confounded, is painted upon a dry surface somewhat more like the spurious kind of "fresco," known as "Fresco Secco." It is not, however, exactly like the last-mentioned process, because in that the crystallized surface of the dried lime-plaster has first to be removed, whilst in "distemper" the colour is applied directly to the dried and finished surface of the wall. As we noticed before, the name is in reality descriptive of the vehicle, which is a kind of "size" or glue.

Of the materials employed in this branch of painting we will speak presently; meanwhile, let us just notice that, although it is considered a species of work of a very inferior character, fit only or mostly for such "processes" as might be more aptly put under the heading of "Decorative Manufactures," yet we find that it is an indisputable fact that some of the Old Masters frequently executed pictures, either in whole or in part, in "distemper." When they did this they usually oiled the work subsequently, and thus gave to it the character of a painting in oil. Thus Paul Veronese is said to have sometimes begun his pictures in "distemper" and then finished them in "oil"; for his skies he certainly frequently employed the process in question.

The chief modern use to which "distemper" is put is that of "scene-painting" at the theatres. The work may be "broad" and even coarse, but the effect is too well known to need description here; and anything more true to Nature than some of the tree-scenes of Mr. Fenton, or more exquisitely beautiful than some of his sea-pieces, it is hard to imagine. Some of the so-called "transformation scenes" in the pantomimes are almost too gorgeous for description. Whilst mentioning, as a scene-painter, Mr. Fenton, we ought not to neglect such names as those of Messrs. Telbin, Beverley, etc.; all of whom, though working in this ruder style, are still as truly artists as any of their brethren of the brush who paint the dainty cabinet-picture of finished miniature;

inasmuch as the pictorial art, whilst it can never exactly reproduce the wonders of Nature, yet attains to its greatest excellence when it presents their resemblance in the most striking and pleasing manner through the eye of man, to his brain—through his bodily sight to his intellectual understanding. The colours used in "distemper" are mostly of a commoner kind than those employed in the more delicate branches of art, and are applied in a moist state, being mixed with a kind of watery glue which is formed of size and whiting.

The glue or size is simply a fine kind of gelatine, and is usually made from the clippings of hides, hoofs, and ear and tail-pieces of cattle-skins, which are deprived of their hair by the action of lime, and then boiled in water until the animal jelly has been dissolved out. Whiting is another name for carbonate of lime in a somewhat purified state; to produce it chalk, *i.e.* carbonate of lime, is ground and washed free from impurities, after which the finer particles of it are collected and run into moulds.

There remains now, as it seems to us, but one other kind of murial decoration: we do not call it a special division, because it is more properly only a way of using some of the other modes of applying colour to wall-surfaces,—always setting aside, of course, the ordinary painter's tool and the whitewasher's brush—we mean "stencilling."

STENCILLING would hardly deserve the name of "art," so mechanical is it in its application, but that it is necessary for an artist to make the design that is to be produced,—and reproduced, again and again,—by means of the stencil-plates.

A design then having been prepared, a number of metal or cardboard sheets are procured equal in number to the colours or shades of which the design is composed. Every part of the design pourtrayed in one colour or shade is cut out of one of these plates, the same process being followed until every shade has its perforated plate.

These plates are then used one at a time, and, having been accurately adjusted so that the portion of the design perforated in it shall come into its proper place, the operator rubs the particular colour belonging to it on to the wall. When all the plates together with their respective colours have been thus employed, the figure is completed. The same process is repeated over and over again until the whole wall-surface intended to be decorated is covered.

We now seem to hesitate as to whether we shall include here the decoration of walls by means of paper applied to them; but, having once got as far down the artistic ladder as "stencil," and having incidentally mentioned "whitewash," there really seems no reason why we should not include "paperhanging" in this paper on Mural Decoration.

WALL-PAPERS, then, have in ordinary use completely taken the place of "stencilling," but in these days, when there is a rage for "the antique," and when anything, however atrociously ugly and commonplace, that can be shown to have been in use by our ancestors—the more remote and uncultivated such ancestors having been, the better—our wall-papers are extensively made to represent the ruder forms of the earlier mode. Some day, perhaps, as we seem to move in cycles, we may make believe to be advancing, and so get to those startling designs of our grandfathers, where huge posies as big as cauliflowers, and as staring as advertising posters, presented to us, too, in every colour in the rainbow, or out of it, may again come into vogue: and then, if we still "advance," we may hope to reach once more the designs, exquisite in form and colour, design and detail, of our neighbours across the channel; and then—well,—

"Après nous, le deluge."

At first the paper on which the designs are printed used to be made into lengths of twelve yards by pasting together sheets of the size of "elephant" (32 by 22 inches); but, since the invention of the paper-machine, "webs" can be produced of any length.

Upon the web it is usual to spread very evenly a coat of "ground" colour with a perfectly smooth surface, and on this the design is subsequently printed.

When "papers" were first produced, these designs were printed by means of "stencil" plates, as the walls themselves had been previously decorated; but in a little time a hint was taken from calico-printing, and engraved wooden blocks took the place of the plates. This process is of course the exact reverse of "stencil," just as the engraving of the metal plate is of the block for the woodcut.

These blocks were usually of pear or poplar-wood, and extended the whole width of the paper; as many blocks being required as there were shades, just as was the case with the older-fashioned plates.

The paper being laid on a table, a lever brought one of the blocks, which had been previously coated from the colour-tub, to bear upon it; it was then shifted along and the process repeated until the whole length was covered with that single portion of design. The piece was then taken to the drying-room until it was ready to pass under a second block, which printed another portion of the design in its own particular shade of colour upon it; which operation was repeated until the whole design was complete.

The same improvements that have been introduced into the printing of textile fabrics have, however, found their way into paper-printing, and the work is now usually done by means of the cylinder-machine. In this machine the different portions of the design are engraved on a series of copper cylinders which are constantly supplied with colour. By this mode, in which each cylinder puts its part of the work in at the proper time and place, the piece only passes through the machine once, and is thus finished in a few seconds.

Wall-papers are susceptible of many descriptions of finish. Thus, "glazed" or polished papers have the ground prepared with gypsum or Plaster of Paris, and the surface is dusted over with steatite, or French chalk; when dry this is rubbed hard with a burnishing-brush until an even polish is obtained. "Flock" papers have the portions of the design intended to be raised printed in "encaustic" instead of colour, and the "flock," being then evenly scattered over the surface, it adheres to the portions rendered adhesive. This "encaustic" consists of linseed-oil, boiled with litharge, and ground up with white lead; whilst the "flock" is made of the shearings of woollen from the cloth-mills. These are washed and dyed with various colours, then stove-dried and ground in a mill which breaks them short, and they are next sifted to the various degrees of fineness required. Where "gold" is used, it simply takes the place of the "flock" in the last-mentioned process, and when the "leaf" is properly fixed, the surplus is brushed away with a hare's-foot or other soft brush.

In some of the finest French papers the designs are hand-painted, when the decoration becomes at the same time more beautiful and more expensive.

There are some two or three other processes, which space precludes our entering into now, but which we propose to touch upon in our next paper, which will conclude this branch of the subject and allow us once more to get back to the domains of painting as an art pure an simple.

GOOD-BYE.

MAJOR WHYTE-MELVILLE'S "Good-bye" appears almost prophetic, as we read it now. We quote the last two stanzas:—

Hush! a voice from the far-away!
"Listen and learn," it seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."
The cord is frayed—the cruse is dry,
The link must break, and the lamp must die.
Good-bye, Hope! Good-bye! Good-bye!

What are we waiting for! Oh! my heart!
Kiss me straight on the brows! And part!
Again! again!—my heart! my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I?
A pleading look—a stifled cry.
Good-bye, for ever! Good-bye! Good-bye!

MINUTES OF OLD LODGES IN THE PROVINCE OF PEEBLES AND SELKIRK.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

From the "Scottish Freemason."—Continued.

Peebles, December 27th 1718

THIS being St. John's Day the Honourable Society of Masons mett and proceeded thus, after prayer the Honourable Company proceeded to an examination of entered apprentices and Fellow Crafts and which was done *hinc illæ* to the general satisfaction of the whole Brethren. Upon which a lite being made for clark consisting of Mr Porteous, Mr Taitt and Andrew Turnbull rols being called and votes marked Mr Jo Taitt was chosen—as also John Hyslope, John Friar and John Ker being in the lite for Deacon and putt to the vote John Hyslope was elected, as also David Whyte was chosen Warden for this insheuing year, and John Ker continued box Master, and Mr Duguid was chosen Kie Keeper of the said Box.

Expended for Dinner seven pound—three shilling scotts. The Honourable Company this day gave up to David Whyte present Warden a bill of 20 sh Str granted be him to the said Society and hereby discharge him of the samin, the Deacon signing this in the name and by the appointment of the Honourable Society

Sic Subtr JOHN HISLOPE

John Ker being chosen box Master and Thesaurer (treasurer) for the Honourable Company was charged with the soum of Fortie two pound, six shillings and eightpence Scotts as followes—*

[Here is inserted a list of bills and dues by the brethren to the above amount.] The following brethren chose these marks :—

JOHN TAIT	Mark	
RICHARD WHITE	,,	
JOHN KEY	,,	
WILLIAM NICOLL	,,	
ROBERT SCOTT	,,	
ADAM SALTONE	,,	

* Scotch money,—Any brother may find its value by consulting our arithmetical tables. We there find that—

2 Pennies	Scotts is	1 Bodle,	or $\frac{1}{6}$ of 1d. sterling.
2 Bodles	,,	1 Plack,	or $\frac{1}{12}$ of 1d. ,,
3 Placks or 12 Pennies	,,	1 Shilling or 1d.	,,
20 Shillings	,,	1 Pound or 20d., 1/8	,,

To modern financiers the fees eligible by our old brethren may not appear exceedingly high, but when we consider that wages, etc., were paid accordingly, the "composition" charged seem high enough for the times.

JOHN FRIER „ 

FRANCIS GIBSONE „ 

ALEXANDER VEITCH „ 

WILLIAM BROTHERSTANE „ 

JAMES SHIEL „ 

Peebles December 28th 1719

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett, being the first lawfull day since St. John's day—and after prayer proceeded to an examination of entered Aprentices and fellow crafts which was performed to general satisfaction of the whole Members. Upon which a lite consisting of John Hyslope, David Whyte and John Friar for Deacon being made, and putt to the vote, John Hyslope was chosen Deacon—for ys year. As also David Whyte was continued Warden, John Ker continued box master, as also Andrew Veitch was chosen Kie Keeper—Mr Jo Taitt was continued clark to the Honourable Society—

Absent—Francis Gibson, John Remmage, Andrew Turnbull, Robert Rutherford, all the rest of the Members present pay[d] in their years dues, as also the former absents.

John Ker being chosen Thes'er and box master to the Honourable Company was charged with the following soums of money—(list)—

Summa 33lb 01 sh 04 d

ANDREW TURNBULLE chose his mark thus 

Peebles December 27th 1720

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett being St. John's day—and after prayer proceeded to an examination of entered apprentices and fellow crafts which was performed to the generall satisfaction of the whole brethren, upon which a lite consisting of the following persons for Deacon for the ensueing year was made—viz John Hyslope, David Whyte and John Friar younger—And the same putt to a voice, itt carried John Hyslope Deacon for the ensueing year, as also David Whyte was continued Wardene for this year, also upon a lite made for box master, John Ker, Andrew Veitch with Baillie Wmsone (Williamson) and putt to the vote, it carried unanimously Baillie Wmsone, A lite for Kie Keeper being made John Wood Merchant y was chosen as also Mr Jo Taitt was continued their clark—chosen for their officer this ensueing year, Patrick Sanderson.* Absents—Baillie Remmage only all the rest of the members having payed in their quarter dues—

Mr John Williamson late Baillie of Peebles being this day chosen Theser' and Box Master to the Honourable Society was charged as followes—(list)—

Summa is 34 lb 10 sh 6 d

Eodem Die The Honourable Company enacted yt in all time comming each Member of this Lodge shall pay in to the Theser' one shilling scotts quarterly, and the present Theser' or box master to be charged with the samen from this day.

Peebles December 27th 1721

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons belonging to the Lodge of Peebles mett being St. John's day—who after prayer proceeded to an examination of Entered Apprentices and Fellow-Crafts—which was performed to the generall satisfac-

* This is the first time the "Officer" of lodge is referred to, but whether it was the office of Tyler or some other, is not named.

tion of the whole Brethren. Upon which a lite consisting of the following persons—viz John Hyslope John Friar and Francis Gibsone for Deacon for this ensueing year—and putt to the vote it was unanimously carried in favour of Francis Gibsone—Deacon for the ensueing year—as also John Hyslope late Deacon was made choise of as their Warden, Mr. John Wmsone for their Theser' John Wood their Kiekeeper, and Mr Jo Taitt continued their clerk—

This day Alex^{r}. Thomson servator to James Haisty Mason was admitted and entered apprentice to the sd Lodge, he paying into the Box six pounds Scotts for his composition, chose for his intenders John Hyslope and Robert Scott—made choise for his mark thus—  his composition also pay^{d}.

As also John Bruce who was formerly admitted a member choose for his mark this ◁

Mr John Williamson being chosen Box Master to this Honourable Lodge, received the following charge—(list)—

Sum 37 £ 13 sh 04

Peebles Febry 1st 1722.

The which day was legally admitted and entered a Member of Honourable Company—Thomas Brotherstons Cowper Burges of Peebles and was broke in composition three pound eighteen shillings Scotts money when eighteen shill spent at his entry, pay^{d} out by the Deacon—the sd Thomas chose for his intenders Mr Jo Taitt and John Neilson.

Peebles Febry 5th 1722

This day John Ker younger smith there was legally entered and admitted a Member of this Honourable Company—and was broke in composition two pounds Scotts money for which he gave his Bill—and chose for his intenders John Hyslope and Patrick Sanderson.

Peebles December 27th 1722

The which day the Honourable Company of Masons in the Lodge of Peebles conveened being St. John's day—who after prayer proceeded to ane examination of the entered Aprentices and Fellow crafts, which was performed to the generall satisfaction of all concerned—upon which a lite consisting of the following persons, viz Frances Gibsone, Baillie Wmsone and John Friar for Deacons for the insuing year—and being putt to the voice it carried Baillie Wmsone—as also John Hyslope was continued Warden.

John Ker was chosen Box Master, and John Wood was continued Kie Keeper—The Honourable Company appoints a committee of their number—viz Baillie Wmsone—Francis Gibsone John Hyslope and clark with any other of the Brethren that can conveniently meet, to meet upon the 29th of January 1723 in order to draw up a new charge and regulate their other affairs with respect to Bills in yr Box—

John Ker younger pay^{d} in his composition being 2 lb Scotts and lifted his Bill which was in the Box. R. S.

(To be continued.)

THE YULE LOG.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1878.

THE Yule Log's burning in the grate,
The sparks are rising merrily,
And as thro' the solemn years of fate
Musing I sit, and wanderingly,

I see soft faces glad and fair,
I read old stories of the past,
I watch gay castles in the air,—
Alas! all fading fast.

In joyous mood I seem to stand,
Mid gatherings and fanes of yore:
I build mud-castles on the sand,
On *youth's far-distant sun-burnt shore.*
In quaint review they pass me by,
A long procession lov'd and dear:
The bounding step, the laughing eye,
The noble presence calm and clear.

How fancy carries me away,
Amid life's onward ceaseless flow,
To pleasant scenes, in glad array,
Amid the hours of "long ago!"
Before me seem to gather clearly
The golden dreams of buoyant youth,
I hear some tones I once loved dearly,
Voices of tenderness and of truth.

Ah, how fantastic are the changes
Which seem to pass in vivid light,
As memory o'er the long past ranges,
And summons up each old delight!
Mountains and hills and seas are welling,
In molten fire, before me plain,
And palaces, a homely dwelling,
Are lighting up that glad champaign.

Oh, pleasant visions! Fancy's hour,
Usurps o'er me its blissful reign,
And in its talismanic pow'r,
Makes me once more a boy again.
I feel as once I felt and trusted,
I speak as once I spoke of old,
Ere memory itself grew rusted,
And mated with a heart as cold.

Alas! the Yule Log has expired,
Its ashes only now remain,
Just as when youth, with glad hopes fired,
Has had to give them up again.
I turn away, the room is dimming,
All is so cold, serene, and still;
My Yule Log's gone, no longer sparkling
With dreams and forms at Fancy's will.

W.

NOTES FOR A HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY A. BERTON.

Translated from the "Chaine d'Union" for the "Masonic Magazine."

WE give these eloquent "Notes," though we need hardly say that we do not profess to agree with their sentiments or be bound by their conclusions.

But our brethren may well see the product of thought and ability, though they are not likely to accept Bro. Berton's facts without a large "grano salis."

The origin of Freemasonry is lost in the night of time. I do not wish to speak more specially of Freemasonry such as we see it to-day, with its institutions clearly defined, its unity under governments, under different forms, its regular performance, but of the companies of unknown Masons or others from which it is derived. In all times the feeble and the humble have felt the need of union and of alliance amongst themselves to resist the powerful, the oppressors; they have had to league together to defend the right against power. And no one is ignorant that the struggle of right against power is the history of humanity since its origin to our own days. Scarcely had the earth germinated with men, when the combat commenced; the strongest killed the weakest, or made him his slave. For thousands of years slavery, like a leprosy, covered the world, and generations came and went, the one making, the other leading as a part on earth, a miserable existence, for the happiness and easy life of some tyrants.

Nevertheless revolt appeared. The slaves formed two great classes—labourers and artisans. The labourers kept in the fields, far from the eye and the hand of the master, enjoyed a greater liberty and a better lot. It was the artisans specially that the yoke pressed upon most heavily, charged to supply the pleasures of the tyrant, to build and to adorn the palace—in one word, to approach and to serve him nearest of all.

It is therefore among these last, that the first ideas of liberty germinated.

Individually too feeble, they formed unions, and gave birth to those great associations with which kings have had more than once to reckon. Witness the contract entered into, three or four thousand years ago, for the construction of a tomb, between Ramses, King of Egypt, and a tribe of independent Masons, a contract engraved on stone, sealed in the tomb, and re-discovered about twenty years ago, in the ruins of the monument, by our illustrious Champollion. Witness again the convention made between the King of the Jews, Solomon, and the Tyrian Masons of Hiram, a convention freely made, and after discussion on one side and the other, as we can see in the Bible.

Before proceeding, I wish to answer two objections which present themselves, quite naturally, when we study the origin of Freemasonry. The first is this: Why is it that Masons have alone favoured these associations?

It is probable—nay, it is certain—that the Masons have not been in antiquity the only ones to league themselves to recover liberty. The rebellion of the Helots among the Greeks, the revolts of the slaves among the Romans, and their retreat to the Aventine Mount, are sufficient proofs of this. But if we consider that it is by those of their works which have traversed the ages that the Egyptian, Assyrian, and other Masons have left us their monuments and their associations, we shall easily understand that all trace is lost of the associations of other artisans. Except some pottery, some jewels, found here and there in the tombs, what monument remains to us of those distant epochs besides the labours of Operative Masons? The second objection is the following: How is it that the historians of those times do not speak of the Masonic associations, do not describe their practices, their mysteries, etc. We must not forget that these associations were necessarily secret; the members had too great an interest in silence to divulge the secrets, and even if they had spoken, that would not be a sufficient reason.

The initiator of Eleusis, of the Druidical ceremonies, etc., could also have committed indiscretions, and, nevertheless, who can find described to-day the Druidical mysteries or those of Eleusis?

The origin of Freemasonry, that of *Masonry "Free,"* independent, withdrawn from the arbitrariness of tyrants, giving their labour for a great salary—the origin being established, I shall pass rapidly over the first periods which ensued. I will not describe the building of the cities of Egypt, disappeared to-day, or the pyramids, still to the fore; I will not point out the construction of the works of the Kings of Assyria, or the covering of their sumptuous palaces with those statues which, the visage calm, and the hands on the knees, have passed through so many ages to come to us; I will only indicate the labour of Masons at the Temple of Jerusalem, their porticoes among the Greeks, their temples and their aqueducts among the Romans, the cathedrals with which they have covered Europe in the Middle Ages, all gigantic labours, and durable, in the greater part of which we find the square and the compass, speaking arms which we still see on our Masonic blazon.

In the ninth century Athelstan, King of England, made a general Association of the Operative Masons in his kingdom, gave them a private constitution, and placed at their head his eldest son, with the title of Grand Master. From this epoch, Freemasonry, such as we know, commenced its development. The various lodges which worked in the kingdom had a common link, the Masons' special sign of recognition.

It is no longer a secret. It begins to admit into its bosom men strangers to the rule of Masons, but it still distinguishes them from its ancient members; they are only honorary members. Freemasonry includes Operative Masons and Accepted Masons, or strangers to the "Metier" of Masonry. It is only in 1703 that this distinction disappears; on July 14th the Lodge of Saint Paul's, of London, now the Lodge of Antiquity No. 2, decrees that the "Privileges of Masonry shall no longer be restricted to Operative Masons, but entrusted to men of various professions, provided they are regularly approved and initiated into the Order" (Preston's "Illustration of Masonry").

It is then from 1703 that the Freemasonry dates such as we know and practice to-day. It is in this epoch that the last stone has been laid of the foundation of the Order; the modifications it will subsequently go through when spreading all over the land will only be modifications of detail, and of less importance.

In 1721 English Masons founded at Dunkirk the Lodge "Amitié et Fraternité."

In 1725 Lord Derwentwater, the Chancellor Maskelyne, M. de Hegnelty, and some English noblemen, established another Lodge at Paris, at Nure's, Hotel Keeper, Rue des Boucheries, a lodge of which the name is lost, but which figures on the early list of English Lodges as No. 90.

In 1742 there were at Paris twenty-two, and more than one hundred in the rest of France.

At this epoch, that is to say, at the commencement of the 10th century, Freemasonry had assumed a new character. It was no longer the Operative Society of former times, for persons of all conditions, strangers to the profession, noblemen, had hastened in great numbers to range themselves under its banners.

And here we conclude Bro. Berton's Notes, the more so as we do not find any point of interest to us in the few concluding ones!

We give the Notes simply as a study of Masonry. We do not profess to admire their tone, their temper, or their spirit. Indeed, we think the underlying theory most mistaken and mischievous, though we do not doubt the sincerity of the writer.

MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

A YEAR had passed away since the events related in our last chapter. It was the middle of autumn—lovely September weather—and Mildred and Aunt Fanny were staying at Seaton Carew on the coast of Durham, where they had once been before. She knew all about Marmaduke, yet her heart yearned to him as of yore. When everyone spoke of his conduct as shameful, a man going about as a bachelor for two or three years, and deceiving his own father all the while, being a married man, they declared it was monstrous, and they were not surprised at his father cutting him off in his will, she bravely took his part. But the General's awfully sudden death somewhat stopped the gossip for a time, and there were not wanting those, strange to say, amongst the ladies, who pitied Marmaduke, and said they believed he had been the victim of some designing wicked woman. How near they were to the truth you, gentle reader, know. In all this Mildred, who had been so silent before, now came boldly to the front, and no one dared in her presence to say one word against her heart's idol.

At Seaton Carew in the same lodgings with them at a large house at the corner of the Green, from whence you had a lovely view of the splendid reach of sand, three miles in length, the sea, and the noble range of Cleveland Hills with Roseberry Topping in the background, there was staying an invalid lady,—a showy fair-haired looking woman she had been, but she was very faded now. This lady died, she had been ill long: no one seemed to know anything about her, but about a month after a new tombstone was placed in the little churchyard over a newly made grave—the grave of the invalid lady —and Mildred passing it on her way to church read the inscription thereon :—

Sacred to the Memory of
GEORGIANA MATTHEW,
Only daughter of Jeremiah Jarvis,
of Colchester, Essex,
Died 25th, September, 186—,
Aged 32 Years.

Then Mildred knew her rival was dead, and a strange feeling of happiness stole over her—a happiness undefined—undefinable. Two or three mornings afterward there came a letter to her, re-addressed, from St, Benet's, which moved her strangely. It ran as follows :—

Hotel de Flandres, Bruges,
1st Sept., 186—.

DEAR MISS BETHUNE,—

I do not apologise, though a perfect stranger, for addressing you now, as I feel sure beforehand that you will forgive me. Yesterday, on coming to this hotel on my wedding trip, I heard that an Englishman was staying here very ill. On making further inquiries, I discovered his name was Mathew, the landlord spelt it Mathieu; but I thought I recognised it as the name of a former brother officer in the Dragoons. Accordingly, I sought his room, and was much troubled to find that the invalid was indeed my dear friend Marmaduke Mathew, that he had been very ill and had be-

some blind, an affliction brought on by a too close study of the old masters in the galleries here. It appeared that for the last twelve months he had been most assiduously painting in Antwerp and the Flemish towns, and striving to win himself a name as an artist. He had got a few commissions from travelling Englishmen by painting Reubens' great pictures in Antwerp Cathedral and other places. He had never, it appears, fully recovered from the yellow fever, and in the midst of his painting at Bruges he was suddenly seized with this dreadful calamity. He had had warning of it, he said, for some time, suffering a good deal from a weak state of the eyes for some months previous. He appears to have no friends, and seems in a low way. He would not allow me to write to his brother, who, it appears, has treated him very badly, and told me he did not think he had any friend in the world but you. He did not indeed authorise me to write to you, nor does he know I have done so; but I feel sure, and my wife does to, that I am not wrong in doing so. We leave this on the 4th or 5th, and you may be sure anything we can do for my poor friend shall be done. Yours truly,

MERVYN KNOLLYS.

Mildred could scarcely get through the letter for her tears; but she resolutely stopped herself at last, and looking up at her Aunt Fanny, who was glancing kindly at her now and then with a heart full of sympathy—and a face that expressed it—she said in a quiet way there was no answering,—

"Auntie, I am going to Bruges."

"To Bruges! my dear, what next—?"

Mildred, without another word, gave her aunt the letter and left the room."

In a few minutes she had hurried across the town, and made her way to the vicarage.

"Is the vicar at home!" she asked.

The vicar was at home. Mildred without any preface asked if she might have a copy of a certain certificate. The Vicar said, "Oh, certainly," and gave it to her there and then—for the registers were kept in his study. After paying for it and thanking him with grave politeness, Mildred went off straight to the railway station, and thence to West Hartlepool, where she found a steamer started for Antwerp that night. Booking saloon passengers for two, she went quietly back to Seaton and told her aunt what she had done.

Mildred was accustomed to rule her aunt in her quiet way, and it is not altogether surprising that Miss Bethune should elect to go with her dear niece, old though she was, rather than let her go alone, as she was resolved to do.

It was a lovely autumn night when they started in the good ship "Fairy Queen;" the sea was as smooth as glass all the way, and they enjoyed the trip amazingly. Mildred was in the highest of spirits, and her aunt wondered at their buoyancy, for her niece had never looked more beautiful than she did now in the bloom of perfect womanhood. In forty hours or so they were at Antwerp, and the same night they were at Bruges. They went straight to the Hotel de Flandres, and were fortunate in getting beds—for the town was full of tourists, coming and going.

CHAPTER X.

A NOBLE WOMAN AND HER REWARD.

THE next morning, soon after breakfast, having previously made the acquaintance of Mervyn Knollys and his wife (a charming woman), they consulted Mervyn about seeing the patient.

He had already seen the doctor and explained to him that some very old friends of Captain Mathew had come from England to see him, and he had made no objection.

Accordingly Mervyn had seen Marmaduke: he was dressed and sitting near the

open window of his apartment—half bedroom, half boudoir—feeling the soft breezes and listening to the lovely carillon from the Belfry of Bruges. The little camp bed he used was in an inner chamber beyond.

There was a piano in this room, and he had taught himself to play a little, and used to wander over the keys in his poor blind way, making a sad sort of music, which pleased himself if it pleased none other. It had been decided that Mervyn should prepare him for the visit, and accordingly he came up to him, and said,—

"Well, Saint, old fellow, how are you to-day?"

Marmaduke smiled sadly at the old nickname, but answered,—

"Oh, I am very well, thank you—very well, thank God," he added gravely.

"There are some English people here."

"Are there? that's no uncommon occurrence, I think?"

"No, certainly not. One of them sings splendidly," Mervyn says awkwardly.

"Does she? Ah, I am fond of music."

"A very good-natured girl. I daresay she would sing to you if you like. My wife told her about you, and she seemed interested."

"You are very kind; but I should not like to trouble anyone: besides, the room."

"Oh, the room's all right, old fellow. We are abroad now, you know; the bedrooms are more like drawing-rooms here," Mervyn added cheerily.

"Well, if you think it's all right; perhaps Mrs. Knollys would come in."

So presently Mildred and Mrs. Knollys stole into the room, and the latter introduced Mildred as her friend, who tremblingly and rather pale sat herself down to the piano, and sang Arthur Sullivan's beautiful song, "Looking back." Then she sang "Once Again," and Mrs. Knollys could see Marmaduke's poor sightless orbs fill with tears as he listened to her.

I linger round the very spot where years ago we met,
And wonder when you quite forgot, or if you quite forget;
And tender yearnings rise anew for love that used to be,
If you could know that I was true, and I that you were free.
Ah, Love, once again, meet me once again,
Old love is waking, shall it wake in vain?

Such were the words that Mildred sang to him—and strangely moved he seemed to be as she warbled them in lovely sympathetic tones that would have melted any soul to tears.

Mildred, glancing up and seeing the poor blind eyes filling, and the nervous fingers trembling, rose abruptly, came and knelt down by his side and burst into a flood of tears.

Then Mervyn and his wife quietly withdrew, and the gallant young officer laughed quite defiantly at his wife because she said she was crying, whilst his own eyes were full of tears.

Neither spoke for some minutes, but something told Marmaduke who it was, and he said,—

"Mildred, is it you dear?"

"Yes. I have come to you."

"But you do not know all."

"I know everything."

"And you can forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Marmaduke! am I not a woman?"

"The only true woman I ever met."

"Do not say so."

Then there was a pause, and Marmaduke heaved a sigh—a bitter, painful sigh; it was sad to hear. Mildred looked up at him with such a look of love and forgiveness as an angel might have given.

"Marmaduke, dear?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember the letter you wrote me years ago?"
"Aye, do I not?'"
"Have you changed?"
"No! I wish I had."
"Why?"
"I ought not to love you. I am married."
"Your wife *is dead.*"
"Dead!"
"She died at Seaton Carew, in Durham, a month ago."

At these words poor Marmaduke nearly swooned away; he had been very ill, and still was very weak.

Mildred gave him some water and bathed his forehead with her dainty hankerchief, suffused with aromatic vinegar she had in her pocket, and he soon revived.

"And you will leave me soon, I suppose," Marmaduke said mournfully.
"Never, dear. Do you know what I am going to do?"
"No, how should I?"
"Well, if you give your consent, I am going to marry you."

Then Marmaduke took her hands in his; she was kneeling at his feet, looking up into his face, but he could not see; and then he kissed them passionately, and completely broke down; and when Mervyn and his wife came back he was sobbing like a child. That gallant soldier discovered the reason when he picked up from the floor a paper which fell out of Mildred's portmonnie, and he handed to his wife the certificate of Mrs. Matthew's death.

* * * * * * * *

Within a week they had returned to England, Aunt Fanny, Mervyn, and Mildred.

Mervyn had good-naturedly, at the express request of his wife, left her with her maid, in Bruges (she had a sister at the *Couvent des Dames Anglaises* there whom she used to see almost daily), to take charge of Marmaduke back to England.

Within six months they were quietly married, and Mildred led her blind penniless husband from the altar with a prouder air than if he had been a prince.

* * * * * * * *

Last year two important events occurred. Mrs. Mathew presented her husband with a son and heir (they had been married four or five years, and living upon Mildred's £300 a year in quiet style at St. Benet's), and Marmaduke's elder brother died.

So the little man is heir after all to twenty thousand a year, and they have just gone into the Abbey, which has undergone extensive alterations to fit it for their reception.

There is not a single person in St. Benet's but rejoices at Mildred's good fortune, and no one thinks the less of her because she proposed to her husband. Lady Ida married the County Member after all, for Sir Hugh Tracy, a distant connexion of the late General's brother-in-law, succeeded him. Lady Tracy is a great friend of Mildred and her husband, who she vows she never would have married, for she could not bear him. But this is only fun, and the two families are very intimate. Mildred is a pattern wife to her blind husband.

FINIS.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Continued from page* 240).

CHAPTER IV. (*continued*).

JOHN RODOLPH GLAUBER'S EPISTLE TO THE READER.

SATAN with his Followers seeks nothing more, than the destruction of Mankind, and to hinder him from the gifts and favour of God. Wherefore I desire thee not to slight or judge of these things rashly, which thou knowest not; but first prove and try them thoroughly, and although you should fail (as it may easily happen to the inexpert), yet blame not my writings or good intentions, but your own unfit Capacity, or inexperience, for I write nothing here, but what I have often effected, and can perform and prove true every hour. Consult therefore first with other more experienced searchers, whom I may hope have not all erred and lost their labour in so easy a work, even a boy of ten years old may understand it possible and Fecible.

Nevertheless believe not that I should set down here the manner of extracting Gold in lumps or great quantities for profuse usage, but I shall rather take heed and beware of that.

N.B. Now as I said throughout all parts of the world, and in every sort of Sand, Pebbles, and Stones, is held good Gold, excepting Limestones, which alone seldom or never have any Gold, else in all Rocks of GreetyS and, Flints of whatever colour; also in Gravel, Scurffe, or Ballast on Mountains, Valleys, in the bowels of the Earth, the Sea, Ponds, Pits, Rivers, and Floods, (none at all expected) there is Gold to be found, but Sand and Stones hold most in hot countries; and although they be white, clear, and shining, without the least colour, yet there is some Gold; yea, even sometimes in clay grounds, and in artificial baked Tyles and Bricks.

THE FIRST KIND OF PROOF.

Take white Sand or Flints, wherein you think there is not the least Gold, to which joyn three parts of *Minium*, or any other powder or Calx of Lead, flux this mixture in a Crusible covered in a wind Furnace, or by blast of bellows, and so let them flow well together for one hour, and it will turn to yellow glass, then pour it forth lest by delay it pierce the Crusible, and run among the ashes. Powder this glass, and mix therewith half its weight of *Sal Alcali*, or Soap, or Pot Ashes; then put this mixture into an Iron Pot or Crusible, where you may first put Nails or other Bits of Iron, then Flux this in the Fire and the glass of Lead will be reduced into a body again by the said Iron, pour out this into an ingot or Cone, and the *Regulus* of Lead will sink to the bottom, and the Flints or Sand (like Scurffe and Dross) will swim on the top, but the Lead will contract such a black roughness, that it will not easily flow. For the which take this remedy. Place this *Regulus* in a Wind Furnace, and upon one ounce of the melted Regulus cast a Dram, or something more of Salt Peter, and let them flow together. Then the *Sal Nitre* will draw the black roughness from the Lead into a Scurffe, which being poured forth and melted again becomes tractable and white, and will easily flow upon a Test, but if you have not the skill to effect this work, put your black rough Regulus of Lead into such a Crusible or Test, as the vulgar call Treibscerbe (which is like a large hard Crusible bottom), cover it, and let it purge itself in the fire for half an hour, or at least for a quarter, and it will be white and tractable. But the washing or cleansing by Salt Peter is far better; weigh a penny weight, dram or scruple of this, and a like quantity of Lead, Test them in a hard fixt Copel apart, and this Regulus will hold a grain of Gold, and the Common Lead, only a grain of Silver.

THE SECOND KIND OF PROOF.

Take one part of white Flints or Sand, mix thrice the quantity of Salt of Tartar, or any other Alcali, and therewith fill a third part of a Crusible (but not more, lest it run over), let it stand half an hour to be glowing red, and it will turn to a white Pellucid

glass, pour it into fair water, or rather into a Lee, and the Sand or Flints will be dissolved into a thick Oil or Water. ☞ In this water digest for an hour or two, half an ounce of filed, rasped, or rather scraped Lead, and the Lead will extract a spiritual Gold from the said Water or Flints, and will thereby become yellowish; which take forth dry, and Test on a Copel, and you shall find a Grain of gold, but out of so much common Lead will be only a grain of Silver, which is the proportion to be found in any Lead, whence you may certainly conclude that white Flints and Sand contain in them spiritual Gold, the which being joined with metals become Corporal.

THE THIRD KIND OR MANNER OF PROOF.

Dissolve ♄ or Lead in *Aqua Fortis*, and pour it forth into Salt Water, and all the Lead will precipitate and fall to the bottom, in a white Calx or Powder: mix three parts of this calx with one part of powder of Flints or Sand, and add half so much Salt out of Lees or other Alcali, mix them and put them into an iron Crusible, where old Nails or bits of Iron be put in, fill it to the top and cover it close for half an hour to melt and flow, till all the sharp corrosive spirits in the Lead be mortified by the Iron, and then the Lead will be reduced to a body as before, which cast into a Taper-pointed Ingot or Cone, and the Regulus of Lead will sink to the bottom, the which must be washt and cleansed by Salt Peter, or in a fixt Copel under a Tyle, till it purge out the dross or fæces, then Test it, and as much of the same Lead severally apart, and the one yields a grain of Gold, and t'other only a grain of Silver, as before is sufficiently expressed.

The true manner of proving all Flints, Rocky Stones, Pebbles, and Sands, etc. Legitimately and Infallibly; whether they contain much Gold or little; with a plain Reason for all.

Take four ounces of Sand or Flints, or other Stones, neal them red hot in a Crusible, and quench them in cold water, and so they become tractable to be beaten or ground to powder. Put these four ounces of powder into a Glass Cucurbit or Retort, and pour thereon two ounces of *Aqua Regis*, to moisten the said powders very well and thoroughly, and let it stand so in warm Sand for half an hour, and the said *Aqua Regis* will extract all the Gold out of the Flints or Sand; to which pour on two ounces of warm water, and stir it very well about, then strain or filter it through Cap Paper, and the water will pass through the paper with the Tincture, and leave the Sand alone in the Paper; then pour on more warm water into the Paper, and let it run through the Sand again, and so it will wash away all the remaining Gold and Tincture out of the Sand, and carry it into the Receiver, which is likewise to be added to the rest; then pour upon this impregnated water or Liquor, some ordinary Lees or rather some spirit of Urine, and it will so mortifie the *Aqua Regis*, that the Gold will presently precipitate in a yellow powder to the bottom; cant off the water and wash the said Gold with more fresh water till the powder of Gold be sweet and perfectly clean, after dry it very warily, else the said Gold will fulminate with that force as to break the glass in pieces, and whatsoever else is about it. But if you mix a little powder of vulgar brimstone to the said Calx or powder of Gold, and let it glow in a glased Crusible, then it will not fulminate at all. After this mix therewith some Borax and reduce it in a Crusible. And thus you may know what quantity of Gold is contained in the rest of the Sand or Flints of that nature. N.B. Unless perchance the said Sand or Flints have Iron mixt, whereby then the Gold will become Pale and Brittle. Now in such a case you need not presently mix the said Calx of Gold with Borax, because both the Gold and Iron would be reduced together, and so would be adulterate, and disappoint you of your expectation in that Trial. But such mixt Gold must be separated from the Iron on the Test with Lead, and so your proof will be good and without error.

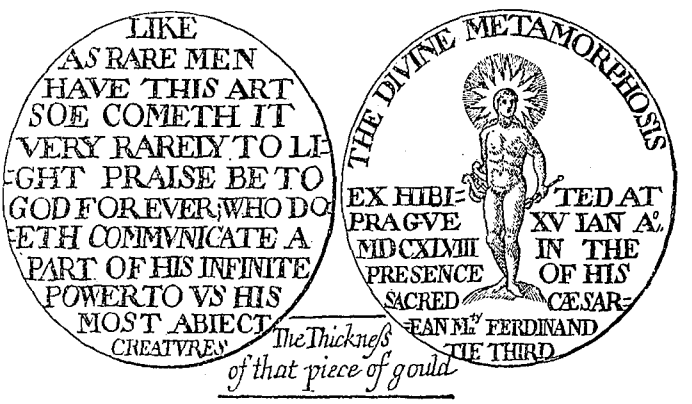
There is another sort of trial and proof of Sand, Flints, and Stones, etc. But since this way is easy and sufficient, we shall rest herein.

N.B. Yet my Council is, instead of *Aqua Regis*, to make use of spirit of salt, which will be cheaper, with ☽ and ♂ for a Loadstone, and Antimony for the flux.

Now learn the difference of natural, corporal, solid Gold, and that which is volatil and spiritual, which is the *Primum ens Auri*, or first beginning of Gold. ☞ Consider therefore that corporal Gold by corrosive waters or Salts, is easily extracted and reduced, but the spiritual is not so.

But now the reason that corporal Gold, by the aforesaid proofs and experiments, is

always extracted and drawn forth, and happens upon this account, for although in the said white Sand there may be no corporal Gold at all, yet by the aforesaid proofs, some is extracted, though truly not much, nor more than the Silver was which the Lead contained, which was used in the said trials. Note therefore that the said Silver in the melting drew the said spiritual Gold out of the said Flints, Stones, or Sand; so that thereby it became tinged and transmuted into corporal Gold; the which was very apparent hereby, for that no more gold was found than the quantity of Silver contained within the said Lead; and as it was in the other parcel of common Lead, used in that Trial; for if more corporal Gold had been in the Sand or Lead, it must necessarily have exceeded the quantity of Silver in the said Lead, for the Silver contained in the said Lead mixt



Count Rusz uppermost Hill master in Steyer and Carinthiæ (two Provinces of high Germany) hath with one only graine of Tincture transmuted three pounds of Quicksilver into pure gold fixt in all assayes & proofes out of which was cast this piece of Gould

with the said Flints, could not fly away in the air, to leave room only for so much corporal Gold, and therefore the cause that the Silver remained not Silver (as in the common Lead was), that it was transmuted and turned to Gold, by the Tincture, and spiritual Gold drawn out of the first *ens* of Sand, Stones, and Flints, and must be ascribed to the said first *ens* or spiritual Gold contained in the said Sand, Stones or Flints.

Now I have written this book only for the extraction of corporal Gold out of Sand, Stones, and Flints, etc., but we leave the spiritual Gold for the philosophers, that they may make their Stone out of it.

Wherefore, N.B. Whoever seeks to draw Gold out of Land, Stones, and Flints, etc., Let them choose such Stones, Land, etc., out of which they may draw corporal gold, with good profit which the Womb of common, white Sand, and Fints cannot bear or bring forth.

The reason nevertheless, I wisht you to take white sand or flints, etc., to make experiments and trials, was because every one might see, that in all kind of Sand, good Gold is contained, though out of all it cannot be profitably extracted, by reason the

white Sand and Flints, etc., are often without corporal Gold, but never without spiritual Gold, by the which nevertheless Silver may be tinged, and transmuted into good Gold as may plainly appear by and in the aforesaid practice and trials.

But now the philosophers seek not corporal Gold but spiritual, and they will know where, and in what subjects the spiritual or first essence of Gold is most plentifully contained, and how to get the same with ease. Therefore, although the said first essence of Gold be in white Sand, and white Flints, etc., yet the said Philosophers will not meddle with that so willingly, nor will any expert true Philosophers, tye themselves so to one subject, as not to use any other thing to get their Tincture. To whom it is well known that the first essence of Gold is found in everything throughout the whole earth; for where ever there is any Sulphur, there may be had the first essence of Gold to have their Tincture. But now in all Vegetables, Animals, and Minerals, there is a Sulphur certainly known and found, therefore in all parts of the world, the matter of the Philosophers' stone may be had everywhere, so that the poor may have the same without charge, no less then the rich, according to what the Philsophers doe proclaim, saying their matter is everywhere, and you may have the same in any parts of the world without money, and it meets you, and is trod on under feet, and cast out on the Dunghills; for so the true Philosophers do say, and write. Also a true Philosopher will not require or need much Gold for his Medicine: for if he have but half an ounce which he brings to perfection, it will suffice for his whole life, and be in his power to multiply, and bring it to perfection as often as he please, and necessity shall require.

So that it may easily be demonstrated, that not only Gold, but somewhat more rare, (viz.) the true Tincture is in Stones, which the ancients did intimate in these words. *Auro quid melius Jaspis*, etc., What is better than gold, a *Jasper Stone, etc*, So *Paracelsus* exceedingly commends *Red-Tale Granats Antimony*, and *Lapis Lazuli;* expressing further, that the Tincture or first essence of Gold may be gotten out by sublimation, etc., Take notice also further, that the first essence of Gold may be found in any other small or meaner Stones, and amongst the first and chief of these, viz., the Blood stone, *Sythydis Magnesia, Pedemontana, Emery*, and such like.

In the which also it is so fixed, that to possess it there needs no other art, but the manner of extracting it, and giving it ingress by Gold. On the other side, the first *ens* of Gold, in the Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral Sulphurs, *Marcasites* and *Antimony* are had in plenty, but are so volatil, that those little stones are to be preferred.

But now in brief I shall shew, that in stones (of which hot countries had most Gold), there is not only fixed Gold, but also volatil; whence the true Tincture may be perfected. For whoever can make the first essence of Gold that is in Stones volatil, and gather it by distillation, doth get a graduating water by which our quick fluid Mercury or Quick-silver may be coagulated to good Gold. And whoever can join, and marry this volatil first essence of Gold to corporal Gold, and this with that to be made one, and procure ingression, he may hope for more good, and may expect undoubtedly to enjoy the same to a better use and profit. For that the first essence of Gold is more useful and needful to prepare the Tinctures than corporal Gold itself, as not a few Philosophers have signified by the following words, who say, *Gold and Silver are not made by them unless this first essence do effect it.*

The first *Ens* also of Gold, which lies hid in all Vegitables and Animals, doth Coagulate Mercury, even to Yallowness, but not constant and fixt; but if it be made fixt, it also fixeth and Coagulateth with constancy, but doth not so before. It remains therefore most assured true, that where ever Sulphur is found, there is also the first Essence of Gold, and where the first essence of Gold is, there is also the Tincture, wherefore, being Sulphur is found in everything of the world, to the least Herb, Stone, and Bone. It follows that also out of any little Herb, piece of Wood, little Stone and Bone, etc., the true Tincture may be prepared.

Now this our new light doth not profit him that is blind, and will presume and resolve to be so still.

More of this you may find in my third Century and also in the first part of my Spagyrick *Pharmacopeia.*

(*To be continued*).

AN EVENING WITH ADELPHOI LODGE.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.

From the "Freemasons' Repository."

IN what consists the rare charm of Masonry? Why is it that Craftsmen are so drawn together, and find such delight in the intercourse which they are privileged to share as Brethren? Wherefore is the Lodge a magnet so powerful? Questions such as these are often suggested by those who stand outside our Institution—those who express their astonishment, not always in the most courteous terms, that sensible men can be interested in the things which to the prejudiced or ignorant critic appear alike devoid of form and satisfaction. Even within Masonic lines the sweet charm of our great Brotherhood is not always understood, nor is it the easiest task for the mind well instructed in the mysteries of the Masonic art to sum up and make apparent the full potentialities of its influence.

On special occasions, however, and under certain favourable conditions, we come to a large and delightful realization of the noble charm Masonry diffuses, as we gain an experimental knowledge of its power to stimulate the best feelings of the heart, and to develop noblest thought. Then, as the holy teachings of the Masonic symbols and legends are unveiled before us in all their beauty—as the solemn ceremony is enacted with due attention to all its details, we enter into the full meaning of that which is represented before us, and we are moved to the profoundest depths of our spiritual natures by what we behold and participate in. Then it is, when Brethren who are Masons in deed, as well as in name, assemble in the cheerful Lodge room, and when an air of blessed harmony fills the place, while an intelligent zeal directs all the services, that there comes answers to the questions, what is Masonry worth, and wherein its influence? Then appear the light and glory of our ancient Institution, and we cease to wonder that noble and true men in all ages have knelt around its altars and confessed its marvellous power.

The conditions we have indicated as conducive to this most favourable appreciation of Masonry appeared to be well nigh fulfilled at a recent meeting of Adelphoi Lodge. This Lodge is not old in years, and hence it lacks those elements of influence which rest in great age, an illumined history, the prestige of names and events belonging to the record of former days. But Adelphoi, though a young organization, includes a band of experienced Craftsman; men who have drunk deeply at the fountains of Masonic teaching, and who have the ability and the consecrated purpose to establish a model Lodge. So they have sought to plan and organize, gathering the best of material, and uniting it so firmly and happily that the result must needs be blessed to themselves and helpful to the general interests of the Craft in this jurisdiction.

Adelphoi Lodge, as most of our readers know, has apartments of its own in the Elizabeth Building on North Main street. These apartments are convenient and attractive, in every sense adapted to the uses to which they are designed. The principal hall is cheerful, well lighted, and well furnished—just such a Lodge room as disposes the Brother to rest and reflection, whilst it affords proper aids to Masonic work. Here were gathered on the occasion referred to almost the whole membership of the Lodge, together with a number of visitors, including the Grand Master of Masons in this State, M. W. Charles R. Cutler; Past Grand Masters Doyle and Van Slyck; R. W. Bros. Blanding, Carpenter, and others. It was a company of interested and intelligent Brethren, all in sympathy with each other and the occasion. The Master of Adelphoi, R. W. Bro. Stillman White, assisted by officers perfectly conversant with their respective duties, conferred the third degree. The work was faultlessly rendered. The extreme ritualist could hardly have pointed out a defect in the speaking of the text or the enactment of the ceremony. But better still, the spirit of intelligent discernment

breathed through all the service, making the underlying and spiritual elements of the degree clearly visible and duly impressive. There was even a sublime pathos brought out at the more tragical part of the ceremony, touching the hearts of the Brethren and causing them to appreciate, perhaps better than ever before, the grand, heroic lessons bound up in the legend that gives character to the second section of the sublime degree.

During the conferring of the degree several appropriate selections of music were rendered by the favourite Orpheus Quartette, consisting of Bros. Baker, Greene, Brown and Flint. This contributing influence of excellent music was both appreciated and enjoyed by all who were present.

After the work came an earnest address from the Grand Master, who appealed to the Brethren to illustrate practically the fidelity which had been represented to them in the evening's ceremony, and to ever cherish the hope of a resurrection to life immortal, that so they might not falter nor fail in the time of trial.

An ample collation was served in the supper room adjoining the hall. Here the Brethren gathered in social accord and sympathy, and several hours passed delightfully away. We should say that there was time enough for this festival afterpart, as the Lodge was convened at five o'clock, allowing supper to be fixed at eight. Speeches abounding in wit and sentiment, and not without a touch of moral purpose, were made by the Grand Master, and by Brethren Doyle, Van Slyck, Addeman and others, so causing the hours to glide swiftly away until the time of separation came. And then, as the farewells were spoken by this company of Brethren and true friends, it was not so difficult to estimate the secret influence of Masonry, which teaches the sublimest lessons of truth and love while it binds congenial souls together as by links of steel.

REVIEW.*

THE power of song to influence the human mind has been proverbial in all ages. Reverence and devotion have been fostered by it, and by its means men have been in days gone by taught and strengthened, stirred up and encouraged to acts of virtue and deeds of daring. The precepts of morality clothed in the garb of versification have ever found a ready acceptance and a willing ear, whilst stirring deeds done by our ancestors in days of old are remembered and kept alive for us to emulate when recited in taking metre.

In the history of mankind song has ever played a most important part, and if the grosser passions of our fallen humanity have been pandered to by the prostitution of the poet's noble powers, so the heaven-born genius, rousing the nobler purpose of man's soul, has by means of his divine gift roused the flagging patriotism of an entire people.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find that advocates of the Temperance Cause have sought aid and found it in no little degree in the form of musical utterance, for Mr. Bowick, the editor of a book that has just passed through our hands, "Temperance Song," says in his preface, "The Temperance movement owes much to the power of song. And it has itself produced song-writers of no mean order." As proof of this assertion Mr. Bowick mentions such well known names and gives specimens of the writings of the Revs. Paxton Hood, Jabez Tunnicliff, R. Gray Mason, Mr. Edwin Morris, and Dr. Burns.

Most wisely, the selection being intended for "Home" as well as "Temperance-

* "The Standard Book of Song," for Temperance Meetings and Home Use, edited by T. Bowick. London, W. Tweedie & Co.

Meeting" use, a great part of the book consists of hymns, songs, and poems which are not "Temperance" productions so-called, but are verses incentive to high and holy work of every description, encouraging to earnestness of purpose and perseverance, and teaching where strength always can and will be found; the value of this book will be apparent when we select from the names of authors such specimens as those of Horatius Bonar and Charles Mackay.

Perhaps one of the prettiest poems in the book is one entitled "Your Mission," by E. H. Gates. It is so thoroughly in accord with our own teaching, that we quote it:—

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

"If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If, when fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

Possibly one of the best of the Strictly "Temperance" songs is an anonymous one:—

* * * *

"Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

"Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free,
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee.

"Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

One more quotation from the "Hymns and Songs for Special Occasions," which is too good to be passed over, although it, too, is anonymous :—

THE NEW YEAR.

"We are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door,
We are treading on the border-land we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone.
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface-mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty-fold.

And sincerely do we hope that the editor of this little book, which is simply a labour of love, will get it. Heartily do we commend it, even apart from its distinctive character, as a treasury of household song: and, when the editor shall have issued, as he intends, an edition with music and words coupled together, we do not for a moment doubt that he will reap a substantial reward for his labours.

W. T.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE CHEROKEES.

From the "American Freemasons' Magazine."

"O'er the dark waters, without sail or oar
She drifted on, at mercy of the waves.—*Anon.*

A VENERABLE old man sat in a country inn, before a ruddy fire. Without, the rain was pouring down in torrents: within, a group of idlers, travellers, prevented, like the old man, by the inclemency of the day, from pursuing their several routes, were snugly ensconced in corners, endeavouring to while away, as best they could, the lagging hours.

A party, seated around a table in the centre of the room, were engaged in a quiet game of whist. A peddler, who kept one eye on a pack of Irish linens, lying on the floor beside him, studied with the other a last year's almanack. A little short man, with a stump of a pipe between his lips, sat with his head thrown back and his feet resting on the jam of the fire-place; at the same time contemplating with great apparent satisfaction the little cloud of smoke that curled slowly up from under his nose. The landlord, as fat and rosy a specimen of humanity as can well be manufactured out of good wine and fat beef, went hither and thither, bustling about among the guests and servants with the air of one who evidently felt that a rainy day had brought with it a world of business.

The old man before the fire gazed among the coals as if he was endeavouring to construct out of them a piece of fiery mosaic: he was very silent—evidently a stranger to all about him. He was cleanly clad in cloth which must have been the product of a domestic loom; his face was a good deal wrinkled, and the hair, which hung over his old-fashioned coat-collar, was white as cotton. The little dark man who was smoking, now and then squinted up his eyes and looked at him through the smoke, as though he was trying hard to make out who and what he was. At length he made bold to address him.

"You are from the West, stranger, I take it?" he queried.

The old man nodded.

"From Missouri, or, it might be, from Arkansas?" continued the little man.

"I live a hundred miles above Council Bluff," answered the old man quietly.

"Good gracious! above Council Bluff, did you say? Why, then, you must be right among the red skins. You are surrounded by Indians, aren't you?"

The old man smiled and looked at his eager questioner.

"Yes," he said. "The Winnebagoes are just above us; below are the Sacs and Foxes; if we cross the river we get among the Omahas, the Otoes, the Iowas, or the Kickapoos. Our country is certainly an Indian country, We have few white neighbours."

"I dare say that you are a trapper," continued the little man. "You live there for the peltries that you can gain. Come now, do tell us all about it. I have read Capt. Bonneville's adventures, and was mightily interested in the book. May be, you can tell us as great stories as he does. For anything we know, you may be the Captain himself."

The old man shook his head.

"My name is Comstock," he replied. "I have not the honour of being in any way related to the adventurer you speak of. I have never met with him or read his book. Moreover, you misjudge my occupation; I am not a trapper."

The little man looked at the old gentleman more keenly than ever.

"You trade with the Indians, then?" he said. "Do you belong to the Hudson Bay Company, or to the Northwest Company? Exciting times those fur traders have: I should like to be among them myself. If it wasn't for the old woman and the children at home, I'd be on my way there to-morrow."

"No," said the old man; "I am not a fur trader; I never bought a peltry in my life."

"Is it possible that you own a farm there? Married an Indian, perhaps, and emigrated with the nation? Many did the same. You have a family among the Indians, hey? It's too cold for cotton, I take it, up where you are; and then, again, where do you find a market?"

"I have neither wife, farm, nor Indian children," said the old man. "I have but one relative that I know of in the wide world—one connected to me by ties of blood, I mean. That is a daughter. The Indians call her 'The White Rose of the Cherokees.'"

The little man was evidently nonplussed. He did not like to pursue his queries further; and yet it was easy to see that he was half dying with curiosity. The peddler, too, changed the position of the hat upon his temples, and looked up from the almanack wonderingly. The whist-players had been attentively listening to the conversation; and the landlord, who had happened in, as his custom was, to look after the fire, stopped upon the hearth, with one hand resting upon the mantel-piece, and gazed into the strange old gentleman's eyes with an expression upon his rubicund face, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Who in the deuce are you then?"

The whist-players, who about this time had finished their game, now came in a row about the fire.

"Come, old man," said one of them, "you have excited the curiosity of all these good people—that is very evident; now tell us what you do among the Indians, and how did your daughter win that very pretty *soubriquet* of hers, 'The White Rose of the Cherokees?'"

The old gentleman hesitated.

"There is little of interest, I fear," he said, "in my history: and yet, if you have a mind to hear it, gentlemen, upon this rainy day, I will relate it to you. My name, as I before said, is Comstock. The first that I can recollect of myself, I was, together with two hundred children, an inmate of an orphan asylum, or perhaps it might have been more properly called a Foundling Hospital. It was, at any rate, a charitable concern; the children were all picked up from the dregs of society, and scores of them were ignorant of their parentage. I made many inquiries of the beadle and the matron in regard to my father and mother, but from neither could I obtain any satisfaction. The matron said I was picked out of a ditch, she believed, somewhere—among so many brats she could not be expected to know the history of all. The beadle, who was a profane fellow, cursed my inquisitiveness, and declared that I need not be over anxious to know who my relations were; none of them were any too respectable.

"Among all the miserable little wretches with whom I daily came in contact, there was only one fact that interested me in the least—only one child for whom I entertained a particle of affection. This exception was a little gentle girl, named Susan Cameron. I often shared with her my scanty and burnt porridge—I loaned her the only marble of which I was the fortunate possessor—I helped her about her studies—I shielded her from punishment, sometimes voluntarily suffering in her stead. She early learned to look to me for protection, and to threaten those who disturbed her with my displeasure.

"When I was twelve years old I was bound out to a hotel-keeper. I hated to leave Susy, and we shed not a few natural tears over the separation. I had not been long in my situation before I learned that a table waiter was needed in the establishment. I made bold to mention my friend, and found that she could fill the place. She also was bound out to my master, and we went on together with lighter hearts than we had ever carried before. When Susy was eighteen, and I was twenty-one—to make a short story out of a long one—we were married, and soon after moved away to a frontier settlement in the far West. I had picked up and saved two hundred dollars. With it I bought a small piece of land, and on it erected a log cabin. On one side of us were Indians; on the other, poor emigrants, adventurers like ourselves.

"Nature meant me to be a quiet and domestic man. Had I had a worthy and gentle mother, I should have idolized her. Brothers and sisters would have lived deeply in my heart: but I had nobody to cling to but my gentle wife, and I loved her with a strength and depth of affection seldom equalled. Our little log cabin, which Susy's taste adorned more than you would have supposed it possible for woman's taste to have done, was to both of us a sort of earthly heaven. Our affections and wishes never strayed beyond it. After a youth of hardship, we hoped for an old age of love and peace.

"A little daughter was born to us. She was her mother's exact image, and she grew in stature and loveliness every day. Our Indian neighbours often came to see the 'white papoose,' as they called her. They brought her presents, too, birds' eggs, sea-shells, and feathers. The first berries that opened in the woods were among their offerings. The 'white papoose' was a great child in their estimation.

"Among the Indians there was one named Okafenka. He was a Freemason—the only one that I could discover in the neighbourhood. He often came to our cabin. He called me 'Brother'—for I, too, was a member of the Fraternity—and seemed greatly pleased with the bond of union that existed between us.

"Time sped rapidly away. Indian hostilities began. The first intimation I received that my red neighbours were not as friendly as ever came from Okafenka. He came to my cabin, but refused to partake of our hospitalities; he sat in sullen silence upon the threshold and gazed straight before him without moving a muscle or saying a word.

"'What is the matter with my red Brother?' I said, approaching him, and laying my hand upon his arm. 'Why does he refuse to eat with the pale face? For many seasons he has been our friend. How have we offended him?'

"The red man did not deign a reply. He sat as moody and taciturn as before. My wife motioned to Lucy, our little daughter, to approach him. He had always been extremely fond of the child—had her a hundred times upon his lap, and suffered her to play with his shot-pouch and moccasins. But this time he gently repulsed her.

"'My white Brother,' he said, hastly starting up, and drawing his blanket about him, while the feathers which ornamented his head trembled with the excitement that shook his powerful frame—'there are he-wolves in the thicket; their eyes are like balls of fire, and their teeth are like sharp swords. Beware, my Brother! when you least expect it they may make you their prey. The white sister and the pretty papoose are not safe. Before this moon shall die out in the heavens their blood may crimson your hearth-stone, or they may grind corn in the camp of the enemy. The braves will seek my blood if they find out I have told you this; but you are my Brother, and I could not see you perish like the mown grass. Away! away! Okafenka must be seen coming here no more.'

"And before I had time to recover from my surprise, he had left the cabin threshold, and plunged forward into the woods.

"My wife and I sat sorrowfully down to meditate upon the meaning of the warning which we had received. Was it possible that our Indian neighbours were planning mischief against us? Must we leave the home where we had been so long happy together, and the little property which we had succeeded in amassing, to the ravagers of the wilderness? But one answer could be given to these queries. The air about us, like that which hung over Jerusalem, previous to its final destruction by the Romans, seemed filled with that portentous sound, 'Depart!' So we arose, and began to prepare for removal. I went to the field after the horses, while Susy gathered together what few articles of wearing apparal we could take with us.

"My friends, I am an old man. The scene which followed my departure after those horses has been dwelt upon in my mind a thousand times; but I shrink from its recital now, as I would do were the blood of Susy still fresh upon the sod.

"When I came back, my cabin was in flames, my wife a corpse in the front yard —her throat cut from ear to ear and her scalp gone—and my daughter a captive.

"It is not in the power of language to paint my desperation. What was I to do? I was single-handed, and the Indians were thicker than Sennacherib's host. They had my child in their possession. They were familiar with all the fastnesses of the wilderness; they could, if they chose to do so, elude my most daring pursuit.

"I was sitting like a statue of stone beside the dead body of my wife, when I heard a rustling sound behind me, and looking up saw an Indian brave, dressed and painted for warfare, with his hatchet glittering in his hand. I did not feel a thrill of fear. Had he smitten me then and there, I should not have offered resistance. Life did not look to me worth having.

"'You do not know Okafenka, then,' he said. 'He is dressed as a warrior, so that the braves may not be suspicious that he is friendly to the pale face; but I will follow on and look after the white papoose. Why did you not fly as I bade you? Did I not tell you that he-wolves were in the thicket—with teeth like swords and eyes like fire? They came down thicker than the leaves of the forest upon the home of the pale face, and Okafenka could not save his Brother's squaw and papoose. The white Brother should have gone instantly, as I bade him. But it is too late now to save the squaw. The papoose shall be looked after; and, by and by, I will bring her back to you. Okafenka is afraid that the eye of the braves may be upon him; he may not stay to talk longer now. He will come again, bringing the little white squaw with him; not a hair of her head shall be injured. And the Indian vanished away in the thick wood.

"I determined to trust my child, after mature deliberation, to God and the Indian Freemason. I could do nothing more; and so, after burying my dead, I waited patiently for Okafenka's return. Two years went by without bringing a word from him—two wretched, anxious years, as you may well suppose. At the end of that time, the Indian returned. But he was alone, and I saw at the first glance that something had happened.

"'The little white squaw,' he said abruptly, 'was sold by the Cherokees to the Winnebagoes. There she was admired for her pale face and her curly hair. Okafenka watched long, hoping to steal the white squaw away, but he could not do it. The Winnebagoes loved her too well. But what has now become of her he cannot say, She is nowhere in the Indian nation. At first he thought the Winnebagoes had sold the "White Rose of the Cherokees," as they called her, and he asked them about it, but the old chief, who was her Indian father, said, No, no; she has gone among the pale faces again. The White Rose was too pretty for the lodge of the red man of the wilderness. I did not believe him. His face was the face of the turtle dove, but his tongue was the tongue of the serpent. I went away among the Sacs and the Foxes, the Otoes and the Kickapoos, but the white squaw cannot be found. She must be dead. She is nowhere among my people.'

"You may imagine my grief at the announcement. I stood at forty-five alone in the world—a hopeless, miserable man. I thought of my unacknowledged birth—

of my dark and half-starved childhood—of my murdered wife and captive daughter —and almost cursed the God who gave me being. But Okafenka could not persuade me my daughter was not still a captive among the red men. I determined to go myself among all the tribes—to suffer any and everything, if need be, to rescue my child. I accordingly purchased a mule, and set out upon my travels.

"I went among the Nez Perces, the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Arickas, the Koiways, and, indeed, no tribes in the vast western wilds escaped my vigilant eye. Sometimes I was near being roasted alive by them—sometimes I went for days without food, and often I owed my escape from dangers to Okafenka, who, although he constantly affirmed that the little white squaw could not be found, still kept on in my tracks, and would not desert me. Eight years were spent in this fruitless search. My daughter, if she still lived, had been ten years a captive. She must have grown to woman's stature, and become inured to habits of Indian life. She had from her earliest childhood been with them a great deal; and I feared she would prefer her Indian home—perhaps her Indian husband and children—to her own race, even should it be my good fortune to discover her.

"It was towards night-fall, when one day, a hundred miles above Council Bluff, I turned my jaded animal into a footpath, which I supposed led to an Indian village. As I went forward, however, I saw, rising before me, what I instantly recognized as the home of a Christian missionary. It was a small frame house, enclosed and painted. The windows were sashed and glazed, and hung with curtains of white cotton. The yard was cleanly swept, and the trees were trimmed up as they are often found around a southern dwelling. In one corner of the yard stood the school-room; it was an humble dwelling. While I was looking at it, out came pouring a flock of Indian children of all ages and sizes. Soon the missionary himself appeared. He was a middle-aged man, with a mild benevolent countenance. He stopped upon the doorstep when he saw me approaching the house. It did not often happen that a white man, I imagine, claimed his hospitality.

"'Can I spend the night here?' I asked. 'I am fatigued with travelling, and do not feel that I can go further.'

"'Certainly,' he replied, and as he spoke, he stepped forward and took the saddlebags from my head. We entered the little cottage. A slender, delicate, and flaxen-headed woman stepped forward to welcome me. She was introduced by the missionary as his wife. She looked to me young enough to be his daughter; but there was a happy smile upon her lips and a bright light in her eye as she welcomed her husband and his guest.

"The room was pretty enough to be a fairy's bower. A square piece of brilliant carpet covered the centre of the floor. A table, with a rosewood writing desk and work-basket, stood in one corner; a few vigorous green plants were growing on a stand by one of the windows; a tumbler with some white violets in it lent a fragrance to the apartment; a small harp stood in another corner; books and work scattered here and there.

"There was something about the missionary's girlish bride that made me think of Susy Cameron. True, one was the child of poverty and ignorance, the other was a creature of elegance and refinement; but the cast of features was the same. The voice sounded in my ear like a voice long hushed in the silence of the grave. I could not keep my eyes off the woman. She was about the age of my child. Was she my lost Lucy? No—it could not be! A girl who had been raised among the Indians would not know how to sew, read, cultivate flowers, and play upon the harp. I was turning away with a sigh from the contemplation of her face, when the missionary's eye met mine.

"'My wife,' he said, 'is very young and fair. She has been called the "White Rose of the Cherokeees." Do you think the epithet was misapplied?'

"I uttered a scream, and jumped to my feet. 'My long lost daughter,' I cried, 'my long lost daughter! Come and embrace your father!'

"Our mutual transport was great, you may rest assured.

"The story of my daughter's captivity is soon told. Okafenka's tale was strictly correct. She was sold to the Winnebagoes, and was adopted by one of their chiefs. Mark Ford, a young Moravian missionary who about that time penetrated to the wilds of the West, to carry the lamp of salvation to benighted souls, was surprised to find in the wigwam of Osquantum a fair young English girl. He asked and learned her history. He redeemed her by paying a large sum to Osquantum, and then sent her to the States to be educated. While I had been seeking for her among savage tribes, she had been quietly pursuing her studies in one of the most fashionable seminaries of the day. After she had completed her education, she rewarded the young missionary by bestowing upon him her hand. She transplanted to his home in the wilds the graces that he had cultivated, and the tastes and comforts of civilized life.

"Okafenka's joy was nearly as great as my own, over what he still persisted in calling her, the little white squaw. But poor fellow! the seeds of consumption were in his constitution, and he soon died. He was buried on the mission premises, and a weeping willow now trails its long branches over his grave. It was planted by the hands of the 'White Rose of the Cherokees.'

"Such, my friends, is my history. You know now why I live among the children of the West."

A murmur of approbation ran around the old man's auditors.

"The tale is a good one," said the little dark man, removing at the same time his pipe from his lips. "I am a Freemason. Let us give three cheers to the memory of Okafenka, the Indian Brother, and three more to the old man's daughter, 'The White Rose of the Cherokees.'"

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

No. II.

MR. SLOPER.

WHEN I was first introduced to Mr. Sloper, I took a dislike to him for various reasons, good or bad, real or imaginary, and therefore my description of him is probably not absolutely impartial, and must be taken *cum grano salis*. Many are the sympathies and antipathies of life, and just as there are many people with whom you "cotton" at once, or who "cotton" with you, so there are many so entirely anti-sympathetic with you that you antagonize them, and they antagonize you "incontinently" and forthwith. I do not profess ever to have liked, nor do I now profess to like, Sloper; and probably he is in the same position, and never has and never will like me. But so it is; and as things that can't be cured must be endured, so this melancholy state of affairs cannot be mended by you, kind reader, or anyone else, I merely mention this little fact in order to put you on your guard, if you think my colouring flaring, or my account a little "loud," to use one of our young men's elegant and expressive "parts of speech," convenient expletives of slang vernacular. Sloper may be a very "cheerful party" at home, *in gremio maritali*, as some strong-minded lady writer puts it, which means with the "wife of your bosom," or in domestic society, or anything else you like. He may be a good man of business, and probably is; he may be a loyal citizen and a respectable ratepayer; but for all this, he is, to my mind, a highly disagreeable member of the "body politic" of society, and I will give you my reasons, whether you find them "good, bad, or indifferent."

In the first place, he is "too civil by half." I always distrust a man who sinks his

voice and "soaps" an utter stranger, and always seeks to say "what is pleasant," and always elaborates a compliment. I confess here that I belong to an older school of manners and ideas, and perhaps, therefore, am unable and incompetent to give an opinion on the subject. But life, in my view of it, is too important for all such "trivialities," and for all such social triflers and *flaneurs* as these—"loungers," as we may Anglicise the expressive term—I have little patience and much contempt. The man who is "too civil by half" to your face, when he hardly knows you, is pretty sure to slander you behind your back, (if that be not an Irish bull), when you leave the room; and as a general rule, he is both a marplot and a mischief-maker.

And so Sloper always appears to me in this light, disagreeable as it is. He repeats, he exaggerates, he insinuates, and he sneers; he always has a tale of scandal, or a whisper of discredit even of those he knows the best; and his conversation is always, to my mind, boring and benighted in the highest degree, in that he never raises himself above the tittle-tattle of dubious society, or those conventional *canards* which always betray the "bad form" of the *gobemouche* who collects them, who listens to them, and, above all, who repeats them!

Now, as I said before, Sloper probably has his good points, and others may regard him from a friendlier point of view; but as I am colouring my canvass strongly, and with perhaps pre-Raphaelite minuteness, I do not feel inclined to sacrifice truth for sentiment, or reality for possibility. But then, as I said before, I don't like Sloper; and as Sloper don't like me either, perhaps he thinks my bluntness rudeness, and my "downright Dunstableness" vulgarity!

So tastes and opinions differ, and will do so while the world lasts!

If any of you, kind readers, meet Sloper, give him a wide berth, for he is not worth knowing; he will make mischief if he can; and you will find that when all that factitious suavity has disappeared, and the mask is withdrawn, you have to deal with one of those "rolling stones" of society who do more harm than good, in that they have no high aims or sincere strivings, but are shallow-hearted and fickle, without reality of character, earnestness of will, or even true nobility of disposition!

I hope that I have not done injustice to the excellent Sloper, who no doubt enjoys life greatly *more suo;* but I paint him as I find him; and though I bear him no ill-will whatever, I never do see him without a shrug of the shoulders, and a sigh of contempt!

OBITUARY FOR 1878.

WE have to deplore during 1878 the loss of the following worthy, and many of them distinguished, members of our Order:—

Richard Woolfe, P.M. 286, Past Z. and member of many of the higher degrees, who devoted much time to antiquarian, historical, and geological studies; J. Sutcliffe, P.M. Harbour of Refuge Lodge, West Hartepool, etc.; W. Doyle, Liverpool, P.M. 667, P.P.G.J.D. West Lancashire, etc. etc.; H. H. Wright, J.P., of Bolton and Southport, W.M. No. 37; the Right Hon. George William Baron Kinnaird and Rossie, K.T. (the deceased brother was Provincial Grand Master of Perthshire East for fifty years, also Grand Master of Scotland for two years, and in that capacity laid the foundation stone of the New Harbour at Dundee, and presented an address to King William IV. expressing the abhorence of Grand Lodge at the attack on his Majesty's life); Charles Bennett, P.M. 25, official shorthand writer to Grand Lodge; George Nelson, Limba Magna, near Leicester; Major George Barlow, P.M. 321; Dr. J. V. Worthington, P.M. 220; Bentley Shaw, P.M., P.Z., etc., who was an ardent worker and promoter of the Charities, and whose loss will be severely felt in the province of West Yorkshire;

John May, of Plymouth; John Miller, Deputy Grand Master of Madras; John Henderson, P.M. 829, Woolwich; J. B. Forshaw, of Ormskirk, W.M. of the West Lancashire Lodge, 1403; G. Bubb, P.M. 190, St. James's Union Lodge; Prince Lucien Murat, for a while President of the Masonic Lodges of France under the Empire; R. Wentworth Little, P.M., and founder of the Rose of Denmark Lodge, 975, Secretary of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, etc. (Bro. Little was most active in all true Masonic work, and was deservedly held in the highest esteem; his loss will be long felt by a large circle of sympathising friends); Thomas Austin, P.M. 933, and P.Z. 933; John Luter, of Cowes, of late years Tyler of Medina Lodge; Dr. J. M. Cunningham, of Sussex, P.M. 315, and 811 Brighton; J. Verity, J.W. 1194, Isleworth; W. Brasier, of Margate, Union Lodge, Kent, P.Z., etc.; Albert Schmidt, of Jersey; W. W. Squires, of Nelson, New Zealand; S. H. Wagstaff, P.M. 1216, P.Z., etc.; J. R. McDaniel, Past Grand Commander of Virginian Templars, at Washington; the King of Hanover, Past Grand Master of the Old Grand Lodge of Hanover; Robert Bagshawe, P.G.M., and P.G.P. of the Province of Essex; Samuel James Harvey, of Camberwell, P.M. Skelmersdale Lodge, 1658; Sir F. M. Williams, Bart., M.P., Deputy Grand Master of Cornwall, a Past Grand Warden of England, and a munificent supporter of the charities; J. A. Gooch, of Norwich, W.M. Lodge Prudence; W. Cowling, P.M. York Lodge, 236; C. Jardine, P.M. 140, St. George's Lodge (drowned in the Princess Alice disaster); R. D. Duckett, of Lodge 228; William Winch, of the Lodge of Unions, 256, Margate; William Smith, C.E., P.G.S., P.M., and P.Z. 33; F. W. Thiel, P.M. of Canterbury Lodge, 1048, New Zealand; Samuel Tomkins, Grand Treasurer; Foster White, P.G.D., Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Edwd. Beckwith, New Cross; Geo. Law, of the Lion and Lamb Lodge and Jerusalem Chapter; John Millwarn, P.M., at Longmore, near Buxton; William Henry Sleeman, P.M. Gosport Lodge, 903; John Nealds, Secretary Royal Alfred Lodge, 777; John Johnstone, proprietor of the *Standard;* J. Bond-Cabbell, J.P., of Cromer Hall. Norfolk; John Bosworth, P.M. 1328; George Woodley, of the Star of the East Lodge, 880, Island of Kante; John Green, P.M. Lion Lodge, Whitby, 312; John Lemon, P.M. and P.Z. 327, Wigton; Francis Fellows, S.W. of Lodge 192; Woolf Lions, P.M. 1326, and P. Prov. G. Reg. Middlesex; Walter Graham, Lodge St. Andrew, 418, Auckland, New Zealand.

The *Times* gives us the following admirable summary of the general deaths in 1878, which we transfer gladly to the Magazine, as deserving note by all our readers.

The record of "Death's Doings" for the year that has now reached its close is rather a long one, and contains in it several names of world-wide note. It is remarkable also for the many blanks which have been caused in Royal circles in Europe and in other parts of the world within the past twelvemonth.

Among the crowned, or once crowned, heads of Europe and other Royal circles there have passed away the following:—Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and his rival, Pope Pius IX.; the Dowager Queen (Christina) of Spain, and the young Queen Mercedes, of Spain; George, ex-King of Hanover; the King of Burmah; Prince Henry of Reuss-Kostritz, and his Princess; Charles, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein; Prince Lucien Murat; the Archduke Francis Charles, father of the Emperor of Austria; the little Princess Marie of Hesse-Darmstadt; and last, though not least, her mother, our own Princess Alice.

To the above must be added five members of "the Sacred College of Cardinals" (who rank with Royalty)—namely, Brossais-St. Marc, Amat, Berardi, Franchi, Cullen, and Asquini.

From the roll of the Peerage of the three Kingdoms the following have passed away:—The Duke of Cumberland (ex-King of Hanover); the Earls of Dysart, Russell, Ashburnham, Lauderdale, Northesk, Bathurst, Ravensworth, and Leitrim; the Marquises of Ailesbury and Tweeddale; the Countess of Newburgh; Viscount Southwell; Lords Kinnaird, Chelmsford, and Dynevor; and the Baroness Gray.

The following Baronets have died since the commencement of the year 1878:—Sir Richard Griffith, Sir George C. Colthurst, Sir Frederick M. Williams, Sir Courtenay J. Honywood, Sir William Miles, Sir James Grant-Suttie, the Rev. Sir Thomas E. Wilmot

Blomefield, Sir Thomas S. Dyer, Sir James Milne Innes, Sir Frederick L. Arthur, Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Sir John Wemyss, Sir Leopold Cust, Sir Murray Howell-Murray, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Sir John Powlett Orde, Sir George Grant-Suttie, Sir George Hill, Sir Richard A. O'Donnell, Sir Francis Wheler, Sir George Clay, Sir Gerald G. Aylmer, Sir John A. Cathcart, Sir John Ennis, the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, Sir James Buller East, Sir Stapleton T. Mainwaring, Sir Henry C. Montgomery, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir William Gibson-Craig, Sir Frederick W. Frankland, and Sir William Hayter. Of the above baronetcies those of East and Howell-Murray appear to have become extinct.

The following Knights of various orders have paid the debt of nature:—Sir Thomas Myddelton-Biddulph, K.C.B., Sir James J. Chalk, Sir George B. L'Estrange, Sir Hastings R. Yelverton, G.C.B., Sir William Snagg, Sir Michael Galway, K.C.B., Sir Alfred T. Wilde, K.C.B., Admiral Sir William J. Hope-Johnstone, K.C.B., General Sir John Garvock, G.C.B., Sir John W. Awdry, Sir George Back, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., Sir C. J. Readymoney, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, Sir James Carter, Sir William O'Grady Haly, K.C.B., Sir James Coxe, the Hon. Sir Frederick William Grey, G.C.B., Sir Henry J. W. Bentinck, K.C.B., Sir William Grey, K.C.S.I., Admiral Sir William Hutcheon Hall, K.C.B., Sir George Biddlecome, C.B., Sir Philip M. N. Guy, K.C.B., Sir William Yardley, and Sir Thomas S. Sadler.

The following deaths have caused vacancies in the present House of Commons:—Sir William Stirling-Maxwell (Perth), Mr. Richard Bright (East Somersetshire), Mr. Alexander C. Sherriff (Worcester), Mr. James Sharman-Crawford (county Down), Sir Francis H. Goldsmid (Reading), the Right Hon. Russell Gurney (Southampton), Mr, Philip Wykeham-Martin (Rochester), Mr. Henry W. Ferdinand Bolckow (Middlesbrough), Mr. Peter Ellis Eyton (Flint), Mr. George H. Whalley (Peterborough), Sir Frederick Martin Williams (Truro), Mr. John Dunbar (New Ross), Professor Richard Smyth (county Londonderry), the Hon. Eliot C. Yorke (Cambridgeshire), and Colonel James Duff (North Norfolk).

The following ex-Members of Parliament have died during the past twelve months:—Lord Montagu William Graham, Mr. William Vansittart, Mr. Edward King Tenison, the Right Hon. Sir William G. Hayter, Mr. Henry Broadwood, Mr. Edward Bolton-King, Sir W. Gibson Craig, Mr. George Moffat, Mr. Allan Eliott-Lockhart, Mr. Robert Hollond, Mr. Samuel Carter, Mr. John Forster, Mr. George Duncan, Mr. Edward R. Rice, Mr. Henry T. Prinsep, Mr. John Towneley, the Right Hon. William F. Tighe, Mr. William M'Cormick, Colonel W. T. Powell, Mr. Nicholas Kendall, Mr. Richard Bremridge, Mr. Charles H. Frewen, Mr. Robert J. Bagshaw, Sir John Ennis, Mr. Charles H. Barham, Mr. S. S. Dickinson, Mr. Reginald J. Blewitt, Sir George Colthurst, Mr. George Thompson, Mr. John W. Miles, Mr. John Dove Harris, Sir James B. East, Lord J. F. Gordon Hallyburton, Mr. T. B Horsfall, and Mr. Michael Sullivan.

In the legal profession we shall miss the names of Chief Justice Monaghan; Judge Keogh; ex-Chief Justice Creasy, of Ceylon; Sir James Carter, late Chief Justice of New Brunswick: Mr. C. W. Goodwin, Assistant Judge at Shanghai; Mr. T. Chitty, the eminent special pleader; Mr. W. G. Lumley, Q.C.; Mr. J. T. Schomberg, Q.C.; Mr. Henry Prendergast, Q.C.; Lord Chelmsford; Mr. Joseph Kay, Q.C.; Mr. John W. Carleton, Q.C.; Sir William Yardley, formerly Chief Justice at Bombay; Sir James B. East, author of the "Term Reports," "East Reports," etc.; Sir John W. Awdry, formerly Chief Justice at Bombay; Sir James Jell Chalk, late Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; Mr. Russell Gurney, Q.C., Recorder of London; Mr. Thomas M'Donnell, Q.C.; Mr. John Murphy, Q.C.; and Sir William Snagg, Chief Justice of British Guiana.

Among the clergy we have lost Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield; the Bishop of Cork, Dr. Gregg; Bishop Mackenzie, ex-Suffragan of Nottingham; the Rev. Dr. Mozley, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford; the Rev. Edward Caswall; Dr. Williams, ex-Bishop of Waiapu, New Zealand; Dr. Saunders, Dean of Peterborough; the Bishop of Ossory and Ferns; the Archbishop of Rennes; Dr. B. P. Symons, ex-

Warden of Wadham College, Oxford; Dr. Llewellin, Dean of St. David's; the Rev. Craufurd Tait, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Rev. Dr. Duff, of Edinburgh; the Ven. Dr. Jackson, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and Archdeacon of Carlisle; Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans; the Archbishop of Tarragona, in Spain; Dr. Kynaston, late High Master of St. Paul's School, the Rev. William G. Clark, of Cambridge; the Rev. Dr. Booth, F.R.S.; the Bishop of Louisiana; the Rev. J. M. Chapman; the very Rev. A Daunt, Dean of Cork; the Rev. Canon Jenkyns; the Rev, George Williams; the Bishop von Ketteler; the Rev. Robert George Baker; and the Rev. Thomas Thomson Jackson, D.D., *Emeritus* Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow.

In art, science, and literature we have lost Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy; Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A.; the "inimitable" George Cruikshank; Mr. Bury Palliser, Dr. Doran, F.S.A; Mr. George Clarkson Stanfield; Mr. Charles Summers, the sculptor; Mr. George Gilfillan; Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist; Mr. George Henry Lewes; Mr. John Penn, the eminent engineer; Mr. Joseph Bonomi, the antiquary; Mr. Samuel Bough, R.S.A.; Miss Susan Winckworth; Robert Gibbon, the "Pitman's Poet;" M. J. Hain Friswell; Southey's son-in-law, the Rev. J. W. Warter; Mr. Frederick P. Cockerell, the architect; Dr. Robert Carruthers, editor of the *Inverness Courier* and author of the "Life of Pope," etc.; Mr. Edward Wilson, of the *Melbourne Argus;* Mr. Henry Dawson and Mr. Joseph Nash, artists; Mr. Robert. Wallis, landscape engraver; M. Danton, painter and sculptor; Lamy, the celebrated chemist; M. Becquerel, the electrician; M. Regnault, director of the Sevres Porcelain Manufactory; Mr. G. W. Lovell; Mr. H. T. Riley; and M. Gustave Courbet, the French artist.

Among the miscellaneous celebrities at home and abroad who have died during the year are Mehemet Ali Pasha; M. Garnier-Pages, the French Republican; Mr. George P. Bidder, the "Calculating boy;" Mr. Frederick Gye, Mr. Charles J. Mathews, Mr. Alfred Wigan, and Mr. Samuel Phelps, the actors; Mr. Gustave Wallis, the botanist; Dr. Robert Wallis, formerly Librarian of the College of Surgeons; Carl von Gebler, the historian; Orelie, the unfortunate "King" of Araucania; M. George Payne, of sporting celebrity; Madame Van de Weyer, the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Seymour, mother of the Marquis of Hertford; the Dowager Lady Abinger; Lady Elizabeth Pringle; Dr. Quin; Lady Watson; the Countess Ariosto, last descendant of the poet; the "Queen of the Gipsies;" Lady Dalling and Bulwer; Lady Wentworth; Colonel Cameron; Director-General of the Ordnance Survey; M. Ernest Quetelet, the astronomer; the Rev. W. Main, F.R.S., head of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford; Sandille, the South African rebel; Herr Petermann, the geographer; M. Bulgaris, General Palikao, General della Marmora; M. Raspail, the veteran and eccentric Republican orator; Prince Tcherkassky, of Russia; Father Secchi, the Italian astronomer; General Tulloch, of the Madras Army; Lady Wentworth, wife of Byron's grandson; Comte de Diesbach, Deputy of the late National Assembly at Paris; Don Ribero, ex-President of the Spanish Chambers; Mrs. John Bright; the Marquis d'Audiffret; Mrs. Grote; Dr. Millingen, the surgeon of Lord Byron; Mdlle. Beatrice, the actress; Mr. Bayard Taylor, United States Minister in Germany; Senor Pardo, ex-President of Peru; Marshall Baraguey d'Hilliers; Madame de Dufaure; the Dowager Lady Grantley; Herr Kohler; Prince Lucien Murat; the Dowager Lady Nelson; M. Alexander Viollet le Duc; the widow of Rossini, the composer; Mdlle. Lucy Prevost-Paradol; Mr. Andrew Murray; the Duc de Montmorency; Baron Raphael Erlanger; General Duplessis; Lady Coleridge; Mr. William Cobbet; Lady Hamilton Chichester; General Bertrand; M. Claude Bernard; Marshal Benedek: General Albatucci; Field-Marshal Airoldi; Tweed, the "Tammany Ring" celebrity; James Fazy, ex-Dictator of Geneva; and Henry Vincent, the Chartist lecturer.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

"Nous avons changé tout cela."

TEN years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book
Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap, or find my whip.
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why,
Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare,
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years,—to-day Old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, and bonny,
The curls are golden round her brow;
She smiles, and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used *her* Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I who could joke with her, and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
A speechless shy adorer.

Or if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
I babble common-places.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
I wish *she* blushed and faltered:
She likes me, and I love her now;
Dear, dear! how things have altered!

Graphic. G. B. S.,

THE THEATRES.

(*From our Dramatic Correspondent.*)

WHILE all our London theatres have succeeded in producing pieces more or less in accordance with, what I may term, the mental elements of the season, I think that the reproduction at "The Princess's" of Charles Reade's famous English drama, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," is the most important and must take the place of honour in my letter to day. It will be remembered by many playgoers that when this play was first produced, som thirteen years ago, it provoked much adverse criticism, not for its faults as a drama, but because it was a play with a purpose, that purpose being to show up in the most emphatic manner the unchristian horrors practised in some of our, so-called, model prisons. To day that adverse criticism is dead, and the model prison is not quite so model. The reception accorded to "It is Never Too Late to Mend" on Boxing Night is sufficient evidence that as a play it possesses all the elements of success, and it needs no prophet to foretell a long run. While all concerned in the acting deserve great praise, a special word of commendation must be said for Mr. Charles Warner, as *Tom Robinson*. With one exception, I have never seen him to better advantage. He played the part, by no means an easy one, with the care and grace so natural to him, and with that perfect finish which denotes the true artist. As regards the mounting, scenery, appointments, etc., it would be superfluous to say anything, for ever since "The Princess's" has been in the hands of Mr. Walter Gooch, these requisites of success have had no rivals in London; he spares neither time, trouble, nor expense in presenting to his audience the authors' "children" clothed in right royal fashion.

Of the Pantomimes there is not much to say: they are all written on the old lines, and present few if any original characteristics. Mr. Blanchard, as usual, supplies "Drury Lane" with its holiday programme, and has this year selected "Cinderella" for his theme.

Some of the lines and songs in Mr. Frank Green's burlesque, "Jack and the Beanstalk" (Covent Garden), are in the worst possible taste, and a bit of witticism against one of our cleverest dramatic authors can only be attributed to envy.

The "Surrey" Pantomime is this year written by Joseph Mackay, and dressed, I believe, by his brother, Wallis Mackay. The "Surrey" has for many years enjoyed the reputation of producing the best Pantomimes, and certainly that reputation will not be forfeited this year. "The House that Jack Built" is really worth seeing.

That exceedingly clever comedy, "Pink Dominoes," has been transferred to "The Philharmonic," while at its natural home, where it lived so long, "The Criterion," "The Little Quiriti" troupe have commenced a series of operas which will continue up to the end of January.

The following theatres, "Strand," "Folly," "Vaudeville," "Globe," "Haymarket," "Olympic," "Gaiety," "Adelphi," all retain their old programmes; while at "The Royalty," now under the able management of Miss Santley, "Cinderella," a sweet little comedy, and "Tita in Thibet," afford a most pleasant evening's entertainment.

Last on my list comes "The Alhambra," not, however, because it is the least worthy of notice, far from it. I question if anything equal to the grand spectacular representation of "La Poule Aux Œufs d'Or" is to he seen elsewhere in Europe, and the ballet divertissement, "The Union of Nations," is the most gorgeous and withal the most artistic both for colouring and grouping that "The Alhambra," famous as it is for its ballets, has ever presented. The cast, with one exception, is good, the singing of Mlle. Riviere, Miss Soldene, Miss Loseby, Mr. Knight Aston, and M. Bruet being most effective and calling for frequent applause. The one exception is the part of *Chanticlero*, personated by Mr. E. Righton. I take this exception because it is a sorry sight to see so good an actor as Mr. Righton playing the fool:—the motley does not become him. His reputation as a first-class comedian is established, and this being so makes it the more surprising that he should condescend to undertake to play a part to which ample justice might be done by some poor fourth-rate actor for forty shillings a week.

SIDE WING.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY H. E. W.

A RUSTLE of sheeny satin,
A glimmer of jewels rare,
A shimmer of foamy laces,
And a breath of lilies fair.
A bride at the altar standing;
A priest to act his part;
And the golden fetters are fastened,
That only death can part.

The bride is wondrous lovely;
Men worship her eyes of blue,
Maids envy the flash of her diamonds,
But they would not if they knew
That the heart 'neath those rare old laces
Is throbbing with bitter regret,
And the golden head laden with jewels
Is trying so hard to forget?

The idyl of one sweet Summer
She forgot he was poor. And—well,
Those ashes at home on her hearthstone
Might a tale of a slighted love tell.
She loved him, perhaps. But, remember,
That love is a poor worthless thing,
And cannot be counted as real
Without at least one diamond ring.

So she crushed the regret and the heartache,
Laid the past and its treasures aside,
To think of her silks and her jewels
And her wealth as the great banker's bride—
To dream of the trip o'er the waters—
And the Winter to spend in old Rome—
A season at beautiful Paris—
And wonderful fêtes when at "home!"

The wedding was certainly brilliant,
But conscience was there with its sting
And the opera music just splendid—
Not ballads that they used to sing;
And the flowers, rare, costly exotics—
May they prove half as dear to her sight
As that poor faded bunch of meek daisies
She burned with his letters, last night.

Ah, well! What's the use of lamenting?
It's the way of the world, you know;
And more hearts than one are in mourning
When the form wears the garments of snow,
And the gold that so often we covet
May cover a sea of despair,
And out from the measure of sorrow
Each mortal receives his full share.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Summary.

THE first Anniversary Festival of our great Charities in 1879, namely that of that most excellent Institution, the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, has taken place with great *éclat*, and with greater results.

Two hundred and eighty-three stewards, an unprecedented number, with Brother Woodford as Chairman, and Brother Cubitt as Treasurer, and Brother Terry as Secretary, carried out the details of the festival to the satisfaction of all. We never saw the greater hall better filled, or more genuine enthusiasm when Brother Terry announced the goodly total of £13,850. Of this amount the Metropolis has sent £6,200, and the Provinces £7,400 in round numbers. The amount will no doubt reach £14,000.

East Lancashire, the Province from which the gallant Chairman, Lieut-Colonel Le Gendrie Starkie, came, transmitted the noble amount of £3500.

We congratulate the Craft on this successful and happy inauguration of the Charity Festival of 1879, and hope that Brothers Hedges and Binckes may each in turn have to announce similar zealous friends, and equally pleasant returns.

The consecration of the Creaton Lodge took place on the 10th, with much effect, before a goodly gathering. Our excellent Grand Secretary, the consecrating officer, was gallantly supported on the occasion, and many of Colonel Creaton's friends mustered in fraternal good will.

We augur much for the future career of a Lodge under such a name, so successfully introduced to the Masonic world.

We have not much more to say, as English Masonry seems pursuing the "even tenor of its way," and sipping the sweets contentedly of great material prosperity. We wish we could think that Lodges and Chapters did not too often forget that, as "Charity is better than rubrics" so it is decidely superior to the claims of the social circle, and the creature benefits of material existence.

It seems to us, that if we manifested a little more economy in our "commissariat arrangements," and did a little more openly and actually for our Masonic Charities, in Lodges and Chapters, as Lodges and Charities, we might greatly improve the "staple" of Masonic feeling, and add greatly to that good opinion, which the outer world is prepared to hold, of our beneficent and mysterious order. *Verbum sat.!*

BY-LAWS OF AN OLD LODGE.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

WE have lately come across the by-laws of an old Lodge, No. 34, and held for some years at Jersey, by authority of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, which are well worthy of reproduction.

A declaration prefaces the laws, indicative of the basis of the Society, and is as follows:—

1. The Order of Freemasonry is composed of Freemen, who have formed themselves into an association, governed by general statutes and by by-laws.

It has for its basis the existence of one God, the immortality of the soul, and the love of humanity. It has for its object charity, the study of universal morality, and the practice of every virtue.

2. No person can be admitted into Freemasonry or enjoy the rights and privileges thereof—

(*a.*) Unless he has attained the full age of twenty-one years.

(*b.*) Unless his reputation and private conduct are irreproachable.

(*c.*) Unless he exercises a free and honourable profession, and unless he is in comfortable circumstances.

(*d.*) Unless he is possessed of sufficient education and intelligence to understand and value the doctrines and tenets of Freemasonry.

3. The title of a Mason, as well as the rights and privileges annexed thereto, are lost—

(*a.*) By the committing of any dishonourable action, proved masonically or civilly.

(*b.*) By the carrying on of an infamous trade or calling.

(*c.*) By the violation of the Oath of Fidelity, or by the breach of any of the engagements entered into at the initiation.

(*d.*) And in certain cases described in the Book of Constitution.

We need say nothing by way of commendation of the foregoing excellent introduction, save to state that we wish they were to be found similarly printed in all by-laws of Lodges.

Various rules are then inserted of a general character, No. 3 requiring that "The officers of this Lodge are expected to study the history of the Craft, its archives and ceremonial, so that the working be perfectly executed." The wisdom of this regulation is evident, though practically it is one much neglected, especially in the treatment by the Craft of their periodical literature, which affords the means at a trifling cost to secure all that is needful for the ordinary Mason at least, as to our history and character.

Rule 7 provides for the nomination of members eligible for the different offices and for the ballot at the succeeding Lodge. In England now the nomination is generally omitted, the ballot being taken for the W. M. by the members placing a cross against one of the brethren's names, on a printed slip of paper, and when folded it is placed in the box. All are eligible for that office who have served as Wardens or Masters, and the one having the majority of votes is declared elected, and can be installed at the next regular meeting, *after confirmation of the minutes.* The other officers are appointed by the W. M., save the Treasurer, who is elected by ballot, and the Tyler, who is chosen by *show of hands.*

Rule 8 refers to the appointment of an Orator or Lecturer, who is specially charged—(1) With the explanation of the symbols of the various degrees, and of the history, doctrines, and tenets of the Order, (2) with the celebration of the feasts of the Order, and of funeral and other ceremonies, etc.; (3) with the examination of unvouched-for visiting Brethren. A few Lodges appoint Orators or Lecturers in

England, but it is far from a general custom. It is adopted, however, in the ancient "Lodge of Antiquity," London.

Rule 10 we like, and is as follows:—

"That a Brother of the Lodge may be appointed to act as Hospitaller who is specially charged—

(*a.*) To visit all sick and needy Brethren.

(*b.*) To enquire personally into all applications for relief, and to report thereon to the Lodge.

(*c.*) To distribute the alms and other relief voted by the Lodge.

The duties of the Treasurer and Secretary are well defined in two other rules, and certainly if these two important officers ever failed in that Lodge, it would not be from any lack of suitable instructions.

The other regulations do not call for mention at this time, save that the twentieth is one that should always be inserted in the by-laws of Lodges, and strictly adhered to.

"That it being the imperative duty of every member to make himself acquainted with the rules and regulations of the Lodge, as contained in these by-laws, that none may plead ignorance thereof; it is resolved that they shall be plainly transcribed in a minute-book of the Lodge, and that each present, as well as future members, shall attach his name to them, in token of his full acquiescence in their import."

These Laws were approved duly by Bro. L. H. Deering, D.G. Secretary of Ireland.

We may refer to other by-laws shortly.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY J. CHAPMAN.

No. I.

THE symbolism of the Great Pyramid is a topic of great import to the ethical student. While it deals with cosmic truths, it also grasps those higher spheres of science which teach man wisdom. The Masonic student will find in the symbolism of this mountain of masonry the grandest corollary to the Scriptures which the world has yet revealed. That "peculiar system of morality, illustrated by symbol," with which the Craft is so richly adorned, will receive from the teachings of this, the noblest pile of masonry, truths not only relating to the history of man and his future destiny; but it also opens out those scientific facts which will remove the doubts and errors of the scientists who have striven in the past to work out some of the greatest problems which their ripened labours have failed to solve.

The reader will be introduced to three divisions of the subject, which may help to fasten upon the mind the several truths the Great Pyramid is intended to reveal. They are the *Scientific*, the *Historic*, and the *Prophetic*.

It is not intended to introduce any new-fangled crotchet, or theory, for the sake of exciting the interest of the reader; but to give the fruit of those researches which have marked the course of some of the most distinguished scholars who have travelled the intricate paths of science. It would not effect that good which the subject is calculated to offer, if the writer was to launch into any wild speculations, or copy the gyrations of the fanatical enthusiast who flies off at a tangent, with a fiz and a force that remind one of a pyrotechnic device, which strain the attention of the observer in following its course, and only leave a few lurid sparks to indicate its premature extinction.

In prefacing our remarks on the teaching of the Great Pyramid, it will naturally be expected that some statement should be made as to who built it. This is a point

open to speculation. Herodotus informs us that it was believed to be the work of Philitis, a Hyksos, or Shepherd King, who by supernatural power invaded Egypt, and subdued it without a battle, and eventually quitted it by capitulation. There are those who hold that this Hyksos was none other than Melchizedek, who is called King of Salem, and by some Jeru-salem. Whether the information gleaned by Herodotus from the Egyptian Priests was worthy of acceptance, or whether they imposed their unreliable traditions upon him, is a matter we must leave for the reader to decide. Captain B. W. Tracey, R.N., who has written an admirable work on "A Scriptural view of the Great Pyramid," in treating this subject has a paragraph which we consider well worth quoting; he states: "How vain and futile have been the efforts of man to unravel the secret of its Builder; and this mighty monument stands on the earth, like Melchizedek, without parentage, to all our '*savants*,'—it is beyond them even to imagine where the science of its Architect came from, and all their ideas of it are based on the traditions of Egyptian enmity; which in itself is almost proof positive that it was erected as a witness for good—principally to unfold the truth of His Holy Word." The settlement of the question as to its Builder will not, however, affect the great truths it indicates. Anyone who has studied the construction of the Great Pyramid will not dispute the fact that it was the work of "the grand *Master Masons* of the old times," as stated by Charles Casey, in his work on "PHILITIS." There have been those who nevertheless have striven to place the Great Pyramid on the same level as the other Pyramids of Egypt. They say, "Why this above the rest? It was only built as a mausoleum for the mummied remains of old King Cheops." Unmistakable evidence answers the question, and unsettles the statement; but with regard to what it was intended for, that will form the theme of the three subsequent articles, and we will only state here, with regard to its being placed on a *par* with the other Pyramids, that nothing could be wider from the truth, or more difficult for the Pyramid student to accept. It is true the Great Pyramid is *in Egypt;* but it is not *of Egypt*. Its polished and unlettered stones speak in a language most unequivocal, that its exquisitely worked slabs, by their measurements, point to certain cosmic and ethic truths which cannot in the slightest degree be traced in any of the other buildings. As in the case of the magicians of Egypt, in the time of Moses, they assayed to work by their arts the miracles which Moses effected by the power of the Most High, and in some instances they appeared to succeed; but that did not disprove the source from whence Moses derived his power, neither do the other Pyramids by their apparent similarity reduce the Great Pyramid to the same level with the rest. The other Pyramids are filled with Egyptian hieroglyphics, but by their construction there is not one single ray of cosmic light emitted, although the builders had the Great Pyramid before them as a model. The sacred and scientific truths taught by the Great Pyramid were even concealed from the workmen who assisted in its erection, which will explain how it came to pass that there was such a disimilarity between them and the Great Pyramid on the northern edge of the Gheeza Hill, at the apex of the Delta of Egypt.

While with cautious and tentative steps we tread the paths frequented by such distinguished Pyramid-scholars as Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland; Charles Casey, author of "Philitis," etc.; Captain B. W. Tracey, R.N., and others, whose works indicate indefatigable labour, we shall, we trust, be able to establish the triple argument, viz.—the Scientific, the Historic, and the Prophetic character of this unique structure. Should the effort to establish the triple argument be successful, it will then be no difficult matter for the reader to accept the Great Pyramid as the "WITNESS" referred to by Isaiah xix. 19, 20.

TORTURED BY DEGREES.

From the "Keystone."

FOUR hundred years ago men were tortured by degrees—but not for the first time, nor for the last. The "good" Queen Isabella was then on the Spanish throne, with Ferdinand of Arragon for her consort, and Torquemunda for Inquisitor-General. Then of all other times in the world, men—aye, and women and children too—were tortured by degrees. The thumb-screw, the rack, and the pulley deprived them slowly of life, and fire, faggot, and stake often ended their torments. An Innocent Pope (the Eighth)—innocent in name only, but thrice guilty in deed—inaugurated the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and thus made it possible for such a heart-rending book to be written as Fox's "Book of Martyrs." It is fortunate for us that those days are past. No one finds it a pleasure, even for conscience sake, to enlighten the world at the stake. But ours is a liberal age—too liberal, perhaps, when, in this country at least, one may say and do pretty much as he pleases. Our liberty reaches license, and hence, although the punishments of the nineteenth century are different from those of the fifteenth, we yet are, in a certain sense, tortured by degrees. Our rules have been changed, but our burdens are still upon us. Thus, the so-called Holy Office is without business, and its inquisitors can no longer enforce their saying, "Believe as I believe, or I'll roast you," yet any man may now be a sort of "Holy Office," and still torture us by degrees.

All our troubles flow from the vanity of men who assume to be wiser than Solomon. We are taught in the Craft that King Solomon, in his supreme wisdom, established but three degrees among the Craftsmen of Jerusalem who were builders of the Temple—viz., Entered Apprentices, Fellow Crafts, and Masters. Now, according to recently published accounts, there are two hundred and eighty-two degrees that claim to be Masonic! Could Beaumont and Fletcher have had prophetic reference to this mushroom growth, when they wrote:—

"There is a method in man's wickedness—
It grows up by degrees."

Surely the world would not suffer if, say two hundred and fifty of these degrees, were to be buried out of sight and hearing! Let us consider this somewhat.

Degrees, when multiplied by hundreds, are costly in money; unduly absorb a man's time from himself and his legitimate business, to say nothing of his family; and fill his head with a lot of verbiage, which likely crowds out knowledge that would be more profitable to him, if not more pleasant.

Jack Kitchener is one of those who is tortured by the numerosity of his degrees. Monday night comes. Supper is just over. Jack jumps up, with the remark—"Wife, I've a Lodge meeting to attend this evening." "Pray, what Lodge?" she asks, "Oh!" he replies, "the A. B. and C. Rite holds one of its meetings to-night." Tuesday evening arrives. Supper is hurriedly dispatched, and Jack is up and going. "And whither to-night?" the wife inquires. "The D. E. F. Rite holds an important Communication to-night." Wednesday comes. The G. and H. Rite meets in high carnival then. Thursday brings with it a Lodge meeting in the "I. J. and K. Rite." Friday is illustrated by a cut from supper to attend a meeting in the "L. and M. Rite," and poor Saturday is crowded also with the "O. P. and Q. Rite." The following week is also full, to the end of the alphabet of rites. And so on from week to week, and month to month, and year to year. Thus, as Dryden says, are—

"Ill habits gathered by unseen degrees."

This multitude of degrees that requires a man with a head for figures to number. is an inverted pyramid, unnaturally based upon a point that is a very diamond for endurance. This pivot-point is composed of the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry,

These all men (who can) may take with benefit to themselves, and without detriment to their families; but the large majority of the degrees beyond them grow—

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

The Scriptures appear to be uniform in their testimony on this point. Men of "high degree" are by no means commended, while men of "low degree" are often praised. In Chronicles we read of "brethren of the second degree," who chanted songs of praise when the Ark of the Covenant was carried up to Zion; and St. Luke says: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." It is true David wrote, in the Psalms, that "men of low degree are vanity," but then he added, "men of high degree are altogether lighter than vanity!"

We do well to be faithful to our first love. Let no one ever

"Look in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

By base degrees he meant (whatever Shakespeare meant) the foundation degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, on which all other Masonry, or alleged Masonry is built. There are in Masonry degrees useful and ornamental, and in mis-called Masonry degrees that are neither one nor the other. We should class the degrees of the Lodge and Chapter as useful, and those of the Commandery and Ancient and Accepted Rite as ornamental. Some Brethren of course will differ from us, but with the majority we are in accord. As to what may be termed the Alphabet Rites, there is no Masonry in them but the name.

What shall we say then of the mills and millers that grind out the multitudinous modern degrees, which promise to outnumber Abraham's seed? The millers are doubtless Masons, ingenious men, ambitious men, presumptuous men, and sometimes successful men; but they cannot make any of their modern rites right. They are not Masonry, and they overlay and tend to obscure Masonry. Think of anyone assuming to overtop King Solomon!

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!".

THE COUNTRY.

BY M. J. HUGHES.

I LOVE its mountains towering high,
And I love its blue azure sky;
I love its valleys and its rills,
I love the country and its hills;
I love to breathe its air so pure,
Its gushing fountains I adore;
I love its streams, shallow and deep,
I love its harvests so rich to reap;
I love its fields and meadows green,
Where the skipping lamb can be seen;
I love to gaze upon its lofty crest,
Where in safety the eagle builds its nest.
I love the country, its peaceful rest,
What nature hath so sweetly blessed;
I love simple nature, beautiful and grand,
And the country, God's favoured land.

THE RELATION OF THEISM TO FREEMASONRY.

An Address at the Public Installation of the Officers of Batavia Lodge, No. 109, and Batavia Chapter, No. 112, at Batavia, O.,

From the "Masonic Review."

LADIES and Gentlemen of Batavia; Brethren and Companions of the Mystic Tie,—In addressing so large and intelligent an audience on this Masonic festival occasion, you will naturally expect that my theme will be a Masonic one. At the same time it is very proper that I should choose one that will not only be intelligible to, but of interest and importance to this large body of ladies and gentlemen, numbering, of course, a considerable share of non-Masons.

I have therefore selected as a theme which, I hope, will interest both those who are Masons and those who are not, the subject of the Relation of Theism, or the Belief in God, to Freemasonry.

This is a subject of present interest to Freemasons in all parts of the world. In the lodges of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, North and South America, Australia, China, and India, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Spain, and France—everywhere where Masonry has spread—and I don't know of a civilised nation in the whole world in which it has not spread—there is being discussed these questions: Is there any connection between Theism and Freemasonry? Can a Masonic Lodge rightfully demand that no one shall be admitted who does not believe in God? Does the principle of entire freedom of conscience, which Masonry has always stood up for, require that no belief whatever be demanded? and that the Atheist, provided he be a moral man, in other respects, should be as eligible to membership as a Theist?

It may be a strange thing for you Masons who do not read Masonic journals to be told that such questions as these are being discussed all over the world. You have always been accustomed to the demand that a Mason must believe in God; you have always considered it interwoven with the very texture of the system; you can't conceive how any one could question the proposition that a man to be a Mason must believe in God.

Nevertheless it is true, as I say to you: the question most discussed at present in all the Masonic journals in the world—and I receive them, published in six different languages from all parts of the world—is the question whether there be any necessary connection between Theism and Freemasonry.

This question has been agitated for two years past, and was started in France. It is a very unfortunate fact that in Roman Catholic countries Freemasonry is entirely interdicted to the members of that church by its authorities. The Popes have time and again fulminated their anathemas against Freemasonry for the last 100 years, since Gregory XVI put it under the ban. The result is that in these Roman Catholic countries, where there are but few Protestants, the Masonic Order has got to some extent into the hands of sceptics, whose opposition to Rome does not lead them to form Protestant churches, but into opposition to all religion. These sceptics, who hate Rome, and regard it as the essence of all tyranny, instead of forming societies for themselves, have very largely come into the Masonic Order, and finding themselves strong, and even forming, I fear, the majority of the Masons in France, are now actually engaged in a conspiracy to pervert the whole order, and turn Masonic Lodges into cabals for the discussion and propagation of infidel opinions—mere Positivist debating clubs.

French Masonry has two governing bodies: one is the Grand Orient of France; the other the Supreme Council. The Grand Orient has the most of the symbolic lodges or blue lodges, as we call them, under its control. But it also claims control over the high grades. The Supreme Council claims jurisdiction over the Scottish

Rite grades, but has also symbolic or blue lodges connected with it. The whole system is so entirely unlike our own, that we can make no comparison between them.

A good many years ago the Grand Orient gave permission to its lodges to do as they pleased about admitting Atheists. Many of their lodges have abolished the demand of belief in God, and admitted many who cannot be classed with Theists. And yet they would not, perhaps, like you to call them Atheists. The old Atheism of the French Revolution is not the fashion among the French infidels of our day. The philosophy that is in vogue among them is that of Auguste Comte, who was born at Montpellier in 1798, and died in Paris in 1857. He was trained a Roman Catholic, but broke away from that system, and established the philosophical school of Positivism. His idea is, that we can only know what is susceptible of proof to our senses; the conception of God he dismissed, as one founded only in imagination, not in rational demonstration. The only religion he taught was one of Humanity. He conceived Humanity as being the universal unity of all intelligent existence: and therefore the highest conception for the human mind to reach. For God, whose existence he thinks can never be proved, he substitutes Humanity.

This Comtean philosophy is now the most popular among French non-believers. They don't spend any time in denying the existence of God, and therefore don't wish to be called Atheists; but they glorify Humanity, and propose to pay that adoration and service to it which Theists pay to God. In one word, instead of worshipping God, they propose to worship themselves and their fellow men.

Two years ago these Positivist Philosophers, finding they were very strong in the lodges of the Grand Orient of France, determined to bring out their battering rams and undermine the old system of Freemasonry. Their own constitution had said:—

"Elle (Franc-maçonnerie) a pour principes, l'existence de Dieu, et l'immortalité de l'âme."

This expressed nothing but the simple truth, that Freemasonry has always had for its foundation principles the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. A proposition was made to strike this out. It was referred to the lodges for a year; at the session of 1877 it was stricken out. They claim that it was done in the interest of entire liberty of conscience; to let every one think as he pleases about whether there be a God, or whether he has a soul. But the practical result is, as no doubt the design was, to give aid and comfort to the Positivist philosophy, in the substitution of the worship of Humanity for that of God.

This year, at the session of September, another move was made to conform the rituals to the change of the constitution; in other words, to strike out from the Masonic work all reference to the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. The consideration of this was postponed to the next year, and referred to a committee; but from the composition of that committee, and the temper of the Grand Orient, there is no doubt that the rituals of French Masonry will in another year be entirely emasculated of all its original features as a Theistic system; and French lodges will become Positivist debating schools, under the stolen and dishonoured flag of Freemasonry.

Perhaps some of you, my hearers, may think it is a discredit to Freemasonry that this state of things could exist. It would be, if we suffered it to go without protest. But the protest against this piratical invasion of the ancient system has been almost universal. Grand Lodges, and Grand Orients, and Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite, in all parts of the world, have not only uttered an indignant protest, but have withdrawn all fellowship from the Grand Orient of France, and disclaim any sort of affinity with such a system of Masonry as it advocates.

In some nations portions of the Christian Church have become utter rationalists, and deny all the truths of revelation; but as the system of Christianity cannot be held responsible for the designs of bad men who seek to pervert it, no more can Freemasonry, after it has uttered its strong, determined protest against this French

attempt to prostitute its mighty brotherhood into an organism to propagate scepticism.

There has always been a contest in this world between right and wrong, and light and darkness. The cuttle fishes of doubt and unbelief have always been throwing out their ink into the sea that men may not be able to find their way to the haven of rest and peace. The Church is the Church militant in this world, girded with the sword of truth against opposing errors, and the Sons of Light must not expect to get on in this world without a fight for their principles against foes without, and sometimes foes within.

We claim, friends, that the attempt of French Masons to abolish the Theistic character of Masonry is as great a revolution in its character as to change a church into an infidel debating school, and we propose briefly to give some of the reasons for this faith.

1. We say that if anything be a fundamental characteristic—an irremovable landmark of Masonry, it is the Belief in God. Freemasonry began as an association for protection and relief among those who where engaged in erecting temples to the glory of God. Hence they were called Masons; and because such work was regarded as the noblest work in which man could engage, they were called "free and accepted Masons." The association became so dignified by the thought that it was a guild of temple builders that princes and kings entered it as an honour. Finally, from being an operative, it became a speculative society; and after this, every Mason was regarded as one who is erecting a spiritual temple to Almighty God.

Hence, from the beginning, the demand for belief in God has been universal. No one could be made a Mason who did not avow his belief in God. In the change from operative to speculative Masonry, our Masonic forefathers felt that it would be a farce for any man who was an Atheist to call himself a Mason, it would belie both his name and his character.

2. God, in Masonic language, is generally spoken of as the Grand Architect of the Universe. He is the Omnipotent Mason, who has built the Universe, and we who are building spiritual temples of character very appropriately recognize Him as the Grand Architect. In the name of this Grand Architect all Masonic deeds have always been done; a perpetual memento of the Theistic character of the Institution. And to this day the Grand Orient of France itself addresses all of its circulars: à la gloire du Grand Architect de l'Univers. No doubt they will abolish this formula when they revise their rituals, but the fact that they always used it up to the year 1879, and then abolished it, will only serve as an eternal monument that they have been hypocrites and are apostates.

As you might expect, this fundamental character of Freemasonry—its Belief in God—is the web and woof of the whole system as exemplified in its ritual or work. I cannot speak of this with freedom before a mixed congregation; but I can say that every Master Mason knows that the degrees he has taken are full of recognition of, and eloquent instruction upon, the doctrine of God and immortality, and that every Royal Arch Mason knows that the reason why the Craft degrees are called symbolical is because they are symbolical of deeper mysteries, which mysteries are illuminated and explained in the Royal Arch degree. This Royal Arch degree anciently formed a part of the Master's degree, without which the Master's degree has but little meaning. The Royal Arch is the summit of Ancient Craft Masonry, and the reason of it every Royal Arch Mason knows, and perceives at once its bearing on my argument, that Freemasonry and Theism are identically one thing; that the whole system is an absurdity without it. It is the keystone which binds the mighty arch of the whole edifice, without which it would fall into a heap of ignoble ruins. All the dignity of Masonry comes from its eternal testimony to the truth that there is a personal God, who is the omnipotent factor of all things that exist, the Eternal Spirit that pervades all things. As Schiller finely says:—

Und ein Gott ist, ein heiliger Wille lebt,
W ie auch der menschliche Wanke;

Hoch über der Zeit und dem Raume webt
Lebendig der höchste Gedanke;
Und ob Alles in ewigem Wechsel kreist,
Es beharret im Wechsel ein ruhiger Geist.

Furthermore, in the ancient charges of a Freemason, it is said that a Mason who properly understands the system "can never be a stupid Atheist, or an irreligious libertine, but must be obedient to the moral law." This establishes two propositions: first, that the man who is an Atheist is, in the language of the Holy Scripture, a fool; second, that man is responsible to God as his judge, whose law he must obey on penalty of His infinite displeasure. No man can be a worthy Mason who does not do both: believe in God, and walk in obedience to His holy law.

Freemasonry has always taught that the man who can look on the wonders of the Universe—behold the infinite traces of design in his own body, and in the adaptation of cause to effect—gaze up to heaven and see the sparkling worlds with which the Grand Architect of heaven and earth has shown his wisdom, goodness, and power—and not believe in the existence of God, is to be set down as a fool, he is simply stupid, dazed in his moral or intellectual faculties, and utterly unworthy to be called a Mason.

It has also always taught that Theism and morality are inseparable; that there is no basis for a sound morality but the belief in God and in the sense of responsibility to Him. Hence, in its imperative demand that no one shall be made a Mason unless he be a moral man, it considers that he must necessarily be a Theist. With Lord Bacon, Freemasonry has ever said: "He who revolveth to do every duty is immediately conscious of the presence of the gods."

Brethren of the Mystic Tie! may this issue, which revolutionary Frenchmen have thrust upon us, only prove like a chemical solvent, which shall discover the true gold by precipitating the base metals. Let us only hold the grand landmarks of our Order with a firmer grasp. When the enemy would snatch from us the battle-stained standard which has waved through a thousand battles, let us hold it with a stronger grip, and rather die than surrender. Remember that one man with God is always in the majority. "Magna est veritas, et prevalebit." Truth must conquer in the end, as Milton nobly pictures:—

Satan * * * dilated stood
Like Teneriffe and Atlas unremoved;
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed * * * The Eternal * * *
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales yet seen
Betwixt Astræa and the scorpion sign.
* * * The fiend looked up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of night.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Sovereign of all the beauties rare,
With thee not Faith nor Hope compare,
Hope looks beyond, and Faith above;
But eastward turns the glance of love.

Faith's hand clasps tight the golden strand—
Hope's finger points to the distant land—
Love's hands are open, quick to bless,
Remove despair, relieve distress.

The arms of Faith and Hope are bold,
To guide the helm, the anchor hold;
But Love the steady strength will lend,
To each one whom it calls a friend.

Faith stands erect as on a rock;
Hope forward leans to meet the shock;
Love bends its supple, yielding form,
While o'er it vainly blows the storm.

Faith moves with slow and steady tread;
And sanguine Hope leaps far ahead;
Fleeter than Faith, than Hope more strong,
Love runneth best—it runneth along.

Sovereign of all the virtues rare,
With thee nor Faith nor Hope compare;
Faith may grow weak and Hope grow cold;
Love will be young when Time is old.

WHIST.

Looking backward down the ages,
Through the dust of rolling years,
Gleaming bright against a background
Dark with tumult, toil, and fears;
Grateful glimpses as of firelight
Shining out through chilling mist,
Catch we of that care-dispelling,
Rare, time-honoured game of Whist.

Dim the legends and traditions
That surround its natal hour;
Whence, like some bright streamlet flowing,
Making e'er its banks to flower,
It hath rippled on unfailing,
Cheering many a way-worn heart
That hath sought a brief refreshment
From the world's fierce strife apart.

Ever loved by sage and scholar,
Sought by mean of weary brain,
It alike, at cot or castle,
Still doth favourite remain;
With its mellow, genial presence,
It hath stood the crucial test;
Peerless, mid a host of rivals,
It doth wear the victor's crest.

Hartford, February 1878. V. E. Collins.

KILLED BY THE NATIVES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902.—
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DO you remember the pathetic confessions of Rob the Grinder as to the delusion of associating the idea of innocence with the proprietorship of the tiny creatures Mr. Swiveller would term "the feathered warblers of the grove"?

"I'm sure a cove might think," said Mr. Toodle, junior, with a burst of penitence, "that singing birds was innocent company; but nobody knows what harm is in them little creatures, and what they brings you down to?"

I wonder whether it has ever occurred to any philosopher to propound the appalling connection that exists between profligacy and oysters. At the first view of the matter this would not seem a self-apparent axiom. "An oyster may be crossed in love," so Dr. Johnson is reported to have affirmed. There is nothing in the pebbly look of the bivalve, before the murderous knife prises open his pearly hinges, to suggest demoralization. To be crossed in love expresses the verb passive—to be and to suffer, not to do. To tempt to crime and afterwards to betray to punishment represent verbs very active indeed; and the activity of an oyster!—an oyster may be said to be tempting in one sense certainly, but the idea of an oyster prompting a man to crime is surely too ridiculous to be seriously entertained.

Nay, but let us calmly think the matter over for a while. I suppose you will not deny that, however innocently, the seductive native does, at least, suggest—"not to put too fine a point upon it," let us say somewhat—raffish associations.

There was a music-hall ballad popular a few years ago, the coloured lithographed frontispiece of which represented a gay young blade in orthodox sables, white cravat, and crushed hat, enveloped in a light overcoat, and supposed to emerge from the late Mr. Gye's establishment "after the opera's over;" but, somehow, this festive image did not call up any association with oysters. Rather, did he recall the "Cave" and Paddy Green, with his "dear boy" and his snuff-box, and "the world-renowned *siffleur*" Herr Von Joel, with his brimming bumper of cigars, and the announcement on the programme that the veteran, in consideration of prolonged services, would be permanently retained on the establishment. "How long does perpetuity last in France?" asked, with a sneer, the late "Celui-ci" after his Boulogne freak, when sentenced to imprisonment *en perpétuité*. Alas! what *does* permanence mean anywhere? The gruesome old party whose grisly foot, we are told on poetical authority—

> ——— "invades alike the door
> Of baron's halls and hovels of the poor,"

has given a practical answer to the inquiry, and long ago upset poor Paddy's snuff-box, and broken into smithereens the veteran whistling Herr's cigar tumbler.

No. Oysters and Evans's don't go together. Let us have a better collocation; and here, I pray in aid, as the lawyers say, the memory of some of my male readers, in their—well, say their—fifth decade. Oysters and the opera!—why don't you combine oysters and brown sugar at once? It wouldn't be a greater outrage. No, dear readers, you who have "come to forty year," as Thackeray charmingly sings! Oysters and Oxberry!—oysters and half-price to the play! Little Bob Keeley and Alfred Wigan as the dull schoolboy and the maddened French Tutor in "To Parents and Guardians" and "Rule's," and a "couple of dozen" and bread and butter and brown stout and something hot afterwards! Ah! Oysters *in excelsis*!

That late gallant officer of infantry, Colonel Sir John Falstaff, K.C.B.H.,—which honourable initials, we all know, indicate Knight Companion of the Boar's Head,—was, we are told, not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. I am sure I do not know whether oysters are wicked of themselves, and I am not acquainted with any method of diagnosing their ethical condition; but I am quite confident that they are the cause of vice in others. Why do you not always connect them with supper-rooms, and larkish medical students, and green satin, and the Haymarket, and police rows, and two in the morning? In what light do Mr. Flowers and Mr. Vaughan contemplate the innocent mollusc, think you? Do they regard the absorption of the delicacy as conducive to calm mental abstraction and holy meditation—as Mr. Ward does the consumption of his lentils and roots—or do they associate it with knocker-wrenching, carmagnole dancing, police pummelling, green satin wrangling and shrieking, etc., etc, etc.? The oyster innocent! Why didn't Mr. Dando—ha! ha! my reader, whose widening waistcoat proclaims you within the category whilom sung of by Mr. Thackerary! Don't you remember Dando? Talk of Peace as a hero! No! give me Dando—he was a hero if you like.

This noble being flourished—on oysters—during the fourth and fifth decades of this century—or rather, to be more exact, during its eighth and ninth lustres. His appetite for natives was insatiable—his disinclination to pay for those he consumed insuperable. He preyed upon the shell-fish vendors of this great metropolis for ten years. He reduced to practice the great theory of permutation. As how? Marry, thus wise. His *modus operandi* was as follows:—He would quietly enter an oyster shop, and order and consume dozen after dozen of the savoury morsels; five dozen normally sufficed for his modest lunch, but in frosty weather, and when the "bed" has been peculiarly rich in flavour, he has been known to absorb seven dozen. He would then coolly inform the appalled proprietor that he was absolutely impecunious, and kindly give him a lesson in law, in return for his repast, by imparting the information that the transaction constituted only a simple contract debt, to recover which the tribunals of his country, *i.e.*, the local courts of requests—there were no county courts in those days—were open to him.

It is astonishing how much legal lore these rogues pick up. Why, I knew a practitioner—an irregular legal practitioner, let us say, inasmuch as he had no legitimate credentials—who could play upon the fiddle, and who, very adroitly, utilised the 25 George II., cap. 36, sec. 2. This high-minded gentleman would enter a public-house, previously ascertained to be without the protection conferred by that statute, and, while consuming his duly-paid-for beer, abstractedly improvise a theme upon his instrument, to which he would incontinently stand up and dance. Having "taken the floor," to his own contentment, and the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Boniface and their family, the entertainer would take his leave with some commendatory remark on the quality of the liquor supplied and the wholesomeness of terpsichorean exercise, and —next day—sue the amazed host in a *qui tam* action for a hundred pounds penalty, payable to the informer, for permitting music and dancing on premises unlicensed for that purpose!

Of this kidney was the chivalrous Mr. Noah Claypole, in "Oliver Twist." His lady, you will remember, was subject to be taken ill outside a public-house during "closed hours" on a Sunday morning, and her lord, who had, for her relief, procured from the proprietor "three penn'orth of brandy for the love of God," improved the occasion in a similar manner to that above mentioned.

But this is a digression. Why, of course it is! "Who deniges of it?" and here I protest once for all that if I am not allowed to digress I can afford you but a very few of the illustrations, numerous and interesting, in support of the proposition which I am desirous of adducing. You know the Cy. Pres. doctrine of the Court of Chancery? You don't? Well, then, I will enlighten you. Roughly speaking, it means this: that if you can't do what you want to do, go as near doing it as you can. If you can't carry out the exact object, try and achieve one cognate with it. Well, oysters and villainy are cognate. Any instance derived from the one throws light upon the other—*q. e. d.*

But how about Dando's application of the doctrine of permutation? Well, I return to the subject of the history of that illustrious man. Return with rapture, for I love to contemplate greatness! Jonathan Wild, the Duke of Wellington, Jemmy MacLean

the highwayman, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Tichborne Claimant, Mr. Peace, the burglar—eminence in any line has irresistible attractions for me. Historians, but they are not always reliable, have recorded that as Mr. Dando grew famous—when his lineaments became well-known—literally better known than trusted—his appearance in—say the Haymarket, or Cheapside, or the Poultry—would produce consternation. Dismay would seize on the soul of Scott; Sweeting would sweat with apprehension; Pimm would put his shutters up. But, depend upon it, dear readers, these are but the fables of the chroniclers. For why? These purveyors had at all times the remedy in their own hands. They might refuse to purvey. They might require payment in advance. No; Dando never spoilt his market by indiscreet, too frequent, or ill-chosen avatars. He applied the doctrine of permutation, and for ten years flourished and fattened on the choice growth of Colchester and Whitstable,

For this philosopher had adroitly calculated that the *personnel*—the staff, that is to say—of an ordinary oyster shop changes, at least once, in two or three years. Study of the "Post Office London Directory"—even of that ridiculously diminutive publication as it appeared in the consecutive years, '35 to '40—assured him that, taking in the surburban greengrocers—who in those days traded in the delicacy—there were purveyors of the comestible sufficiently numerous to enable him to dispense with the necessity of visiting the same one twice within a reasonable interval; thus his risk of identification was reduced to a minimum—thus, the metropolitan oyster-bed was all before him—where—with due discrimination—to choose; and when, like Alexander, he had conquered that extensive realm, why he could either reperambulate his ground, or recruit himself in the provinces, wherein he could rehearse a new metropolitan campaign.

I have reason to believe that he was carrying out the latter part of the programme I have above imperfectly sketched when that "fell serjeant Death," not to be eluded as he had many and many a time with complacent defiance evaded the mortal "bobby," "run him in" about the year '45. *Requiescat in pace. Si monumentum requiris circumspice*, and you had better do it in the streets of London on August 5th, Oyster Day. "Please to remember the grotto." *

No! Oysters and innocence won't go together any more than singing birds and unsophistication. This is a dark saying: let me proceed to enlighten a perplexed world.

Now, I do not care to deny that I am very fond of oysters. A critic, for whose opinion I entertain—nay, I am bound to entertain—a profound respect, sometimes rather cynically asserts that my character is illustrated by a predilection which she—for the observer is a lady—has remarked to have been only very recently displayed. "It is just like you," says the fair censor; "when oysters were at a price within the reach of a moderate income you never cared for them; now that they can only be obtained at a rate that a moderate indulgence in them would ruin anyone possessing less than the means of the Marquis of Westminster or Lady Coutts—now that they rule so high that even the poor Prince of Wales has to hesitate before he feels justified in treating himself to a dozen, you crave them, and pretend—for it must be only affectation—that you actually enjoy them. It is only another instance of that apeing the acquisition of aristocratic tastes which is such a conspicuous blot upon your otherwise estimable character. It is is just like ————," and so on, and so on, and so on.

Now, when this austere young female speaks about oysters ruling "high," lest she should be misunderstood, let me make it quite plain to the uncommercial mind that she does not employ that adjective in the same sense in which it is used when we speak of the condition of the bivalves said to have been desiderated by His late Majesty King George the Second. The delay involved in the protracted journey—close packed in the boot of a lumbering German Schnell Post—between the Dutch coast and the palatial magnificence of Herrenhausen, conduced to the exquisite flavour, from His Teutonic Majesty's point of view, of the succulent delicacy; but the employer of the term "high," in the above wholly suppositious review of my tastes—herself exceedingly addicted to

* A reference to this worthy is made in Thackeray's "Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," alluded to below.

oyster-eating—uses it as an altitude of value only. She is as severely critical over her marine dainty as Cæsar was said to be over the reputation of his spouse. What more powerful illustration can I afford than this? This severe connoisseur has never in her oyster-eating life, I *do* believe, experienced, for even the space of one second, the agonising perplexity of the epicure—the spasm of doubt over the mollusc, the flavour of which was open to the most delicate hint in the world of a suspicion of an absence of freshness, and yet was of a *gôut* too exquisite wholly to reject!

However, when I come to reflect upon the accusation that I desiderate these delicacies now they are about four a shilling, while I cared nought for them when I could buy as many for a penny, I think the good lady is very nearly right. I plead guilty, and throw myself upon the mercy of the court. Certain it is that I *do* enjoy a dozen occasionally, and it was while indulging in this—by no means modest, nowadays, alas!—refection, the other day, that the adventure befell me and I heard the "o'er true tale," which I am now about to relate.

Did you ever peruse Mat Prior's ballad of "The Thief and Cordelier?" Of course you have, because you are a highly-educated, refined, intelligent, and accomplished reader, or you would not have got so far with my discursive lucubrations. You are well versed in the literature, and, more especially, the lyrical literature, of your country—you are! There is a quotation from that song more frequently employed than perhaps any other couplet in the language, and yet comparatively few who cite it can give its derivation. How many times, learned lector, have you, in your career, heard—nay, yourself trotted out—the illustration of the "Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post," who—

> "———— now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
> And often took leave, but was loath to depart."

How often? Spare your arithmetic. "Once and a million," as Posthumous says. Well, there is another quotation from the same lyrical legend with which you, erudite but long-suffering peruser, may, not inaptly, at this stage of my exercitation, pelt me withal,—

> "But my hearers cry out, 'What a deuce dost thou ail?
> Cut off thy reflections and give us thy tale.'"

Nay, then. Realise your position. I have securely button-holed you. You cannot leave this promised narrative if you would. I have fixed you—you know I have—as the ancient mariner with his glittering eye held the bored, albeit resigned, wedding guest. Like him, "You cannot choose but hear." You must even bear listening to the assurance that I have much to say to you yet before I can get to *my* tale. My tale! "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!" and my mind misgives me that, after all, my narrative will be as vacuous as that of Canning's rather musty,* needy knife-grinder. Nor are my doubts groundless—*experto crede*—woe is me! but before I can tell it to you I must, perforce, explain why I seek to tell it at all. I have to make you understand the weighty reasons which impel me to unburden my mind in print, for alas! as I have above implied, I have orally recited my wonderful narrative many times before.

And every auditor has pronounced it not worth hearing; not because it is incredible. The incredible and the insipid are not always convertible terms—*vide*. "Gulliver's Travels," "Baron Munchausen," and "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan." No; my story is worthless. *Lucus a non lucendo.* You can't see the wood for the trees. Like Dutch pugs, that are so exceedingly ugly that their very uncomeliness constitutes their beauty, this tale is so bald, *jejune*, unprofitable, moralless, and improbable—ye gods and little fishes, how improbable!—that its very combination of bad qualities renders it a tradition worthy of immortal record—a legend the world, when it has it, will not, I am confident, willingly let die. Prince Hal apostrophised the supposed defunct carcase of his boon companion, the eminent commander I have above referred to, with the pathetic remark "that he could have better spared a better man."

* "The proverb is somewhat musty."—*Shakespeare*, "Hamlet," Act iii., Scene 2.

When you have read what I have to recount you will sturdily asseverate that you could better spare a better story.

And, a penultimate digression—by way of illustrative introduction. Poor Albert Smith used to conjure up the verbally depicted counterfeit presentment and image of a dreadful engineer on board a Mediterranean steamboat—an utterly unendurable oracular Jack Bunsby (only worse) of a man, who used to spin a yarn of the most incomprehensible, utterly dull, wholly pointless, absolutely witless, inexpressibly meaningless character—a maundering, parenthetical, involved, monotonous discourse—a threnody, where verbs might have the most contagious fevers, and nominatives enjoy an absolute impunity from catching them—a string of unconnected words that seemed as if cut out of the middle of some illiterate disquisition, so wholly wanting, was it, of either beginning or end—a brain-bewildering lucubration, that reminded you of nothing so much as the proverbial railway train that, starting at no time from anywhere, and arriving at any time at nowhere, stops at all stations on the way—a very rhapsody of words, only not rhapsodical, possessing neither end, nor moral, nor application at all to anything whatever. "It was the dullest and most stupid story I ever heard in my life," the entertainer would inform his delighted audience, "and I am about to tell it to you."

Now, I am about to relate a similar narrative. A mystery without a solution. A story without a plot. As positively a very last digression, I will let you into the secret of one of my tastes, that I am very fond of plots; but I must, at the same time, candidly confess that I am not great in concocting them. I can't invent a plot. I regard with never ceasing wonder Messrs. Fawkes, Winter, and Company—that very notorious "Long firm" who devised the Gunpowder Plot, when Scottish Jamie was King. My interest in the Meal-tub Plot, and the Rye House Plot, in his grandson's time, never flags. Why, to this day, there is nothing in the world I so much enjoy as a trip down into Hertfordshire to inspect the *locus in quo* of the conspiracy which cost Lord William Russell his head. As Macaulay tells us of the country parsons, who, anticipating the introduction of the Inquisition into England, boasted of their courage in facing the ordeal of the stake and faggots, and

> "——— talked louder and louder,
> Of how they would dress for the show,
> And where they would fasten the powder,
> And if they should bellow or no:"

so, my brethren, I love to wander in those Broxbourne meadows, and mark the place in the narrow lane where Old Rowley's clumsy caroche was to be obstructed, and speculate from between which grey mullions, from which narrow quarrel-glazed * slit, the flash and the puff was intended to issue in that wild device to change a sovereign.

The more, then, that I admire plots the more keenly do I feel and regret my inability to devise one. And so you must, perforce, put up with a wholly plotless story, and—here goes.

At an early period of this exercitation you may recall that I "owned up," as our American cousins say, to a *penchant* for oysters. The other day—a cold wintry noon—I resolved upon treating myself to a modest dozen, by way of lunch, a resolution confirmed by finding myself, at the usual period for that refection, opposite a newly-opened, smartly embellished, cleanly provided shop, for the sale of oysters only, in Little Stuart Place, which, as everybody knows, turns out of Great Plantagenet Street, in the W.C. district. I had known that tiny *boutique* for years. As one man in his time plays many parts, so may—so does—one shop frequently change its staple. I had known this establishment doing a roaring cigar business. I had seen it blazing with ribbons of a cheap haberdashery character, from which it descended abruptly, and without the slightest notice, into the comestible line—its panes clouded with fumes from a gigantic

* Quarrel—a small lozenge-shaped pane of glass. The bolt from a cross-bow was headed with a blade of this fashion so-called, and the glazing, set in diagonal leaden lines, was named after it.

round of beef, which a pale, perspiring man, in his shirt sleeves, and those turned up, was perpetually slicing, within. Then it as suddenly went into the equivocal photograph line; and anon—I believe some investigation at the Middlesex Sessions led to the change—endeavoured to combine law-abiding and fine art promulgation by appearing in an eruption of cheap and tawdry valentines, some of a character not too refined. I have a notion that it at one time flourished—well, let us say took its shutters down each day for a few weeks—under the joint proprietorship of a phrenologist, a learned pig that told fortunes, and a bearded woman; and here it was, with barrels of bivalves displayed, snowy-white napery draped in front of marble-painted counters; attractive announcements of "Best Colchester natives, 3s., Scotch, 2s., ordinary, 1s., a dozen;" shining castors, crystal cruets, little plates, tiny white loaves, fascinating diminutive pats of butter. No—stop. There was no butter displayed to tempt the hungry oyster-eater, and this hiatus led to my first, or nearly my first, enquiry as I entered the establishment.

The shop appeared to be kept by an oyster merchant—sex uncertain—age apparently about rising three. This petticoated *locum tenens* was amusing itself with the very oddest toy vehicle I ever saw in the whole course of my life. It was a cedar box, which had presumably originally contained a hundred cigars, branded all over with the charcoally indentations verifying the *Floros des Cabanas*, etc., etc., formerly within. This, mounted on wheels and attached to a yard of dirty red tape, was being dragged about the shop floor by the baby, who on seeing me began to cry. "Is there nobody but you minding this shop, my dear?" I enquired, in as reassuring a tone as I could assume. The imp left off blubbering, toddled to a *sort of wooden-screened ladder* in one corner, and screamed up it, "Father!"—"Father!" at the top of its voice.

There was no reply. To set my little host at his—or her—ease, I pretended to examine the display on the counter. "Why, there is no butter here," I exclaimed. "Ask your father, my dear, if he hasn't any butter." The baby stared for a second or two, then toddled, or climbed rather, up two or three of the steep stairs and ejaculated some disconnected syllables, in which I fancy I detected the words, "Cus'mer"—"Gentl-man"—"Father"—"Butter," and so on.

Still no reply.

Three minutes' interval!

Then *gruesome sounds above—as of gurgling—as of grumbling—as of furious* invective—as of fierce objurgation—horrible sounds—naughty sounds—expletives and self-commination; and from all only to be collected the intelligible syllables, "In bed!" "What do you mean!" I bellowed up the stairs, "Are you in bed, or do you keep the butter in bed?" The child recommenced crying; the muffled thunder above went on rumbling; but I distinctly heard, enunciated through the storm, the awesome words, "Under the bed!"

Certain commercial negotiations, not wholly unconnected—as the penny-a-liners say—with a transfer of a portion of the impecunious Mr. Micawber's library, were—the readers of "David Copperfield" will remember—not infrequently transacted with the vendee in bed. I recalled the scene, "The keeper of this bookstall, who lived in a *little house behind it, used to get tipsy* every night, and to be violently scolded by his wife every morning. More than once, when I went there early, I had audience of him in a turn-up bedstead, with a cut in his forehead or a black eye, bearing witness to his excesses over night (I am afraid he was quarrelsome in his drink), and he, with a shaking hand, endeavouring to find the needful shillings in one or other of the pockets of his clothes, which lay upon the floor, while his wife, with a baby in her arms and her shoes down at heel, never left off rating him. Sometimes he had lost his money, and then he would ask me to call again; but his wife had always got some—had taken his, I dare say, while he was drunk—and secretly completed the bargain on the stairs, as we went down together."

But the row above more forcibly suggested another episode in poor little Davy's career, *when he timidly essayed to sell his jacket* at the marine store dealer's shop in Chatham. Do you remember that dreadful old man—how he swore, how he adjured his viscera—how he yelled out the utterly inexplicable expletive "Goroo," and

ultimately cheated the wretched little, frightened, trembling, vendor out of twopence of the miserable eighteenpence consideration?

Well, I had plenty of time to recall these scenes, and to think of several other things, and to ponder and muse over the wonderful allusions to the bed and under the bed. Was he—the proprietor—in bed? Did he keep the butter under the bed? Was he too ill to get up and come down and serve me? and so forth, and so forth.

But for an uncontrollable desire to see the adventure out, I should—as any incurious mortal would—have left the emporium and directed my steps elsewhere to seek a mollusc meal; indeed I had just made up my mind to do so, and was turning my back to seek the door, when my departing footsteps were arrested by the sound of a body seemingly flinging itself down the screened ladder aforesaid.

I turned. It was the shopkeeper; but what a shopkeeper! There was nothing peculiar in his dress—nothing remarkable in his figure, which was that of a comparatively young man, but the face! the face!! so prematurely aged—careworn—so unutterably despairing, dejected, wretched—the countenance of a man of five-and-thirty, with the blue mildew-mould of the neglected week's stubble of a man of eighty marking the lines and furrows of the pinched-in cheeks and drawn mouth. The late Mr. Charles Peace at five-and-forty could and actually did make himself up to look five-and-sixty, and, so counterfeiting, deceived close and experienced observers. Was this a fiction—a counterfeit presentment—or a reality? If the former, what was the motive?

No motive at all apparently. The man who had appeared to hurl himself down the steps and into the shop in a manner demonstratively hostile, dispelled his truculent air as if by magic. The cloud on his countenance at once vanished as he caught sight of me. He was instantly gentle and assiduous, subdued but civil. Butter of excellent quality was at once forthcoming. The Colchesters were succulent. The operator opened them deftly, and handed the hot vinegar with the insinuating air of the most attentive waiter. The imp had ceased from crying, and was happy with its load of pebbles in its cigar-box wagon. I had already counted five of the flat shells denuded of the delicious natives, spread in row before me—when!

My purveyor had introduced his murderous blade into the sixth bivalve, and was in the act of prising it open and exposing its hidden treasures—when!

Another customer entered!

The former expression—or rather an expression resembling the former, but devoid of any recurrence of a defiant, or hostile, or belligerent aspect—came back to the features of the wielder of the knife as he gazed upon the new-comer. A look of such utter despair, horror, emotion, fear, bewilderment, as I had seldom seen before and trust never to behold again, upon the countenance of any human being!

But the absorbing mystery was that there was apparently nothing in the appearance of the new-comer to inspire this evidently involuntary expression of aversion. He was a cheery, rosy-looking man of middle age, respectably dressed, and carrying one of those cheap black square small portmanteaus which irresistibly suggest the travelling canvasser or order collector.

This impediment he placed upon the sawdusted floor, and addressed me at once in an easy tone,—

"Fine day, but frosty, sir."

There was not much in this. Then he turned to the man behind the counter and, rapping upon that barrier with a bronze coin, ordered sharply,—

"A penny oyster.

Meekly, submissively, patiently, the tradesmen left my seventh Colchester unopened and, turning to another barrel, produced and prepared a diminutive specimen of his ware.

The stranger peppered it, and applied vinegar, and swallowed it; the shopkeeper, depositing the bronze piece of money in his till, resumed his attendance upon me.

"I'll take another," said the stranger, and the performance was repeated. Then with a brisk, "Good-day," addressed to myself, this humble customer departed. He of the apron opened my eighth, and began to unburthen his soul to me.

"He's 'ad two to day—all at once! I never knew 'im to do such a thing afore. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

He paused after opening my tenth, with the true tradesman like glance at the shells, and as if to assure himself that I had sufficient to go on with; then, availing himself of the interval, he stuck his steel in the cutting board before him,—where it remained quivering, emitting a kind of Æolian harp accompaniment in a minor key while he continued his dismal recital,—drew a cotton handkerchief from his pocket, with which he agitatedly wiped his fevered brow, and resumed—his narrative—not his oyster opening,—

"He's allus a-doin' it!" he went on, "night AND day! It killed my poor dear wife! It's a-killin' me—soft'nin' of the brain! Oh! Ah!! Yes, indeed!!! He don't never do it all at once as he's done to day. That wouldn't be so bad—only half so bad, arter all. Why, last night he cum in *Heighteen times*—HEIGHTEEN TIMES runnin'—at hintervals of from twenty minutes to a hour, and 'ad one penny hyster each time! NO MORE! I was a-runnin' up and down them blessed stairs attendin' to him—CUSS 'IM!—from seven o'clock till twelve! No matter what I'm a-doing or injyin'—my forty winks, my dinner, the buz'm of my fam'ly, shavin'—look at my gills now, sir, all thro' 'im—attendin' a customer—Lord, I'm allus a-lookin' for it,—forrud I must come! 'A penny hyster!' There's a young 'ooman as sings at penny readin's lodges in my one pair back, and whenever she's a-practisin' a song about 'the clang of the wooden shoon,' I thinks of the clink of the penny bronze, and cries like a babby! Yes, sir, you're right; that makes eleven; you'll want one more, sir. Lord, where was I?"

"It's been goin' on for years"—he dropped his voice to a mysterious growl—"ever since hysters has been a-gettin' dear. It was the same at the shop I 'ad afore this, and the one I 'ad afore that. It began soon after Hangelina and I got married. Pore Hangelina! well, she's well out on it. Never more than one at a time—never afore to-day, and then I spose he caught your heye, sir, and for once in his life felt ashamed. You hobserved a reluctance on my part to come down and attend on you—well, warn't it nat'ral? I thought he'd turned up again. So he did, you see, on'y a minute arter. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

"Who is he?" I enquired.

"A monster, sir, my evil genius—my—but there, it's no use. That's the dozen, sir. Any more, sir? No? Three *and* two. Two florins. If I give you a shillin', have you twopence, sir? It's fate, sir—my destiny, sir. I'm the sport of a demon, sir, and have been for years. I sometimes think he must be a disappointed former lover of my late wife's, sir, and that this is his mean revenge; but lor, my pore departed Hangelina allus assured me she knew nothin' of him, and o' course she 'ated 'im for his treatment of me, like poison, sir—poison! I wish one of them there penny fish had been fed on strychnine for his sake."

"But it appears to me," I urged, "that you have the remedy in your own hands. Why do you not refuse to serve him? Why don't you speak to the police?"

The saturnine scowl that had before convulsed his countenance was pleasing by contrast with the ironical sneer that now disfigured it.

"The perlice!" he replied. "What do we pay rates and taxes for? What for? Why, I'll tell you. To keep a pack o' lazy scamps in hidleness and prowling up and down, and goin' on night duty, and collarin' watches, and runnin' honest folks in, and lettin' rogues go! Yah! the perlice! Why, I asked '79' on my beat for his opinion as a legal functionary, and as I 'old that what's not paid for is worth nothing, I gave him three angry porticoes* for a fee, and what did he say? Why, says he, 'You keep a refreshment house, licensed,' says he, 'and you're bound by the terms of your license to supply every customer as comes in and offers to pay, so long as your shop is open."

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* Angry porticoes? Can it be possible that the honest man means Anglo Portugoes? the only form in which the state of my finances permits me to enjoy the marine luxury. A rise in my salary would enable me to soar above such bivalvular substitutes—*verb.* GUB. *Sat.* I trust the abbreviated substitution, implying that employers and wise men are not always synonymous terms, will not be deemed rude, and that my refined hint may not be thrown away. PR. DEV.

I must not be taken as acquiescing in the absolute accuracy of the learned constable's legal proposition because I did not at once proceed to controvert it. I bade my entertainer farewell and went on my way musing.

It was only the other day I passed through Little Stuart Place again in taking a near cut north-south-west. I looked at my oyster shop, but the shutters were up: nailed to the centre one was a black-bordered card on which was legibly inscribed in a fair commercial hand,—

"Closed to-day in consequence of the funeral of the late proprietor."

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" as Hamlet pathetically adjures his father's ghost. His tormentor had killed him at last, then. Like Captain Cook, he had been killed by a native—if those imported aliens can be politely held to be entitled to the indigenous appellation—an Anglo Portico native, at all events—the last oyster had slain the opener. I have in my possession the very club with which the above eminent navigator was brained. Every *savant* ought to have one. No collection can be considered complete without it. When I look at my South Sea weapon, I think of my frantic host, and it suggests that of him also, ephuistically, the epitaph might be written, "Killed by the Natives!"

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY MATTIE W. TORREY.

The songs we sang in other years
They greet us now no more;
The loves that roused our hopes and fears
Are vanished now, and o'er.
The friends we love are scattered wide,
Familiar scenes are changed;
And hearts that once were true and tried
Are lifeless or estranged.

The lip the sweetest smile that wore;
The cheek that bloomed most fair;
The voice that charmed us long before,
With music rich and rare;
The eyes whose lightest glance could still
Our hearts with love enthrall,
Whose smile could bless, whose frown could kill,
Are changed or vanished all.

The way was bright before us then,
The coming day seemed fair;
We mingled with our fellow-men,
With hearts to do and dare.
The hopes of youth are faded now,
Its fevered dreams are past:
And time, upon our furrowed brow,
His silvery shade has cast.

We, too, are changed, but not in heart!
Old times may do his worst;
He cannot from remembrance part
The Things we loved at first.
The eyes may dim, the cheeks grow pale,
The snows of age may fall,
Yet shall our memories never fail
To heed affection's call.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. MILLER proceeded on his way to the great Grogwitz's, according to the address given him by Mr. Docket, namely, Quality Court, Cattington Square!

As he was on his way, Mr. Miller thought, as he was going on a "voyage of discovery," and as his "sitting" might be protracted, sensible man as he was, that he would fortify his inner man with a "wee bit o' luncheon," and so he turned in to a well-known "Luncheon Bar," where he was soon comfortably and profitably engaged in enjoying a well-cooked and well-served meal!

Do my readers ask where? I feel that the shade of mystery must still hover over this commodious haunt!

Oh! happy days of verdant youth! Oh pleasant hour of a friendly pilgrimage, when with the "true and trusty" we sallied forth in quest of a modest yet digestible repast, and found it, *con amore*, under thy humble roof, and protected by thy glittering sign! As I write, worn and old, the room seems filled with the voices, and faces, and laughter of yore, though I perchance am the sole survivor of that "merrie companye," which loitered so complacently and "daffed the world aside" so cheerily, in that well-known sanctum, years on years ago,—"Consule Planco." The "Cæcuban" is still to the fore, no doubt, for other carousers; for myself, such gay gatherings are but the dim memories of the past, ghosts which come in with silent tread, and then fade as silently away.

Mr. Miller, however, got a very good luncheon at a very reasonable rate, and then hailing a hansom, proceeded on his venturous quest, as our young men like to put it.

Oh, ye young men of ours, if you would not despise our good old English "undefiled," and would give up the barbarisms of a retrograde slang, and the childishness of factitious verbiage, how much better for us all it would be! Still, as a veracious chronicler, I must be fair even to our young men.

We had "slang" in my youth, but it was of a very mild sort,—nothing, in fact, like that classic lingo which I defy any one to understand to-day. I do not wonder that they are giving up Greek, as a dead language; but what I do wonder at is, that those wiseacres who are so perversely ready to do so—some of those who have signed a recent petition to the Universities, for instance—do not, out of compliment to our cultured young men, suggest "slang" as a living language! Surely in this case "exchange" would be no "robbery!"

I see that among the lamented White Melville's remains is a famous hunting song termed, "Drink, puppy, drink." How very appropriate such a strain will be in the Syren voices of our young ladies to our young men just now! Well, a truce to disquisitions.

In due time the easy-going hansom deposited Mr. Miller at the entrance of Quality Court.

Mr. Miller, being a canny Scot, discharged "cabbie" forthwith, though not without a protest, and, boldly entering "Quality Court," rung the bell at No. 2, where stood the modest house of the mysterious Grogwitz. A smart maid-of-all-work answered the bell, and Mr. Miller, presenting his own card and Mr. Docket's note, was ushered by the young woman, (with a sort of smile on her countenance,) into a dingy little waiting-room, of which the principal ornaments were a large "photo" of Grogwitz, (presumably himself), and a globe of mournful, unhealthy-looking gold fishes.

Mr. Miller used to like to say afterwards that he had hardly ever seen such a place as Quality Court, and the few glances he obtained of it made a deep and lasting impression upon him. Originally inhabited by a colony of clear-starchers and glue manufacturers, etc., it had become a sort of collection of offices for peculiar trades

and special callings. A few diamond merchants, one or two commission agents, some of those mysterious gentlemen who go everywhere and do nothing, and always have an office in the city, one or two patriotic exiles from foreign lands, one or two teachers of languages, and, lastly, our friend Grogwitz. There was an air of mildewed shabbiness about the place, which was perhaps not to be wondered at; "and the quantity of dirty men, and slip-shod women, lounging about the court," Mr. Miller said, "was most trying to the optic and the olfactory nerves."

However, we have left Mr. Miller in Mr. Grogwitz's waiting-room, and thither we must return to him.

All of a sudden the door opened, and Mr. Grogwitz himself appeared.

"Ah," he said, "my friend Mr. Docket sends you to me, and says it is a very peculiar case! Vell, vat can I do for you?"

We need not follow Mr. Miller through his "confession" to his new "confessor," but we may simply recount that, after a long and patient audience, the great man summed up the result of it in these remarkable words:—

"Vell, it *is* a very difficult case, and vill be a very expensive one. I cannot do very moch in it, but I will introduce you to Madame." (Here Mr. Miller winced.) "She is very clever, very clever indeed, at such leetle tings, and if it is put in her vay, I feel sure she vill make you to succeed—as indeed you ought to do. Vell, before we begin, you must be so good, my dear sare, as to give me a leetle cheque, (naming the sum), for nevare, nevare have I known money so tight, so bad to get in."

Now Mr. Miller did not so much mind the cheque as Madame; for he filled up the former, though he evidently shirked the latter. But Grogwitz, who knew his man, cut the Gordian Knot by opening a door, saying, "Oh, here is Madame. Mr. Miller wishes to speak with you, my dear."

I would rather draw a veil over the next half-hour: the more so, as I do not think it will edify my readers. At the end of it Mrs. Grogwitz most gracefully undertook "the commission," and Mr. Grogwitz said, in the rapture of his soul,—

"Ah, you will not repent you of your bargain. Madame is a very clever woman; she can do anything—almost anything—and I always leave soch matters in her hands with perfect confidence."

"Well," said poor Mr. Miller, "I hardly know what it is she proposes to do. My object (oh! the old rascal) is to prevent a certain young lady marrying a certain young man, and all you say is, your wife "is sure to succeed—she is sure to succeed!"

"Vell," said Mr. Grogwitz confidingly, "you must leave that to her. We cannot explain everything. Have you ever seen Beaumarchais' 'Barbier de Seville?'"

"Never," said Mr. Miller loftily, "never; I don't go to the playhouses.'"

"More is the pity," replied Grogwitz, "for you would have seen a very clever performance at the Comedie Française, when Bressant and Victoria Lafontaine acted, in the olden time especially, and you would have been introduced to that great character, Monsieur Bartolo! Ah, Bartolo is a grand conception! He says, and I agree with him, 'There is nothing like la calomnie,'—calumny, as you call it, lying, if you like, and that is the principal employment (and here he laughed) of us special agents. We do not do what we have to do openly, we could not do it, for fear of some good friends of mine in Scotland Yard; but we do do it sorreptitiously, as you say, by taking away a person's character, for instance."

"Oh! ah! yes!" said Mr. Miller, not knowing quite what to say.

"Madame is quite *au fait* at that sort of work, and I can assure you, my dear sare, we will prove ourselves worthy of your confidence, and execute the commission vith vich you have honoured us vith perfect soccess."

Oh, worthy trio! Happily for us all, roguery and villany do not always succeed in this poor world of ours, and the Grogwitzes in general often find the laws too strong, and the police too "'cute" in particular. Yes, kind readers, let us conclude this chapter with the good old axiom, true if ancient, ever new if old, ever seasonable and unchanging, *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose!*

(To be continued.)

LES FRANCS-MACONS.

Extracted from "Mes Recapitulations" by J. N. Bouilly, member of many Literary Societies 1774—1812. Paris: Louis Janet, Libraire-Editeur. No date.

AVANT de décrire la scène étrange que j'annonce, il est indispensable que je donne une juste idée de cette antique association sur laquelle on a tant écrit, contre laquelle on a répandu tant de mensonges, inventé tant d'absurdités. L'honneur et la reconnaissance m'imposent le devoir de récriminer en faveur de la Franche-Maçonnerie, où j'ai trouvé tant de jouissances de l'âme, les plus doux, les plus nobles éfranchements de l'amitié, des consolations dans les peines, des secours dans les dangers, le plus saint amour de l'humanité, le plus grand respect pour la religion, les mœurs, les lois, et le maintien de l'ordre social. . . . . J'ai, depuis soixante-six ans, parcouru tous les rangs, étudié les différentes classes de la population, fréquenté des réunions dans tous les genres; j'ai cherché longtemps l'association la plus sûre pour celui qui sait aimer et sentir; pour le philanthrope qui exige autant d'égards pour ses opinions, que lui-même il respecte celle des autres; où l'immortalité de l'âme ne soit point une chimère, l'hypocrisie un masque séduisant, la bonté une faiblesse de caractère, la bienfaisance une ambition déguisée, le vrai talent un despotisme, l'opulence une séduction, la puissance une tyrannie . . . . où tout soit au contraire soumis au même rite, enchaîné par le même serment, courbé sans humiliation, sans le niveau d'égalité. . . . . Et je n'ai pu trouver tous ces avantages que chez les Francs-Maçons bien convaincus de la haute mission qu'ils ont à remplir sur la terre.

Je l'avouerai franchement, les discordes civiles ont fait filtrer chez eux des esprits turbulents, des médiocrités présomptueuses qui osent prétendre à la célébrité; des agents secrets de cette caste usurpatrice, ennemie irréconciliable de l'égalité des droits sociaux; des émissaires de l'intolérantisme qui veut tout asservir à son pouvoir. . . . J'avouerai encore que, parmi les loges trop nombreuses qu'on a laissées s'établir en France, il en est de véritablement indignes de l'initiation qui ne font de la Franche-Maçonnerie qu'un trafic; de leurs mystères, qu'une épreuve affrayante; et de leurs banquets, qu'une orgie. . . . . Mais ce ne sont là que de ces abus inévitables que produisent les temps et les circonstances. L'observateur impartial ne doit porter ses regards que sur cette masse d'hommes de bien qui sont parvenus aux plus hauts dégrés de l'ordre Maçonnique; et dont la majeure partie compose le sénat, ou le *Grand-Orient*, où l'on compte des officiers de la couronne, des pairs et des maréchaux de France, des généraux de tout grade, d'anciens magistrats; ce que le barreau Français a de plus éloquent, la littérature de plus distingué, le commerce de plus honorable; et surtout ce que la classe moyenne a de plus probe et de plus agissant: je veux dire ces industriels, ces artisans infatigables, ces modestes marchands en tout genre, composant tout à la fois la force, la richesse de l'état; et qui, dans les loges Maçonniques, mêlés et confondus avec les grands du jour et les plus hauts célébrités, forment ce faisceau précieux, impérissable, où chacun est compté pour ce qu'il vaut, où chacun joint du titre d'homme qu'il a reçu du Créateur. C'est, en effet, en lui rendant grâce, la main sur le cœur et les yeux levés vers lui; c'est en suivant ses préceptes admirables, qu'environ trente-cinq mille Français, réunis sous la même bannière et soumis au même signe, à la même parole, font entre eux un cours de morale primitive, de devoirs civiques, d'amour de ses semblables, de dévouement au monarque, de concorde, et de paix, en prenant pour devise et pour règle ces belles paroles de Salluste:* "Consolidons tous les moyens d'union . . . . Extirpons tous les genres de discorde!"

On ne sera pas étonné, d'après ce tableau fidèle, que l'ordre Maçonnique remonte jusqu'aux premiers âges du monde. Il a servi tour à tour la religion, les peuples et les

* Firmanda sunt concordiæ bona, et discordiæ mala expellenda.

rois, les sciences, les arts, et surtout l'humanité. Les Egyptiens en transmirent aux Grecs les rites, les mystères ; et cette grande nation, source féconde de tout ce qui donne une idée du génie de l'homme, les a répandus sur la surface du globe. Mais ce fut principalement dans l'antique Albion que les Francs-Maçons construisirent des temples à l'instar de celui bâti par Salomon. On lit dans les vieilles chroniques de l'Angleterre, qu'au dixième siècle, sous le règne d'*Aldestan*, fut établie une loge régulière de Francs-Maçons, présidée par le Prince *Edwin*, frère du roi. Au douzième siècle l'Ordre fit construire le temple de Strasbourg ; et bientôt ses associations formèrent dans l'Europe entière une chaîne immense, indestructible. Aux treizième et quatorzième siècles, presque tous les souverains et les héros les plus célèbres furent initiés aux mystères de l'Ordre. En 1245 on ne pouvait être grand d'Angleterre, sans appartenir *à l'art royal.* Henri VI. lui-même voulut en donner l'exemple. En 1500 la Maçonnerie fut dirigée par l'Ordre de Malte ; et l'on sait tout ce qu'elle produisit alors de grands hommes et d'illustres guerriers. Bientôt Henri VIII. s'en déclara le protecteur : ce fut avec l'équerre et le compas des Francs-Maçons que ce monarque posa la première pierre de l'Abbaye de *Westminster.* Enfin, au commencement du dix-septième siècle, l'illustre *Georges-Payne* fut élu Grand Maître de l'Ordre que transporta chez nous Lord *Waters.* Le Duc *Dantin* reçut de lui la Grande Maîtrise ; après ce dernier, elle passa dans les mains du Comte de *Clermont ;* et, depuis cette époque, la Maçonnerie Française fut dirigée par des princes du sang royal, entourés de tout ce que la nation comptait de plus grand, de plus célèbre dans les différentes classes de l'ordre social.

A ce récit historique et fidèle de l'antique, de la noble origine de la Franche-Maçonnerie, joignons une peinture abrégée des jouissances qu'elle procure, des ressources qu'elle présente ; elles sont incalculables. . . . . Un voyageur est dépouillé par des brigands de tout ce qu'il possède : il gagne la ville prochaine, s'informe quels sont les initiés à l'ordre ; et, à l'instant même, il retrouve une famille. . . . . Un pauvre plaideur arrive de province, pour revendiquer un héritage qui lui dispute un homme puissant ; c'est en vain que celui-ci l'accable de son crédit, l'effraie par ses menaces ; l'opprimé ne perd pas courage ; il est Maçon : il raconte ses malheurs ; et, à l'instant même, un des premiers orateurs du barreau prend sa défense, et lui fait restituer tous ses droits. . . . Un vieux militaire se présente dans un loge, moins affaibli par ses longs services que par un chagrin profond. On l'interroge ; il n'ose répondre : pressé de questions, il avoue que la compagne de sa vie est atteinte d'une maladie mortelle ; mais que sa modique pension de retraite ne lui permet pas de lui procurer les ressources de l'art. Aussitôt les plus célèbres médecins appartenant à l'Ordre Maçonnique s'établissent auprès de la malade, qui retrouve, par leurs soins fraternels, la vie, la force, et le bonheur. . . . . Enfin, un père de famille, chef de bureau, réformé après trente ans de service, est au moment de placer ses économies, l'unique ressource de sa famille, chez un de ces grands spéculateurs, aux dehors imposants. Sa ruine sera complète ; mais, averti par un financier Franc-Maçon, connaissant bien la place de Paris, il découvre que l'intrigant est un joueur de Bourse, entaché de deux ou trois banqueroutes ; en un mot, " un de ces jongleurs de probité," dit Juvénal, " qui s'imaginent que l'honneur est comme les ongles, et qu'il repousse."

Mais ce n'est pas seulement dans sa patrie que le Franc-Maçon trouvera des secours, des avis et des consolations, c'est dans tout le monde civilisé, c'est dans les régions les plus lointaines. En Suisse la loge nationale de Berne lui offre un asile ; à La Haye le Prince d'Orange devient son appui ; à Stockholm il trouve un frère dans Charles-Jean ; à Berlin Frédéric-Guillaume lui prouver qu'il est le digne héritier de Frédéric-le-Grand. Dans les trois royaumes il recevra l'accueil le plus flatteur de tout ce qu'il y a d'illustre dans le gouvernement, la marine et le commerce. . . . Traverse-t-il l'immensité des mers, il trouve à Saint-Domingue le Grand-Orient *d'Haïti ;* à la Havane *le conseil consistorial ;* à la Caroline la grande loge de *Charlestown ;* à la Louisiane celle de la *Nouvelle Orléans ;* aux Etats-Unis, à Rio-Janeiro, à la Martinique, à l'île de Bourbon et jusqu'en Colombie, des frères affiliés au Grand-Orient de France, qui tous s'empresseront de lui prouver que, de quelque nation qu'ils soient, les Franc-Maçons n'en forment qu'une.

Pénétrons plus avant, et prouvons que la puissance de nos liens fraternels est is

forte, qu'elle s'exerce même entre ceux que les intérêts de la patrie ont armés les uns contre les autres. Comment oublier ce combat sanglant de Trafalgar, où la marine Française, *obligée de céder à la supériorité des forces, au génie d'un ennemi fameux*, résolut de mourir plutôt que de tomber aux mains du vainqueur? *Nelson* avait donné l'ordre qu'on ne fît point de quartier. Les vaisseaux des deux parties, confondus dans leurs mâts et leurs cordages, étaient si étroitement serrés les uns contre les autres, que la surface de la mer n'offrait plus qu'un champ de bataille où se formait la plus horrible mêlée. Chaque pied de pont était disputé, défendu, acheté par un grand nombre de mourants et de blessés qui poussaient mille cris douloureux et d'éternels adieux à leurs frères d'armes. Dans ce choc épouvantable, au milieu des tractus flamboyantes, au bruit des armes et du feu de la mousqueterie, plusieurs marins Français, au moment d'être précipités dans les plots teints de sang, se rappellent que la Maçonnerie est, chez les écossais, un véritable culte, ils hasardent les premiers signes connus; on leur répond: ils font celui de détresse, bien légitime en pareil cas; et plus de cent soixante d'entre eux sont emportés sur les bras de leurs ennemis, déposés à bord, comblés de soins et rendus à la vie. La fraternité, plus puissante que la gloire, se fait entendre: l'humanite retrouve son empire, et la victoire gémit sur ses lauriers.

Que ne puis-je retracer ici les soins touchants, les secours ingénieux et les preuves innombrables d'un dévouement fraternel, que reçurent nos guerriers sur les rives de la Bérésina, ainsi que tous ceux de nos prisonniers en Prusse, en Russie, qui appartenaient à *l'art royal!* Jamais, non jamais la sainte humanité ne grava dans ses annales de traits plus admirables. On eût dit que l'ombre du Grand-Frédéric, de ce fondateur d'un des plus beaux rites de la Maçonnerie, veillait sur nos malheureux compatriotes, et qu'il criait à ses guerriers: "Ne distinguez ni la nation, ni les uniformes! . . . Ne voyez que des frères; et songez à vos serments!"

Mais pour varier ces sombres couleurs, rapportons ici l'anecdote historique et tant de fois racontée par *Désaugiers*, avec cette verve bachique et cette heureuse bonhomie qui le caractérisaient. Il était à Saint-Domingue, à l'époque de l'insurrection des noirs. Égaré dans les mornes, poursuivi par un parti d'hommes de couleur, il tombe dans leurs mains: on l'attache à un arbre; encore quelques instants, et il expire sous le fer meurtrier des insurgés. . . . Loin de se laisser abattre à l'aspect des armes qu'on charge en sa présence, il improvise quelques refrains, invoque *Piron*, *Panard*, et *Collé* de lui préparer un petit coin dans les Champs-Elysées où il puisse encore chanter et boire. . . . Ne fût-ce que de l'eau des Léthé . . . Cette joyeuse résignation frappe celui qui doit commander l'exécution: il s'approche du chanteur, qui fait, au hasard, un signe Maçonnique; *l'homme de couleur lui répond; l'autre alors fait le cri de salut des enfans de la lumière;* le chef des noirs le couvrant aussitôt de son corps, dit à ceux qu'il commande: "Il est mon frére; et si vous tirez, je dois mourir avec lui." L'escouade reste immobile silencieuse. . . . Et la Maçonnerie conserve à la France son chansonnier le plus aimable, et le meilleur des hommes.

Enfin à cette époque de pénible mémoire, où les puissances de l'Europe, coaliseés contre nous, pénétrèrent dans notre patrie. . . . Nous avons compté d'assez glorieuses journées, pour avoir le courage d'avouer quelques défaites. . . . A cette époque, dis-je, où l'invasion de l'Europe nous mit au pouvoir du vainqueur, le muséum de Paris réunissait tout ce que le monde civilisé avait produit de chefs-d'œuvre. Le ressentiment et l'avidité voulurent non-seulement reprendre ce que nous avions conquis, mais nous dépouiller de nos propres richesses. On allait procéder à leur partage entre les diverses nations campées dans nos murs; lorsque *Denon*, directeur du musée, et qui s'était fortifié dans l'art royal, en étudiant en Egypte l'intérieur des pyramides, reconnut dans le Commissaire Anglais un des plus hauts dignitaires du rite écossais, avec lequel il s'était rencontré dans la loge royale de Berlin. Il le somme, au nom des *enfants de la vraie lumière*, de secourir ses frères; lui rappelle ce que ceux-ci avaient fait dans d'autres temps pour les maçons de la Grande-Bretagne: et la capitale de la France conserve son trésor le plus précieux, ce muséum qui la fait surnommer dans les deux mondes la *métropole des arts.*

Ainsi donc, depuis huit siècles entiers, dans les régions lointaines, même parmi les hordes sauvages; en paix, comme en guerre, au milieu du plus horrible carnage, comme

au sein de fêtes civiques ; au palais des rois et dans l'humble retraite du philanthrope ; sur le vaisseau amiral et sur la barque du pêcheur ; dans les camps, à la ferme, au musée, à la tribune publique, à l'oratoire des différents cultes, partout où l'on adore l'Éternal, partout où le cœur bat pour ses semblables, la Franche-Maçonnerie s'étend et pénètre comme les rayons de l'aurore ; partout elle féconde le cœur de l'homme, l'agrandit et l'épure : aussi a-t-elle en France pour emblème, le soleil dardant ses rayons, et pour devise : " De lui nous vient la lumière et la force."

Je prie mes lecteurs de m'excuser si je suis entré dans tous ces détails ; mais ils étaient indispensables pour leur prouver que cette Franche-Maçonnerie, tant persécutée par ceux qui redoutent *la vraie lumière*, et si décriée par les sots qui la méconnaissent on ne peuvent la comprendre ; que cet *art royal* enfin qui s'étend sur l'un et l'autre hémisphère, et que le Grand-Frédéric lui-même avait surnommé *le lien de peuples*, offre à l'homme doué par la nature de l'amour de ses semblables, et surtout avide de connaître les véritiés primitives, éternelles, un attrait, des jouissances, en un mot une dignité d'être qu'il chercherait en vain dans le monde qu'égarent les préjugés, et qu'asservissent les passions. Je n'aurai pas de peine, alors, à convaincre les personnes sensées et de bonne foi, que le Franc-Maçon ne saurait, sans une lâcheté qui le rendrait indigne de ce titre, entendre calomnier ses frères, nier le bien qu'ils répandent, ridiculiser leurs mystères, sans les défendre avec toute la chaleur qu'inspire le devoir d'un initié . . . . C'est ce qui m'arriva dans les salons de Madame la duchesse de Berri. Elle avait, étant Napolitaine, une prédilection bien naturelle pour la musique italienne ; et les premiers chanteurs des Bouffes se réunissaient souvent chez son altesse royale, qui m'avait fait l'honneur de m'inviter à ses brillants concerts. Quoique je ne fusse partisan de l'école italienne dont la savante mélodie ne pouvait me faire oublier l'expression dramatique de la musique Française à laquelle je devais mes succès les plus honorables, je me fis un devoir de répondre aux ordres de la princesse ; et je me rendit au soir au pavillon marsan où se trouvaient réunis les anciens et les nouveaux grands, luttant ensemble avec une prétention curieuse pour l'observateur impartial. Je me trouavis au milieu de tous ces hommes titrés, simplement vêtu, sans la moindre broderie, et sans le plus simple ruban ; a qui me faisait remarquer de tous ces courtisans chamarres de leurs insignes. Aussi l'aimable duc D * * * qui se plaisait à cacher l'éclat de sa naissance sous les dehors les plus modestes, me dit-il avec une grâce ravissante, et m'honorant d'un serrement de main : " Il n'y a qui vous ici de véritablement décoré ; vous ne l'êtes pas." "Vous vous trompez, Monsieur le duc," répliquai-je, avec émotion : " vous venez de m'accorder la plus belle décoration que je pouvais désirer." Bientôt je fus abordé par les généraux *Rampon*, *Lauriston*, et plusieurs autres officiers dignitaires du Grand Orient de France dont je présidais alors la première chambre, et qui vinrent échanger avec moi le salut fraternel. La conversation tombe sur les Francs-Maçons, et soudain vient s'y mêler le Comte D * * * qui s'était vanté de me *laver la tete*, lorsqu'il me rencontrerait chez la digne mère des enfants de France. Je l'attendais de pied ferme et me disposais à le combattre par quelques plaisanteries qui mettraient les rieurs de mon côté. Mon adversaire paraissait être au moins sexagénaire, ainsi que moi. Il était encore vert pour son âge ; il portait la tête haute, et son coup d'œil, sans être spirituel, avait une certaine dignité. Sa voix était aigre et tranchante ; et sa bouche, à moitié liante, laissait découler ses paroles avec une insouciance qui en détruisait l'expression. Ce n'etait point par ce qu'il disait, qu'il prétendait se faire remarquer ; mais par le haut rang qu'il occupait à la cour et surtout par son illustre race. Il me rappelait, en un mot, ce portrait, si énergiquement tracé par Salluste, des superbes patriciens de son temps ; mais qui je ne répéterai point, pour donner à celui-ci touts le temps de se gourmer à son aise et de promener tantôt avec dédain, tantôt avec une humilité remarquable ses regards incertains sur tous ceux qui l'entourent.

On parlait donc de la grande influence qu'a, dans un état, la Franche-Maçonnerie ; et l'on citait à ce sujet divers souverains qui s'étaient fait un devoir de se placer à la tête de cette importante association, afin de la diriger vers le bien public et les intérêts de la couronne. . . . "Ne me parlez pas des Francs-Maçons," dit le comte, en me regardant de la haute région où il se croyait placé. " Je ne saurais entendre prononcer

ce mot-là, sans m'imaginer voir un ramas d'athées, de songes-creux à faire pitié, de séditieux et de révolutionnaires. Je ne conçois pas, parole d'honneur, comment le roi n'en fait pas justice." "Mais le roi lui-même est Franc-Maçon," lui dis-je, en souriant. "Hein? qu'osez-vous dire?" "Que j'eus en 1788, à Versailles, l'honneur de me trouver auprès du comte d'Artois, à la belle loge des Trois Frères." "Allons donc; c'est impossible." "Quand j'affirme que je l'ai vu, il serait assez étrange qu'on osât me démentir. . . . Et j'ajouterai, Monsieur le Comte, avec tout le respect que je porte à la mémoire de vos ancêtres, que vous stigmatisez un peu lestement une association respectable." "Ah bien, oui, respectable! . . . Est-ce que vous en faites partie?" "Sans doute; et je m'en fais honneur." "Et c'est dans les salons de son altesse royale que vous osez l'avouer?" "Mais vous ignorez donc encore que son altesse royal est la veuve d'un Franc-Maçon—titre au quel il dut trois fois la vie? Je vous croyais plus initié dans les secrets de la cour. Vous ignorez donc encore que la duc de Berri devait être élu notre grand-maître lorsqu'il fut atteint du fer d'un assassin?" "Tout à qu'il vous plaira," reprend l'homme de cour, en se mordant les lèvres; "mais je n'aurai jamais le moindre rapport avec ce que vous appelez *les enfants de la lumière.*" "Parbleu, Monsieur le Comte, ne vous en dépendez pas tant. . . . On voit bien que vous n'êtes point de la famille." Plusieurs éclats de rire échappent, à ces mots, aux officiers généraux placés derrière moi; et le comte, comprenant par là toute l'application de ma plaisanterie, rougit de colère, se redresse, et me demande ce que signifie l'apostrophe que je viens de lui adresser. "La vérité pure et palpable," lui répliquai-je avec fermeté; "vous ne pouvez appartenir à ceux que vous traitez de séditieux, d'athées et de révolutionnaires. . . . Cependant," ajoutai-je, en riant malgré moi, "je vous préviens que, dans ce moment même, vous en êtes environné. Comment cela? Vous verrez de saluer avec déférence le maréchal *Macdonald:* c'est notre premier grand-maître-adjoint. . . . Vous serriez tout à l'heure la main du vieux général *Rampon:* c'est notre grand conservateur. . . . Vous causiez il y a peu d'instants, avec l'excellent *duc de Maillé*, avec les ducs d'*Havre*, de *Luxembourg:* ils sont tous nos officiers d'honneur. . . . Le brave Maréchal *Oudinot*, les généraux *Maison*, *Lauriston*, nous appartiennent également par les liens sacrés de la fraternité." "Hélas! oui," dit aussitôt l'un d'eux aussi malin que spirituel, et désignant ses dignes frères d'armes: "nous sommes de ces *séditieux*, de ces *songes-creux à faire pitié*, comme l'est notre cher auteur des contes aux enfants de France. . . ." "Ah! mon général," repris-je en souriant, "vous allez achever de me brouiller avec Monsieur le Comte; il n'aime pas mon ouvrage. C'est au point qu'il a porté la gracieuseté jusqu'à dire qu'il me ferait l'honneur de me *laver la tête*, la première fois qu'il me rencontrerait chez son altesse royale. . . . Je le supplierai toutefois de vouloir bien ajourner ce *second baptême*, jusqu'à ce que je puisse trouver un parrain." "Je me fais un devoir d'être le vôtre," me dit un des officiers généraux, avec cet élan d'un Franc-Maçon, toujours prêt à défendre son frère. . . . "Et moi je vous offre d'être votre marraine," ajoute aussitôt une des dames d'honneur de la princesse, aussi distinguée par ses qualités morales que par la grâce répandue sur toute sa personne. "Il y a assez longtemps," continua-t-elle, "que vous êtes notre ami, notre défenseur; nous devons à notre tour vous venger." Ces mots charmants firent battre des mains à tous les grands personnages dont j'etais environné; cette scène divertissante attira madame qui, semblable à la charmante duchesse de Bourgogne, courait toujours vers l'endroit où retentissaient les accents de la gaîté. Son altesse royal se fit instruire de ce qui venait de se passer: elle ne rit elle-même aux éclats: et jetant un coup d'œil grave et désapprobateur sur l'imprudent détracteur des Francs-Maçons, elle le força de battre en retraite, en déclarant tout haut que je n'avais fait dans mes contes à ses enfants, qui remplir ses intentions; et qu'elle necesserait de les défendre contre tous ceux qui oseraient en blâmer les principes. De nouveaux applaudissements couvrirent ces paroles énergiques d'une princesse et d'une mère; et le vieux conteur, habitué à prendre la nature sur le fait, ne put s'empêcher de remarquer que si, parmi les gens de cour, il en est beaucoup dont l'inimitable urbanité, et la connaissance des hommes inspirant pour eux un profond respect; il en est aussi quelques-uns dont l'arrogance et l'inconsidération pourraient faire croire au moraliste observateur que le brillant saint-esprit placé sur la poitrine d'un courtisan, ne le rend pas toujours le plus spirituel du monde.

THE GRAVE OF WILL ADAMS.

TWICE within the last half-dozen years it has been my lot to spend a week or two at Yokoska, a village about sixteen miles from Yokohama, the picturesque beauty of whose surrounding scenery, once seen, can never be forgotten. The place is of importance, too, boasting a spacious dockyard, with several docks, finished and unfinished; large workshops, fitted up with all the latest improvements in modern machinery, even to a 100-ton steam-hammer, which an intelligent Japanese hammerman, waiting for his "heat" at an adjoining forge, assured me had never been used; building-sheds and slips which have lent their aid in bringing into existence Japan's iron-clad navy; and, lastly, there is a two-storied brick building running away in a straight line for more than a mile, and containing all that is required in the art of rope-making. The supervision is, I believe, French; but the workmen are in all cases native, and the Mikado's Government have always evinced the deepest interest in the progress and success of the vast establishments at Yokoska. But it is not its artificial wonders which charm a visitor to this gem of watering-places in the far East. Standing on the shore of the dockyard and looking seaward, you gaze at a small land-locked bay, whose rocky and precipitous sides are crowned with the luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, terminating in a series of hill-tops, each of which has a beauty of its own. On the summit of one, just opposite, stands an old temple. It looks not half a mile distant; but well do we remember three weary hours of climbing, one afternoon, before we stood within its sacred portals, and also that about twenty minutes sufficed for an almost headlong tumble down again, after which we discovered there was a good road on the inland side. Turning round and leaving the dockyard, we are at once in the native village, built between two hills, with its houses of bamboo and paper, the fronts open to the street, and the floors grass matted—such tempting pictures of coolness and repose that we cannot resist sitting down for a few minutes to breathe the well-known hospitality of Japan. At the end of the street there is a surprise in store for us; for, having turned our backs upon the dockyard and the sea, we were far from feeling clear as to our whereabouts, when we suddenly came out upon a sandy beach, extending away on our right as far as eye could reach, whilst the gentle undulations of the vast expanse of water before us told plainly that it was no landlocked bay, but the swell of the great Pacific. But the sands lie not in our way now. Turning over the leaves of my Journal, I find, some weeks later, this:—

"O! pleasant hours spent on that shelly strand, or idly lying on some grassy knoll amongst its leafy bushes, watching the deep blue sea that fringed the glittering sands."

Retracing our way through the village, we pass out by a road skirting the dockyard bay into a lovely valley, the track winding gently upward to the hills beyond. We soon come to the small village of Hemi-mura, where Adams settled down in the autumn of his days, with his Japanese wife, son, and daughter, supreme ruler of an estate comprising nearly a hundred households, over whose members he had absolute power of life and death. Close by, in the temple of Tookoozan Yo Odoshi, are several relics, brought by Adams to the country nearly three hundred years ago. They are highly prized and well looked after, but we managed to get a peep at them after the priest had unlocked some half-dozen gates and doors. They consisted of Siamese images and scrolls, the former apparently solid gold, though, as our unholy hands were not allowed to *touch*, that fact remains to be verified, spite of the assurances of the attendant priest.

Resuming our way, which soon began to grow more rugged and steep, we soon caught two or three very lovely views of the valley far below on our left, whose sloping sides were covered with fields of ripening corn, whilst a tiny stream meandered midway between, feeding the green paddy (rice) enclosures, which followed its course in a series of terraces. Remembering the toilsome nature of our way last year, we determined to try, if possible, a lower road, and were rewarded by finding a delightfully shady lane,

which wound gently round the hill for nearly a mile, having on either hand a thick pine forest, into whose depths on our left we could look down through a labyrinth of deep-brown trunks, and now and again catch patches of green and gold in the valley far below. A flight of roughly-hewn steps at the last brings us to the summit of the hill on which stands the monument that marks the resting-place of Will Adams and his Japanese wife. A first glance shews us that several of the trees have been cut down, thus altering slightly, though in no way materially, the very good view which appeared some time since (November 1873, I think) in the *Illustrated London News*. Ascending the seven steps, we pass through a small gate on to a platform, where stand the jealously-guarded Japanese memorials of the first Englishman who trode their soil. The larger monument on the left is sacred to the memory of Anjin-sama, the name given by the natives to Adams; that on the right is in memory of his Japanese wife.

In front of each pillar is a small hollow, in which the pious pilgrims who pass this way may deposit offerings, which no doubt are collected by the priests of the neighbouring temple, who look after both the grave and relics of Adams. The stones bear native inscriptions, but our guide did not possess enough knowledge of English to translate them. A frequent iteration of the name Anjin-sama, with a reverent genuflection towards the monuments, served to show that the memory of Adams is still kept green around the neighbourhood in which he lived and died. One can readily imagine that the Japanese are lovers of the picturesque, for the view from the spot whereon we stand is most magnificent—hill and dale, with ever-changing beauties succeeding each other to the water's edge, where the coast-line may be traced in its very irregular windings, forming here and there very pretty capes, bays, and peninsulas, with miniature islands dotting the silvery surface of the sea in wild profusion. But the shades of evening are already deepening around, so we retrace our road, discussing by the *way* the Fates that led Will Adams to be buried where he *lay*.

Considering that we had no Pocket Encyclopædic Biography, our facts may not be, "like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion." Nevertheless, I give them without alteration.

Imprimis. Who was Will Adams?

The first Englishman that set foot in this sunny land—born somewhere in Kent, near Rochester, and was a pilot in the days of good Queen Bess.

What brought him out here?

His duty as a pilot, having undertaken to conduct a squadron of merchant-ships, seeking a profitable market for their merchandise, to this part of the world.

Out of five ships, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Fidelity*, and *Good News*, one only, the *Charity*, reached Japan, and that after great hardships and severe sufferings on the part of the crew.

And is this the spot where they landed?

Oh, no. Further down the coast, on the western island of Kiu-Siu, somewhere near the town of Nagasaki, where the Portuguese Jesuits had already established a settlement.

Of course the Portuguese were highly indignant at the audacity of our countryman in introducing John Bull to the scenes of THEIR labours?

Yes; said they were pirates, on which they were seized and taken in galleys through the beautiful inland sea to Osaki, some two hundred and fifty miles nearer to this place, Yokoska; thrown into prison, but treated kindly, till, after several interviews with the Emperor, in which they managed to convince him that the English were THE people of the future, and not the Portuguese, they were set at liberty. Adams found the ship plundered and taken to one of these bays round here—perhaps this very Yokoska. Be that as it may, "his occupation was gone," and nothing remained for him but to set up a new trade.

Which he did?

As a shipbuilder, gaining so much favour that in a few years he became a personage of great influence at the court of the Emperor, and greatly assisted the Dutch in forming trade relations with Japan.

And now that he was *up*, he was *down* upon all Spaniards and Portuguese. Those old fellows no more followed the Bible teaching than do the church-going people of to-day.

But Adams left a wife and daughter in England. Strange that he made no attempt *to get back to them!*

He did at first, but permission was refused, and after that he had gained power and place, the honour of a native wife (an honour in some countries oftener bestowed than wished for) was offered to him; so that when later he was granted the Emperor's free permission to depart, he had already a wife, son, and daughter, a comfortable estate, over which he was despotic ruler, but which *realized* would bring him but little ready money, so that his position would have suffered very considerably by the exchange.

Then she was struck off the books without the aid of our modern Divorce Court machinery?

Not exactly, for Adams never forgot the distant lady in Kent, and in his will left his property to be equally divided between his Japanese and English wives, though I should certainly think that the one on the spot got the best of it, considering that in those days there were few lawyers to take a lion's share in litigation.

Nor was Adams forgetful of the advantages to be gained by his own country in extended commerce, for he wrote home glowing accounts of the resources of the country, from which the Dutch East India Company were drawing ever-increasing revenues; and as a consequence our own East India Company sent out an expedition which, after meeting with much jealousy and opposition from the Dutch, made a Treaty with the Emperor, Adams being appointed resident agent at a salary of £100 a year.

And so Will Adams lived revered and respected amongst the humble occupiers of this beautiful valley, and that when he died he was not forgotten is evinced by the humble monument we have just seen.

"Requiescat in pace."

But here we are at Yokoska. After our walk I propose—to use an American term more forcible than elegant—that we "liquor."

FURUYA.

THANKFULNESS.—A CONFESSION.

O! FATHER bless, whilst I confess, my thankfulness to Thee
For health *restored*, for *strength* renewed, *in this* Thy hand *I see*;
Now give me grace and give me *mind*, to dwell in Thee and live,
At home, abroad, by night, by day, Thy holy presence give.

When sore affliction laid me low, and I was in distress,
Thy mercies they came down to me, Thy love was measureless:
These comfort gave, my pains relieved, my thoughts all upward fly,
And consolation sweetly came, 'twas pardon from on high.

I cried to Thee, my grief was great, and helpless was my state,
But Thou, my Lord, my strength, my shield, my soul on Thee did wait,
My heart was full of Hope and Faith, and strong in this belief,
That Thou would'st heal and raise me up, and give my pangs relief.

Like gentle showers, aid came down, my sorrows too had fled,
And in my gratitude to Thee, my soul was upward led;
And may my thanks in prayer draw nigh, at morning, noon and night,
To seek Thy face, for guidance ask, Thy countenance and light.

BRO. T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY GARTER.

"When each by turns were guide to each."

"HE'S a young Turk if ever there was one," said my nurse Mrs. Diogenes, as she gave me a slouching down with soap and water.

"They say they are going to educate them and make them like respectable Christians," replied the under-nurse Maria, as she gave me a good shaking and put me to bed.

I was so much impressed with being like a young Turk and going to be educated like a respectable Christian, that when I fell asleep I began dreaming about Congresses and Cabinet Councils.

I thought I stood upon a precipice, and a figure approached towards me.

"Good-morrow, young sir," it said.

"Good-morning," replied I politely.

"Being young," said the figure, "you can't possibly be expected to know much of me, therefore you must allow me to introduce myself. I am the Right Hon. Knowledgers."

"Really," said I, as I inclined my head in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Yes, really," replied he. "Most people are anxious to make my acquaintance; and," said he pointedly, "they generally *rise* in my presence."

At this hint from the Right Hon. Knowledgers I rose politely, and began thinking of something it would be proper to say.

"Ah!" said he condescendingly, "I see we are but slightly acquainted; and unless we become more intimate, I fear I cannot be of much service to you. Tell me, however, what you were thinking of?"

"The world," replied I.

"The world!" echoed he. "I'm afraid you would not be appreciated there unless in the first instance you were taught how to shoot. I think," continued he, "it would be advisable for you to pay a visit to our Congress, and perhaps from out of our councils you may gather the guidance to direct your young idea."

Saying this, with a quiet gesture he indicated the way; and before I had time to thank him he was gone.

Making my way in the direction indicated, I entered the Gates of Knowledge, and was received by a comfortable-looking personage.

"Pleased to see you," said he. "Your entering here shows you possess a particle of that which I am generally accorded to have in entirety; consequently I am called the Right Hon. Sensus. Do you feel cold?" he asked, as if I had been left out in the cold.

"I am rather," replied I, as if not wishing to talk too much about my own ailments.

"Then warm yourself by the fire," said he. "I suppose you know the capacity to feel warmth and cold is one of your senses, and when you adapt your senses towards ameliorating heat or infusing warmth, you act sensibly. Do you agree with me so far?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Tell me one of your senses," said he.

"Seeing," I answered.

"Precisely," he agreed; "and when you see that which is conformable to your natural characteristics, and apply it thereto without regard to its being fashionable or a *mode* adopted by others whose individualities are the opposite of your own, you see sensibly, and seeing sensibly, you act sensibly. Do you agree with that?"

"Yes," replied I dubiously; "but perhaps it is easier to follow a fashion than to follow one's senses."

"I don't know about its being easier," said he; "but it is certainly not quite so *common* as it might be. What other sense strikes you at the present moment?"

"Hearing," I answered.

"Good," he answered; "and when you hear that which is applicable to the purpose, you hear sense, and when you endeavour to follow it out you act sensibly."

"And when," said I, bowing to him politely, "one coincides with that which is sense one agrees sensibly."

"Sensibly expressed," replied he, smiling agreeably. "Can you tell me another of your senses?"

"Smelling," I answered.

"Yes," replied he; "and when you smell a rat and don't go near it you smell sensibly."

I laughed pleasantly at this witticism, which showed I had a fund of humour within me.

"What other sense have you?"

"Taste," I answered.

"Yes," replied he slowly, as if considering his words; "but you cannot use taste sensibly unless you cultivate it assiduously, therefore I'll take you on to the next room and introduce you to my friend the Right Hon. Tastus." Saying this, he conducted me into a room. The moment I entered it impressed me with a most pleasurable sense. I know now, though I did not at the time, that it was the sense of beauty which diffused itself about me.

The Right Hon. Tastus received me with a few words, which in a moment put me at my ease, that I did not feel as if I was talking to a stranger. My attention was attracted towards a beautiful case of ferns at the further end of the room.

The Right Hon. Tastus, observing my attention, asked me if I collected ferns. "It is," said he, "the only natural thing in the room. The other objects you see about you—such as ornaments and pictures—are copies from nature."

Every moment, as my eye caught view of some fresh object, the more charmed and pleased I became; and when I tried to analyse why it should be so, it seemed to be because everything harmonised and accorded with each other appropriately and harmoniously, and the thought couldn't help striking me, how much trouble and care must have been taken in arranging the different objects, and how incongruously they might have been placed in the hands of those who did not know how to use them—say, for instance, in the hands of my friend the Right Hon. Sensus, who in spite of the sense of his maxims was somewhat common-place.

Observing me looking at a cabinet containing a variety of beautiful things, he asked me if I knew how it was he had arranged them so effectively.

On my replying in the negative, he said,—

"Before I arranged this room I studied minutely one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery I could find. I dissected every shade and leaf and sunshine, and saw how one colour blended with another. It took me a long, long time before I could effect anything like that which I beheld in landscape, because mine were only attempts which sometimes aimed at too little and at other times at too much; consequently there was no satisfaction in the result; it was only when I came to understand and appreciate the properties of a natural element I began to produce natural results, which I need not tell you are the only true ones."

"Do you not think, though," said I, "that one can produce natural effects without the study you say you had to undergo?"

"It is barely possible," replied he; "because when I refer to nature I allude to nature in a purely uncorrupted state. Not to impulses or effects prompted by bodily ideas, which may be good or bad, according to the constitution from which it emanates."

He spoke in pleasant, clear, vibrating tones, that I caught myself catching his accentuation.

He smiled, and asked me if I was fond of studying languages, for, said he, "I need not tell you that language is the embodiment of good taste."

I acquiesced in that, and asked if the acquirement of many languages was not a matter of great difficulty.

"The first principle," said he, "you will of course grant me, is sound; endeavour, therefore, to articulate clearly any sound you may wish to produce. If you look well at the word you want to say before you speak it, you will seldom fail to pronounce it rightly, because if you see that a word contains *three* letters, you will not, unless there be very good reason, either by custom or convenience, think of pronouncing it as if it were a word of *two* letters only; and if you study order and arrangement, you must perforce speak grammatically, because to do otherwise would be contrary to your sense of harmony, which may be called completeness. If you study words that go to make up a language, you may, if you choose, speak, in a short time, as many as occasion requires; the thorough mastery and knowledge of *one* language is the key-root to all others."

I thought there was much to be digested in this view of language, and agreed in silence to what he said.

"I presume," said he, changing his tone in a cordial and friendly manner, "you are fond of a good dinner, and consider yourself a judge of wine."

I modestly replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said he, "take a hint by way of good feeling, and if you would preserve your taste keep clear of all excesses. The sweetest of sweets will in time become nauseous if taken in excess, and the strongest spirits will, if overdosed, lose their flavour, and taste as tastless, though with worse effects, than water. You may, however," said he, "occasionally make mistakes in using ideas through want of discrimination. I know of no one whose example would be of more value to you in teaching you to shoot straight than that of my friend the Right Hon. Tactus, who will be pleased to see you."

As I entered the room of the Right Hon. Tactus, I found the table already laid for dinner. In a few moments the Right Hon. Tactus told me where to sit; and as I took my place I couldn't help feeling as if the very chair and table were made expressly for me, so entirely at my ease did I seem to be. I couldn't help noticing how quietly, gracefully, and delicately the Right Hon. Tactus presided, and how when he carved he seemed to put the knife and fork in the exact spot to sever a joint with ease; and when I tried to think as to how I should afterwards describe him, I could think of no other description but that he appeared to be exactly as he should be.

Unlike my former friends, he asked me no questions, but threw out suggestions, so that before I knew what I was about I found myself actually giving my own opinions and my own ideas; and I must say I felt pleased and even somewhat amazed at some of the ideas thus drawn out of me, as it were, and I couldn't help appreciating the manner in which the Right Hon. Tactus led me through such subjects that I was most conversant with. I could not define in any way the manner of the Right Hon. Tactus, except that he seemed to see so very clearly and manipulated at sight whatever he had to do. I noticed also the perfect formation of his hands, which perhaps accounted for the way in which he delicately and lightly touched upon everything, and I also noticed the easy grace of his movements, and how perfectly self-possessed he was. I learnt afterwards that he had conducted many difficult and delicate negotiations with the most perfect unconsciousness of their difficulty, and that he had the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, and appearing in the right place at the right moment, and although he had a number of enemies to contend against, they were generally good-humouredly disposed towards him. When I came to consider whether the faculty which the Right Hon. Tactus possessed might be learnt, the more subtle did it appear to me; and although I thought it might to a certain extent be cultivated, yet if it were not part of the natural self there would be a missing link wanting in such a man's administration. I couldn't help admiring the Right Hon. Tactus very much, and feeling also that he was worth it; for whatever might be said regarding his lack of

scholarly acquirements, he must nevertheless have exercised a great deal of thoughtful consideration, or he would never have had the faculty of hitting the right nail on the head. The Right Hon. Tactus gave me much food for consideration in a quiet, gentlemanly way, and delicately suggested that as I might occasionally have to have my wits about me, it would be as well for me to see the Right Hon. Witicus.

Passing, therefore, into the next room, I found myself in the presence of the Right Hon. Witicus. He impressed me as I looked at him with a variety of emotions. Sometimes the expression of his face had such a look of ridiculous merriment that I could barely keep my countenance, and at other times his eyes twinkled so horribly maliciously that I thought the two letters in the alphabet most serviceable for me to remember would be my p's and q's. The Right Hon. Witicus, however, received me pleasantly, and asked me how I was getting on. "I," said he, "found it somewhat strange at first, for here you live on air, whilst heretofore I lived upon my wits."

I ventured to ask him if he ever fared sumptuously on his wits.

"No," replied he; "it is only a contented mind knows how to feast."

I couldn't help feeling somewhat curious to know how it was possible to live on one's wits, and frankly expressed my curiosity. "There are various ways," replied he. "One of the most prevalent is that of devising schemes by which the advantage to be accrued turns out to have been all on one side. You see that box over there?" said he, indicating an elaborate money-box, that seemed to be all mahogany and brass plate. I looked at the box in question, and on the brass plate was engraved, "The Bank warranted to give the most interest."

"Perhaps," said the Right Hon. Witicus blandly, "you would like to put your money in a money-box!"

Being of a trustful nature myself, it did not occur to me to ask the Right Hon. Witicus, in the face of such an assertion as the brass plate contained, if the box was soundly made, consequently I congratulated myself what a capital thing it would be to put it where I could get the most interest—consequently I dropped my coins into "The Bank." The Right Hon. Witicus *then took the box out of my reach; but as he was* moving it the bottom fell out and the money with it, which the Right Hon. Witicus picked up and pocketed.

I candidly confess that this proceeding did give a great deal of interest indeed; and when I demanded an explanation, the Right Hon. Witicus smilingly told me the screws were too loose for the box, "and," said he, elaborately and grandly, "I regret to inform you we shall not be able to declare a dividend. If," said he, "I can offer you any consolation on the termination of this most unfortunate affair, I can only say we all of us more or less have to pay for our experience."

I thought, though I was polite enough not to say so, that I at all events had had to pay for my experience.

"Racing and gambling," continued he, "offer great inducements to ready wits—so much so that there are many practices connected with those matters too disreputable to be mentioned, and it is to the credit of the young idea to be ignorant of them altogether. In using my wit," continued the Right Hon. Witicus, "I have laughed away foibles, delusions, and eccentricities. I have made dulness sparkle and gravity smile. I have corrected oddities and peculiarities. I have brought out a man's best part, and in self-defence have exposed weak points. I have ridiculed unmercifully conceits and shams. I have caricatured all would-be characters. I have cracked jokes and distorted words. I have brought forth laughter, and stung too deep for tears. I have been flattered and courted as well as hated and feared."

As I took my leave of the Right Hon. Witicus, he said, "Allow me to introduce you to an Utopian practice of restoring your coins, and suggest that you see my friend the Right Hon. Prudentus."

Before the Right Hon. Prudentus could receive me I was informed it was necessary for me to present a credential, consequently I mentioned I was there by the instigation of the Right Hon. Knowledgers, whose name at once procured me an audience. The Right Hon. Prudentus appeared to me to be an exceedingly plain, precise sort of

a person, and although there was nothing about him to excite my sympathy or admiration, there was a look of substance about him that inspired my respect. I couldn't have imagined him ever being in any hair-breadth escapade or danger, and he gave me the impression that if there was a five-barred gate to be jumped over he would have gone round the corner, or else have waited until it was opened for him. He had the quiet settled look that perfect safety gives; but it was more the safety arising from caution and precaution than from the fearlessness of fear. He was engaged when I entered the room in the examination of large ponderous account books. In various pigeon-holes were deeds on parchment and deeds on paper, bearing conspicuously the stamp of the country's revenue; innumerable receipts, agreements, settlements, letters minutely folded up, labelled, ticketed, and dated; various books of reference, telegrams from all parts of the Universe, almanacks, guides, Bradshaws and directories, large copying letter presses, and bundles of red tape.

"Be good enough," said he "to sign your name in that book; the time you came in and the time you go out. I can only give you a quarter of an hour; every minute I sit here is money to me."

"I shall remember the time," said I, "without signing the book; it is just one o'clock," I added, consulting my watch. He at all events, I thought, would remember number one.

"I transact business with no one," replied he sharply, "of which I have not the record down in black and white."

I felt somewhat annoyed, I must confess, at this punctiliousness, though as I reflected I came there with the view of learning business, I accordingly with a good grace signed the book.

"Punctuality, accuracy, and precision," continued he, "are the essence of business. I make no allowances; I tolerate no excuses; I believe in no promises; I admit of no impulses; I exonerate no recklessness; I sanction no negligence; I calculate assiduously; I estimate statistically; I systemize on principle, in hospitalities and charities; I pay fairly and I exact fairly; I borrow nothing and I lend nothing, except on business principle, securities and interest; I wager nothing and I bet nothing; I take all the advantages I can and I reap all I can get; I control my likes and dislikes according to circumstances, possible rewards and payments; I have no feelings, prejudices, or antipathies in matters that are business to me; and I am respected as a sensible, wealthy business man by Aldermen, Borough Members, Common Councilmen, and Lord Mayors. Your quarter of an hour is up, and I must wish you good morning."

I made no comment to the Right Hon. Prudentus, except that I thought it must be pleasanter to reap the benefits of prudence than to be so constrainedly prudent oneself.

I was then shown into the room of the Right Hon. Defendus, and found there many evidences that *defence* and not defiance was a law of nature. There were various papers relating to administration and organisation, regarding naval and military matters, various books on education, rules for the punishment and discipline of outrageous brutality, and various appliances for self-defence. The Right Hon. Defendus received me with the grave politeness of a polished veteran.

"The army," said I, entering into the subject at once, "is one of your principal means of defence."

"It is the highest," replied he. "Our army is our reserve which we keep in reserve, and go on reserving, consequently we can never be said to be beaten."

I thought that was wise certainly.

"We are perfectly capable of fighting," said the Right Hon. Defendus, calmly; "but in Utopia we have long ago discontinued the atrocious practice of butchering people, regarding that as one of the savage customs of the dark ages. Our officers by their general bearing, cultivation, and intelligence, do more to civilize and save us from the encroachments of ill-conditioned, uncivilized, quarrelsome people than any amount of gunpowder and shot could do."

"The navy?" I hazarded.

"Is the principal means of our communicating with all parts of the Universe

consequently we are enabled to smooth away misunderstandings with all nations, even with the inhabitants of the Arctic regions."

"Then," said I, "I may presume that defence is security, and security peace?"

"And peace enjoys a comfortable nap," said the Right Hon. Defendus, pleasantly, which put me in mind of the proverb, "Of sleeping dogs beware;" and I could not help thinking that a brave man was more to be feared than a prudent one.

My next visit was to the Right Hon. Honestus. I found him engaged in paying a number of bills. He was not so rich as he might be, he told me, for his conscience was never at rest until he had discharged his obligations and acted up to his principles. He said the only principle he could understand was to pay what he had to pay and say and do what conscience and duty dictated; and he said that at times he got so confused by the various offers and suggestions made to him by strategists, manœuvrers, and financiers, that he had resolved to live in Utopia, and that, as he was under no obligation to any one, he was called an independent member. I thought that, although it was a pleasant thing to see an honest man, it was a pity honesty was not so rich as he might be.

I now prepared myself with grave demeanour for my interview with the Right Hon. Judgmentus. I was told it was contrary to the dignity of the Court for me to ask him a question, but that I might be admitted into the Council Chamber and listen to the judgment he was pronouncing; and gather from judicial lips the decisions of justice. As with grave and respectful demeanour I entered the Council Chamber, it struck me, as I gazed upon the dignified, passionless face of the Right Hon. Judgmentus, that such a man could have had no loves and no hates, no likes and no dislikes, or regard to persons generally or individually; or that, if he had, he had held them subservient to his judgment. I marked how accurately he seemed to divine and decide a point; how clearly he discriminated, and how minutely he weighed a particle and held it up disembarrassed of its previous conflicting distortions; how thoughtful, rightful, and earnest were his enunciations, and how mercifully he blended mercy in his decisions; and with what penetration, concentration, gravity, decorum, and majesty he held his office; and what a grave, responsible, dignified office a judge's was.

As I quitted the Council Chamber, I made my obeisance to the Right Hon, Judgmentus, in grave respect to righteous judgment.

I was now given to understand that the Right Hon. Criticus was waiting to interview me. I felt, of course, desirous to favourably impress him, as I imagined he would be a man of vast knowledge and acquirements; consequently when I was admitted to his presence I modestly expressed the diffidence I felt at meeting so eminent a man, distinguished in various branches of learning and science.

"You mistake," said he frankly; "I have not achieved distinction in anything I have taken up; in fact," said he, "I have never got further than the rudiments."

I said, "Oh, indeed!"

"It is, however, for that reason," said he, "that I excel in the post I fill. I became a critic rather through want of general information than of general knowledge. For instance, whenever I hear a Bill proposed, which through some want of capacity in not being able to grasp the context I fail to understand, I at once rise to say, 'I cannot in any way see the utility of the Bill or comprehend on what ground it is based, nor can I in any way see how such a Bill can possibly be passed;' and I generally conclude by denouncing it as one of the most unprecedented, unsatisfactory, derogatory measures that were ever brought before an assembly of reasonable men. Then follow at once a host of replies; and in those replies are generally suggestions worthy of consideration. Consequently the Bill is discussed and improved, and unsuspected talent brought out and developed."

I ventured to ask him if he ever turned his attention to scientific researches and books and pictures.

"Regarding scientifical researches," said he, "I candidly confess they are too deep for me to fathom off-hand, and I am never tired of inquiring the reason why and raising discussions thereon, and I take to myself the credit of bringing out and developing the properties contained in fire, air, light, and water, electricity, anatomy, medicine, and

mechanics. As to pictures," said he, "if I perceive a picture skyed or floored, but which, however, strikes and pleases me, I generally say in my opinion it possesses considerable talent. I may possibly be wrong, of course; but then if I were entirely proficient in art I should pass by such a picture as being too inappropriately placed to be looked at. Regarding books," added he, "I cannot possibly criticise them without reading them through."

I thought a young idea should not be too critical, and therefore I did not attempt to criticise anything the Right Hon. Criticus said.

My next visit was to the Right Hon. Medicus, to whose presence I was at once admitted without being kept waiting in an antechamber, where I should no doubt have begun to think about my ailments, and have told my friends to-morrow what a large practice the Right Hon. Medicus must have. As I glanced round the room I noticed various plans for sanitary preservation, such as testifying to the benefits arising from swimming baths, Turkish baths, sponge baths, and shower baths; laundries for the rich as well as laundries for the poor; well-constructed stoves, good cooking utensils, cookery books, and cleanly kitchens; free use of lavatories, suggestions from engineers for effective drainage, and abundant supplies of purified water; plans relating to gardens, parks, and grounds, for outdoor exercise, games, and healthy recreation; and I actually noticed a book—I hope it was *Worth's* latest fashion—in which dress was real, appropriate, comfortable, and harmonious.

The Right Hon. Medicus looked so bright, fresh, and healthy, that I could not help saying,—

"You are looking remarkably well."

"I am glad you think so," said he, "for I confess I do exercise some management and take some trouble regarding my health."

"It is a great blessing," said I, "to enjoy good health."

"Very great indeed," replied he, "and I often used to think it strange so many people whom I attended would put themselves to so little trouble regarding its preservation, but indulged in careless and negligent habits until illness laid them up. I do not of course refer to all cases, as many of them were unavoidable, and could only be cured or treated by medical knowledge; but of the many cases I have attended hundreds of them were due to neglect of mere simple rules of sanitary management."

"What advice," said I, "did you give people regarding their diet?"

"I told them," he replied, that "*good sense* was good *sauce*, and that their own feelings were their best guide, and that that which occasioned them the slightest uneasiness they ought not to take."

I said, "Are you really clever enough to cure a diseased mind as well as a diseased body?"

"As to the mind," said the Right Hon. Medicus, "it is of course too complex for me to sum it up in a few words; but I think the mind depends on the mental training and preservation of health, and that no one with the facilities afforded in *Utopia*, once in possession of their five senses, should be allowed to believe that they are or held to be irresponsible for their actions."

I rose to take my leave, having beforehand neatly wrapped up the fee.

"In Utopia," said the Right Hon Medicus, smiling, "I can afford to attend a patient *not* for the sake of his fee."

"Nevertheless," said I, "the fruit of one's knowledge is worthy of payment."

The Right Hon. Medicus pressed my hand gently, and bowing politely, we said adieu.

I then passed on to the room of the Right Hon Imaginatus.

Light and fancy glanced about me, and many were the effects I saw resulting from imagination.

I saw buildings graced, edified, and beautified by architectural poetical imagining; I heard voices sweetened and tuned by poetical inspirations; I saw many beautiful objects, forms, and ornaments produced by imaginary conceptions; and I discovered many happy effects prompted by imagination.

I turned to the Right Hon. Imaginatus.

"Tell me," said I, "have you no reality, but do you exist only in delusion?"

"I have no delusion," said he, "my ideas flow from light and fancy, and so quickly do they fly I cannot follow them in their flight; I have rendered national histories familiar by reproducing their characters; I have shown up individualities clothed in shams and vanities; I have depicted wrongs and abuses and brought about redresses; I have shown this life and that life diverted from each other by wide social gulfs; I have refined and cultivated by depicting characters with graces to grace a duke, and I have depicted nature's kindly feelings in labourers of the soil; I have imagined melodious melodies and grand inspiring sounds; I have imagined scenes, forms, and faces, and made them into pictures; I have built castles in the air, and reproduced them on the earth. All these things," said he, "I have imagined; there is one I believe."

I moved in the direction in which the Right Hon. Imaginatus had turned, and looking straight before me, I saw the emblem of Faith, by its side the Holy Bible. Rising by it, grandly, solemnly, reverent, and beautiful in its structure, stood forth an old Abbey (the church): above it gleamed in shining letters of gold, "Restored since the Reformation." I bowed my head silently in acknowledgment of Faith, and lo and behold, "I opened my eyes, and I came down from the heights of fancy into the world's reality, and I thought maybe imagination might be akin to truth."

THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S,

BY THE FREEMASONS OF ENGLAND.

Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, G.M. of the Grand Lodge of England, and many most other influential Brethren.

WE have great pleasure in printing this circular, and as it has been decided to form a Central Committee for the purpose of enabling the Freemasons of England to restore the whole, or portion, of the west face of the Abbey, we beg to add that subscriptions are received by C. E. Heyser, Esq., 47, Wilton Crescent, London, S.W., and that the maximum is £5. Any lower sum, however, will be accepted. We shall recur to the subject in the next number of this Magazine.

"At the last annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hertfordshire, held at Watford, on July 26th, 1878, a proposal was brought forward to the effect that the Freemasons of England be invited to subscribe towards the restoration of some special portion of the Cathedral Church of St. Alban's, in memory of St. Alban, the first reputed Freemason in England, and a Committee, with power to add to their number, was thereupon appointed to consider the subject, and to take such steps as they might think desirable for collecting subscriptions and otherwise promoting the object as brought forward in the original proposal, subject finally to the approval of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hertfordshire.

"Two meetings of the Committee have already been held. At these meetings it has been unanimously resolved to endeavour to carry out the original scheme, and after a personal visit to the Cathedral, it is proposed to undertake, should the necessary funds be forthcoming, the restoration of the whole of the west front or of one, or more, of the three magnificent, but sadly dilapidated, porches at the west end of the building.

"These porches may justly be considered not only to exhibit the most beautiful architectural details in this grand Cathedral, but from the extreme delicacy and beauty of their design, they cannot be excelled by any other examples of this or any other date throughout the kingdom. They were built by Abbot John de Cella, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and formed part of a magnificent design for the reconstruction of the nave of the Abbey Church, which from want of the necessary funds was only partially carried out. The style of architecture is that commonly known as 'Early English' or 'First Pointed,' and may well compare with similar examples to be

found at Lincoln, Ely, Salisbury, and Wells Cathedrals, the Western, or Galilee, Porch of Ely Cathedral bearing a special resemblance to the central porch at St. Alban's.

"It is this central western porch which the Committee propose first to undertake, and their proposal has been most strongly approved by the Executive Committee for the Restoration of the Cathedral, who are specially anxious to see this portion of the work taken in hand, as this will form the completion of the main structural repairs, which have been going on for several years. The Architect's estimate for the restoration of the central porch is £2,500, and for each of the side porches £2,000, or for the entire west front, £9,000. These sums appear at first sight very large, but very much will have to be done on account of the decayed and mutilated condition of the stone work, and the cost of reproducing and repairing the elaborate details of the design will necessarily be considerable. Of those portions which have at some time been wilfully destroyed, sufficient fragments have been discovered to enable the Architect to restore the porches in accordance with the original plan of Abbot John de Cella.

"There can be no question as to the improvement which will be effected by the careful restoration of the west front. At some period, probably in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, some economical repairs were carried out. The outer portions of the north and south porches were cut away, and a plain and unsightly wall built up, which has entirely concealed the said north and south porches, and the early English arcade on each side of them. Part of this wall has now been removed and numerous fragments of great architectural interest have been discovered, which will, as previously stated, enable the Architect to reproduce almost with certainty the original design.

"It must he acknowledged that the Cathedral (till recently the Abbey) Church of St Alban's has special claim to the consideration of English Freemasons. The history of the Abbey and its Church is most closely connected with St. Alban, who is reputed to be both the first Freemason in England, and the founder of the first lodge in this country, in the year A.D. 287. During the present era of Church restoration much has been done by the Freemasons of the various provinces, and in many of the Cathedrals the Brethren have recently provided the necessary funds for the repairing of special portions of the buildings. It is therefore earnestly hoped that the present scheme will commend itself not only to the brethren residing in the province of Hertfordshire, or within the diocese of St. Alban's, but, from the national character of the object, that it will be generally received with favour by the Freemasons throughout England, and that they will assist in renewing the work which their brethren of the 13th century actually executed.

"To carry out this object it is proposed to invite subscriptions, from 1s. up to £5, from all *individual* brethren who may be disposed to contribute, and for this purpose an account has been opened at the London and County Bank, Lombard Street, E.C., and St. Alban's. Such subscriptions may be sent direct to the Bank, or to the Hon. Secretary, and as soon as a sufficient sum has been received, the approval of the Provincial Grand Lodge will be obtained, and the necessary instructions given to commence the work. It is therefore to be hoped that the Freemasons of England will willingly come forward and embrace the present opportunity of doing honour to the memory of St. Alban, the first member in England of that Brotherhood which now holds so brilliant a position in the society of our country, and the founder of that first Lodge which has been the origin of so numerous and glorious an offspring."

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

CHAPTER III.

ON THE STYLE OF BUILDING IN GERMANY WHICH PREVAILED FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

ON comparing the ancient churches of Germany with each other, we discover in their style of building two leading differences, all others being mere gradations or combinations of them. The FIRST, and earliest, is foreign, and came from the south; it is by no means rude, having been originally a highly finished style of building, but it latterly degenerated. The buildings of this kind are distinguished by forms and decorations either Roman or imitated from the Roman, but especially by flat, or at least not very high roofs, by semicircular arches and vaults, and by the great solidity of their

* An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, traced in and deduced from the ancient edifices of Germany, with references to those of England, etc., from the Eighth to the Sixteenth Centuries, by Dr. George Moller, first architect to the Grand Duke of Hesse, etc.

construction.* The SECOND and more modern style of building still retains the semi-circle, but begins to substitute for the southern flat gable end, that of the high roofed, which is more suitable for a northern climate.† To harmonise with the shape of the roof, the forms of the towers are pyramidal, and the windows and vaults in the pointed arch style‡, whilst all the minor ornaments still preserve the semi-circular form. It was only at a later period that the decorations, and all the minor and subordinate parts of the main building assumed the shape of the pointed arch.‖ Of this latter style are the grandest works of architecture which Germany possesses, works which will remain an object of admiration for ages to come.

These are the chief features in the church architecture of Germany, observable in ancient buildings. They show how a northern peculiar style was gradually formed out of the foreign southern one, and they are by no means in contradiction to history, although we are still ignorant of the many causes which may have influenced the improvement of the art.

Prior to the sway of the Romans in Germany, and in those parts which they did not occupy, architecture was undoubtedly very rude. Although the want of precise information leaves us in uncertainty about its state, yet the picture which Tacitus draws of the Germans of his time shows how little they cultivated the arts in general. The southern provinces of Germany, however, and the countries on the Rhine, being governed and reclaimed by the Romans, received an earlier and more extensive civilization; and Roman architecture flourished therein, as is evident from the numerous remains of buildings of that period. When Christianity prevailed in the Roman empire, churches also were erected in Germany, as appears from ancient documents; especially in Austria, Bavaria, and on the Rhine. I am not, however, acquainted with any remains in Germany, of that more ancient species of Roman Christian churches with which Italy abounds. After the lapse of ages of devastation, the authenticated history of our country begins only with the reign of Charles the Great; with whom, not a Gaul, but by birth and descent a German, commences the series of our architectonic documents. It is well known, that in his court, as in that of the earlier kings of the Franks, whatever related to science and art was of Roman origin. Architecture—which, more than any other art, depends on the influence of religion; the temple being with many nations its only, and amongst all, its highest object—became a necessary art, through the diffusion of the Christian religion; and was practised in the way it had been applied to the buildings requisite for public worship in the Greco-Roman empire, since the reign of Constantine. The cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the portico of the ancient convent of Lorsch,§ near Worms, on the road called the *Bergstrasse*, are, as far as I can judge, the only buildings of the time of Charles the Great extant in Germany. The latter is in a very corrupt Roman style; such as we perceive after the fall of the empire in buildings, sarcophagi, and paintings.¶

The disparity which is observable between the civilisation of Italy and Germany existed also between the several provinces of Germany itself. On the Rhine, and in the south of Germany, cities arose when these countries belonged to the Roman empire; and in such cities flourished the arts of peace, and the Christian religion; whilst the

* Of this style are the portico at Lorsch, the cathedrals at Spire, Worms, Mentz, Aix-la-Chapelle, the convent churches at Paulinzell near Rudolstadt, at Schwarzach near Rastadt, at Ilbenstadt in Wetteravia.

† Of the style that still retains the semicircle, but has in this age high gable roofs, are the west side of the cathedra at Worms, the St. Paul's church in the same place, the western tower of the church at Gelnhausen, and others.

‡ See the churches at Gelnhausen and Limburgh.

‖ See the church at Oppenheim, No. 32 to 37 of Moller's plates.

§ See plate 1 of Moller's work.

¶ This view of the first development of German architecture which Professor *Fiorillo* drew from documents, and which he gives in the introduction to his excellent History of the arts of design, was impressed upon the ditor from his examination of the ancient buildings themselves. A long residence in Italy, where he examined with particular attention the edifices of the times of the decline of the Roman Empire still remaining, enabled him to compare the ancient buildings of Germany with those of Italy, and thus to arrive at safe and steady conclusions.

north and east of Germany were still uncivilised and addicted to paganism. The introduction of Christianity among the Germans, and their gradual civilisation, proceeded, with very few exceptions,* from the southern and western parts of Germany. History also teaches us that the clergy themselves directed, at that time, the building of churches and convents. Under these circumstances, the influence of the ancient paganism of the Germans, upon the style of church-building, which d'Agincourt and several other historians assert, appears to me neither probable nor historically proved; religious ceremonies and church-buildings were introduced at that period from abroad, and did not proceed from, nor were they improved by the Germans, who were split into many separate nations, or tribes, without any common tie. Hence, the buildings of those countries that were first civilised, and from whence the arts passed into other places, are of the highest importance in the ancient history of German architecture; and it is in the south and west of Germany, that the farther improvement of the art must so much the more be sought for, as all external circumstances were there more favourable to its success.

I have no knowledge of any buildings of the ninth century. In the tenth and eleventh century, several important churches were built in Germany, as the cathedrals of Spire, Worms, Mentz, and many others, which are still in existence, and astonish us by their solidity and magnificence. The leading form of these churches, as of those which were built at the same period in England, France, and Italy, is, in imitation of the basilicæ, a long parallelogram with side naves, a strongly marked cross nave, which represents the arms of the cross, on whose intersection there is frequently a louvre. The chancel ends with a semicircle on the plan, and the whole has very thick walls, with comparatively small openings, and without any tall or aspiring pillars. In the drawings of these buildings, we find in all the windows, gates, and arched aisles, the pure semicircle. The nave is high; the covering frequently consists of groined vaulting; but raised in the shape of cupolas, and often with flat timber coverings: on the exterior, the gable is usually of little inclination, and in the upper part of the building there are rows of small pillars in the wall. The horizontal line still predominates generally on the whole exterior, contrary to the style of building of the thirteenth century, in which all the parts of the building seem to aim at rising still higher. The profiles of the parts and ornaments are almost all, without exception, of antique origin; and several, as for instance the continually recurring attic base, are perfectly correct in their forms. From what has been stated, it is evident that the invention of this style of church-building can by no means be claimed by the Germans; though there are in the composition, as well in the parts as in the *tout ensemble*, many individual peculiarities in these buildings, the attentive examination of which fills us with a high respect for the taste and technical ability of their builders.

The difference between these German churches and the Roman basilicæ consists in the almost general covering of the interior with vaulting. The consequence of this was that it became necessary to substitute pillars for the isolated columns which supported the flat wooden roofs, and which were too weak to bear vaults, or to connect the pillars with the columns. Yet there are still a few churches found, which, together with the flat covering, preserve those ranks of isolated columns of the ancient basilica; as, for instance, a church at Ratisbon, and the convent churches at Paulinzell and Schwarzach. Although the columns which were introduced as ornaments of the pillars were originally in imitation of the Roman series of arches, they were soon justly altered. The isolated column was proportioned to its height, and to the load which it was intended to carry. But the column, which is used as an ornament of the pillar, has nothing in common with the destination of the isolated column; it only forms *part* of the pillar. D'Agincourt labours under a misapprehension when, on comparing the columns, he separates the light staffs in the pillars of the churches of the Middle Age

* Christianity is said to have been propagated in the North East of Germany, by missionaries from Byzantium. It would be of high interest if churches should still be discovered which attested this fact, as is the case, for instance, with several churches in Rome.

from the columns, in order to show their disproportion as columns. They are one and the same with the pillars, which bear, in general, a very beautiful and exact proportion with their load and the height of the vaults. Even in this originally foreign style of church-building, the German architects appear to have had the merit of having divested it of every thing that could have reminded one of the heterogeneous timber construction and horizontal covering, and of having treated it as a pure and consistent stone construction applied to vaults. To have left out under the vaults the friezes and cornices, which had no object in such a situation, appears, therefore, no matter of reproach, but was, on the contrary, perfectly in character.

Towards the latter end of the twelfth and in the beginning of the thirteenth century, important deviations from this ancient style of church-building were introduced. The high northern roof took the place of the flat southern gable,* and the introduction of this high pitched gable brought along with it the use of the pointed arch, instead of the semicircular one, in order to introduce more harmony with the other parts of the building. When the roof and the vaults were thus raised, it was proper that the inferior part of the building should also receive a comparatively greater height; hence, all the proportions of the columns, capitals, vaults, towers, etc., became slenderer towards the latter end of the century, and the flat pilaster spreads more outwards, and rises as a flying buttress. After all the essential parts of the building had thus been altered in their forms and proportions, the details and decorations of the earlier style of building were yet retained for some time. The edifices of this period, though possessed of many beauties, are yet full of anomalies. Circular and pointed arches, rising pillars and vaults, intersected by horizontal cornices, form the most disagreeable combinations. The crisis which marks every transition into another state, and which throughout nature in general is momentarily discordant and disagreeable, bears visibly the same character here. This heterogeneous combination of the ancient southern style of building with the new one, which, in the main, agreed better with the climate, lasted but a short time. The sound sense of the German architects was not long in discovering that such heterogeneous parts could not be employed without disturbing all proportions; perhaps they were also influenced by a wish to introduce some peculiar style of their own in lieu of the old one. The buildings above-mentioned show, in a very interesting manner, how the architect resolved gradually to replace all the subordinate parts of the ancient style by others more corresponding with the leading forms that were now adopted. In the year 1235, when the church of the Teutonic order of knights was begun at Marburg, and soon after finished in the same style up to the western gate or porch, the alteration of this style of building appears to have been perfectly accomplished. The high gable and the pointed arch prevail throughout, and each of the individual parts is in perfect harmony with the whole. This church, besides being constructed and finished in a masterly, skilful, and workmanlike manner, is distinguished by the greatest simplicity and elegance, the happy combination of which is not easily met with in such perfection. After this appropriate, peculiar, and rational style of building, which in its leading forms corresponds with the climate and building materials, and in its parts with the *whole*, had been thus improved, we behold it quickly brought to the highest perfection in many admirable architectural works. As early as the year 1248, they began to build the cathedral of Cologne upon its present plan, and in the year 1276 the porch of the minster at Strasburgh, under the direction of *Erwin von Steinbach;* two structures which, though unfinished, will be the admiration of all ages, from the boldness of their design, the beauty and elegance of their parts, and the excellence of their execution. This new style of building prevailed almost at the same time in all the countries of Europe, and we find its influence upon all the churches built in this and the following century. To analyze the principles on which this style was formed is not within the scope of this essay, and can never be successfully attempted before the principal edifices built in this style have been more

* The editor frequently met with buildings, particularly the portico at Lorsch and the convent church at Ilbenstadt, in which the original low gable upon which a higher gable had been placed at a later period was still to be recognised.

accurately examined and considered. The great impression which these churches, particularly their interior, make upon the mind of every unprejudiced person, on that of the intelligent and well-informed, as well as that of the uncultivated and ignorant, is truly wonderful; they combine the simplicity and majesty of the groves of the forest with the richness and beauty of its flowers and leaves—all is variety, greatness, and sublimity. The golden age of this style continues from the middle of the thirteenth to the latter end of the fourteenth century. The desire to produce something new and still more beautiful, as it had caused the decline of the ancient Roman, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, that of the Italian style of architecture, occasioned likewise the decay of the German style of church building. To a severe regularity of forms succeeded arbitrary petty decorations; and whereas the best examples of the thirteenth century are ornamented with fruits and flowers, the edifices of the fifteenth were themselves frequently in the form of plants,* a freak which seems to overstep the bounds of architecture. This style of building, having outlived its prosperity, was the more easily superseded in the sixteenth century by a more modern Italian style.

As the question has of late been frequently started—"Whether the style of architecture of the thirteenth century, and its forms, might not be applied and used in our times," it may not be improper to discuss it in this place. The art which produced the Strasburgh minster, the cathedral of Cologne, and other masterpieces, is splendid and sublime—but it was the result of its time. The condition of public and private life at that period, the relation of the respective states and individual cities to each other, the situation of commerce, and, above all, the religious zeal which everywhere animated every order of persons, exerted a powerful influence on the origin and improvement of this style of building. The great architects of the Strasburgh minster, of the cathedral of Cologne, and of all the most distinguished buildings with which we are acquainted, were adapted to their own age; they and their works are only the result of the time in which they lived. We may admire and imitate these works, but we cannot produce the like, because the circumstances under which that style of building arose are now no longer the same.† If we attempt to apply their detail, their windows, gates, and ornaments, etc., to the edifices of the present day, we shall produce an incongruous and absurd composition, because the parts are not homogeneous with the whole; and the disproportions and incongruity would be so much the more striking as the originals from which they are borrowed are grand and splendid.

But though it seems unadvisable again to introduce the style of building of the thirteenth century, yet a more intimate acquaintance with it is both instructive and useful. It has already been observed, how much architectural works are calculated to inform us respecting the earlier civil and ecclesiastical situation of nations, and how these documents of stone afford, to those who can read them, the most lively picture of centuries that are lapsed; but, even independent of this high interest in the eyes of the philosophical historian, they offer an abundant harvest to artists and friends and patrons of the arts. Very few Greeks and Romans have carried technical ability and a strictly correct calculation of the proportions between strength and burthen so far as the architects of the churches of the thirteenth century. The boldness and lightness of their structures will long continue unrivalled. Not only were the buildings of these great masters erected with the smallest possible expenditure of building materials,‡ and are still in excellent condition, but the arrangement of the whole, and the proportions of the parts also, are so well calculated, that their edifices appear much larger than they are in reality, whilst it is exactly the reverse with most of the works built in the antique

* See Moller's plates of the minster at Ulm and the *fac-simile* of the two tabernacles.

† The case is very different with the Grecian style of building, which we are still in the habit of applying daily. *Fancy and religion predominate in the German architecture, but the Grecian is the* result of an enlightened understanding and of a correct sense of the beautiful. It strictly limits itself to what is absolutely necessary, to which it strives to impart the most beautiful forms; and on this account it will never cease to be capable of application to our purposes.

‡ The vaults of many very large churches are only from nine to ten inches thick, and the outer walls, though more than sixty feet high, are frequently but two feet thick.

style, and particularly with St. Peter's church. As the greatest art consists in producing the grandest effects with the smallest means, the churches of the thirteenth century are, in this respect, highly instructive to the thinking artist. To these advantages, as connected with the study of the architecture of the Middle Age, must be added another no less important. By these we learn that harmony, beauty, and propriety are not limited to one style of building nor the authority of great names,* but that every work of art is to be judged only by the laws of inherent perfection; and that every building which appears discordant in its parts and unsuitable to its purpose, is bad, whether it be called Gothic, Grecian, or Roman. That all artists may be convinced of this truth is much to be desired, for there is not a science or art in which ancient custom, and the adoption of antiquated pretended rules, are so frequently connected with a total neglect of the eternal rules of the human understanding, as architecture.

The neglect of the architectural works of Germany has lately, however, been succeeded by a more correct estimation of their merits, which are daily more appreciated. Since such eminent men as Göthe, Herder, and George Forster have so loudly proclaimed the veneration in which they hold those masterpieces, the attention of the public has at least been awakened. By their publications of ancient architectural works, and their historical researches, Messrs. Boisserée, Büsching, Costenoble, Fiorillo, Frick, Hundeshagen, Quaglio, Stieglitz, and many others,† have already acquired just claims to the gratitude of an enlightened public, and we may confidently look for more important publications at their hands. But as the number of ancient buildings, which either have remained unknown, or are only imperfectly known, is so very considerable, and as many of them are perishing from year to year, it is very much to be wished that the governments of the several German States would publish historical and critical catalogues of the remarkable ancient buildings in their respective dominions, in which the bad should be carefully separated from whatever is worthy of being preserved. Independent of affording correct information of the buildings still existing, these works would thus be placed under the safeguard of the public eye, and the fear of public disgrace would put a stop to the vandalism of ignorant subordinate magistrates, who, in many places, do not scruple to consider and use such ancient buildings as excellent stone quarries.‡

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* Several of the ancient writers on architecture are of opinion that every building is good only as it approximates the Roman or Greek style of architecture. This proposition is pretty nearly as correct as if we should say: "The rose is a beautiful flower, the lily is not like the rose, consequently the lily is ugly."

† The restoration of the magnificent castle of *Marienberg*, in Prussia, which was proposed by and is now under the direction of President Von Schoen, by means of voluntary contributions, deserves to be mentioned here, as a distinguished instance of a proper estimation of the monuments of art extant in our country.

‡ The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, to whose enlightened mind nothing that can promote the arts and sciences is foreign, issued a proclamation in 1818, whose object was to preserve the antiquities extant in the Grand Duchy, and to make them more generally known. As the editor does not know any other country which has similar regulations, he thinks that the contents of this proclamation will not be deemed uninteresting. It runs thus:—

Louis, by the grace of God Grand Duke of Hesse, etc., etc. Considering that the monuments of ancient architecture still existing, are among the most important and most interesting documents of history, and afford instructive views of the early manners, civilisation, and civil constitution of the nation, thus rendering their preservation highly desirable, we have decreed as follows:—

1. Our Board of Works is to procure correct catalogues of all the remains of ancient architecture which, either in a historical point of view or as works of art, are worthy of being preserved, and to have their present situation described, and the other monuments of art extant in the same, as paintings, statues, etc., particularly mentioned.

2. The said Board is to invite the learned of every province, who are best acquainted with its history, to co-operate in the historical preparation of such catalogues, for which purpose the requisite documents are to be communicated to them out of the archives.

3. The principal of these buildings, or those which are in the most ruinous state, are to be delineated, and the designs, together with the descriptions, to be deposited in our Museum.

4. The Board of Works is to submit to our approbation the list of the buildings deemed worthy to be preserved or delineated, to correspond respecting their repairs with the requisite authorities, and to make the requisite proposals to us on the subject.

5. If it should be thought proper to make alterations in any of these buildings, or to pull them

down, it is to be done only under the cognisance of the said Board, and with our approval in the requisite cases.

6. If in digging, or on other occasions, relics of antiquity should be discovered, our public functionaries are to take care that they be carefully preserved; and notice of their discovery is to be immediately sent to the Board of Works, or to the Managers of the Museum.

7. All public functionaries are enjoined carefully to watch over the preservation of all the monuments recorded in the aforesaid catalogues, for which purpose the latter are to be printed and communicated to them.

(Signed) LOUIS.

Darmstadt, January 22nd, 1818.

(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," etc., etc.

DR. OSGOOD, addressing the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, in April, 1878, says of that metropolis:—"The old city has almost wholly passed away within this generation. The buildings most associated with life, our homes and churches, have disappeared, being crowded out by the pressure of business. Hardly a man lives where he lived thirty years ago, and few children of mature years live where their fathers lived before them. There is but one church of any great importance (old St. Paul's) that is a century old, and our most conspicuous churches have sprung up within a few years. The old city has gone, and the new city has been built too much in a hurry to admit of its being of a sufficiently memorial character. Our new wealth has not been associated with high culture or artistic taste; and costly houses have been built by the acre, without much historical significance or æsthetic dignity. With the rise of rents and the increase of luxury, the great middling class, which is so essential to the best interest and character of a community, has suffered, and, to a great extent, been driven away. In this way, and in many other ways, the city has lost its expected harvest of culture and numbers, and its face does not tell its history. What a pity it is that there is so little that meets the eye to remind us of the men who have made their mark in the community, and of the nations that have built up the city in its greatness. Those of us who have paid our public tributes to Cooper, Irving, Verplanck, Bethune, and other noted men, of our own citizens, and to the masters of European culture and civilization, would especially like to see their names, and, if possible, their faces, in our public places. England has Shakspere in bronze here; New England has Webster and Franklin; Germany has Schiller and Humboldt; France has Lafayette; Italy is to have Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel. When will Holland have Rembrandt?—Rembrandt, the father of the new humanity in art; the democrat of light, shade, colour, and form; who put upon canvas what Dickens put into print, and who with his pencil affirmed the Protestant right of private judgment, and brought out the man from the pomp of courts and the conclaves of priesthoods into open day. Sons of Holland, make room for your Rembrandt here! Something has been done and is doing to meet this deficiency in our great Park. Some of our

churches are testifying that we are a historical people, that we have persons and principles, ideas and events, to remember. But the true basis of memorial art is easily recognized, and all attempts to gather collections of art without a historical purpose and connection are meagre and unsatisfactory—either in danger of becoming affairs of personal or family pride, or of dainty taste and capricious curiosity. We need the truer view of art that shall make the whole city historical, and enable us to remember our national and local benefactors by generous association without obtruding private personality. Our halls, galleries, academies, parks, churches, and our great stores and markets, should tell a story of the old time and the new. Art, that has all times for its own, should make up for the lack of antiquarian relics, and a great building dedicated to history should be sacred to art, which is the daughter of history and the recorder of life. . . . With its reverses and disappointments, this city keeps and exalts its place as the centre of American life and thought and enterprise. Its press and its pulpit, as well as its bar and medical faculty, its schools and its commerce, gain power over the whole nation. With all of our temptations and extravagances, our people have not lost their head, nor forgotten their birthright. The best men are finding each other out: the native American blood is assimilating the best foreign elements, and public opinion is becoming more patriotic, and religion is more truly catholic. You know how to put down a mob, and to crush a threatening treason, and you are not likely to unlearn that well-tried manhood. There is an old-fashioned loyalty to good institutions, with generous sense of what is due to the spirit of the new age. There is a peculiar largeness and geniality here that is correcting our excessive individualism, and giving promise of earnest life and original spirit in our culture and fellowship. We have not forgotten the God of our fathers. He is with us as with them. In this faith we interpret life and its record in this generation."

According to a report of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Wiltshire, given in the *Freemason* of November 16th, 1878, "Bro. F. H. Goldney, the Provincial Grand Treasurer, afterwards said that he had prepared a History of Freemasonry in the Province of Wiltshire. To save time, he would not read it, but he begged to present it to Lord Methuen [the Prov. G. M.], and he would afterwards have it printed for distribution. The History had been some little trouble to get up, as the records of Freemasonry in the Province were few and scattered before the time that his Lordship undertook the government of the Province. Bro. Goldney then presented the manuscript to Lord Methuen."

This is as it should be; and not only will every intelligent Mason in the Province of Wiltshire feel indebted to Bro. Goldney for undertaking such a task, but I for one cannot but wish that the same was done for every Province in the United Kingdom and its Colonies.

The first Will in the English language now known to exist is dated in the year 1463, and deposited in the Ecclesiastical Court at Bury St. Edmunds.

There are few men so well acquainted with all that relates to the interesting district of Weardale, in the county of Durham, as William Morley Egglestone; for he has made its history and topography his favourite study for years. Knowing this when he announced, for publication by subscription, his *Stanhope Memorials of Bishop Butler*, I was bold enough to say that the work would be looked for with interest, and the result has justified the prediction. Dean Stanley, preaching in the fine old Cathedral of Durham, on the twenty-fifth of March, 1878, spoke of Bishop Butler as "the greatest prelate who ever filled this see of Durham—the greatest theologian, in some respects, that ever adorned the English Church;" and Bartlett has remarked that the life and character of Butler "is not to be regarded as the exclusive property of any section or party in the Church of Christ, but as the common property of Christendom:" two passages which Mr. Egglestone has appropriately taken as mottoes for his book, which no personal friend of the good Bishop could have compiled in a more reverent spirit. "The fact alone that Butler's *Analogy* was written at Stanhope, in the County of Durham," says our author, "is enough to make that

country town revered, without taking into consideration that its Church of St. Thomas is one of the oldest and most interesting in the North of England. Stanhope is situated on the banks of the river Wear, and is said to be the prettiest place in western Durham. It gave name to an illustrious family, has its Castle, its Hall, the seat of the Fetherstonhalghs, its historical associations, and can boast of rich scenery in its immediate vicinity. Weardale was intimately connected with powerful Bishops, from Hugh Pudsey down to Anthony Bec, and onward to Hatfield, Wolsey, and Cuthbert Tunstall. Here were situated the great hunting fields of these kings of the Palatine, and here they repaired, followed by numerous trains of county landowners, to hunt the fallow deer in the forest."

The late Bishop Philpotts, writing to the Archdeacon of Lincoln (Dr. Goddard), January 25th, 1855, says of Butler, to whom he had "been accustomed to look up as the greatest of uninspired men," that when, "after an interval of eighty years," he became his successor in the rectory of Stanhope, one of his "earliest employments there was to search for reliques of" his "illustrious predecessor;" and he adds:—"I examined the parish books, not with much hope of discovering anything worth recording of him, and was, unhappily, as unsuccessful as I expected. His name, indeed, was subscribed to one or two acts of vestry, in a very neat and easy character; but, if it was amusing, it was mortifying to find the only trace of such a man's labours, recorded by his own hand, to be the passing a parish account authorizing the payment of five shillings to some adventurous clown who had destroyed a 'foumart,' or wood-marten, the marten-cat, or some other equally unimportant matter."

One other thing, of more importance to the character of Butler, Dr. Philpotts *did* find, viz., a tradition that he was "very kind" to his parishioners and benevolent to the poor, as one can easily believe of him, who, when translated from the See of Bristol to that of Durham, could write:—"If one is enabled to do a little good, and to prefer worthy men, this indeed is a valuable of life, and will afford satisfaction in the close of it; but the change of station in itself will in no wise answer the trouble of it;" and, again:—"I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage entirely depends on the use one shall make of it. I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain one's self with, but that one had spent the revenues of the Bishoprick of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set one's self to do good, and promote worthy men. Yet this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon one's self, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater, I wish I may not find it, than I am master of." Good Bishop Butler was no hoarder of "filthy lucre," but is recorded to have said to his undersecretary, Mr. Emm, "I should feel ashamed of myself if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." "On being solicited to support a project which he approved," says Bartlett, "he made inquiries of his house-steward how much money he had then in possession, and on being told five hundred pounds, he exclaimed, 'Five hundred pounds! What a shame for a Bishop to have so much money! Give it away—give it all to this gentleman for his charitable plan.'"

Although not a native (Dr. Butler having been born on the eighteenth of May, 1692, at the ancient town of Wantage, in Berkshire, where his father was a retired draper), yet he was most intimately connected with the county of Durham; being presented by Bishop Talbot, in 1721, to the living of Houghton-le-Skerne, near Darlington, and four years afterwards he was transferred from there to that of Stanhope-in-Weardale, one of the richest in England, having at the same time a prebend's stall in Durham, Cathedral. On the twenty-seventh of July, 1750, he was nominated by King George the Second (then in Hanover) to the bishopric of Durham; elected at Durham, September 7th; and installed, by proxy, November 9th. He died at Bath, June 16th,

1752. "During the short time that Butler held the See of Durham," writes the county historian, Surtees, "he conciliated all hearts. In advanced years, and on the episcopal throne, he retained the same genuine modesty and native sweetness of disposition which had distinguished him in youth and in retirement. During the ministerial performance of the sacred office a divine animation seemed to pervade his whole manner, and lighted up his pale, wan countenance, already marked with the progress of disease, like a torch glimmering in its socket, yet bright and useful to the last." And an earlier historian, Bro. Hutchinson, remarks:—"He was of a most reverend aspect, his face thin and pale; but there was a divine placidness in his countenance, which inspired veneration, and expressed the most benevolent mind. His white hair hung gracefully on his shoulders, and his whole figure was patriarchal."

Mr. Egglestone regrets that "no monument of this great man exists" at Stanhope,—"not even a tablet in the church, where he ministered for fifteen years, records that he wrote the *Analogy* on the banks of the Wear. His parsonage has been rebuilt, the church has been 'restored,' and its fittings replaced; the town has been modernised by new buildings; the castle is not old; and the very market cross which the rector passed on his way to church was demolished seventy years ago. It is, however," he lovingly adds, "something to hear, at this day, the very bells which called our rector to his ministerial duties, to look upon the very sun-dial which he erected, to handle the very cups he handled when he administered the sacrament, and even to contribute a mite to the very plate on which the charitable pastor laid his offerings." Indeed, everything, however trifling, that remains at Stanhope, which Bishop Butler can be conceived to have touched, or even looked upon, is carefully described in the most ardent spirit of a hero worshipper; nay, the very officials and tradesmen whom he would know are, as it were, summoned from their graves before us. The story told by Mr. Egglestone of Bishop Butler and "the Rev. Joseph So-and-So," however, is of older date, and belongs to Butler, Duke of Ormond and the Curate of Islay, and shows how the anecdotes of one man are often in the telling transferred to another of the same name; just as the destruction of the monasteries are all over the country commonly attributed to Oliver Cromwell, instead of to Shakspere's "Cromwell, servant to Wolsey," who became the willing tool in the work of spoliation of the rapacious monarch, Harry the Eighth.

Much curious matter, interesting to the antiquary, is incidentally introduced by Mr. Egglestone, who has produced a really good book, which no one who wishes to know all they can either of Bishop Butler or of Stanhope can afford to be ignorant of. It has wonderfully refreshed my recollections of a few pleasant summer days' rambles in that romantic neighbourhood, and I can confidently recommend it to the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*. The authorship, printing, binding, and illustrations are all alike good.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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

ANDERSON'S LISTS OF LODGES FOR 1738.

THESE lists are of great value, having been approved in manuscript by Grand Lodge, after receiving sundry final corrections, at the hands of Bros. Anderson, Payne, and Desaguliers, the three leading spirits at the great revival of Masonry, A.D. 1717 (see the "Approbation," *post*). The *numbers* placed against the Metropolitan Lodges, having reference only to their positions on that list, are misleading and should therefore be wholly disregarded. The *dates*, however, are of the first importance, and must be taken in every, or nearly every case, as conclusively establishing the exact periods of constitution.

The *first change of numbers* occurred in 1740, the previous and earliest numeration having extended from 1729 to 1739. The 1740-55 numeration was followed by those of 1756-69, 1770-80, 1781-91, and 1792-1813.

The engraved list for 1740, is remarkable for containing more errors in regard to dates, than will be found (appearing for the first time), in any other of the official lists. These errors have unfortunately been perpetuated and extended. Of the first *nine* warranted Lodges on the 1740 list, no less than *four* appear with wrong dates of constitution, which error, in its entirety, has survived to this day!

Thus, the British and the Westminster and Key Stone Lodges, really date from 1722, *not* 1721; the Fortitude and O. C. and the Old Dundee from 1723, *not* 1722. Also, among the further inaccuracies, which appear in *both* our London Masonic Calendars of current date, are the following, viz.:—The Castle Lodge of Harmony is placed at 1724; the St. Alban's at 1727; the Medina Cowes, the Anchor and Hope Bolton, and the St. John's Exeter, at 1731; and the Strong Man at 1734.

The Lodges appearing on the subjoined list, which are still on the roll (1878), are distinguished by an asterisk.

A List of Lodges in and about London and Westminster.†

Many *Lodges* have by accidents broken up, or are partitioned, or else removed to new places for their convenience, and so, if subsisting, they are called and known by those new places or their *signs*.

But the *Subsisting Lodges*, whose *officers* have attended the Grand Lodge, or *Quarterly Communication*, and brought their benevolence to the Grand *Charity* within twelve months past, are here set down according to their seniority of *Constitution*, as in the Grand Lodge *Books* and the Engraven List.

No. Signs of the Houses.

1.* King's Arms Tavern, St. Paul's Church Yard, removed from the Goose and Gridiron, meet in form. This is the *Senior Lodge*, whose Constitution is immemorial.

2.* Horn Tavern in *New Palace Yard, Westminster*. The *old Lodge* removed from the Rummer and Grapes, *Channel Row*, whose *Constitution* is also immemorial, it being one of the *four Lodges* mentioned, p. 109.

† From Constitution Book, 1738.

No.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
3.*	Shakespear's Head, *Marlborough Street*	17 Jan., $172\frac{0}{1}$
4.	Bell, *Nicholas Lane*, New Lombard Street	11 July, 1721
5.*	Braund's Head, New Bond Street...	19 Jan., $172\frac{1}{2}$
6.*	Rummer Tavern, Queen Street, Cheapside	28 Jan., $172\frac{1}{2}$
7.	Daniels' Coffee House, within Temple Bar	25 April, 1722
8.*	Red Cross, in Barbican	May, 1722
9.*	King's Arms Tavern, New Bond Street	25 Nov., 1722
10.*	Queen's Head, *Knave's Acre.* This was one of the *four Lodges* mentioned, p. 109, viz., the APPLE TREE *Tavern*, in *Charles Street, Covent Garden*, whose *Constitution* is immemorial. But after they removed to the QUEEN'S *Head*, upon some difference, the members that met there came under a *new Constitution*, tho' they wanted it not, and it is therefore placed at this Number. N.B.—The CROWN, in *Parker's Lane*, the other of the *four* old *Lodges*, is now extinct	27 Feb., $172\frac{3}{3}$
11.*	Castle, Drury Lane	March, $172\frac{3}{3}$
12.*	Bury's Coffee House, Bridges Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	28 March, 1723
13.	Queen's Head, Great *Queen Street*	30 March, 1723
14.	Bull's Head, Southwark	1 April, 1723
15.	Le Guerre, St. *Martin's Lane*	3 April, 1723
16.	Sun, Lower *Holbourne*	5 May, 1723
17.*	Mourning Bush, *Aldersgate Street*	1723
18.	Swan, *Long Acre, A French Lodge*	12 Jan., 1723
19.	Anchor and Baptist Head, *Chancery Lane*	4 Aug., 1723
20.	Dog Tavern, *Billingsgate*...	11 Sept., 1723
21.*	Half Moon, *Cheapside*	18 Sept., 1723
22.	Swan and Cocoa Tree, *Whitecross Street*...	1723
23.	White Horse, in Wheeler Street, Spittlefields	24 Dec., 1723
24.	Forest Coffee House, *Charing Cross*, the *old* Lodge	27 March, 1724
25.	Sash and Cocoa Tree, *Moor Fields*	July, 1724
26.*	Sun, Hooper's Square, Goodman's Fields	1724
27.	Sun, St. Paul's Church Yard	April, 1725
28.	Angel and Crown, *White Chappel*	1725
29.*	King's Arms, Strand	25 May, 1725
30.	Swan, Long Acre, an *English* Lodge	Sept., 1725
31.	Swan and Rummer, Finch Lane (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	2 Feb., $172\frac{5}{6}$
32.	Mount *Coffee House, Grovenor Street*	12 Jan., $172\frac{6}{7}$
33.	Globe, Fleet Street	9 Aug., 1727
34.*	Fisher's Coffee House, Burlington Gardens	31 Jan., $172\frac{7}{8}$
35.	Hoop and Griffin, *Leadenhall Street*	1728
36.	Royal Oak, Great Earl Street, Seven Dials	1728
37.	Old Man's Coffee House, Charing Cross	1728
38.	Anchor and Crown, King's Street, Seven Dials...	1728
39.	Star and Garter, St. Martin's Lane	15 April, 1728
40.	St. George, St. Mary Axe	22 Jan., $172\frac{8}{9}$
41.	Fountain, Snow Hill	24 Jan., $173\frac{9}{1}$
42.	Bacchus, Greville Street, Hatton Garden	1730
43.	Vine Tavern, Long Acre (where there is also a Master's Lodge)...	28 April, 1730
44.	Bacchus, Bloomsbury Market	22 May, 1730
45.	Globe Tavern, *Old Jury*	26 June, 1730
46.*	Rainbow Coffee House, York Buildings...	17 July, 1730

No.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
47.	Queen's Head, Old Bailey (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	1730
48.	Black Lion, Jockey Fields	11 Jan., $17\frac{30}{31}$
49.	Two Angels and Crown, Little St. Martin's Lane	1731
50.	Three Tons, Newgate Street	21 Oct., 1731
51.	Three Tons, Smithfield	17 Dec., 1731
52.	Old Antwerp, Threadneedle Street	13 Nov., 1731
53.	Fountain, Burrough, Southwark...	24 Jan., $173\frac{1}{2}$
54.	King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	2 Feb., $173\frac{1}{2}$
55.	Horseshoe and Rummer, Drury Lane	11 April, 1732
56.	Sun Tavern, Fleet Street...	12 April, 1732
57.	King's Head, Tower Street	25 May, 1732
58.	King and Queen, Rosemary Lane	21 June, 1732
59.	Oxford Arms, Ludgate Street	29 June, 1732
60.	King's Arms, Dorset Street, Spittlefields...	12 July, 1732
61.	King's Arms, Piccadilly	17 Aug., 1732
62.	Hoop and Griffin, Leadenhall-Street. Another Lodge... ...	18 Aug., 1732
63.	Crown, Upper Moor Fields	29 Aug., 1732
64.	Royal Vineyard Tavern, St. James's Park	5 Sept., 1732
65.	Royal Standard, Leicester Square	8 Sept., 1732
66.	Salmon and Ball, Wheeler Street, Spitalfield	15 Nov., 1732
67.	Turk's Head, Greek Street, Soho	12 Dec., 1732
68.*	Ship Coffee House, near the Hermitage-Bridge...	2 Feb., $173\frac{2}{3}$
69.*	Theatre Tavern, Goodman's Fields	17 Feb., $173\frac{2}{3}$
70.	King's Arms, Tower Street, Seven Dials	3 March, $173\frac{2}{3}$
71.	Fountain, Katharine Street, Strand	23 March, 1733
72.	Crown, Fleet Market	27 Dec., 1733
73.	Forest's Coffee House, Charing Cross. Another Lodge... ...	$173\frac{3}{4}$
74.	King's Arms, Wild Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	1734
75.	Marleborough's Head, Petticoat Lane, White Chappel	5 Nov., 1734
76.*	Bell, Nicholas Lane, near Lombard Street. Another Lodge (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	11 June, 1735
77.*	Steward's Lodge, Shakespear's Head, Covent Garden, in January, April, July, and October	25 June, 1735
78.	Bear Tavern, Strand	26 Aug., 1735
79.	Anchor, Cock Lane, on Snow Hill	30 Oct., 1735
80.	Ashley's, London Punch House, Ludgate Hill	1 March, $173\frac{5}{6}$
81.	Greyhound, Lamb Street, Spittlefields	11 June, 1736
82.	Sun, Fish Street Hill	16 Aug., 1736
83.*	Yorkshire Grey, Beer Lane, Thames Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	2 Sept., 1736
84.*	Black Dog, Castle Street, Seven Dials (where there is also a Master's Lodge	21 Dec., 1736
85.	Blossom's Inn, Laurence Lane, Cheapside (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	31 Dec., 1736
86.	City of Durham, Swallow Street, St. James's	24 Jan., $163\frac{9}{7}$†
87.	Crown Tavern, Smithfield	14 Feb., $173\frac{6}{7}$
88.	King's Arms Tavern, Cateaton Street	22 Feb., $173\frac{6}{7}$
89.	Three Tons Tavern, Wood Street	22 March, $173\frac{6}{7}$
90.	At the sign of Westminster Hall, Dunning's Alley, Bishopsgate Street	30 March, 1737

† Obviously a misprint.

No.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
91.	Whitechapel *Court House*, Whitechapel	18 April, 1737
92.	Three Tons, Snow Hill	20 April, 1737
93.	King's Head, Old Jewry	10 May, 1737
94.*	Gun Tavern, Jermyn Street, St. James's	24 Aug., 1737
95.	Black Posts, Maiden Lane (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	21 Sept., 1737
96.	King's Head, St. John's Street	8 Dec., 1737
97,	Fountain, Bartholomew Lane, near the Exchange	27 Jan., $173\frac{7}{8}$
98.	Bacchus, Little Bush Lane, Canon Street (where there is also a Master's Lodge)	17 Feb., $173\frac{7}{8}$
99.	Katharine Wheel, Windmill Street	27 March, 1738
100.*	Angel, Crispin Street, Spittlefields	1738
101.	Gordon's Punch House, Strand	16 May, 1738
102.	Bell and Dragon, King Street, St. James's	1738
103.	Swan Tavern, Fish Street Hill	1738
104.*	Checker, Charing Cross	Have petitioned to be constituted.
105.	Cameron's Coffee House, Bury Street, St. James's	
106.	Key and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall	

"These and other Grand *Masters* † (referring to list of Provincial Grand Masters enumerated on the previous page) have also granted *Deputations* at the request of some good brothers in cities and towns throughout *England*, for constituting the following *Lodges*, as recorded in the *Grand Lodge Books* and in the engraven *List*, who have their *Rank* of *Seniority* at the *Grand Lodge*, according to the *Date* of their CONSTITUTION, viz.":—

THE LODGES AT—

NORWICH, at the Three Tons, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet every month on the 1st *Thursday*.

CHICHESTER, at the *White Horse*, constituted 17th July, 1724, and meet 3rd *Friday*.

CHESTER, at the *Spread Eagle*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet 1st *Tuesday*.

DITTO, at the *Crown and Mitre*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet 1st *Thursday*.

CAERMARTHEN, at the *Bunch of Grapes*, constituted A.D. 1724.

PORTSMOUTH, at the *Vine*, constituted A.D. 1724, and meet 1st and 2nd *Friday*.

CONGLTON, in *Cheshire*, at the *Red Lion*, constituted A.D. 1724.

SALFORD, near *Manchester*, at the *King's Head*, constituted A.D. 1727, and meet 1st *Monday*.

WARWICK, at the *Woolpack*, constituted 22nd April, 1728, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.

SCARBOROUGH, at *Vipont's* Long Room, constituted 27th August, 1729, and meet 1st *Wednesday*.

LYN REGIS, *Norfolk*, at the *Lion*, constituted 1st October, 1729, and meet 1st *Friday*.

NORTHAMPTON, at the *George*, constituted 16th January, $17\frac{2\,9}{3\,0}$, and meet 1st *Saturday*.

ST. ROOK'S HILL, near *Chichester*, constituted A.D. 1730, and meet once in *year*, *viz.*, on *Tuesday* in *Easter* week.

CANTERBURY, at the *Red Lion*, constituted 3rd April, 1730, and meet 1st and 3rd *Tuesday*.

LINCOLN, at the *Saracen's Head*, constituted 7th September, 1730, and meet 1st *Tuesday*.

† Constitutions, 1738, p. 192.

LEIGH, in *Lancashire*, at the *King's Arms*, constituted 22nd February, 173$\frac{9}{1}$.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, at the *Fountain*, constituted A.D, 1731, meet 2nd and 4th *Tuesday*.
MACCLESFIELD, in *Cheshire*, at the *Angel*, constituted A.D. 1731, meet.
BURY ST. EDMUND'S, at the *Fleece*, constituted 1st November, 1731, meet 1st and 3rd *Thursday*.
WOOLVERHAMPTON, in *Staffordshire*, at the *Bell and Raven*, constituted 28th March, 1732, and meet 1st *Monday*.
IPSWICH, at the *White Horse*, constituted A.D. 1732, and meet 2nd and 4th *Thursday*.
*EXETER, at the *New Inn*, constituted A.D. 1732, and meet 1st and 3rd *Wednesday*.
DARBY, at the *Virgin's Inn*, constituted 14th September, 1732, and meet.
*BOLTON LEE MOORS, in *Lancashire*, at a private room, constituted 9th November, 1732, and meet after every full moon, 1st *Wednesday*.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, at the *Seven Stars*, constituted 15th December, 1732, and meet 2nd and 4th *Thursday*.
SALISBURY, at the *Ram*, constituted 27th December, 1732, and meet 1st and 3rd *Wednesday*.
*BATH, at the *Bear*, constituted 18th March, 173$\frac{2}{3}$, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.
*BURY, in Lancashire, at the *Red Lion*, constituted 26th July, 1733, and meet after full moon, 1st Thursday.
STOURBRIDGE, in Worcestershire, at the *Dog*, constituted 1st August, 1733, meet each *Wednesday*.
*BIRMINGHAM, at the *Swan*, constituted A.D. 1733, and meet last *Monday*.
PLYMOUTH, at the *Mason's Arms*, constituted A.D. 1734, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.
*NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, at the *Fencers*, constituted A.D. 1735, meet 1st Monday.
WARMINSTER, in *Wiltshire*, at Lord *Weymouth's Arms*, constituted A.D. 1735, meet 1st *Thursday*.
BRISTOL, at the *Rummer*, constituted 12th November, 1735, and meet 1st and 3rd *Friday*.
*COLCHESTER, at the *Three Cups*, constituted A.D. 1735, and meet 1st and 3rd *Monday*.
GATESHEAD, in the *Bishoprick* of *Durham*, at the *Fountain*, constituted 8th March, 173$\frac{5}{6}$, meet.
SHREWSBURY, at the *Fountain*, constituted 16th April, 1736, and meet 1st *Monday*.
WEYMOUTH and MELCOMBE REGIS, in *Dorsetshire*, at the *Three Crowns*, constituted A.D. 1736, meet.
*NORWICH, at the *King's Head*, constituted A.D. 1736, meet.
LIVERPOOL, at the *George*, constituted 25th June, 1736, and meet 1st *Wednesday*.
BIRMINGHAM, at the *King's Arms* and *Horshoe*, constituted A.D. 1736, and meet 2nd and last *Tuesday*.
BRAINTREE, in *Essex*, at the *Horn*, constituted 17th March, 173$\frac{6}{7}$, meet on 1st and 3rd *Tuesday*.
SHIPTON MALLET, in *Somersetshire*, at , constituted 12th December, 1737, meet.
LINCOLN, *Above-Hill*, in the *Baily-Wyke*, at the *Angel*, constituted 23rd December, 1737, and meet 1st and 3rd *Monday*.
HEREFORD, at the *Swan* and *Falcon*, constituted 16th January, 173$\frac{7}{8}$, 1st and 3rd *Monday*.
GLOUCESTER, at the *Wheat Sheaf*, constituted 28th March, 1738, meet.
*HALIFAX, in *Yorkshire*, at the *Black Bull*, constituted 1st August, 1738.

The Approbation of this Book of the Constitution.†

WHEREAS, at the Grand Lodge on 24th February, 173$\frac{4}{5}$, the Earl of Crawford, GRAND MASTER, being in the chair, the author, James Anderson, D.D., having represented that a new Book of CONSTITUTIONS was become necessary, and that he had prepared Materials for it, the GRAND MASTER and the Lodge order'd him to lay the same before the present and former GRAND OFFICERS, as in the Grand Lodge-Book.

And our said Brother Anderson having submitted his manuscript to the perusal of some former Grand Officers, particularly our noble brother RICHMOND, and our Brothers Desaguliers, Cowper, Payne, and others, who, after making some corrections, have signify'd their approbation:

And having next, according to the foresaid order, committed his manuscript to the perusal of the present Grand Officers, who, having also review'd and corrected it, have declared their approbation of it to the Grand Lodge assembled in ample form on the 25th January, 173$\frac{7}{8}$:

This GRAND LODGE then agreed to order our said Brother Anderson to print and publish the said Manuscript or new Book of CONSTITUTIONS. And it is hereby approved and recommended as the only Book of CONSTITUTIONS, for the use of the Lodges, of the FREE and accepted Masons, by the said GRAND LODGE on the said 25th January, 173$\frac{7}{8}$, in the Vulgar Year of Masonry, 573$\frac{7}{8}$.

DARNLEY, Grand Master.
JOHN WARD, Deputy Grand Master.
ROBERT LAWLEY } Grand Wardens.
WILLIAM GRAEME }

JOHN REVIS, Secretary.

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I HAVE thought it well, to aid Masonic Students, in Europe and America, to obtain a correct list of Masonic Books in the British Museum. I have from time to time, and no doubt many others have done the same, made partial lists and retain partial references, but I am not aware of any complete list of such books anywhere extant. By the aid of a friendly "expert" in the British Museum, I can publish in the *Masonic Magazine* such a catalogue, for the absolute correctness of which I can vouch. I may remark that it represents the present system of "reference" *now* in use in the British Museum, and the latest corrected catalogue. So I hope it will be both useful and valuable to all Masonic Students.

One point I feel bound to advert to. There is "no royal road to learning," and there is no easy method of ascertaining what Masonic books are in the Museum. All brethren interested in the subject must study this catalogue carefully, as they may find the book they seek or the date and fact they want very low down on the list.

But no study is absolutely easy, least of all Masonic Literature. To many it is still an "unexplored country," though to a little band of real students, this catalogue, full as it is, and valuable as a reference, will perhaps tell little they did not know before.

Still, it is a step in the right direction, and as such I venture to believe it will be welcomed both in Europe and America.

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† Constitutions, 1738, p. 199.

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PAST AND PRESENT.

BY SAVARICUS.

I SAT me down to write: thoughts rushing came,
Until my senses glowed like living flame;
The Past, the Present, mingled seemed to be,
And Spirit voices whispered thus to me:—

1ST SPIRIT:—

Are innocence and truth from earth departed,
The spark of honour gone, and men debased,
That they with tyrant wrong, for having smarted,
All trembling stand, with manhood's mind effaced?

2ND SPIRIT:—

The world to chaos surely soon must come,
If tyrants rule and courage is struck dumb!
Look back, behold the heroes of the past,
How firm, how staunch they stood, and to the last!

1ST SPIRIT:—

Wherefore their craven souls? Are men possessed,
Or led by Specious Reason far astray,
From Right and Truth, profanely now to jest
With sacred things and names, in open day?

2ND SPIRIT:—

All rev'rence unto holy things be paid,—
I weep to see the earth by man is made
A field of carnage, where the thousands slain,
In righteous judgment, will arise again.

1ST SPIRIT:—

In Pagan times the sons of men were brave,
And kings self-made by speech, or warlike deeds:
The boldest warrior dang'rous posts would crave,
And draw the sword to serve his country's needs.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The people "Christian" styled—what misnam'd men!—
Do lust for conquest, fighting now, as then;
The greatest murd'rer highest honour's paid,
And kings and nations bow before the trade.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Oh, horrid tale of war and human woe!
Where is man's *Christian* love, and hope, and faith?
"Thou shalt no murder do," as all must know,
Is God's command, and what the Bible saith.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The learnéd men in nations calléd wise,
Upon their learning rest; they *scientise*,
And preach a doctrine of eternal things,
About the *fitness* that *selection* brings.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Ah me! A sad philosophy run wild,
The sacred truths of scripture to pervert:
The wisest man is but Dame Nature's child,
And knows his *origin* is from the dirt.

2ND SPIRIT:—

This true Believers feel, their faith in God
Is firm: the cross He bore, the path He trod,
To them is more than science can reveal,
Or mighty Pundits with their learning feel.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The earth is fair, and all creation's good;
Dire disobedience to it evil brought,
And man's rebellious spirit e'en now would
By Reason seek to know what God has taught.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The *evolution* theorist too far
His great conception drags; he cannot mar
The Works of God, nor uncreate the world
By deep designs, original, unfurl'd.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Theosophism may lift its haughty head,
And tell its tale; what then? Take Holy Writ,
The Word shall book for book confusion spread,
And like a tow'r of strength in judgment sit.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Anthropomorphous apes? No, never one
Was formed like man; let's say the shining sun,
The source of light and heat, is dull and cold,
And Truth Divine is but a fable told.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Oh! these are Latter Days: the solemn truth
Is much beclouded; man's too Positive;
The Age is hardened, even tender youth
Affect the world, and are demonstrative.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Withal the mind of man is grand and great,
His Knowledge powerful—insatiate;
The earth, the sea, the clouds, and starry skies
He would subdue, and bid new worlds arise.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Ambition, rampant, knows no earthly bounds,
And owns no laws; 'tis dominant of self;
Its creed is greed; o'erreaching, it confounds
The scheme with schemer, mixing rank with pelf.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The blood of myriads shed by despot's hands,
A crimson sea would make to flood all lands;
A sick'ning sight, the earth to shambles turned,
The plains with corpses strewn, the cities burned.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Oh! What a price for human pride to pay!
And what a debt of sin for men to meet!
Can Rulers—Kings enjoy the light of day,
With subjects dead, and dying, at their feet?

2ND SPIRIT:—

Unholy passions bring their just reward,
And Kings, and men, who govern by the sword,
A little day but flourish, then decay,
And crave the mercy they have cast away.

1ST SPIRIT:—

'Tis late to see the error of their way,
When Death hath poised his dart to strike the blow;
The King they served so well is their dismay:
They murmur, "Stay thy hand," and are laid low.

2ND SPIRIT:—

But there are other men both good and brave,
Who from destroying Pow'rs their fellows save;
They stand aloof from war, from drink and gain,
Their hearts' desire to ease a Brother's pain.

1ST SPIRIT:—

We know Affliction, chained to dire Distress,
Oft walks the land, and Famine reaps its fill;
Then hundreds feel how joyous 'tis to bless,
And give their bounty with no stinted will.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Ah, hard the heart that heedeth not the cry,
Where'er it be, of human agony!
And false the hand whose charity is show:
The Perfect Man on earth hath taught us so.

1ST SPIRIT:—

How many things we see unchaste and sad;
The rich oppress the poor, the bad the good,—
Where women work, ill paid, ill fed, ill clad,
And children starve from want of daily food.

2ND SPIRIT:—

In city, town, and village, 'tis the same,—
The good are few, the people much to blame;
They live a thoughtless life, improvident,
And toil with minds on worldly pleasure bent.

1ST SPIRIT:—

When sickness comes, 'tis then Misfortune's face
Appears at once, and Mis'ry follows Debt;
So few foresee the anguishing disgrace
Of Poverty, that they themselves forget.

2ND SPIRIT —

And more, the idle, dissolute, and gay,
By Drink and Smoke are mostly led away;
A gilded vice oft follows close on crime,
As hand in hand the sinful path they climb.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The social sins and vices of the day
Are looked upon as merely venial faults;
Where folly rules, and fashion holds its sway,
A selfish knowledge falsely man exalts.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Materialistic, minds of men have grown,
Their conscience whisp'ring truths their tongues disown;
They *play* the infidel—a foolish part;
No man denies Jehovah in his heart.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The rich a brave example do not show;
The pow'r they have for doing good is great;
Their growing pride and passions overflow,
Along with this they live intemperate.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The Drunken Helot, though a sadd'ning sight,
A moral warning was; his wretched plight
The modern slaves of Bacchus imitate,
The madhouse, death, and hell too sure their fate.

1ST SPIRIT:—

'Tis thus mankind by self-wrought evil falls,
Primeval bliss was lost, the world undone;
The cunning of the serpent still enthrals
The human race, or they would drinking shun.

2ND SPIRIT:—

And loathsome gluttons, gloating o'er the feast,
Have wisdom less than any lowly beast;
Convivial men but sensual pleasures seek;—
The subject's coarse, of diff'rent things we'll speak.

1ST SPIRIT:—

A kindred spirit wings itself this way
From realms above; her beaming face is bright;
Celestial bliss shines forth in every ray,
And golden pinions flash resplendent light,

1ST AND 2ND SPIRITS (together):—

Hail! sister spirit, greeting thee, we meet,
And view the world out spread beneath our feet;
Such scenes we see of nations filled with woe,
For Earth's fair prospects, tell us where to go.

(To be concluded.)

UNDER THE GARLAND.

A CHRONOGRAPH.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902.—P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

I NEVER go there. Not in the sense of voluntarily repairing to the establishment, that is to say. In fact, I don't know my way there. Whenever I have visited this festive institution I have been "personally conducted" or—the archaic phrase is not much more reprehensible—"run in"; that is to say, some kind and hospitable city friend, possessing an acquaintance with the topography I shall never acquire, has chaperoned me, or ciceroned me—if I may coin a new expression, "I have been there and still would go," generally speaking; but if I wished to do so at any specified time, I should have to consult the Post Office London Directory, and when I had succeeded in fixing the idea well in my mind, that the inn with the ancient sign of the "Garland" is situate in Capuchin Court, and that Capuchin Court is a *cul de sac* leading out of a thoroughfare which all citizens know as Great Saint Bernard the Missionary, which is notorious as the centre of a ganglion of warehouse skirting streets in the busy neighbourhood of Carthusian Square,—when, I say, I had well mastered all this trigonometry, I should still have no resource but to throw myself bodily into that labyrinthine region of the great city, and trust to chance for happily bringing me up with a round turn against the old mahogany bar of the "Garland," just when I least expected it.

I once knew a very delightful old gentleman—he was a retired master—captains they are called by courtesy—in the merchant service, who presented to his adoring—and of course admiring—daughters their one great standard of mental ability, enhanced by morality and prudence, but qualified, alas! by physical infirmity.

"Dear papa's head was perfectly right and sound," so asserted his—in one sense fair, but, in another, rather partial—critics. "And a better head-piece we have never known," which *cela va sans dire*, as the French say. Papa's intellects, instincts, heart, and appetites were all right, but—his legs were so unmanageable! "Ever since he had had his last attack," presumably of gout, and probably not remotely caused by excessive rum and water, "ever since poor papa had had his last attack—when what he *had* suffered no human being but himself could conceive—darling papa had found his poor dear legs unruly." For they—that is to say, the young ladies, not the legs—described how that whenever the worthy ex-skipper started in the forenoon to take his usual "constitutional" on "the pavement" (for so the space first flagged as a *trottoir* in suburban roads in the early part of the present century continued even in its fifth decade to be known), his erratic supporters, instead of conducting their supposed director in an orderly manner towards that parade—a boulevard fringed by the most decorous and respectable of drapers' and druggists' shops—persisted in bearing him into a by-street, where they became obstinately fixed and rigid—depriving the worthy man of all power of retracing his erring footsteps—in the parlour of "The Three Kings," the honest landlord of which hostelry held out to a thirsty public the allurements of a good dry skittle-ground and a warm and comfortable coffee-room for gentlemen.

Similarly—as Joe Gargery says—I think I could make sure of finding the "Garland" if I placed my back to the Royal Exchange and my face to the drinking fountain, and gave the rein to my legs—if one can be supposed to concede such a preposterous liberty as to give the rein to one's legs—I think I could find it. I know that when I did find it I should be sure of good entertainment: and of its peculiar mode of entertaining I now propose to discourse at large.

And in the first place, why the "Garland?" You remember the saying, "Good wine needs no bush," and how that occult axiom has been interpreted to mean that liquor of prime quality required no advertisement of where it was to be procured. The bibulous

instinct would detect its location, depend upon it. It needed no bush—the ancient indication of the propinquity of a tavern, as we all know—to intimate its immediate neighbourhood. Anent this let me remind you—dear but thirsty reader—how city taverns, in general, retire up alleys—*culs de sac*—snuggle in back yards, and flourish in obscure corners. I will say nothing of their pet names—a dozen instances will recur to the mind of every toiler under the Bel(l) and the dragon of Bow steeple: Doll's, and Jem's, and Charles's, and Betty's. The diminutive by which the old tavern I discourse of is known is Wreath's—Wreath's under the "Garland"—Capuchin Court, Great St. Bernard the Missionary, London, E.C.

But—why the "Garland?" again. Well, if you remember, the "Bush" of the ancient hostelry was not invariably the rough and ready "bunch of greens" carried by Moonshine in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Sometimes it was fantastically arranged—gracefully entwined, hooped and double hooped, like the rotund vessels within. Hence, I take it, that in ancient times Wreath's hung out for its sign a globular kind of device in twined laurels and ivy, to serve for the traditional bush, and so from this graceful effigy—when garlands were not so rare beneath the shadow of Paul's as they, alas! now are—*vide* Dryden's May Queen, the traditions of Evil May Day, etc., etc., etc.—the sign grew, so to speak, to the house, and the topers were said to drink, and the tapsters reputed to draw, "Under the Garland."

Whether the original Wreath derived his name from the house he kept, or whether the hostelry adopted its sign from appositeness to the patronymic of its proprietor, it seems impossible at this distance of time to determine. In the church-yard of Great St. Bernard the Missionary, hard by, stands a huge sarcophagus-like monument, all its angles worn off by centuries of exposure to the weather, which purports to be the memorial of "Gregorie Wreathe *Armig.* laite of thys Paryshe," and, so far as I can make it out, the remainder of the inscription essays to inform the puzzled would-be decipherer that this gentleman—for the Latin affix connotes gentility—"deceysed in ye feare of God, anno dom^{ni} 15—" and something. Then, apparently, comes an attempt at commemoration of "Awebry, Wyfe of ye above," and two or three of their children, who, presumably, died young. Mixed up all about this petrified record are some entablatures that were once probably meant for shields; but I am no herald, and even if I could make out the devices—which I cannot—should very soon expose my ignorance if I began to describe, or, gules, embattled, wavy of the first, fezzy, talbot regardant, and so on.

Who *was* the original Wreath? If you come to that, who was the man in the iron mask? I believe Wreath *Armig.* served Church-warden of his parish about the time Elizabeth is said to have regaled on pork and pease at the King's Head in Fenchurch Street, on her release from the Tower, when morose Mary, her sister, and that lady's saturnine husband, Philip, lived miserably at "Huytal." * I am not about to ask you to believe that Shakespere met Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Southampton, and Ben

* "They call it 'Huytal,'" writes the Spaniard of our 'Whitehall,' "but why I am sure I cannot say" (See Motley's "United Netherlands"). The tradition of "Bess" eating pork and pease at the ancient hostelry, but the other day so splendidly rebuilt at the corner of Mark Lane, and where they assume to show the very pewter platter from which the illustrious princess on that memorable occasion fed, is a very pretty one, only, like so many other pretty stories, it isn't true, as it is told. When the royal virgin was released from the Tower, she proceeded to Westminister straightway by water—*vide* Miss Strickland. But I am far from asserting that, with her English tastes, and considering her many visits to the city, she may not, on some occasion, at that excellent tavern, have halted and partaken of what might almost then be regarded as a national dish, and therefore I should be sorry to throw the slightest discredit upon the genuineness of the precious relic now exhibited. On the contrary, I like to think that on that famous expedition to Tilbury, when she harangued her troops there, and, with the lion heart of her great sire beating in her maiden bosom, told the men "whose blood was fet from fathers of war proof" that she thought it "FOUL SCORN!" for a foreign foe to pollute Her Britain with his invading foot, she may have refreshed at the King's Head, on her way to take the train at the terminus of the London, Tilbury, and Southend line, in Fenchurch Street; but, on reflection, that station, like Westminister Bridge in the ballad, "wasn't built till arter that." However, she might have halted for refection at the house, on her way down east, notwithstanding.

Jonson, under the shade of the hospitable "Garland," and I shall not indulge in conjectures as to what flights of wit, and genius, and poesy those ancient oaken wainscotings may have heard—for this reason—the "Garland" never did "a parlour business;" it has been "a bar trade" from the very first day the involved herbaceous circle superseded the vegetable fascine that, when Chaucer was superintending the King's Works at Windsor, and afterwards, when "fat Jack" was carousing in Eastcheap, did duty for its sign.

Yes—a bar business. Do you remember that at the very commencement of this disquisition I alluded pointedly to its old mahogany bar? Now modern "pubs"—Sir Wilfred Lawson—I address you personally, honourable sir, because everybody else is acquainted with the fact—dispense their "poison" over barriers of brightly polished zinc or pewter. The traditional wooden counter dates back to, and beyond, the Hogarthian period—the halcyon days when—so the attractive advertisement ran—you could "drink for a penny, get drunk for twopence, dead drunk for threepence, and have clean straw for nothing!" Wreath's has never adopted the modern innovation. It has never imitated the naval revolution, and substituted metal for timber. There, to this day, you drink wines drawn from the wood over the wood.

Mr. Weller, you will remember, pointed out the elderly and eminently respectable looking Bank of England clerks, at work under the Rotunda, to his wondering son as "Redooced Counsels, Sammy," and even that astute observer was seduced into the belief that these gentlemen were barristers who in the struggle of legal life had failed in obtaining briefs. Well, the venerable tapsters or servitors "Under the Garland" have an unmistakable Bank of England clerk look about them. They all—there are but three, however—have white hair, are clean shaved, and wear dress suits and white neckcloths—not neck*ties*, mind you; there is a wonderful difference between neckties and neckcloths. No, I mean the kind of linen cincture Beau Brummel used to wind his throat into, not the flimsy bit of white tape our swells tuck under their "all rounds" to-day.

Well, this picture of the ancient gentlemen drawers recalls another peculiarity of "Under the Garland." Its *habitués* know its ways. Strange visitors are nonplussed. There you must never ask for any specified or particular measure of what you require. I should as soon think in the reading room of the Athenæum Club of asking a Bishop to "pass the *Times* when he had done with it," or of informing a Cabinet minister that I would "take Punch after" him, as at Wreath's I should venture upon calling for a quartern of this or a "go" of that. I am certain that the unhappy individual who should thus far ignore the established amenities of the *genius loci* would find one of the whitehaired *patres conscripti* aforesaid gaspingly showing him to the door. No, sir, if you wish to be well received and hospitably entertained at Wreath's you must acquire the manners *de rigueur* of the establishment—you must attempt to master the vocabulary of the natives. If you simply say, "Unsweetened," "Pale," "Brown," "Scotch," or "Irish;"—no more, giving no further description of the liquor, indicating no measure, desiring no specific quantity, the whitehaired ones will unbend—will incontinently draw into crystal tumblers—never into vulgar measures—ye gods, fancy pewter "Under the Garland!"—the proper portion of nectar—will pass toward you a brown Toby Philpot Greybeard containing the coldest, the purest, and brightest of filtered water, and mayhap, if your countenance and demeanour please, will call your attention to a tin of biscuits wherewith you may refect—the drink being paid for—free gratis for nothing.

How to sing the joys of Wreath's! I don't know how to begin. I seem to be going on by the exhaustive process! What you don't get. Well, you don't get plate-glass windows—*au contraire*—or—to translate for the benefit of such of my readers as enjoy the privilege of styling themselves members of Literary Institutes—quite other. The panes are the very smallest, the sashes, settings, and mullions the very largest in proportion, you can conceive. They speak eloquently, most eloquently, of window-tax days, and again, negatively, seem to protest against window-cleaning days. Dr. Johnson is said to have sneered at the exaggerated importance some people seem to attach to clean linen. Wreath's lights appear to frown at the degeneracy of modern days demonstrated by use of water and whiting, and by antagonism to cobwebs and

dust. Outside, therefore, and from the inside too, for that matter, Wreath's looks—may I use the expression?—frousy. It is bow-windowed—it is lop-sided—it retires from inspection, as it were—it fences and shields itself behind huge balks or bulks of timber almost severed by the indentations where ropes have for centuries been twisted around them, that the brawny arms of countless generations of free vintners might find purchase to lower hogsheads of good liquor into the "Garland's" capacious cellars. I examined these perpendicular balks the other day. They are apparently of black oak. The lower part of each is nearly worn through by the indentations I have described; but in the upper portion can still be traced the remains of delicate wood carving, vine leaves, bunches of grapes, Silenus and his goats, Bacchus astride his barrel, the thyrsus and the trellis, the amphora and the garland—all, all are there. Ah me! how many a thirsty toper—who has years ago "gone over to the majority,"—

"When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,"

—a reveller not perhaps altogether like Mat Prior's hero,

"As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,"

but with quite sufficient of Wreath's best under his belt to render his corporeality for the time vertically unreliable—how many a jolly good fellow, I repeat, has been fain to steady himself by those posts, Wreath's hospitality having been too profuse, or the invitations of boon companions too pressing. What a roaring trade must have been done "Under the Garland" when London was blazing around in the Annus Mirabilis!—for Wreath's escaped the fiery purgation of '66. How the thirsty carters, hurriedly removing lares and penates, must have fortified themselves at that wooden bar with strong waters! How frantic householders must have sought therein to "keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down," when in '65 King Pest and in '66 King Flame were holding grim carnival tide around Paul's tower!

The name of Wreath had not departed from the "Garland" when Charles the Second was king. Indeed it has not departed even now; but in those days an actual lineal and direct descendent of the deceased *Armigers*—a free vintner and past master of his company—handled the spigot and gauge "Under the Garland" while the mob burnt the rumps at the posts and chains where the Temple Bar—removed yesterday—afterwards stood, when that wild saturnalia drove Cockneydom mad at the Restoration. I don't know absolutely whether Wreath's rejoiced particularly at the spectacle of the king enjoying his own again. The "Garland" had always been loyal, certainly. Conviviality, gaiety, amusement, always seem, somehow, to be identified with loyalty, as asceticism with the reverse. I am not quite sure, however, whether the association does not sometimes tend to mislead us. I, for one, do not believe that every Puritan gentleman spoke through the nose, despised art and poetry, and denounced divine music as "applying the hair of the horse unto the bowels of the cat." I will not subscribe *de fidei* to the creed that every member of the Parliamentarian party in the great struggle wore "plain falling bands" and went close cropped. On the contrary, I *do* believe that there were some ardent politicians on that side who loved a fine picture, were thrilled at the sight of a pretty face, set off their own in the frame of a point lace collar and a graceful love-lock or two, could turn a copy of verses neatly, perform deftly on the lute or viol de gambo, and even would on occasion behold complacently a stage play or a masque. Mr. John Milton—poet, playwriter, and musician—come into court and say if I lie. And, *per contra*, I will not credit that every Englishman who carried his rapier hanging from a baldrick, instead of tuck-wise in a belt, and who adorned his sombrero with a plume and "guarded" his *just-au-corps* with a few feet of gold lace, was thereby and necessarily a *roué*, a seducer, and a traitor. At all events, there were sufficient of the neutral party, the folks

"Who don't trouble their heads with affairs of the nation,
They've enough of their own for to mind,"

as the song says, to constitute a pretty good connection for Wreath's when the pave-

ment of Chepe rang with the measured tread of the footfall of the trained bands marching to the relief of Gloucester. Lord Macaulay has told us how

"———the red glare on Skiddaw
Roused the burghers of Carlisle."

Wreath's, depend upon it, was doing a thriving business, when its customers, emerging in the darkness, could see the ruddy effulgence of the watchfires in the sky from the "Mount" in Whitechapel eastward, and from the beacon light blazing in merry Islington to the north.* To Wreath's came pale-faced newstellers to narrate in excited tones to excitable listeners how Goring's dragoons were scouring the high roads and streets from Brentford to Kensington. Wreath's found that sorrowing made men thirsty, and women too—though the pretty dears couldn't publicly adopt the bibulous solace—when the bright eyes of fair malignants and sweet precisians were alike dimmed with tears for the loved ones lying stark on Newbury plain and the black moor at Long Marston; nor do I apprehend that Wreath's business fell off—but rather contrariwise—while John Lilburne was denouncing His Highness the Lord Protector, and, when that mighty parvenu was riding solemnly northward to his mansion on the rise at the east side of the hill associated with the name of one of the most famous of Cockayne's heroes, surrounded by his steel-clad life-guards, the corps that formed the model for the establishment, the stalwart members of which, to this day, solace the leisure hours of the nursery maids in the N.W. district of the metropolis, and afford a never-failing source of admiration to the loungers around the Horse Guards' portal. I fancy that, even after the "great and glorious Restoration," some after-heave of domestic turmoil might occasionally have inspired civic cravings for a "modest quencher." Thus Wreath's in all probability went on merrily serving "full cups" when the good old city was agitated by Venner and his Fifth Monarchy Men, rioting in Coleman Street hard by, with Mr. Justice This and Mr. Headborough That making domiciliary visits to unlicensed conventicles in adjacent but suburban Goodman's Fields,† within a few months of the first appearance of old Rowley's swarthy countenance grinning from under his black perriwig at his huzzaing lieges from the casements of the Tilt-yard Gallery at Whitehall.

As it may well have been that over Wreath's mahogany bar during the gloomy interregnum—for, while entertaining people of all shades of politics, Wreath's, as we have already pointed out, was pre-eminently a loyal "pub"—swashbuckler city Cavaliers would quaff confusion to old Noll from the pottle-pot, and drink to "the time when the King should enjoy his own again;" while at Gresham's Bourse hard by the newsvendors were selling—as they vend their wares on the same spot to-day—the fiery pamphlet of the unscrupulous royalist Colonel Titus—or was the author, after all, Colonel Sexby?—"Killing no murder," the *brôchure* that put his Highness aforesaid into such a "funk"—pardon the archaism for the sake of the expressiveness—as history records. Do you not remember that the grim old republican warrior who bade Lely paint his portrait, "warts and all," never recovered the effect produced by that popular publication? That thereafter he would never return by the same route by which he went any whither? That he wore a shirt of chain mail under his clothing, as the late poor Badinguet was said to have done after the Pianori affair? And that his pockets provided a perfect magazine of fire-arms? If "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," the occiput of a ruler covered by a felt hat, that has, for precaution's sake, to be lined with a steel skull cap, is scarcely less uncomfortably thatched.

I have no doubt that, although Wreath had, in deference to ostensible public opinion, to put his shutters up,

"——— when that wild wind made work
Wherein the gloomy brewer's soul went by me like a stork,"

* A thoroughfare just off the Camden Road, Holloway, N., is known as Beacon Hill to this day, perpetuating the tradition of the warning light kept burning on that eminence when the Parliamentarians placed the capital in a state of defence against an apprehended siege, A.D. 1643.

† See Howell's State Trials, Vol. VI.; Case of James, the Fifth Monarchy Man.

as the Laureate has it, that bibulous establishment did not find itself irresistibly impelled to give large orders for mourning in the "inconsolable woe" department; and I am rather inclined to think that free vintner Wreath paid his tallow chandler's account for the "dips" wherewith his windows flared on the memorable 29th May, 1660, with much greater cheerfulness than he liquidated his mercer's bill for the crape in which the "Garland" was enswathed on the 3rd September three years before.

It is human nature, after all, as I have above inferred, and the licensed victualler, at all events, may be pardoned if he adopts the impression indicated by the song, that

> "Every man who don't stick to the can
> Can be but a scurvy patch;"

and therefore I think it highly probable that official Wreath, from his master's chair in Vintner's Hall, proposed the health of his Most Gracious Majesty, after worthy but vapid Richard Humpty-Dumpty, or "Tumble-down-Dick," as he was called, had had his "great fall," with much more sincerity than when he invited his brethren to drink to the sanitary soundness of His Highness the Lord Protector.

I believe Wreath dined at the "Mayor's feast" on that celebrated occasion when Sir Robert Vyner—wasn't it Sir Robert Vyner?—who lived in the old Jewry, don't you know?—entertained royalty—when at three in the morning the chief magistrate of the even then greatest city in the world, and the mighty sovereign of the even then not the smallest empire—both very drunk—hugged each other in the yard outside Guildhall—most likely for mutual support—when civic majesty hiccupped out, "Fore Gad, King, you shall go back and take t'other bottle"—and when Imperial sovereignty cordially stammered in reply, "'Od's fish, Mayor, and so I will."

I say that I believe Wreath, free vintner, assisted, as the French have it, at this symposium, but I am bound to confess that he has left no record, orally or otherwise, of that great historical incident. Probably at three in the morning, after a Lord Mayor's feast, a free vintner in the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty King Charles the Second—whatever he might be under the sceptre of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria—would not be quite equal to chronicling, if to accurately observing, so eminent an instance of princely condescension.

Tracing, as I do trace lovingly, the history of the "Garland," I think I must conclude that the revolution was too much for the last of the Wreaths. I don't think that, with his Jacobite notions, he can have taken kindly to the "pot-bellied Hollander." I fancy about this period he must have been sensible of the existence in his neighbourhood of a rival—fancy a rival to the "Garland!" Tradition says that a "wine and spirit vaults," still flourishing close by, started as a mughouse about this time, and went in for Protestant principles and Orange ascendancy consumedly. Now I know this establishment, and if a mughouse originally—as I do not say it was not—it has certainly of late years abandoned its primitive low practices. In the Rev. E. C. Brewer's wonderful Encyclopædia, "A Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," I find "Mughouse" is thus defined, "An alehouse was so called in the eighteenth century. Some hundred persons assembled in a large taproom, to drink, sing, and spout. One of the number was made chairman. Ale was served to the guests in their own mugs, and the place where the mug was to stand was chalked on the table." Well, this particular establishment is as innocent at this day of anything to do with malt and hops as Wreath's itself. Have I before mentioned that never in its long and illustrious history has the "Garland" demeaned itself to the purveying of beer? "The man who drinks beer will think beer," Dr. Johnson is reported to have propounded. Civic wits—mural philosophers—who have graduated at Wreath's venerable counter, would never have rendered that academy glorious by the lustre their attainments have shed upon its founts of inspiration, had they quaffed porter instead of Nantz—nut-brown ale rather than old brown sherry—or—horror of horrors—a lower depth still in the depths of degradation—"brought their own mugs," a request cheap photographers are facetiously said to make to their patrons.

But I think there is some truth in the tradition that the tavern I have mentioned

was in opposition to Wreath's. I fancy I had a curious illustration of this the other day. Entering the rival establishment, I called for modest refreshment by a term technical to the other "house." "Unsweetened," I requested of the grave tapster. Now, he *was* an aged servitor, if you like. Why, it was only a week or two ago—you see I must digress—I observed the announcement of his decease in the obituary of the *Times*. "At What-you-may-call-it's Wine and Spirit Establishment, Ancientport, William So-and-so, aged ninety odd, *for over three quarters of a century* the faithful servant and friend of the firm of Spigot and Son."* Well, William put me down at once for using an euphuism, with the plain and unsophisticated utterance, "Gin? Dutch gin, sir. We don't keep English gin." From which I opine that when the Princely Deliverer crossed over from the land of canoes, canards, canals, and canaille, Spigot and Son bade high for the custom of the Ancientport radicals by purveying pure Hollands, and I daresay stuck an orange here and there conspicuously in the bar, *not to be squeezed.*†

There once sat on the bench of our beloved country a very eminent judge, who, during a solemn trial at assizes, disturbed the decorous silence of the court by a sudden command to the usher to "remove that man in the gallery—the man in the nankeen trousers." The unfortunate individual thus conspicuously indicated was incontinently hustled out. Learned Queen's Counsel proceeded with his prosy exercitation, when —some twenty minutes afterwards—this remarkable utterance was ejaculated *per cur:* "Brother Bore'em, I am sorry to interrupt you, but, I wish to observe—NOT THAT I OBJECT TO NANKEEN TROUSERS!" The remark was wholly inexplicable. It has never been explained to this day. The eminent and learned magistrate carried the solution with him, and it was buried in his grave.

Now, I don't object to beer. I don't drink it, it is true, but I have no prejudice against it. On the contrary, I like it. I have forsworn it many years, but sometimes, in the dark hours of the night, I wake from a delirious dream of quaffing the foaming nectar from a metal vessel, and—but then that is nothing to do with the "Garland," where, as I have said, they don't sell beer—and, so, let me resume.

I was seduced into this malt-and-hop digression while tracing the history of the "Garland" during the reign of "Brandy Nan's" dour brother-in-law. Early in that reign, as I have before observed, that eminent free vintner—Wreath—died. Had he lived he would have seen his neighbour and fellow cit., Sir John Friend—the Aldgate brewer—haled away to Newgate, and might have beheld him "going up Holborn Hill in a cart," on that last sad journey to Tyburn, and might have inspected—through a spying-glass—the fee for the hire of which from the peripatetic owner would probably have been no more than one halfpenny—his ghastly physiognomy spiked above ugly old Temple Bar before mentioned: but ere the Friend and Parkins "assassination plot" had been detected Wreath had gone to his rest, and another proprietor of the "Garland," a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, reigned in his stead. It is, however, more than probable that, had the sainted Wreath remained alive and—kicking, I was going to say—and drawing, he would have owned to but a very qualified interest in the fate of a fellow who lived by brewing and selling that gross beverage, plebeian vulgar beer, and presumed to evince political predilections in common with "free vintners" who were privileged to make fortunes by vending strong waters and generous wine.

I have almost brought the "Garland" down to contemporaneous times. A word or two more to bridge over the interval. I have been told that in that great rush into the city to see old Lovat lay his scoundrelly grey skull on the block in '46, Wreath's turned a pretty penny. I have heard that in the riots of '80, the good ship "Garland" was under the command of a skipper bearing the historical Christian name of Sacheverell, which fixes the worthy drawer's age as being at that date about 69, for the notorious High Church rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, supplied numbers of infants with baptismal cognomens, in other fashion than conferring them at the font, at the time

* A fact! Of course I have suppressed names.

† "To the squeezing of the rotten Orange," Jacobite toast.

of his celebrated trial. By-the-by, if you find a man bearing the titles Horatio Nelson, you can safely guess that he is about 74 years of age, as the boys called Inkermann and Balaklava and the girls known as Alma and Kertch may be credited now with some four or five and twenty summers. Well, Sacheverell, let us call him, held the "Garland" bravely during the few fearful days of June, '80, and hung out a banner inscribed, "No Popery—*the Protestant Religion for ever*," and stuck all over the front of the old "Garland" posters displaying the legend, "All true Protestants may drink at this establishment free! gratis!! for nothing!!!" and, they say, liberally watered the liquors consumed as liberally by the pious rabble—and, it is recorded, made a very handsome claim afterwards upon the hundred or lieutenancy, or whatever the compensating tribunal is called, and, obtaining half of his demand, was not unreasonably satisfied at having saved the establishment from pillage, and at the same time secured a more than adequate price for the refreshment ostensibly gratuitously supplied.

So, while the volleys of the train bands firing from the west front of the Bank of England, up the thoroughfare of the Poultry, reverberated through the apartments of the "Garland," the Protestant mob at Wreath's slaked their religious thirst, and that establishment was by no means damnified. Its bar to this day possesses but one article of adornment. Over the diminutive grate, where a kettle is always hissing, is the portrait in oils, by Dauber—that great city delineator, afterwards R.A.—of its renowned drawer—tapster—proprietor—what not?—Sacheverell so and so—I have forgotten his patronymic. He is represented in orthodox sables and small clothes—a smug clean-shave dman—a cob-webbed bottle grasped in his left hand—while with his right, on the point of a corkscrew, he presents to you, very much foreshortened, a cork, upon the brown disc of which you read, inscribed in a circle, the mystic words, "Black Strap," and, in the centre, the numerals "1746"! 1746, the Tower Hill year—the year of Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat—the year of the new block and the hired house overlooking the hill, and the moat, and the Beauchamp Tower; the scaffold draped with black, and the hearses drawn up at the side, and the space lined with troops mounted and on foot, and the brave gentlemen with the tartan caps on the doomed heads, and the man in the mask, and the—and the cause of it all—half naked—half starving—more than half drunk—the cause of it all—"the expectancy and rose of this fair state," still, in hundreds of thousands of loyal and gentle minds; His Royal Highness Charles Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of This, Earl of That, Baron T'other, Lord of the So-and-So, etc., etc., etc., Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Commander of the Ancient and Honourable Something, and Chevalier of the Illustrious Something-else, and so on, and so on, and so on, smoking a very short, and very black, and very foul "cutty," gulping down neat whiskey; while inadequately sheltered from the bitter searching northern blast, and the snowy sleet, and the driving rain, and the marrow-piercing blinding mist, on a damp and lonely mountain side, by the heather-thatched roof and the mud walls of a squalid Highland bothy!

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

ITS SCIENTIFIC REVELATIONS.

BY J. CHAPMAN.

No. II.

HAVING prepared the way in the previous number, for the consideration of the three leading features marked in the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, we will now proceed with an examination of the scientific revelations it opens to our view In

treating this, and subsequent divisions of the subject, the writer is anxious to express his indebtedness to Professor Piazzi Smyth, for the valuable discoveries he made while prosecuting his researches in the Great Pyramid, and will not fail to make use of some of the valuable information which that author has given to the world, first in "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," 3 vols., 1867; and finally in the 3rd edition, 1877, of "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid."

We must, however, premise, for the information of the reader, that all the measurements in connection with this wonderful structure will be indicated by the Great Pyramid inch (unless otherwise stated), which is half a hair's breadth longer, or $\frac{1}{1000}$th part longer than the British standard inch. This may appear an unimportant quantity; but it forms an important item in the measurement, when considered in connection with the spanning of the sun's distance.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION of the Great Pyramid is a remarkable feature, worthy of note. "In the midst of the land of Egypt," and "in the border thereof." This description may excite, in the sceptic, a feeling repugnant to our wishes; a minute examination of the locality in which the Great Pyramid is situate will, however, go to prove the severe beauty of Isaiah's statement. What is known as the Delta land, of Lower Egypt, forms the sector of a circle. This open-fan shaped land, with the Great Pyramid erected on its southern apex, gives a peculiar distinctiveness to its position. Whether the soil carried down by the Nile, in its course, has changed the land surface of the Delta of Egypt, or not, during the past 4,000 years, it is not in our province here to determine; but it certainly appears remarkably appropriate that a Delta-shaped monument, like the Great Pyramid, should have been erected on the southern apex of land distinguished by the same particular form as that which characterised the building. Again, let a line be drawn through the centre of the Delta of Egypt, due north and south, and on its southern apex will be found the Great Pyramid, establishing its identity with the "Pillar" named by Isaiah. On this subject we may, however, give the testimony of one of the first Hebraists of the day, Doctor Moses Margoliouth, who, after pointing out the mistake of our translators in rendering the word "MATZAYBHAH," "Pillar," concludes by stating that "we consider Professor Piazzi Smyth justified in his considering the word 'MATZAYBHAH,' in Isaiah xix. 19, to mean a PYRAMID." In connection with this fact, is it not also very singular, to say the least, that this, the largest pile of masonry in the world, should be erected not only in the centre of the habitable land portion of the globe, but on a meridian where there is more land surface, and less sea, than in any other meridian? No wonder that it should be regarded "as essentially marked by nature as a PRIME MERIDIAN for all nations measuring their longitude from, or for that modern cynosure, 'the unification of longitude.'"

The happy choice of the Architect, in his *selection of a site* for this great symbolic monument, on the northern edge of the Gheeza Hill, on the border of the Lybian desert, is manifest to every Pyramid student. The amount of labour expended in reducing some hundred of acres of the hill's crest, in order to obtain a solid rock-bed foundation for such an immense building, that covers of itself some thirteen and a half acres, and is computed to have weighed over five million tons, will indicate the magnitude of this stupendous work. The completion of the levelling of the crest of the hill brings us to the first scientific lesson,—namely, the ground plan of the Great Pyramid, with its SQUARE BASE, giving four truly oriented sides, facing due north, south, east, and west.

THE ORIENTATION of this Delta-shaped building is not an accidental pointing marked by the uncertainty of the magnetic needle; but fixed with astronomical certainty. It has been tested by the most advanced mathematical instruments, and the result is, that it has been pronounced to be the nearest masonified approach to exact orientation extant.

The base-side length of the Great Pyramid is 9,131·05 inches,—divide by 25, and we then reduce the number into 365·242 cubits,—which will faithfully represent the days in a solar year; and if the base-sides are added together, the fractional parts will supply the extra day, for what is generally known as "leap year."

THE SQUARING OF THE CIRCLE is a mathematical problem that has taxed the efforts of the most advanced scholars Europe has produced, and yet the Great Pyramid, in the most definite form, solves this problem, and, in order to fully establish the matter beyond doubt, repeats the solution. The discovery was first made by Mr. John Taylor, who mathematically proved that the Great Pyramid, in its original condition, was, when its sides were continued to "the summit, in a point,—that *its central, vertical height* then *was, to twice the breadth of its square base,* as nearly as can be expressed by good monumental work, *as the diameter to the circumference of a circle.*" This solution of the celebrated problem is not to be found in any other building in the world, and to confirm the mathematical fact, the Architect duplicated the evidence, by the construction of the "area" form of the problem in the compartments of the interior, which in each case gives the same result.

THE METROLOGY of the Great Pyramid is an important subject. It is written, "Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin, shall ye have." Metrology has occupied the attention of the learned in all ages. Later efforts in connection with the subject are not the least interesting. The efforts of French *savants* some eighty years ago, to set aside this and other equally important systems, we have always regarded as inimical to human progress. We fully agree with Professor Piazzi Smyth, that the French metrical system ought never to be entertained by Great Britain. The Great Pyramid's divinely appointed standard of measures will make man's works upon the earth *harmonious* with the scale on which God created the earth, or rather ordained it to be during the human period. It will also elucidate facts in every branch of science, while that of others only leads to error and confusion. Capacity, weight, linear and surface measure, are more accurately determined by the Great Pyramid than by any other source. The scientific features of the King's Chamber, by its position in the building, marks it out as specially adapted for registering the standard of measures, seeing that it is free from atmospheric change, and gives a mean temperature of 50° P. = 68 Far., which is the mean temperature of all the man-inhabited parts of the earth's-surface, and the most suitable for human development. The internal construction will form part of our future consideration, as we proceed with the lessons it teaches on *History* and *Prophecy.* Within the King's Chamber is found the only piece of furniture (if such it may be called) that the building contains. It is known as the "COFFER," and is regarded as a standard of weight, and capacity measure. Its interior capacity is four times that of the "British Quarter," equal to the "Hebrew Laver," and the "Old Saxon Chaldron," being close upon 71,250 Pyramid inches. Its exterior is double the interior capacity. The length of its sides is, to its height, as the circumference of a circle is to its diameter,—thereby "*squaring the circle,*" which is in harmony with the theorem of the external proportions of the Pyramid. The weight measure of the coffer is one ton, or twenty-five million Pyramid grains.

THE DIAMETER AND CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE EARTH are plainly set forth in the Great Pyramid by the following facts:—The built size of the Pyramid bears a remarkable proportion to the created size of the natural earth. A band of the width of the Great Pyramid base-breadth, encircling the earth, contains 100,000,000,000 square feet. Expressed in Pyramid inches, the equatorial diameter, as given by Colonel Clarke, are 501,577,000, and 501,730,000. From these we compute the equatorial circumference, by multiplying them by π or 3·14159, etc., of the Great Pyramid. Reduce them to Pyramid feet, by dividing them by 12, and next multiply by the Pyramid base-breadth, in Pyramid feet, viz., $^{9,1}\frac{3}{12}{}^{1.0\,5}$=760·921, we then obtain the following results,—the smaller equatorial diameter gives 99,919,000,000, and the larger equatorial diameter 99,949,000,000; both of them however requiring a small addition, at present not known to science exactly, for the amount of matter, as in continents above the sea-level.

THE EARTH'S MEAN DENSITY AND TEMPERATURE are recorded in the King's Chamber. The Great Pyramid being erected in a latitude of 30°, and in a temperature of one-fifth, it was essentially necessary that it should have the elevation which the inspired Architect selected. Taking the barometric pressure of the King's Chamber at 30 Pyramid

inches, and the temperature as stated, we find the Coffer's 71,250 cubic Pyramid inches of capacity, filled with pure water, will give the earth-commensurable weight standard of the Great Pyramid. The limited space allotted to this paper precludes the working out of these figures, or of adducing proofs in favour of each proposition, we must therefore refer the reader for these to "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," 3rd edition, 1877.

THE SUN'S MEAN DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH is symbolized by the *height* of the Great Pyramid, for if we multiply it by its own factor—the ninth power of ten—we get the sun's mean distance as =91,840,000, British miles. The process by which this fact is brought out establishes it upon a much firmer basis than the newly computed results of the astronomical *savants*, who with the powerful aid of their several national resources, and highest scientific skill, were commissioned to observe the late transit of Venus, in order to secure the sun's mean distance. The results of their efforts were, as prognosticated, uncertain. The objection of the sceptic to the theorems of the Pyramid student—"Working by an accidental set of figures, which gives a certain result, is no proof that the Architect had a design in fixing the erection, in harmony with these stated facts." The answer to this objection (and it is applicable to all the objections which have been urged against every important discovery connected with this inspired building) is, that the design, observable, and in late years observed again with exceeding scientific refinement, in every angle and measurement, of each and every part of the building, goes on to prove such a continued and connected *series* of cosmic truths,—of an order far above the power of man to ascertain for himself in that day and for nearly 4,000 years afterwards,—as infinitely removes it from the chapter of single accidents, to which the sceptic would consign it.

Having noticed some of the leading features which the Great Pyramid presents to our view, in the scientific revelations of its inspired stones, and having pointed out its geographical position, viz., in the centre of the circle, of which the coast of the Delta of Egypt forms an arc, we cannot therefore escape the conclusion that this is *the* "Pillar," "to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt," *and also* "at the border thereof," which is mentioned by Isaiah, and which is now being fully opened out to the comprehension of the willing student. But what for? For the mere pleasure of students and others of the sons of men? Not unless their first purpose in life is to seek to promote the glory of God, and give themselves to His service through Christ Jesus our Lord. For, if you will believe Isaiah, the Great Pyramid's real purpose was, and is, to testify to the Lord of Hosts in *these days*. And if you ask how, we shall enquire of the Pyramid itself in our next paper.

FELL FROM ALOFT.

YES, sir, I've had some narrow escapes, but somehow there has always been a rope handy, or a stay in the way, when I have slipped. Some say as how it's fate, and that you cannot go before your name is called,—no more than a man can be drowned who is born to be shot; but I believe there is a Guiding Power, which, whether it saves or destroys, prints a lesson, never to be forgotten, in the breasts of many who have long lived in the dark,—leading them more surely towards a better life than all the preaching of our parsons would; not but what it is a good thing to have a parson with us sometimes; but bless you, sir, I'm an old man now, and taking all the many ships I've sailed in, I never came across more than a couple of parsons who were looked up to and revered by even the roughest ordinary seamen in the ship. I say ordinary seamen, sir, because just being made men, fresh from the restraints under which boys are kept in the service,

they are the wildest lot with which we have to do, and give us petty officers more trouble and cheek than we know what to do with, and it is two or three years before the wind gets well taken out of their sails.

But I was talking about parsons,—in general, there is too much what we call red tape about 'em. As long as they read the sea prayers every morning and preach a naval pattern sermon of about seven minutes, their duty is over, and we see them no more from year's end to year's end. Then, too, Sunday, instead of being a day of rest, is often a busier morning than any other, because the red tape, as I mentioned before, ordains that all the men and decks shall be inspected by the captain; so that from early dawn till about nine or half-past there is—notwithstanding the general holystoning of Saturday—a continual scrubbing, washing, cleaning, polishing, painting, whitewashing, and brightening up going on. You, on shore, sir, have nothing to do but to walk quietly and calmly to your parish church, and take your seat; but with us, after the morning's toil, and the pipe goes "to rig church," there's many a man as damns the church, and parson, and all connected with it, while he is carrying stools or putting capstan bars in position to form seats.

But you are wondering what all this has to do with the case of falling from aloft, which I promised to tell you. Well, then, it happened on a Sunday evening during some unnecessary drill, and whenever I speak of that poor boy's fate I cannot help doing a bit of a growl. An old salt would be nowhere in the estimation of the youngsters if he could not growl well.

But to my yarn: it was on board H.M.S. "Nonsuch," carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Reefpoint, on the 29th of September, 187—. We left Chefoo on the previous Friday, and were making our way towards Nagasaki, steaming slowly and with all plain sail set, though there was hardly enough wind to keep the topsails full. We had church in the forenoon, and after dinner the usual time to ourselves, when some smoked, and read whatever old newspapers could be got to small circles of listeners; others spun yarns of good old ships, and good old times they had seen,—for with sailors the *last* ship is always the best, the present the worst they have ever sailed in; others spread grass mats under the awnings, or in the shade of the sails, and dreamt perchance of loved ones under colder skies. At eight bells (4 p.m.) we cleared up decks, and then went to supper; and after supper it is usual to go through a little sail drill, known in a fleet as Evening Evolution,—and a very good thing too, to keep the youngsters up to the mark, though under very few Admirals is it carried out on a Sunday. However, we had what we term a smart commander, and he generally managed to get permission to do something or other on Sunday evenings. This evening he "cleared lower deck," with the intention of furling all sail and then setting it again, a piece of uselessness, except for drill purposes, for the wind, though light, was steady, and the weather was quite settled. You see, sir, if the weather is anyways inclined to be squally, or if we are sailing with a fleet, it is the usual thing to shorten sail, and perhaps take in a reef or two before sunset; but bless you, when we are out by ourselves with plenty of sea-room, and a nice steady breeze—especially some of them foreign winds that blow so long one way, that it is a hard job to get them to blow any other—such a thing as shortening sail is not to be thought of. However, as I was saying, we cleared lower deck about two bells first dog—that is 5 p.m., as you call it ashore—and as soon as they piped "shorten and furl sails," I went aloft to the maintop, of which I was captain. Just as I gained the futtock rigging, one of our smartest boys, Jonas May, passed me on his way to the main-topgallant-yard, where he was stationed. He was a bright civil lad, as nimble as a monkey, and in consequence apt to be careless, so as he went by I hailed him, with a "Steady, my lad, steady." He answered back with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Steady it is," and then I lost sight of him, for the orders from the commander on the bridge were coming thick and fast, and we all had to do our utmost to be smart enough, not to have the whole of the evolution to do again. We had taken in all sail and were hauling taut sheets and braces, when a sharp short cry, and the rush of a falling body, caused me to look over the handrail, and then I saw what I shall never forget to my dying day. The outline of a human figure was falling—falling swiftly;

the few seconds that I leaned over, and gazed down with straining eyes, seemed intensified into hours. I could see, as plainly as possible, that the little motion that the ship had, had thrown him slightly out of a perpendicular line to the deck below, and that the chain rail of the port gangway leading for'ard from the bridge would break his fall. Quick almost as my thoughts had gone the strong chain was snapped, the body toppling over on to the deck below. I had been powerless to move, but now instinctively I turned and looked up at the topgallant-yard, to find confirmed what I had known in my own mind all along—Jonas May's place was vacant. The spell that had held all hands breathless for a few seconds was broken, drill was resumed, and after all sail was once more set I went below. I had not hoped that there would be a spark of life left after a fall of 112 feet, but on nearing the sick berth, I heard an agonizing cry of, "Let me die quietly." I found that one arm had been almost pulled out, the other broken, one leg broken, and the other horribly smashed.

The doctors, knowing that he could not survive, attempted to place the mutilated limbs in the easiest position, but at each touch the heart-breaking cry went up, "Let me die quietly." No other word, nor sign—indeed I think his sufferings were so great that all outward consciousness was gone. Gradually growing weaker as he neared the end, he breathed his last at about a quarter to eight bells (8. p.m.).

There was lots of talk during the night watches, as to the ill luck attendant on sailing on a Friday, but I know that an order came out next day, signed by our Admiral, doing away with all drill on a Sunday; so that, as is pretty generally the case in this life, "Out of the evil good did come." Still, to many who are superstitious—and nearly all sailors are—the tragic event which closed this day's drill will form another link in the chain of evidence necessary to prove, to the unbelieving, that it *is*, and always *has been*, and ever *will be*, unlucky to sail on a Friday. I have met with some who even go so far as to include cutting nails and corns amongst the list of offences that tempt bad fortune on a Friday. Yet I can scarcely help thinking that to the most bigoted of such believers at some times must come the whisper of "a still small voice" speaking to the merciful guidance of a Hand, stronger than our own to save, to the ever watchful presence of an Eye, tenderer than our own to pity, to the Allwise supervision of T.G. A.O.T.U., without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground, whose mightiest designs and lowliest works are alike beyond the mind of man.

Yes, sir, I belong to the noble order, or I should not be able to express some of those fine sentiments which have only unfolded themselves to me since I was baptized into light, but I was about to make an end of my yarn, by telling you of the "Funeral at sea" which took place the next afternoon at 4 p.m. I have always thought that a funeral under such circumstances is more solemn than one on shore. 'Tis true we are more like one family than the *stranger* gatherings you see on land, where the few figures draped in sombre black show conspicuous amongst the motley crowds that I have 'ere now witnessed assembled to do honour to their own love of sight-seeing, more than the departed. Not so with us. Every one is dressed in his best,—not a few with black silk handkerchiefs tied round their left arms, the officers with their swords and a like badge of crape. Slowly the grating on which the body rests, covered with the flag so dear to English hearts—the Union Jack—is borne up the after or officer's ladder, and then down the ranks of late silent bareheaded shipmates, the band meanwhile playing softly and lovingly the "Dead March in Saul," whilst above all the white ensign hangs half-mast high. The chaplan in his white robes meets the humble *cortège*, at the starboard gangway, which is open—for the ship has been stopped, and is idly rocking on the glassy surface of the sea—commencing the beautiful service provided by the Liturgy of the Church of England for the Burial of the Dead, the only change made being, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," instead of "ground," and at the word the grating is gently raised, and slides down over the side, whilst from between it and the Union Jack the body drops unseen, a heavy shot at the feet inside the canvas in which it is sewn taking it down at once into the unfathomable depths of the great deep. The usual three volleys are fired, the ship is put upon her course, the grating and flag hauled up by the rope to which they had been secured, the ensign is hoisted

into its place, and nothing remains to tell the tale of what has passed, and no memorial stone is raised to keep green the memory of one who but a few hours ago lived and moved amongst us.

Thank you for your interest, sir, and at any time you are welcome to a few more yarns from the

CAPTAIN OF THE MAINTOP.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the meantime all was proceeding at Cayley much as usual, and all its denizens, nay, those mainly interested, were living in happy ignorance of plots and combinations of "tours de force," of amiable conspirators.

The little world rose and went to bed, eat and drank, laughed and sighed, talked of the petty details of the hour with "gusto" or with disapproval, ignorant of any "wolf" to threaten the fold, unaware that their peace or their happiness were menaced in the slightest degree.

How wondrous is the ignorance of man, the unpreparedness of existence!

Persons speak and act, and things take place hourly which strike us with wonder, nay, even fear, and we are utterly unprepared for the event, entirely surprised when we hear of it and discuss it. It would almost seem sometimes that this uncertainty constituted a charm of earthly existence, was one of its contemporaneous conditions, its counterbalancing advantages. It may be that this sense of veriest uncertainty lends a zest to expectation, and gives piquancy to apprehension, though it is in itself, philosophically considered, one of the most affecting, nay, humiliating, aspects of our "poor mortality." How often events come rapidly before us, crowd in upon us, which we say we did not foresee, which we profess never to have anticipated! and perhaps after all it is as well as it is. Life would be very dull, the world very commonplace indeed—more commonplace, if it be possible, than it is—if we foreknew everything here, could arrange confidently, could plan with certainty. I do not, however, think we should, any of us, be much happier, or better, if we knew what must inevitably be, after the lapse of fewer or more stirring years. I think, on the contrary, that it would have a very depressing and deteriorating influence on us.

But to return. At Cayley, as I said before, there were many things happening evidently not "dreamt" of in "their philosophy," though they were keeping the "even tenor of their way," unaffected by fear, unmoved by doubts or forereckoning; and for some reason Cayley had "gotten to be," as we used to say, something dull, and its society languished, in a semi-state, of course, only called into vitality by one or two spasmodic efforts at intervals.

Still, as usual, Beatrice shone forth, the admired of all,—the "pleasantest party," as Twamley would say, in the circle of "this comfortable coterie." The poet evidently had her in his mind's eye,—if with a "fine frenzy rolling" or not matters not,—when he said,—

"And she was flattered, worshipped, bored,
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;

She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished."

I noticed at this time that Beatrice seemed to have fits of abstraction and hours of sadness, unusual to that gay, and confiding, and always genial damsel; and Twamley expressed his decided opinion to me that "there was something up." I did not understand then the cause of her apparent dejection. I understood it afterwards, and I appreciate it now. All of a sudden a new impetus was given to society at Cayley, viz., the advent of young Morley from Aldershot, and a good-looking Bro. Sub., the Hon. Henry de Lacy, a younger member of a very old family, gay, good-looking, a true soldier, and a pleasant companion.

The young ladies soon found out that two young officers from Aldershot, who danced well, sang fairly, were first-rate hands at croquet, flirtation, badminton, picnics, and champagne cup, to say nothing of "shandy gaff," were very eligible partners, and most agreeable "mates" (oh, ye young ladies, for shame!); and if mammas sometimes frowned, and aunts looked impressive, well, as they suited the young ladies' "book," to use another dreadful expression, the young ladies suited them to a T.

In a moment Cayley society became vitalized into a most gregarious and agreeable assembly, and more flirtations were carried on than had ever been known in Cayley before.

For the young members of the civilian body, and professional pursuits generally, thought they ought not to be "bowled over," as Twamley said, by the British army, and so they assayed to make themselves more agreeable than ever to those fair charmers of earthly existence who would one day be the wives and mothers of Cayleyites. It is mentioned in Canada as a historical fact that after the disappearance of the "red men," and the "green men," and the "blue men," the Canadian ladies, ignoring "muffins" manfully for the future, condescended to hold "pourparlers" with certain "black-coated" gentry, and smiled graciously on a "civilian element."

And so it was at Cayley: though the heart of the ladies and their sentiment went with the heroes from Aldershot; they were too wise in their generation entirely to throw over their civilian acquaintance; and thus it came to pass that either by juxtaposition, or imitation, or desperation, (heaven save the mark), matters at Cayley took a very philanthropic and genial turn.

Beatrice was in her glory, and in radiant happiness. She and Mr. Morley were always together, and the world at last begun to talk. And then, as they say people always run in couples, Mr. de Lacy and that pretty girl Kate Merewether and young Carruthers and Fraulein Lisette became inseparables, and go where you would, meet as you might, there seemed to be what Twamley called a tendency to "turtle dove it," which was most trying to sensitive people, especially to any one a little smitten, or "smitten hopelessly," himself. That was a gay time at Cayley, and often fondly remembered and talked of afterwards, when hearts were light and cares were few, and all sought to enjoy calmly and peaceably the happiness of congenial intercourse, and the pleasant association of friendship, yes, and of flirtation.

Say what people will, there are some bright moments in our lives which we often would give worlds to bring back, but cannot, and which we never forget, amid engrossing troubles or thronging disappointments.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Ah, my kind friends who read these lines even to-day, I venture to say you have moments when you look back to a sunny period of life tenderly and even wistfully. Life is not now what once it was to you, your "Poll" is not always "kind and fair," your "Rupert" is not always "tender and true," and even amid health and splendour, and greatness and triumph, you recall with a sigh and tear those bright illusions which have left you, those day-dreams which have vanished, those voices which are now still, those

pleasant faces and gentle eyes which haunt you, in crowds or in solitude, with a pleading vision which will not be gainsaid, with a witchery as of old, with a reality which never dies, with words and doings, and solemn associations and loving souvenirs, which "time cannot weaken or decay, much less utterly destroy." Though creatures of the present, we still, all of us, who are living at all, live more or less in the past.

(To be continued.)

MASONRY VEILED IN ALLEGORY.

From the "Scottish Freemason."

MASONRY veiled in allegory! Truly is it so. The human mind is so self-sufficient, so self-absorbed, that to clothe "Truth" in the ordinary every-day garb of the world would have the effect of making men despise and shun it. Yes, verily it is so!

Look around you in the world at large, you find mankind divided into numerous religious sects and forms of faith, each believing his own to be the best, whether this apparent religion is hereditary or acquired. But examine into the hearts of your neighbours, and their actions, and what do you discover? Mankind has certain undefined ideas of religion and morality; and so the world goes on, believing that, in the end, things will all come right, but without "Faith—true and earnest faith." How many are there who give not even a moment's thought to the great principles of life? In their way they are charitable and forgiving, and live honourably. But what is their "Faith?" The simple truths of "Belief in God, Charity, and exact living," are taught them by their Church or religion. But though they hear it often, how little do they consider the depths of the great subject: "Their duty towards God, their neighbours, and themselves." This is the *primum mobile* of all true religion, and is professed by every religious sect or form of worship in the world. The ordinary passengers through this life see the mighty duty "only through a glass darkly." What we have described as the *primum mobile* of all religions is the corner-stone of Masonry. And so Masonry is the handmaid of religion. It belongs to all sects, all religions, but in itself *is no religion*, because it embodies the main truths of all. Unless led by Masonry, or kindred feelings, would the so-called self-sufficient Christian hold out a helping hand to a poor Hindoo Mohammedan, or Parsee? Yes! he might give him a few coins, but would say in his heart: "*That child of the dust will never see God.*" And that is no ordinary spirit of uncharitableness, but because he thinks that no man can reach heaven, unless he has the same belief as himself, "thus endeavouring to fathom and set bounds to the mercy of the Almighty. Even to come nearer home, we see sects of our own form of faith believing that *they only* can be saved.

No! Brethren, this is not the real thing required. T. G. A. O. T. U. is All-Merciful! He has not formed any for naught. We have, every one of us who are his creatures, all our separate duties to perform in this transitory life. A true spirit of "the Universal Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man" is the surest and soundest basis to commence upon. If you have this, and truly worship and fear God, you can tender your adoration to Him in the manner that seems best to convey your hopes and fears and prayers. It is not then your *outward* but your *inward Faith and Belief* that will bring you nearer to your God. For God seeth not as man seeth: "God looketh to the heart."

Masonry only sets one limit to your religious convictions, "Faith in God," and this most advisedly. It is of itself no religion, but belongs to all sects, religions, and beliefs. It is the groundwork of all, and therefore antagonistic to none but *Atheists.* It is the common ground of universal Brotherhood—"the Brotherhood of Man

founded on the Fatherhood of God," on which all sects and religions can unite. The various churches, religions, sects, and beliefs put these sublime truths before the minds of their votaries day by day, but the pure spirit and essence "is overlaid by dogmas." Masonry will have none of these! it establishes the one fact, the "Fatherhood," and the second fact, the "Brotherhood," comes as a matter of course. Why should it then be "Veiled in Allegory?" Because the human mind requires something to direct its thoughts and aspirations. The human mind is so corrupt that it requires a stimulus—an ideal. Place "Truth" before a man and he will look upon it as a mere matter of course. He may practise it, but it will be mechanically; there will be no pure and free action. Masonry, however, steps in, and by its allegories and symbols, which require time and ability to comprehend, supplies the want—the ideal! It will not make a really bad man good; it may even at times, from imperfect knowledge on the part of its teachers, not have the required effect on material well suited for it, but it will help to direct the fairly regulated mind to higher and better endeavours.

The allegories of course we cannot openly expound. If we did, perhaps the old axiom would apply, and "familiarity would breed contempt." This is not the way with our teaching. One lesson leads to another; and though our teachings and symbols are homely, and what we daily see around us, the familiarity *never* breeds contempt. And why? Because to the listless, the careless, the idle, the uninstructed, from their own inattention, all these allegories, symbols, and mysteries are "as a sealed book." They see the cover, but know nothing of the inside of the volume; but by them a true Mason, as he walks abroad, can easily discern the hand of the Almighty, and thus, even if under temptation to do evil, he finds a means of escape. But it may be said even now: "If Masonry is such as this, if it does nothing but inculcate the good that the various religions preach, what need is there for it? Our answer is this: If religion was united —if it was one and indivisible—truly there would be little need of it. But religion is not united. Instead of there being one religion, there are thousands of sects and forms of belief. The antagonism of creeds has been the cause of more wars and bloodshed than any other subject since the world began. Religion can, and does, teach the Fatherhood of God, but a common ground is required whereupon all sects and religions can unite to further "the Brotherhood of Man." Such common ground is Masonry. Religion, true and pure (we do not mean any of the various forms thereof), *does* its duty in the world, and it thinks no harm of its little handmaid, Masonry, which wins many a votary to its higher standpoint.

To the uninitiated, Masonry is, and ever must continue, a mystery and a paradox. We explain our principles, we tell our aims, which exemplify themselves, but we do not say how we arrive at our goal; we do not tell our rituals, our symbols, our allegories. We who are members of our Order are satisfied and grateful; those of our number who are listless and without aspirations cannot comprehend the full value of the gem that is theirs. Masonry is, we think, a necessity to further the "Brotherhood of Man;" while, by its allegories and symbols, it gives the required stimulus and ideal, for which the corruption of human nature has occasioned the want.

A MYSTIC LEGEND OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

BY JEFFERSON.

From the "Masonic Advocate."

"Proud science scales the skies,
From star to star doth roam;
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.
Winds bear the breath of flowers
To travellers o'er the wave;
But hear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave."

THE Isle of Patmos lies in the Ægean Sea. It was to that abode of dreariness and desolation that St. John the Evangelist was banished. The decree was a Roman edict, and, consequently, inexorable. The holy Evangelist obeyed it, and, under the escort of Roman centurions, he was taken to this isolated and barren island, where his enemies thought he would never have another opportunity of making a convert. The fame of the man as a moral teacher had excited the attention of many thousands of people, both Jews and Romans, and the authorities began to fear that his prestige would become so great that harm might come to the government. His spiritual theory, as they thought, came in conflict with Roman science—that was enough. The arm of the civil government was expected to protect the people even in their religion, and as there were many things in St. John's preaching which were not comprehended in Roman philosophy, it was not strange that Domitian ordered his banishment. It was an act in full accord with the civilization of the times. Tradition even tells the story that on the order of Domitian the old Evangelist was cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, and finding that even this did not result in his death, he banished him to the Isle of Patmos, where the wild waves of the Ægean Sea, dashing against the rocky shores, made the only music that saluted his ears.

How long he remained on this island we have no means of knowing, but the legendary story which we propose to give will explain the manner of his deliverance and the agencies by which it was accomplished. While yet in the belief of the ancient faith of the Hebrews, St. John had given his name and services to a mystic order then known to the world as the "Elusinians," who taught, as Dr. Weishaupt informs us, "the mysteries of *Illuminism*," which, even the inferior degree, as they claimed, taught the "lost secrets" of the most ancient patriarchs and philosophers. This association, like that of the Craft of Masonry, which some think is the same institution continued in its more modern forms, had its enemies and was bitterly opposed and persecuted by those who believed they were the enemies of the true civilization. It is said that St. John, being a member of this order, was rescued after a number of months, and placed once more among his brethren.

While on this lonely island the great Evangelist spent much of his time in deep religious communion. He had his mystic visions of the future and saw that grand panoramic display which has been given to the world as a revelation of the future and of the moral order and destiny of the human race to the end of time.

The darkness which surrounded him in that benighted and desolate region of the earth made his situation as hopeless as it was forlorn, and left him without a single hope of ever being delivered. Banished from the earth, and shut up in the world of his own thoughts, it was fortunate for his personal happiness that the *light* of a divine Illuminism surrounded him. It was knowledge of the present and the future. The high wrought pictures of rapid changes, of moral revelations, of spiritual life and immortal

destiny brought before him, gave him the sublimated confidence of the higher life and, no doubt, inspired his soul with an ecstacy such as no exile ever realised before.

Though not of his peculiar religion, his Illuministic brethren held many consultations in regard to his rescue. They believed him to be a good man and faithful to his obligations, and what he was in his religious belief, they knew was his own right as a man, and on this account they made no difference between him and brethren of other faith. It was this intelligent liberalism that the many did not comprehend, but this ancient body had learned that the *light* of true philosophy knew nothing either of the narrow boundaries of sectarianism or of the moral littleness of bigotry. Hence they acted on this enlightened faith and gave this example of charity, which it would be well if the whole world followed.

How and when and by whom the good Evangelist was delivered has never been definitely made known. It was enough that he was brought back again to the land of his birth, and was again among his brethren—the followers of the Nazarene; Domitian was dead—his tyranny had hastened his murder—and the field of the beloved disciple was once more fully open for the fulfilment of his great mission. With John the Baptist his name has long been sacred among the *Craft*. For many ages the 27th of December has been recognised as the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, as the 27th of June is of John the Baptist.

The light of the examples of these two distinguished Hebrews has been as the guiding power of the Craft for ages, and now, while time may last, the Mystic Tie will never forget the Baptist and Evangelist.

A SAD CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY LORD RONALD GOWER.

THE following most striking and warning paper which, under the head of "Dead Kings and Queens," has appeared in the Christmas number of *Vanity Fair*, deserves to be read and thought over by all, who do not forget that history repeats itself. Some people say, "À quoi bon?" We reply, "A very great deal indeed," and thank Lord Ronald Gower for the reminder, however unsavoury in itself:—

The other day I came across a somewhat rare little French *brochure*, which, probably, few of your readers have met with. Perhaps a short notice of its contents may be of interest. It is an account of the violation of the royal sepulchres at St. Denis during the First French Revolution, when the Democrats, not content with killing their king and queen, tore from their graves all that was left of their former monarchs, in order, I suppose, to celebrate the new reign of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The account of this proceeding is from the pen of one of the priests belonging to the cathedral. It is undoubtedly authentic, and in its simplicity is more eloquent of the vanity of human grandeur than all the sermons of Massillon, Bossuet, or Flechier.

The work of destruction and sacrilege commenced early in October, 1793, and lasted all the month. The first corpse found was that of Henri IV., the once beloved Henri de Navarre. Some curiosity, if not affection, still seems to have lingered even among those patriots who had constituted themselves body-snatchers, and the Bearnais was propped up against the church wall in his shroud, and became quite an attraction for the crowd. One of the Republican Guards even condescended to cut off the king's grey, upturned moustache, and place it on his lip; another removed the beard, which he declared he would keep as a relic. After these marks of attention were exhausted, the body was thrown into a huge pit filled with quicklime, into which successively followed those of its ancestors and descendants.

On the next day the corpses of Henri IV.'s wife, Marie de Medecis, that of his

son Louis XIII., and that of his grandson Louis XIV. were added to this. The body of the Sun King (as Louis XIV.'s courtiers loved to call him) was as "black as ink." What a contrast to that majestic, bewigged head, as we see it on the canvas of Le Brun and Rigault, must not that poor blackened skull have been! The body of the Grand Monarch's wife and that of his son the Dauphin (rather of Louis XV.) followed. All these, and especially the latter, were in a state of shocking decay.

The following day poor, harmless Marie Leczinska's body was torn from its resting place, as also were those of the "Grand Dauphin," the Duke of Burgundy and his wife, and several other princes and princesses of the same race, including three daughters of Louis XV. All these were in a state of terrible decomposition, and in spite of the use of gunpowder and vinegar the stench was so great that many of the workmen were seized with fever, and others had to continue the gruesome work. By a strange chance, on the very morning that Marie Antoinette's sufferings came to an end on the Place de la Revolution, the body of another unfortunate queen again saw the light of day—it was on the 16th of October that the body of our Queen Henrietta Maria, who had died in 1669, was taken from its coffin and added to the ghastly heap in the "ditch of the Valois," as the pit into which these royal remains were hurled was called; that of her daughter, the once "Belle Henriette," came next; and then in quick succession the bodies of Philippe d'Orleans; that of his son, the notorious Regent; of his daughter, the no less notorious Duchesse de Berri, of her husband, and half a dozen infants of the same family. On the same day a coffin was cautiously opened. This was found at the entrance of the royal vault (the customary position for that containing the latest deceased king), and contained the remains of Louis "le Bien-aimé." No wonder that the body-snatchers hesitated before withdrawing the corpse from its enclosure, for it was remembered that Louis had perished of a most terrible illness, and that an undertaker had died in consequence of placing the already pestilent corpse in its coffin. Consequently, it was only on the brink of the ditch that the body was removed and hastily rolled over the edge; but not without the precaution of discharging guns and burning much powder, and even then the air was terribly tainted far and near.

Shall I go on, or have I already given you a surfeit of horrors, and talked charnel, skulls, and cross-bones too long? I turn the page and find that we are only in the thick of all these dead men's bones and uncleanness, for the Republican Resurrectionists began by the Bourbons and had still to disentomb all the Valois, and further back, up to the Capetian line, and are not content until the almost legendary remains of Dagobert and Madame Dagobert reappear. But I will not make you sup too long on such grisly details. Suffice it to add that, after Louis the Well-Beloved had been disposed of, came in succession, like the line of royal ghosts seen by Macbeth, Charles V., who died in 1380, whose body was one of the few well preserved, and was arrayed in royal robes, with a gilt crown and sceptre, still bright; that of his wife, Jeanne de Bourbon, who still held in her bony hand a decayed distaff of wood; Charles VI. with his Queen, Isabeau de Bavière; Charles VII. and his wife, Marie d'Anjou; and then Blanche de Navarre, who died in 1391. Charles VIII., of whom nothing but dust remained, Henri II., Catherine de Medecis, Charles IX., and Henri III. were disinterred on the morning of the 18th; "after the workmen's dinner," Louis XII. and his queen; and among other less interesting royal remains, the bones of Hugues, Comte de Paris, father of Hugues Capet. And so on the work went till one tires even of the details of the preservation of this or that king and queen. Naturally those who have not been lead-coffined were either bones or dust; but after reading of the state of liquid putrefaction in which Francis I. and his family are found, one strongly sympathises with Mr. Seymour Haden's objection to that form of interment. Can anything be more shocking than to know that all the horrors of decay and decomposition will remain even after two or three centuries have passed over the lifeless form, and that, supposing one has the ill-luck to be thus coffined and one's body removed, "a black fluid, emitting a noxious smell," will run from out our last home, as was the case with those Royal remains during that hot summer month at St. Denis in 1793?

Rather let us all be buried in wicker, and not lead; or, better still, let us be quickly resolved into fine and odourless ashes in the fashion which Sir Henry Thompson has striven so hard to make popular; and, above all, let us thank kind Providence that we are never likely to be Kings or Queens of France, and possibly have to undergo the treatment that that most agreeable, but too excitable, nation dealt to its former rulers, their wives, and little ones, so long after they all had ceased from troubling.

MY COUSIN.

BY L. A. JOHNSTONE.

I was only her playmate, her cousin,
She an heiress of Castle and Grange:
She had lovers,—I daresay a dozen,
And nobody thought it was strange;
On all sides she was worshipped and fêted,
Like a queen, where she happened to go;
Strange enough, she was free and unmated,—
I was only her cousin, you know.

'Twas last month, we were both at the Hollies,
Sweet and short seemed that gay week to me;
It was Christmas; among its sweet follies,
Who so gay and light-hearted as she?
On her bidding I still waited zealous,
Her lovers were pleased it was so,—
"Poor fellow!" they said; "who'd be jealous?
He is only her cousin, you know."

So besides one or two of those glances
With which women turn a man's head,
She vouchsafed me the half of her dances,—
"It is odd that you suit me," she said:
Next, she drove all the women distracted,
Acting Juliet to my Romeo;
It was scarcely a part that *I* acted,
Although only her cousin, you know.

The night came, when the year lay a-dying,
And we danced his last moments away,
Far too quickly the swift time was flying,
And I sailed for Gibraltar next day;
Far too soon the last gallop we ended,
'Neath a branch of the bright misletoe,—
Then she pouted, in anger pretended,
"But you're only a cousin, you know."

Then vanished all thoughts of concealing,
I poured forth the tale of my love;
I swore I'd remain ever kneeling,
Till her heart in return I could move;
First she laughed, then her accents grew tender,—
"Just fancy, they'd laugh at us so,
For," she raised her forefinger so slender,
"*After all*, we are cousins, you know."

But I proved, 'neath the holly-wreathed rafter,
While her face with bright blushes was dyed,
That we surely could stand others' laughter,
When the jest would be all on our side;
So, ere Summer can fling round her bounty,
When Easter's pale lilies shall blow,
Then my cousin, the belle of the county,
Will be more than my cousin, you know

Graphic.

"IL SAIT GAGNER QUI SAIT ATTENDRE!"

(*Suggested by a paragraph in February's "Monthly Summary" of Magazine.*)

Weak indeed must the heart be that yields to despondency,
And labours on cheerlessly, yearning for fame;
If with patience one waits, tho' through long years of drudgery,
Time will render due homage, and give us a name.

It may not be granted as we deem successfully,
With trumpets high sounding, and laureate's meed;
'Tis for us to use gifts which He lends to us—honestly,
With aim of the highest, and purest of creed.

Thus in some lonely breast a deep chord may be sounded,
And comfort be drawn soothing bitterest grief,
Courage breathed to a faint heart, which once like ours bounded,
Rest given, and refreshment—unfailing relief.

Surely such a reward will be grand compensation
For long hours of weariness, early and late,
When that adage we've proved in its best acceptation,
"He knows how to win, who knows how to wait!"

Etoile

MR. E. M. BARRY ON ARCHITECTURE.

MR. EDWARD M. BARRY, R.A., in his second lecture, recently delivered at the Royal Academy, spoke of Italian Gothic as the precursor of the Renaissance, proposing to follow up the subject hereafter by treating of that important architectural movement. It had been said that the Renaissance had brought us from true principles to false—from the palaces of mediæval Venice to the bathos of Harley Street. It was not fair, however, to charge against the Renaissance the architectural indifference of the Georgian Era. This was a local apathy only, and in France, where the Renaissance had been more thoroughly adopted, architecture had never been abandoned, as it had been with us, to the bricklayer and the carpenter, such as those who built our cheerless London houses on another man's land, thinking more of speedy profit than of architecture. The classic revival arose naturally in Italy, where Gothic art had never thoroughly taken root. The Southern architects worked on different lines from their brethren in Northern Europe. They admitted a spirit of horizontalism, opposed to the verticality of mediæval architecture. Repose and breadth of effect had more charms for the Italians than the variety of parts and the vigorous effects of Northern work. The Duomo at Florence, the largest Gothic building in Italy, has the pointed arch, but in little else does it seem to us really Gothic. Arnalfo di Lapo, its architect, had grand ideas and adopted large dimensions; but the latter are not supplemented by adequate detail, and the design consequently wants scale. Contrasting it with Westminster Abbey, we find that in the nave of the former, 250ft. long, there are only four arches, while in the latter there are twelve arches in a length of 230ft. The width is, respectively, 125ft. and 75ft. In the case of the Abbey, from the artistic skill displayed, the building appears larger than it really is, while at Florence magnificent dimensions are so far thrown away that few can visit the interior without disappointment. Simplicity of plan is observable at Florence, differing wholly from the complex intricacy of Westminster. The basilican arrangement had remained a favourite in Italy, and it has claims on the attention of modern architects. The religious services of the Middle Ages were to a great extent an act of faith. Long naves and aisles were needed for processions, and large choirs for the clergy. For us the necessities of Protestant worship impose different conditions, and the ancient basilicas may therefore furnish a lesson to those who are called upon to accommodate large congregations, in spacious interiors, uninterrupted by columns, and where all can see and hear. The Italian Gothic churches were incomplete without the aid of the sister arts. Painting, sculpture, marbles, enamels, and mosaics were all expected to form part of a completed design, for which the architecture of the building furnished the framework only. Surface decoration, as employed in Italy, was moreover opposed to the Gothic principle of decorated construction, being rather constructed decoration. Strongly-marked horizontal bands and cornices, and the use of single shafts, were also reminiscences of classic times. The windows, small, few, and far between, differ altogether from the flowing traceries of mediæval work elsewhere, while the absence of buttresses completes the contrast. Italian Gothic was, in fact, an incomplete style, a halting-place on the road to the Renaissance. It has lately attracted attention, and has found imitators in this country, particularly in relation to brick architecture, for which it offers some advantages. The presumption is, however, against the adoption of the Southern peculiarities into Northern work. In borrowing, we should take from the rich to give to the poor, and this can scarcely be said of Italian Gothic as compared with the purer types with which we are familiar at home. Some have been led too far astray from English traditions, and for any fusion of details caution and judgment are needed. The danger of being induced to substitute hasty catchwords for thoughtful decisions is always great to the inexperienced, and extension of knowledge imposes increased responsibility. Students may well, indeed, rejoice at the opportunities they enjoy,

which were but lately the exclusive privileges of the few, to investigate the architecture of their predecessors in every land; but while they are studying the art of others they must not forget the dictates of common sense and the special needs of their own age and country.

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," etc., etc.

THE Postal Telegraph Service in the United Kingdom delivered upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of words of news, to various newspapers, clubs, news-rooms, and similar institutions, during the year ending with March, 1878.

Mr. Frederick Ross, an industrious and able author, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and Member of the English Dialect Society, who for upwards of twenty years has been busy as a bee in collecting materials for a Biographical Dictionary of Yorkshire (for which I am able to vouch he has made a very valuable collection), principally culled in the Library of the British Museum, has published what I may call a chip from the large block, under the title of *Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds.* The work is remarkably neatly got up, and does great credit to the printer, Mr. T. Holderness, of the *Driffield Observer.* "Every district of country has its heroes and men of renown; its divines, philosophers, and poets"—as Mr. Ross truly tells us—"a line extending backward, until lost in the misty haze of the remote past." But every district is not fortunate enough to have a Frederick Ross to do for it what he has done for the Yorkshire Wolds in the excellent volume before me. "The tract of country so called (formerly York Wold)," remarks our author, "is situated in the East Riding of the county, and consists of ranges of chalk hills with intervening depressions, extending from Flambrough Head towards Pocklington and Market Weighton, and sloping down hence to the Humber near Welton; and from the north of Beverley to Malton, whence commences the rise of the more elevated hills of Cleveland. Many of the higher points command magnificent prospects—eastward, of the German Ocean, Flambrough Head and Lighthouse, and the Priory Church of Bridlington; north westward, of the Vale of York and York Minster; southward, of the flat expanse of Holderness, the majestic Humber, Beverley Minster, and the churches of Hull and Hedon." And he reminds us that "Wold is a Saxon word, signifying a treeless, bleak, unprotected upland; and such were the characteristic features of the district until the present century, when it was brought under cultivation and planted to some extent with trees;" and how its "multitude of barrows and tumuli, scattered over the hills, indicate a numerous population at a very remote period, reaching far down into the pre-historic ages, when the use of metal was unknown, and sharpened flints supplied weapons of war and agricultural implements." But it is not of the pre-historic period that Mr. Ross has essayed to treat. And yet his "Celebrities" commence at an early date, and are continued to the present time. It is evident that if the Wolds have been barren of timber, they have not been wanting at any period of our history in those good and gifted men who are alike the strength and ornament of the nation that produces them; and great must

have been Mr. Ross's labour to bring together such a valuable mass of materials, which makes one long for the remainder of his *Biographia Eboracensis*, which will be one of the most valuable literary productions connected with his native county. Mr. Ross is a trustworthy author, capable of stating clearly what he knows—and that is much—and it is to be hoped that he will be spared to see his more important work in the hands of the public. I for one am anxious to possess it, as many more must be.

Dioscorides, the wise old Greek botanist—who not only travelled through his own country to study and describe the herbs and their uses, but also visited Italy, Asia Minor, and some parts of Gaul, for the same good purpose—knew that the male shield-fern, in doses of four drachms, "drives out the broad worm," or what we now term the tape-worm; and for some two thousand years it has remained the best and safest vermifuge known to the faculty; tin and other substitutes being injurious to the constitutions of most patients. The Americans, however, for some years, have been using an oil pressed from pumpkin seeds, it is said not without success.

Under the title of *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Rector of Londesborough, has published a neat little volume, full alike of poetry and piety, which he commends "to the Reader" in the following appropriate verses:—

"In wood and lane I wander free,
And gather flowers from bank or tree;
And with a loving hand entwine
The hawthorn, rose, and eglantine;
And here I bring the wreath to thee.

Thy happy lot it may not be
To see the lark spring from the lea;
Or breathe the dewy odours fine
In wood and lane.

But there are other fields divine,
Which in dim city may be thine;
Where thou the Flower of Flowers mayst see,
And catch the Spirit's melody;
Nor thine alone, but also mine
In wood and lane."

As might be expected from a Church of England Clergyman, the religious sentiments in the volume are all orthodox; but there is a catholicity of feeling about the pieces which speaks volumes for the heart and head of their author. Mr. Wilton handles the sonnet with a grace which few have done since the days of Wordsworth, who had truly learnt to "scorn not the sonnet's power." Such subjects as Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Irenæus, Origen, Eusebius, and Athanasius, are too ticklish to criticise in the literary organ of an Order that seeks to range under its banner, in one firm phalanx of brotherhood, good men of the most discordant theological opinions. Here, in a sonnet on the Hawthorn and the Wild Rose, is a teaching which none can object to:—

"I learnt a lesson from the flowers to day:
As o'er the fading hawthorn blooms I sigh'd,
Whose petals fair lay scatter'd far and wide
Lo! suddenly upon a dancing spray
I saw the first wild roses cluster'd gay.
What though the smile I loved so soon had died
From one sweet flower—there, shining at its side,
The blushing Rose surpass'd the snowy May.
So if, as life glides on, we miss some flowers,
Which once shed light and fragrance on our way,
Yet still the kindly-compensating hours
Weave us fresh wreathes in beautiful array;
And long as in the paths of peace we stay,
Successive benedictions shall be ours!"

Mr. Wilton would evidently enjoy the fine teaching of our Speculative Masonry, as the following sonnet on the Swallow will show:—

"O, Swallow; Summer reigns within thy heart,
As sunshine sleeps upon thy purple wing;
For, lo! thou comest with the brightening Spring,
And yellowing Autumn warns thee to depart.
To wait on thy king's march is all thine art,
And to his flowery train, rejoicing, cling;
While tidings of his glory thou dost bring
Where'er thine arrowy form is seen to dart.
Oh, that Heaven's Summer in my heart might rest,
And cheering rays about me I might fling,
Blessing all others while myself am blest;
Then I must follow too my viewless King,
And catch from him the sunshine of the breast,
And round me flowers will smile and birds will sing."

The following sonnet, on the Plain of York from the Yorkshire Wolds, is a fit companion to that of Wordsworth, composed after a journey across the Hamilton Hills:—

"We gazed upon a mighty sunlit plain,
Which swept, to right and left, the horizon's bound:
In its wide arms was many a battle ground,
But at its heart a glorious Minster fane.
The sky was bright, and a melodious rain
Fell from the soaring larks, with silvery sound:
No note of discord in the air was found,
Nor on the landscape's face one marring stain.
Thus, while we sojourn in this world of strife,
May love to God be still the central thought
Which sweetly rules and permeates our life:
Thus may our soul with light and peace be fraught,
And all our days with grateful music rife—
An echo from angelic voices caught!"

Here are two good sonnets, highly honourable to our ancient operative brethren and to the poet who has sung them; the first being on the words "Now or When" carved on a sundial at Beverley Minster:—

"On the tall buttress of a Minster grey,
The glorious work of long-forgotten men,
I read this Dial Legend,—*'Now or When.'*
Well had these builders used their little day
Of service—witness this sublime display
Of blossom'd stone, dazzling the gazer's ken.
These towers attest they knew 'twas there and then,
Not some vague morrow, they must work and pray.
Oh, let us seize this transitory *now*
From which to build a life-work that will last:
In humble prayer and worship let us bow
Ere fleeting opportunity is past.
When once Life's sun forsakes the Dial-plate,
For work and for repentance 'tis too late!"

The other is on Patrington Church, eighteen miles from Hull, a spacious and elegant cruciform edifice, termed "the Queen of Holderness," in whose nave and chancel, transepts and aisles, and central tower surmounted by its lofty spire, the Decorated and Later English styles of Architecture may be advantageously studied by such of the East Yorkshire and Lincolnshire brethren as care to know how Tracing Boards first came into use in our Lodges:—

"They toil'd the God of Heaven to glorify
With lavish ornament of nave and choir,
And lofty tower that shoots into a spire
Of queenly grace, conspicuous far and nigh.
But lo! that slender shaft against the sky,
Rosed by the dawn, or tipp'd with sunset fire,
Of home-bound sailors is the dear desire,
And through the shoals of Humber guides their eye.
Those patient builders rear'd a stately shrine

For the sweet sacrifice of praise and prayer,
And earthly use grew from a work divine;
So the pure life that breathes celestial air
And points to Heaven, for man will also shine,
A star of comfort 'mid the waves of care."

"An Autumn Day at Fountains' Abbey" is also well worth quoting:—

"'A perfect day!' we cried, 'A perfect day!'
As round fair Fountains' winding walks we stray'd,
Where yellowing leaves and mouldering arches made
The valley rich with beautiful decay.
The world-famed jewel of those ruins grey
Was grandly set in gold and crimson shade;
The sylvan glories dazzle as they fade;
The crumbling Abbey smiles itself away.
'Alas!' I murmur'd, 'that this earth of ours
To wasting Time should its perfection owe,
And the brief splendour of autumnal bowers:'
But down Faith's vista, then I caught the glow
Of fairer landscapes, more enduring towers,
And deeper, truer joys than mortals know."

These few specimens of our author's Muse will show that the *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, contain much of what I may term Masonic teaching; and I must say that the Sonnet to Mrs. Charles Tennyson Turner is one of the most graceful compliments I ever read. Mr. Wilton, I see, is the author of *Wood Notes and Church Bells*, which I do not remember to have ever seen, but if equal to the work before me, he deserves to hold high rank among my brother bards of Yorkshire. I purpose having another glance at Mr. Wilton's pleasant poetry in a future number.

Since the introduction of the potato, by Sir Walter Raleigh, from Virginia into England and Ireland, in the days of Shakspere, its use has become so common among rich and poor that a failure in the crop is a national calamity; and never were old Cobbett's attacks so totally thrown away as on the use of this valuable vegetable. Not that potatoes are now made the basis of "delicate conserves and restorative sweetmeats," or that it is deemed necessary to correct any flatulent effects of theirs by eating them "sopped in wine," or ("to give them the greater grace in eating") that "they should be boiled with prunes," as good old Gerarde, the father of English botany, recommends. Experience, the best of teachers, has demonstrated that what was a new luxury to Gerarde may be made into a cheap article of necessary food, for daily use, to accompany every savory dish that can be sent to the table, whether "fish, flesh, or fowl." But to store them for use in winter, and to be able to come at them in frosty weather, has always been a matter for consideration. A writer in a recent number of the *American Agriculturalist* says:—"In cold weather, when the temperature can be regulated, potatoes keep well enough, but in warm cellars, or during warm spells, I find it difficult to prevent their starting, and we have to rub off the sprouts. I saw at Dr. Hexamer's, a few weeks ago, a contrivance which it seems strange has never been described and figured by the agricultural papers. The doctor takes any old boards or strips, and with them makes little bottomless bins about two and a half feet to three feet square and two feet high—at any rate, large enough to hold five bushels with tolerable accuracy. The corner pieces project an inch below the lowermost strip, and fall short the same amount at the top. Three of these bins constitute a set; two of them are alike, but the one to go on the bottom has a bottom to it, and a cheaply made side door on one side. When the potatoes are harvested these bins are filled, the bottom one first of course; then another is set upon the top and filled, and so on. Thus fifteen bushels are held in a very compact space, and yet the air passes freely through them. These sets of bins are placed side by side, with the sliding-doors accessible. Now when the potatoes need stirring—which they do once in a few weeks, and oftener towards spring—all that it is necessary to do is to raise the door, and take a bushel-basketful out from the bottom and to put it upon the top. Thus every potato in the whole bin is turned, and its relations to air and moisture more or less varied—at least, enough to stop or greatly

to interfere with the first beginnings of sprouting. When necessary, the whole stock may be conveniently 'overhauled' and picked over, one set of bins at a time." The writer ought to have stated that the boxes are not to be made air-tight, but space for the circulation of air left between the boards.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(*Conclusion.*)

How Sand, Flints, and the like impregnated Stones may be known, whether they contain little or much Gold.

FLINTS, Sand, Stones, etc., that are White of all sorts, contain the least quantity of Gold, and yet are never without some Volatil, though not to be extracted with profit; but most commonly the Yellow and Red have most Gold, yet not always to answer the charge in dissolving and extracting.

Yellow, duskish, and Black commonly hold much, and where through white, also Yellow Sand and Stones, where Lines are found (like Veins through them) especially if they shine clear and glister with many little sparks of ☉ close together.

Likewise that Sand is rich with Gold, which appears like Talc, wherein are found some stones, in which Red or duskish Talc appears, even as in all Talc Gold is found, but yet in some more some less.

All Flints and Stones in Brooks, called *Bartenston*, which though appearing white externally, yet after they are made red hot in the fire, and broken in water, appear Yellow like Gold, are sufficiently rich.

Green, Yellow, or Skie coloured Stones, translucid like Horn (Vulgarly called Horne-stone) are also for the most part rich.

Also all reddish, Black, and dark, dusky Flints, have always Gold, but for the most part mixt with Iron, which therefore frustrate the Vulgar Labourants *Menstruum*, and so makes it useless.

All Quarze Quarries, the coverings of Mines, and also *Saphir* stones, or other in the Earth in Veins like Metals, or open to the Air or Water, being Coloured, hold Gold.

The Blood-stone, and that which is of kin to it, *Emery*, *Granats*, and *Lapis Lazuli*, do all hold Gold.

The Granats hold Corporal Gold, and the first Essence of Gold, some much and more than others, and others but a little: But these aforesaid Stones are so hard, that strong Waters (as *Aqua Fort*) cannot work upon them, yet some remedy may be found to extract them.

In all transparent Amphitams, Sapphirs, Rubies, Amathists and Jasinths, is the first Essence of Gold, but hard to be extracted.

All (Fluores, Oars and Flowers) used in the Mines of ☉ and ☾ to reduce them to a flux, whether Violet or Purple coloured. Yellow, Red, or Green, are endowed with unripe Volatil Gold, which if you heat red hot, will vapour a kind of Green, Yellow, or Red fumes, and a Snow-white Colour will remain on the stones. Now if any can tell how to save those flying fumes, he may with it Coagulate Mercury into Gold. In like manner by means of Distillation, a Green water may be drawn out of all such like stones, in the which Mercury will Coagulate itself into Gold. This Green water also the ancients have called their Green Lyon, which devours the ☉ or Gold, and prepares a Tincture for ☽ or ☿.

I would say more of this matter, but shall refrain for the covetousness, and wicked men, who seek nothing but the ruine of their neighbour, and to live in pomp and pleasures, who as unworthy, God will have wander in darkness, without this Knowledge. Wherefore let all that by God's Grace have any illumination, beware they communicate nothing to wicked men, though they seem Angels of Light. *Nusquam tuta fides*, There is no faith to be found on Earth. *Soli Deo tu confidas, promissis hominum diffidas, Deus Solus fidem servat, a Mundo fides exulat;* which is, In God shalt thou put thy trust, man's promises distrust as Dust; God only keeps his promised plight; but from the world all faith takes flight. Wherefore I say, let all well-minded men beware of Luxurious, proud, vain, and covetous persons; for these Vices proceed from the Devil, and return again to him, and one can hardly find an honest man, though sought with *Diogenes* his Lanthorn, amongst many: For which cause I shall ere long publish a short Tractate of evil and wicked men, viz. How and whereby to know them by their outward signatures and form, for virtue and vice? And had I known this skill before, it had been a great advantage to have made me beware of such disembling Impostures.

If any shall hereby reap any benefit, let them give God the praise, and be mindful of the poor: If otherwise, let them believe they are yet unworthy to have such things communicated to them; for truly I have written here so plainly and truly, as no Philosopher ever did before me.

But now nevertheless I confess I have a more easy way for these things, viz. for extracting Gold out of Sand, etc., and such as never was known before to the World.

1. My first Method is with a water of small charge or price, which may be had in plenty without Distillation.

2. My second is a singular Metal, of which Chauldrons may be made, in which these Stones and Sand, with this small prised water are boiled, and yet not corroded or consumed thereby, and after the water shall dissolve any Gold out of the Sand or Stones, then you may draw forth the sand and water with a Scoop or Bowl proper for this use, with holes in the bottom, and a wooden basket strainer thereupon, and so the impregnated water or *Menstruum*, with the Gold, may pass through, and leave the sand or stones behind in the scoop or bowl with the strainer, then pour on more warm water on the said sand, to wash out the remaining Gold and Tincture, and after all is washt out, throw the said sand or stones quite away, as useless.

3. My third compendium is, to pour upon the said clear *Menstruum*, which hath the Gold or Tincture, another singular sort of water of small price, whereby all the said Gold and Tincture (at such a height and quantity) in the solvent, will be precipitated to the bottom: and so the clear solvent being freed from the Tincture, must be Canted off to serve again for the like use, as preserving still its own strength and virtue, without any abatement or diminution whatsoever, either by the said water precipitating, or by any other ways whatsoever; and if any be lost or spilt by the usage, it may be easily repaired, by getting more of the same without much trouble or charge.

Now if any should mix any precipitating *Lixiviat* Liquor or Lees with the said solvent, contrary to its Nature, and thereby mortifie the solvent by precipitating the Gold (which is done in other processes, and is used in and by my former experiments and trials in this Book about the white sand and stones, etc.), what damage and loss would come thereby; for every time there is occasion to use it, our dissolvent should be destroyed, and the extraction thereby become very troublesome and chargeable; especially being done in Glass or Earthen Cucurbits or bodies; but this way all things cost almost nothing, and may be done in in greater Vessels, and cheaper, and the said waters be without loss. And this kind of extraction may be compared like the making of *Salt-Peter*, where the workman having extracted the *Salt-Peter*, throws away all the ashes and dirt, and puts more matter into the (*Cupam*) Tubs or Bowls, for the like common water extract more.

1. Our fourth Compendium is that precipitated Calx or Gold, after the filtration in a bag, is taken out, dried, and by a good, cheap, and singular good matter flux it, is reduced to a body; and so no part of the said Gold will be lost or diminished.

In these four Compendiums for the extraction of Gold, will come profit, but not so much other ways.

Now let none marvel why I reveal not here any of these four Compendiums; I have been enough bitten by the envy of other men: For where they could not understand my writings by their own dulness, though I had plainly enough expressed the matter; and so could not perform the same; they then publickly brought a scandal on me, and reported, that whatever I writ were lyes; Nay, some others have seen the thing performed, and yet afterwards for hatred and envy, have slighted it and me.

But however whilst I live, (by God's Grace and providence) I shall be helpful to my neighbour, by using my Talent to serve them, and like a most bright shining Light will shew the wonderful great mystery of God, to the ignorant and simple people, against the will of all the enemies of Truth, though they fret and vex never so much at it, I have resolved so to do; Yea, behold though my adversaries should all conspire and wholly devour me alive, they should swallow but a mean or lean Morsel of Earth, for *Glauber* should be and remain *Glauber* still, till the consummation of the World, or Ages! now if these men were of the ancient stamp and frame of faith and virtue, they would not detract and scandalize their Innocent neighbour, without deserving ill at their hands.

Let these things be sufficient at this time concerning the extraction of Gold out of Sand, Stones, and Flints.

Now further I say; although every one should use this extraction of Gold for their Imployment or Trade, yet the one would not be a hindrance to the benefit of the other, by reason Stones and Sand are obvious to every body in all Countries, as also the Salts that are useful to extract the same are plentiful, so that nothing is wanting but a lover of the work to set his hand unto it.

Paracelsus in his book of vexation of Alchymists saith, That more Gold and silver is found upon the earth, than in the Bowels thereof, and that often times a Countrey Clown throws a stone at a Cow, which is worth more then the price of the Cow, and it is most certain true and will remain true; for a lye cannot degenerate or exalt it self to a truth; but in its time hereafter shall be punisht in eternal darkness with the Devil (as the father and original of all liers.) Without doubt *Democritus* his Laughter, and *Heraclitus* his Weeping came from the contemplation of mortal man's eager pursuit after Gold and Silver through great Anxieties, Labours, and Troubles, with loss of health and hazard of Soul and Body, sailing many times through the vast Ocean for it, and tearing open the earth to rush and sink down therein to fetch out Gold and Silver, which is so plentifully and easy to be had upon the superficies of the Earth in every Region and Countrey, as that its (*αυτάρκεια*) abundance may be had.

Solomon writ not from the purpose saying that great virtue was in Herbs, Woods, and Stones; For that which is fixt in Stones is Volatil in Herbs. As in my little Treatise Printed 1663, demonstrated; although the first *Ens* of Gold (whence Gold may be made) be in both.

We read also in *Esdras* there is much Earth to Vessels or Pots; but a little pouder or dust to make Gold. And all sorts of Earth are not so rich to gain by Extraction of Gold, nor is it to be thought that all Stones and Sand and every one are so rich in Corporal Gold, as to yield any profit; yet they still contain the first *Ens* of Gold, or yield such a Calx, by which (or the help thereof) Good Gold may be made; the which Calx or Pouder, if we knew how to extract and order, we would make greater accompt, and esteem it more than of Gold it self. Now since such an Aurifying or Goldmaking Pouder is so largely extended and diffused in Stones and Sand, etc. Yet it is not easy to beat it or force it out with a Hammer, but only by a peculiar Art, is to be extracted, and perfected; thereupon the multitude of covetous Gold hunters will not believe it no more than Ignorants, who know nothing of the Art; and yet this Art hath been always esteemed amongst Philosophers as their greatest Secret of Secrets, and so hath been preserved amongst them.

Also where *Paracelsus* writes of the first Ens or Essence of Gold, he tells us, it may be drawn forth by sublimation; And *Basilius Valentinus* also tells us, That the pre-

paration of the Universal Tincture, may be compared to the distillation or extraction of the burning spirit of wine from the Lees, and may so be obtained; Oh friends, this is truly a sufficient clear comparison; for as in a great quantity of Lees of Wine or Beer, a little of the good spirit is hidden and the residue is a useless mud; and yet that little quantity of spirit is drawn out with profit by means of Distillation out of that great quantity of mud or Fæces, and is thereby concentrated into a little room, and withall is so virtuous and piercing a spirit that one spoonful thereof is more worth, than the whole Runlet or Vessel full of Fæces. Now by such ways or means would the Philosophers have us draw forth and extract the *Primum Ens* or Form of Gold by Art, out of Stones and Sand, though dispersed and diffused far abroad in them, and so to concentrate their virtue and Tincture into a small compass, of the which a very small quantity (if but as big as a Pea) is of more worth and value, than a great Mountain of useless and unprofitable dead Earth.

Further, I would not conceal this from thee, that throughout all *Germany* by, and in the Rivers, are found stones, the which abound with Gold and Silver, and are sufficiently rich; and if you beat or break them to pieces, you will find within some of them some little holes, pits, or concavities, with a yellow or fusky dark powder, which being melted with Borax will yield a silvery Gold, I must avouch and affirm I never saw or knew any mortal man, that understood or observed those stones before, much less the golden powder hid in them; which without doubt is by reason of men's carelessness to find out the Physical great mysteries of God.

Here now I must admonish all men, that it were of great consequence and concernment for Parents to place their Children to be trained up in their youth, with some honest Artist, or workman to teach them that, which in case of necessity might gain them an honest and commendable livelihood. But the rich having a plentiful estate, think they shall leave enough for their Children, never to want; yet if one misfortune or another happens upon them, or upon their Children, as Burning of Houses, or Ships, or Goods lost by pyrats or Thieves, or Creditors fail, or Ships miscarry; Then whither to turn or what course to take they know not, but only to fly away, or live like Vagabonds, or fill a Gaol; and all this for want of some laudable Art learnt in their youth. And thus they become desperate, The one forsakes Wife and Children to Travel to the *Indies*, where not a few are devoured by beasts or Canibals, some drowned or starved, others sell themselves or become Souldiers, and like mad Dogs at last are slain; Others after they have spent their means cannot subsist or provide for their family, and so become vicious livers, and have a miserable doleful life, till they perish and go to hell. All which might have been avoided by learning some good mechanick Arts in their youth, or flourishing conditions. But when difficult and raging times approach, or that too many be of a Trade in a City, the one beggars the other, and so there is no remedy but physick, which may likewise fail. But a Physician might learn something else that would get a livelyhood, besides his practice. Then he need not make so many visits to gape for his fees of his poor distressed Patients: And so the Lawyer need not for base Profit sell the Law or their Clients' Cause to prepare himself a seat in Hell, where afterwards to dwell for ever. Nor the Divine be afraid of his Patrons or Benefactors, and so sooth them up in their sins, but preach the truth to all without flattery, and so prefer God's honour, and the people's real good, with a true zeal before his private profit, to the hazard of his soul. So also of all the rest.

Now having declared or toucht this matter, I am passing and go away sighing and mourning, That the Genuine Hermetick Philosophy and Medicine, is so little practiced or esteemed, as also the natural true Alchymy (and not adulterate) which genuine Art is the Queen of all Arts, and shall remain so to the world's end.

When as therefore this art of extracting sand and stones, is so great a treasure and useful as we have heard, and carelessly kickt by men at their feet every where; why do we not rather extract them to nourish our selves and families, and defend us from the injuries of the times, handsomely and honestly. Why do we not I say leave the *Indies* to their own Inhabitants, and manage our own Countries or earth in *Europe* where we dwell, where is abundantly sufficient to sustaine us, for whatever we want; I cannot

but again and again ingeniously confess, that if it were possible to renew my youth, or call back but ten years, I would not neglect publickly to profess and teach the true Philosophy, Medicine, and Alchymy, and so make it to be known demonstratively. But the sand of my glass is almost run, and my day far spent, so that I cannot undertake these so laborious practices, but must leave and resign the fame to others more in their prime of youth and strength, whilst I am fading and vanishing hence. But all the good I can do whilst I live by faithful writing, I shall not neglect for my neighbours profit and advantage, And (God favouring my purpose) I shall shortly publish unheard of Secrets; here now it only rests to set to an end to this Tractate.

An Admonition to the Courteous Reader.

Whatsoever I have written in this little Book of extracting Gold out of Sand, Stones, and Flints, is so true and certain that there needs be no question thereof. Yet I may tell thee, as soon as this Treatise came under the Press, another way of extracting Gold out of Stones came into my mind far better than the former: By which gold may be drawn out and extracted much sooner and better: because to this my new way, there is no need at all of Kettles of Copper or Brass, etc. but great quantities may be extracted without boyling in or with such vessels, but in others that are every where to be had; so that one man in this new way in one day may easily extract the Gold out of a thousand ($CI\bigcirc$) pounds of sand or stones, etc. so that I cannot Chuse but communicate this also (which is far beyond the former). If I shall understand, this may be generally profitable, and gratefully accepted in these bad times and fear of worse. Whereby to be publickly serviceable to my Country, and future generations. And so I commit all to the guidance and protection of the Almighty.

Dated at Amsterdam 26
Anno Dom. 1666. —*July*, 15

CEYLON.

THE ancient capital is still worth visiting on account of its magnificent ruins—the Thuparame Dagoba, more than 2,000 years old, being the largest and finest of the kind in the world. Here, too, is the oldest tree in the world, the original Bo tree, sent over to Ceylon 2,000 years ago, tended by the lineal descendants of the original keeper, and, consequently, older than any family in the world. The following portion of a description of one of the Anuradapura Dagobas is from an unpublished work on the ruined city, drawn up after recent excavations and examinations by Government officials:—

"The most ancient of these Dagobas is the Thuparame, which must have been a magnificent structure in its perfect state. This building is supposed to enshrine the left collar bone of Buddah (some say the left jaw-bone); but these relics were always deposited in golden caskets, beautified with profuse settings of gems of great value, before they were enshrined in the sacred edifices erected for their reception. The Thuparame stands on a circular platform, the brick walls supporting it are of great thickness, and on the outside embellished with fine mouldings and pilasters of the same materials, though there can be no doubt that the whole of the outside, including the parapet which once encircled it, was originally covered with plaster, and possibly, too, decorated with paintings. This platform is paved with slabs of granite. On this platform are four concentric rows of graceful octagonal columns. The first row is close to the base of the Dagoba, the second row about two feet from the first, the third about five feet from the second, and the fourth row, the columns and capitals of which are

carved from a single stone, is arranged round the margin of the platform. The capitals of the two first rows are ornamented along their upper edge with grotesque squatting figures, with arms upraised, as though supporting a weight resting on their heads; the third row has eagles standing upright with outstretched wings; and the fourth or outer row is ornamented in a similar manner with quaint dwarfed figures in every conceivable position. The tops of all the columns below the capitals, which are also octagonal, are ornamented with a fringe and tassels of very graceful design, those on the outer columns being of a very different pattern from those on the three inner rows. The height of the inner row of columns is twenty-four feet, the second twenty-two feet, the third nineteen feet, and the outer row (all monoliths) fourteen feet. Between the third and fourth rows of columns there was evidently a wall, no longer in existence, the stone foundation of which, slightly raised above the rest of the pavement, can be very easily traced. The rows of columns round the Dagoba are arranged in quadrants so as to form a rather broad passage to each of the cardinal points of the Dagoba, where there was probably an altar close to its base, where those who came to worship at the sacred shrine laid their offerings of flowers, or articles of value dedicated to the use of the priesthood. Nothing of these altars now remains except a bold moulding of stone above the level of the pavement from which the stonework of these altars sprung; but that they did exist is made the more probable from the fact that similar altars exist in a more or less ruinous state at the Lankrama Dagoba, which, though smaller, was built after the model of the Thuparame. At the east and west sides of the building are fine sets of stone stairs reaching to the platform, fourteen feet above the ground, the steps having been ornamented with carved stones, and wing walls, now thrown down, which were finished off with flat stone slabs richly carved with figures, bearing bowls or vases containing the sacred lotus flowers. These carved stone slabs still remain in position, but some are broken. Opposite the landing of these steps, and in a line with the foundation of the circular wall, which is supposed to have once encircled the Dagoba, will be found a double step, carved out of one block of stone and morticed above to receive the stone door frame, which once formed the entrance and this goes further to favour the supposition of a wall having previously ex The object of these beautiful stone pillars and wall was undoubtedly to sustain a nificent conical roof, which would have covered the whole of the Dagoba. The int of this roof, the Dagoba, columns, walls both inside and out, altars, and, in fact, every thing about the building, must have originally been most gorgeously painted. That it was so is pretty clearly proved by the recent excavations most carefully made both here and in other places, where thin coatings of very fine plaster are found covering the stone and brickwork, with traces of bright colours. At the Ruamveli Dagoba some fine paintings have been brought to light. The height of the Thuparame is sixty-two and a half feet, from the pavement at its base, the diameter of the base fifty-nine feet, and the lower part of the plain bell thirty-three feet."

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LIST OF LODGES (CONSTITUTIONS), 1756.

BY BRO. R. F. GOULD.

THE "official" lists of the last century—viz., those published under the direct sanction of Grand Lodge—comprise the lists printed with the Constitutions of 1723, 1738, and 1756, and the engraved series of 1723-79.

The 1723 list (Constitutions) has been several times reprinted. That for 1738 appeared in the April number of this Magazine (p. 433), and the list for 1756 is subjoined.

On the 27th April, 1754, a committee was appointed to revise the then current Book of Constitutions (Ed, 1738), of which Bro. George Payne (P.G.M.) was appointed a member. This distinguished brother, however, attended Grand Lodge for the last time in the November of the same year, and was probably prevented by increasing infirmities from taking any active part in the proceedings of the Committee. The new Book of Constitutions was eventually brought out by Entick in 1756.

The following list may be usefully compared with that published in the earlier Constitution Book of 1738 (*ante*, p. 433), also with the engraved list of 1756.*

Numbers are *not* shown with this list in the Constitution Book for 1756, and those prefixed below to the "Signs of the Houses" represent the numbers borne by the Lodges respectively in the numerations (engraved series) of 1740-55 and 1756-69.

A List of Regular Lodges, according to their Seniority and Constitution: by order of the Grand Master.†

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
1	1.	Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard	Constitution Immemorial.
2	2.	Horn, Westminster	
4	3.	George, Grafton Street, St. Ann's	17 Jan., 1721
5	4.	Braund's Head, New Bond Street	19 Jan., 1721
6	5.	Tower, Tower Street, Seven Dials	28 Jan., 1721
8	8.	Crown, Leadenhall Street	May, 1722
9	7.	King's Arms, New Bond Street	25 Nov., 1722
10	6.	Fish and Bell, Charles Street, Soho Square	27 Feb., 1722
11	9.	Dundee Arms, Wapping New Stairs	1722
12	10.	Grapes, Chatham	28 March, 1723
13	11.	Turk's Head, Wandsworth	30 March, 1723

* The positions and descriptions of Lodges, at *each* of the re-numberings—1740, 1756, 1770, 1781, and 1792—are shown in the Appendix to the "Four Old Lodges" (Spencer and Co., London). Brethren interested in this branch of Masonic research will there find a key to the identification of all *Regular* eighteenth century Lodges, including those comprised in the lists for 1730, 1734, 1763, and 1777, contributed to this Magazine by Bros. Hughan and Woodford in Feb., 1874, Nov., 1878, Christmas, 1878, and Dec., 1878, respectively.

† Constitutions, 1756, p. 335.

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
14	12.	Anchor, Rosemary Lane	1 April, 1723
18	13.	Mourning Bush, Aldersgate	1723
20	14.	Anchor and Baptist's Head, Chancery Lane	4 Aug., 1723
21	15.	Royal Magazine at Greenwich	11 Sep., 1723
22	16.	Bell, Noble Street	18 Sep., 1723
23	17.	Greyhound, Garlick Hill	1723
24	18.	Blue Lion and Ball, Gray's Inn Passage, Red Lion Square	24 Dec., 1723
27	19.	Angel, Norwich	1724
28	20.	Dolphin, Chichester	17 July 1724
31	21.	Three Tuns, Portsmouth	1724
34	22.	Castle, Lombard Street	22 Jan., 1724
35	23.	Pope's Head, Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill	Feb., 1724
36	24.	Sun, Ludgate Street	April, 1725
38	25.	King's Arms, Lodge at the Gerrard Street, Soho ...	25 May, 1725
43	26.	St. Alban, St. Alban Street...	31 Jan., 1727
44	27.	French Arms, Madrid	1727
49	28.	Baptist's Head, Old Bailey	1728
50	29.	Horseshoe, Cannon Street in the Mint, Southwark ...	1728
51	30.	Gibraltar, Gibraltar	Nov., 1728
53	31.	Lynn, Lynn Regis	1 Oct., 1729
54	32.	George, St. Mary Axe	Jan., 1729
55	33.	Horn, Fleet Street	24 Jan., 1729
56	34.	Peacock, King Street, St. James's Square...	25 March, 1730
61	36.	Red Lion, Barbican	22 May, 1730
62	37.	Bowling Green, Putney	17 July, 1730
63	38.	Saracen's Head, Lincoln	7 Sep., 1730
65	39.	Pewter Platter at Norton Folgate...	26 Jan., 1730
66	40.	East India Arms, Bengall	1730
67	41.	Fox, Castle Street, Southwark	1730
68	42.	Windmill, Rosemary Lane	1730
69	43.	Angel, Macclesfield, Cheshire	1731
72	44.	Three Tuns, Smithfield	17 Dec., 1731
73	45.	Half Moon, Cheapside	23 Dec., 1731
74	46.	Salutation and Cat, Newgate Street	11 Jan., 1731
75	47.	King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	2 Feb., 1731
76	48.	King's Arms, Leigh, in Lancashire	22 Feb., 1731
78	49.	A la Ville de Tonerre, Paris	3 April, 1732
81	50.	Turk's Head, Greek Street, Soho	25 May, 1732
82	51.	Dog Tavern, St. James's Market	21 June, 1732
84	52.	Carlisle Cathedral, Shoreditch	12 July, 1732
91	53.	London Bridge, Punch House, London Bridge	8 Sep., 1732
92	54.	Virgin's Inn, Derby	14 Sep., 1732
93	55.	Bolton	9 Nov., 1732
97	56.	Three Swans, Salisbury	27 Dec., 1732
99	57.	City of Norwich, Spittlefields	17 Feb., 1732
100	58.	Queen's Head, Chelsea	3 Mar., 1732
101	59.	Bear, Bath	18 May, 1733
102	60.	Cross Keys, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden	23 May, 1733
103	61.	Red Lion, Bury, Lancashire	26 July, 1733
104	62.	Talbot, Stourbridge, Worcestershire	1 Aug., 1733
105	63.	Sun, St. Paul's Churchyard	27 Dec., 1733
109	64.	Swan, Birmingham	1733
110	65.	Royal Exchange, *Boston, New England*...	1733
111	66.	Valenciennes, French Flanders	1733

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
113	67.	Masons' Arms, Plymouth	1734
98	68.	Sampson and Lion, E. Smithfield, late the Ship at the Hermitage	17 Feb. 1734
114	69.	King's Head, near the Watch House, High Holborn ...	11 June, 1735
115	70.	Steward's Lodge, Southampton Street, Covent Garden...	
116	71.	Hague in Holland	1735
117	72.	Fencers, New Castle-on-Tyne	24 June, 1735
118	73.	The Castle, at Aubigny, in France	12 Aug., 1735
123	74.	Fountain, High Street, Bristol	12 Nov., 1735
124	75.	Savannah, in the Provinces of Georgia	1735
126	76.	Angel, Colchester	1735
127	77.	Fountain, Gateshead, Bishopric, Durham	8 March, 1735
129	79.	Rising Sun, Fashion Street, Spittelfield...	11 June, 1736
131	80.	King's Head, Norwich	1736
132	81.	George, Tythe-barn Street, Liverpool	25 June, 1736
133	82.	Cock and Lion, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill	16 Aug., 1736
134	83.	Rose, Edgebaston-Street, Birmingham	20 Sep., 1736
135	84.	Bell, Friday Street	2 Dec., 1736
136	85.	George, Ironmonger Lane	21 Dec., 1736
137	86.	Fountain, Bartholemew Lane, late the Buffaloe's Head	31 Dec., 1736
138	87.	Blue Posts, Southampton Buildings, Holborn	24 Jan., 1736
139	88.	Crown, West Smithfield	14 Feb., 1736
144	89.	Three Tuns, Spittlefields...	18 April, 1737
147	90.	Chapman's Coffee House, Sackville Street	24 Aug., 1737
148	91.	Sugar Loaf, Fleet Street...	21 Sep., 1737
149	92.	Sun, Milk Street, Honey Lane Market	8 Dec., 1737
150	93.	Angel, Shipton Mallet, Somerset...	12 Dec., 1737
154	94.	Parham Lodge, Parham, Antigua	31 Jan., 1737
157	95.	Swan, Gloucester...	28 March, 1738
158	96.	Black Dog, Shoreditch	3 May, 1738
162	97.	Black Bull, Halifax, Yorkshire	12 July, 1738
164	98.	The Great Lodge, at St. John's, Antigua	22 Nov., 1738
165	99.	Fox, near the Square, Manchester	1738
166	100.	Black Lion, Nottingham Court, Seven Dials	27 Jan., 1738
167	101.	Coach and Horses, NorthgateStreet, Chester	1 Feb., 1738
169	103.	Red Lion, Hornechurch, Essex	13 March, 1738
170	104.	Baker's Lodge, St. Mary's Street, St John's, Antigua ...	14 March, 1738
182	105.	Kingston, in Jamaica	14 April, 1739
172	106.	King William's Head, Portsmouth Common, Southampton,	24 April, 1739
174	107.	Scotch Arms and Bunch of Grapes, The Mother Lodge, at St Christopher's, held at Basseterre...	21 June, 1739
176	108.	Crown and Ball, Playhouse-yard, Black Fryers ...	29 Aug., 1739
177	109.	King's Arms, Wellclose Square	8 Oct., 1739
178	110.	King's Arms and One Tun, Hyde Park Corner	25 Oct., 1739
179	111.	White Bear, Aldersgate Street	7 Dec., 1739
180	112.	King's Head, in the Poultry	10 Jan., 1739
187	113.	Private Room, Lausanne, in the Canton of Berne, Swit.	2 Feb., 1739
181	114.	Three Lions, Banbury, Oxfordshire	31 March, 1740
183	115.	Ship, James's Street, Covent Garden	26 June, 1740
184	116.	Bush Tavern, Corn Street, Bristol	10 July, 1470
185	117.	The Third Lodge, Calcutta, East Indian...	1740
186	118.	St. Michael's Lodge, in Barbadoes	1740
	119.	Absalon, at Hamburgh	23 Oct., 1740
188	120.	The George, Whitehaven, Cumberland	19 March, 1740
189	121.	Ship and Castle, High Street, Haverford West, South Wales.., ...	14 April, 1741

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
190	122.	King's Arms, Wellclose Square	13 April, 1742
	123.	Old Road, St. Christopher's	17 June, 1742
192	124.	Union, Francfort, Germany	17 June, 1742
191	125.	Three Horse Shoes, Leominster, Hereford	11 Oct. 1742
193	126.	Port Royal Lodge, Jamaica	1742
194	127.	Angel, Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, North Wales ...	17 Sep., 1743
196	128.	St. George, Emperor's Court, Hamburgh	24 Sep., 1742
195	129.	Bull, High Street, Bristol	20 March, 1743
197	130.	New Lodge, Copenhagen, Denmark	25 Oct., 1745
208	131.	St. Jago De la Vega, in Jamaica	29 April, 1746
198	132.	Bear, Norwich	9 May, 1747
268	133.	A New Lodge, at St. Eustatius, Dutch Islands ... West Indies	6 June, 1747
203	134.	Mitre, Plymouth	15 June, 1748
200	135.	Bishop's Head, Plymouth...	1 May, 1748
199	136.	Maid's Head, Norwich	5 Jan., 1748
201	137.	Bear, Cambridge	31 March, 1749
202	138.	Lodge of Orange, at Rotterdam	5 May, 1749
204	139.	St. Martin's Lodge, at Copenhagen, Denmark	9 Oct,, 1749
205	140.	Three Tuns, St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich	9 Jan., 1749
213	141.	Number I., at Minorca	9 Feb., 1750
214	142.	Number II., at Minorca	23 May, 1750
215	143.	Number III., at Minorca...	24 June, 1750
206	144.	St. Christopher's, at Sandy Point...	20 July, 1750
207	145.	Unicorn, Norwich	12 Feb., 1751
209	146.	King's Arms, Falmouth	20 May, 1751
210	147.	Angel, Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk	6 June, 1751
211	148.	King's Head, West Street, Gravesend	8 June, 1751
212	149.	St. Andrew's Cross, the Sea Captain's Lodge, near the... Hermitage	29 Aug., 1751
216	150.	Number IV., at Minorca	26 Nov., 1751
217	151.	King's Arms, at Helstone, Cornwall	14 April, 1752
260	152.	St. John's Lodge, at Bridge Town, in the Island of... Barbadoes	23 April, 1752
218	153.	Ship, Leadenhall Street, late the Bell, at Aldgate ...	13 July, 1752
219	154.	Rainbow, Coffee-house, Cornhill	21 Aug. 1752
220	155.	Masons' Arms, at Truro, in Cornwall	22 Sept. 1752
221	156.	At Chardenagore, the chief French Settlement in ... Bengal, East India	
222	157.	Madras, in East India	
223	158.	At the Hague, in Holland	
261	159.	St Peter's Lodge, Barbadoes	16 Dec., 1752
224	160.	Blackmoor's Head, Nottingham	7 Jan., 1753
225	161.	Lion and Goat, Grosvenor Street	24 Feb., 1753
226	162.	Burton's Coffee House, Crane Court, Peter's Hill, near Doctors' Commons	5 March, 1753
227	163.	Angel, Piccadilly	
228	164.	Lilly Tavern, in Guernsey	10 May, 1753
229	165.	Exchange Tavern, Bristol	22 Aug., 1753
230	166.	Queen's Head, Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields	23 Oct., 1753
240	167.	Three Crowns, Carmarthen, South Wales	24 Oct,, 1753
231	168.	King's Head, Balsover Street, Cavendish Square ...	5 Nov., 1753
232	169.	Castle and Lion, White-lion Lane, Norwich	10 Nov., 1753
233	170.	Evangelists' Lodge, Antigua	10 Nov., 1753
		At Amsterdam	30 Nov., 1753

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
235	172.	Rose and Crown, at Prescot, in Lancashire	20 Dec., 1753
236	173.	Royal Exchange, Borough of Norfolk, Virginia ...	22 Dec. 1753
262	174.	St. Paul's Lodge, Speight's Town, Barbadoes	31 Jan., 1754
237	175.	King's Arms, Mansel Street, Goodman's Fields	9 Feb., 1754
253	176.	Redruth, in Cornwall	14 Feb., 1754
241	177.	Bear, Lemon Street, Goodman's Fields	18 Feb., 1754
238	178.	Mitre, Union Street, Westminster	2 March, 1754
239	179.	Chequers, All Saints, Norwich	4 March, 1754
242	180.	Swan, Ramsgate	8 March, 1754
243	181.	Parrot, Cow Lane, Leeds	28 March, 1754
244	182.	Robin Hood, Butcher Row, St. Clements	29 March, 1754
246	183.	Crown, Without Cripplegate	5 April, 1754
245	184.	Star, Aldersgate Street	13 April, 1754
247	185.	Swan, at Westminster Bridge, ...	13 May, 1754
249	186.	Lord Craven's Arms, near Carnaby Market	24 June, 1754
250	187.	Pelican, Leicester	21 Aug., 1754
266	188.	Red house, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, South Wales ...	Aug., 1754
267	189.	Bear, Cow Bridge, Glamorganshire	Sept., 1754
269	190.	Number II., at St. Eustatius, Dutch Island, West Indies	1754
251	191.	Queen's Head, Lowestoff, in Suffolk	29 Oct., 1754
252	192.	Chequers, Charing Cross	2 Nov., 1754
254	193.	Crown, Corner of Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials	14 Dec., 1754
256	194.	Coffee House, St. Ann's Square, Manchester	4 Feb., 1755
255	195.	Number 8, the King's own Regiment of Foot	15 Feb., 1755
257	196.	Noah's Ark, Moore Street	2 March, 1755
258	197.	Jack of Newbury, Chiswell Street	5 April, 1755
259	198.	White Hart, St. James's Street	5 May, 1755
271	199.	Ship and Castle, Penzance, in Cornwall	14 June, 1755
263	200.	Admiral Vernon's Head, North Audley Street, Grosvenor Square	17 June, 1755
264	201.	St. Augustine's Parish, City of Norwich	17 June, 1755
265	202.	The Lodge of Charity, at Amsterdam	24 June, 1755
	203.	Raven, Cow Lane, Chester	24 June, 1755
270	204.	Lion, Beccles, in Suffolk	14 July, 1755
	205.	Swan Tavern, in York Town, Virginia	1 Aug., 1755
	206.	The Flower in Hand, Parish of St. Mary's, Norwich ...	16 Sep., 1755
	207.	Sunderland near Sea, County of Durham	7 Oct., 1755
	208.	The Grand Lodge Frederick, at Hanover	25 Nov, 1755
	209.	Feathers, Bridge Street, Chester	2 Dec., 1755
	210.	White Hart, and Prince of Wales's Arms, Upper end of Cranborne Alley, Leicester Fields	20 Jan., 175[illegible]
	211.	A Lodge in Captain Bell's Troop, in the Right Hon. Lord Ancram's Regiment of Dragoons	7 Feb., 175[illegible]6
	212.	The Sun, and 13 Cantons, Great Poultney Street, Golden Square	26 Feb., 1756

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 444.)

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4784 *bbb.* Beswick, S.: Swedenborg Rite and the Great Masonic Leaders. 8vo, New York, 1870.
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A CHANT OF SPRING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES AUTHOR OF "AMABEL VAUGHAN," ETC.

(Written for the "Masonic Magazine.")

'Tis clear, and cold, and beautiful, a breezy, brave March day,
As I saunter in the meadows, and watch the lambs at play;
Ah! here in dear old England now, where all around is peace,—
Thank God that he has in our land, at least, made wars to cease!

In shady copse the daffodil flaunts high its graceful head,
The crocus and the snowdrop, too, peep out from mossy bed;
And the green banks ivy-covered show wealth of golden gorse,
And mimic cascades ripple o'er the little watercourse.

The husbandman is ploughing in the fields not far away,
Solemn rooks, going cawing by, will follow him to-day;
And screaming sea-gulls, sailing o'er, rejoice that winter's gone,
Whilst meadow-lark, upsoaring high, carols his own bright song.

The cuckoo-pint is putting forth its beauteous green leaf;
The brilliant starréd celandine suggests to tiny thief,—
'Tis sweet to cull the wild flowers, the pallid primrose too,
And modest drooping violet, heaven's cerulean hue.

The air is honey-scented, for the wind has died away,
And sunbeams strong strike on the gorse and charm the bees that way;
A solitary butterfly, tempted from winter's home,
Flutters in the sunlight now, for it thinks the summer's come.

The meek-eyed daisy and the speedwell, o'er the fields besprent,
Look gratefully towards heaven, as if they were content
To bask for ever in the sun, and smile the livelong day,
Whilst happy children gambol near, and peacefully do play.

Poised high in air, and steadfastly, the kestrel-hawk is seen,
Looking with piercing glance adown, for the shrew-mouse, I ween,
Ready to dart with lightning speed upon his puny prey,
Hedge-sparrow, or wood-pigeon with its suit of silver grey.

And terror-struck, the fragile creatures seek the wooded brake,
Now hiding from their feathered foe, as with great fear they quake;
And thoughtfully I wander home, as wondering I am
When the fierce lion prophesied will lie down with the lamb.

Fowey, Cornwall, March, 1879.

INSANITY AND FREEMASONRY.

BY H. SUTHERLAND.

DID it ever strike the reader what an extraordinary thing it is that the secrets of Freemasonry have never been revealed?

Still more remarkable is the fact that when the mind, temporarily, as in drunkenness, or permanently, as in insanity, is diseased, even then the unfortunate patient will refuse to divulge those mysteries he has promised to preserve inviolate.

The writer has on more than one occasion seen an attempt made to extort the signs, tokens, and words of our order by the uninitiated from one under the influence of drink. He has seen such a one, so to speak, pull himself together, and say, "No, I may tell you anything you like to ask, but I cannot tell you *that*." He has seen such an attempt act like a charm upon the person questioned, and produce a temporary state of complete sobriety, certainly, succeeded subsequently by a return to an inebriated condition. But in all stages of the malady, the result, as regards extortion of Masonic secrets, was the same. Either an obstinate, sullen refusal to reveal what was demanded, or a relapse later on into complete silence.

This is a disagreeable subject to touch upon. In such cases the mental aberration, temporary as it may be, is produced by the fault of the sufferer. In cases of insanity the condition of things is often totally different. There, the patient frequently succumbs to the over-strain of mental work, to misfortunes resulting from pecuniary difficulties, to hereditary influences, slowly though surely working their fatal design, and to causes too numerous to mention, all beyond the control of the individual, but nevertheless producing as dire results as if he had purposely planned his life to his own destruction.

The writer was once in charge of a large hospital for lunatics. A man, aged about sixty, was admitted, in a state of what is technically called Dementia. That is to say, his mind, for the time being, was a complete blank; he was, as the attendants say "lost." He was dressed, undressed, fed, and cared for by others. This state of things continued for some weeks. The physician constantly made a practice of shaking hands with the man every morning, as he went his rounds, and attempted, if possible, to rekindle any spark of intellect that might still be latent in the old man's brain. At last one morning, to the surprise of the medical attendant, the patient gave him a decided Masonic grip, which he cautiously returned. For the first time for two months the man spoke; "I'm so glad to have found a brother," he said; "I thought you were a Mason by the way you shook hands with me." The grip was then repeated by the patient more openly. The physician advised caution about this, and the patient himself suggested that the left hand should always be placed over the right, as the grip was given, "to prevent the attendants seeing," as he said. Next day, this first return to speech led to a discussion of degrees. The old man was a Master-Mason, and although at that time he could only remember the grip of an entered apprentice, yet before he left the asylum he went very fairly through the secrets of the three degrees in a private room with the writer.

Insanity resulting from a man's own fault is generally incurable, and even fatal. Especially so, if the fault discovered has extended over a series of years. Happily, this was not the case with our lunatic Master-Mason. Although old and infirm, he had succumbed only to domestic anxieties, and had always led a steady and industrious life. Six months after his admission he returned to his family, and although he never again could do the work he did before the attack, yet he was enabled, even then, to contribute something by his own exertions towards their maintenance.

A second curious case was once presented to the writer by another Masonic physician. The patient had been a contributor for many years to a popular illustrated newspaper. He had been sent abroad to foreign parts to sketch the manners and

customs of those whom the current events of the day had brought into notice. To an accurate estimation of national character he could add those delicate touches in his drawings which revealed a cultivated mind and a grotesque fancy, producing results which were perfectly bewitching. Excessive mental and bodily fatigue brought this man to a pauper asylum. Ambitious in his youth, he had always endeavoured to rise in whatever he undertook. Possibly with bad judgment, he expended a large proportion of his slender income in taking Masonic degrees. The secrets of these he never forgot, except for a short time, when he was suffering from what is known as acute delirious mania. He soon realised his position in the asylum. He sent for his sketch-books and drawing materials, and immediately began to design an illustrated record of his own life. Mixed up with good and artistic drawing were the expressions of the delusions under which he suffered. In one place he represented himself entering into Masonry, this picture being crowded with policemen, electricians with their batteries, fumes of noxious vapours, teeming with witches and hobgoblins, good and evil spirits, and other incongruous objects. In another, he was under fire in a ship at sea, the shells and cannon balls which fell thickly around him having demons of unknown form sitting astride of them. Again, he was dreaming of his fatherland in a tent. Some tawny Indians were creeping stealthily up to rob or attack him in his sleep. The leader was represented as starting back, when he beheld a Masonic emblem suspended over the door of the tent. His book was full of interesting sketches, which he would explain at length when in a good-natured mood.

Another case, somewhat different, was that of a man who, not being a Mason, pretended to know all the secrets of this and, indeed, of every other order. This individual was suffering from what is called General Paralysis of the insane, a disease in which a prominent symptom is that delusions of pride are developed.

He told the writer that he was in training for the championship of the Thames, that he had a horse which was certain to win the next Derby, and that he had a peculiar strength of his own, which enabled him to perform any feat, however difficult, although he had never attempted to do it before. Amongst other delusions, he professed to know the secrets of every Masonic degree, and to be able to impart them to others. He then proceeded to initiate his physician and some of his attendants. The signs were varied and difficult of execution, but unfortunately were different for each candidate for admission.

We all declared ourselves much satisfied with the knowledge which had been imparted to us, and left him in the best humour possible.

This very individual soon altered, however, in character. He became morose, secreting a stone in a stocking, with the intention of knocking the physician on the head with it. He also refused food, a symptom not common amongst genuine Masons, and concealed his victuals under the stair-carpets. Such a disease is ordinarily fatal within a few years, and such patients are liable to succumb easily to a slight accident. This man fell as his disease advanced. Erysipelas set in where the limb had been bruised, and he died shortly afterwards, still full of his old delusions.

At Charenton Asylum, in Paris, the writer made the acquaintance of a colonel, also a Mason, suffering from Paralysis of the insane. He could utter but one word, as he was in the last stage of the disease. His delusion, the only one left from the wreck of his intelligence, was that he, a colonel, had been made a general. When spoken to, he could only answer "*Générale, Générale,*" and this single word he repeated till the end.

To return to our first case, where the old man was stirred from a condition of complete mental apathy into a state of intellectual excitement by discovering his physician was a Mason. Far be it from us to say that this man would not have recovered if he had not met with a Masonic medical attendant. But we may fairly say that the accident by which this discovery was made accelerated the cure in this case. The man might have gone on for months without finding anything in common between himself and those around him, and who knows but what the disease might have taken a wrong turning, and not found the right path again?

The moral of the story is, that there is a still higher Freemasonry than that dependent upon our grips, our signs, and our emblems, although that is in itself good and useful when not abused and carried too far. There is a Freemasonry between man and man, a Fremasonry of sympathy, which will do more towards curing many such cases of mental weakness than all the drugs in the British Pharmacopœa. And in passing through life, let us not forget the story of the Mason who was cured by sympathy. Let us not draw too stringent a line of demarcation between ourselves and our less fortunate brethren. Let us remember that although we are not all Masons, still, we are all brothers, and take to heart those beautiful and expressive lines:—

"Something God hath to say to thee,
Worth hearing from the lips of all."

SPEECHES.

BY GARTER.

IN the spring time of the session begins the flow of speeches. "Some speak, for the voice of Heaven seems calling on them, some for advancement or lucre's sake, and some speak in frolic!" but how very few there are who, having something to say, make a really good, lasting, and effective speech! Many people begin by thinking that to make a speech is about as easy a thing to do as to recite their alphabet, and end by finding it one of the most troublesome and difficult performances. If brevity be the soul of wit, then he who makes a short speech, as the Prince of Wales once observed, ought to be a witty speech-maker; and that is no doubt true, if his brevity proceeds from knowledge of his subject, and familiarity in dealing with it. Thus, supposing a man possessed of extensive and varied knowledge and length and breadth of observation be called upon to make a speech, his very knowledge will circumscribe him, and make him sparing of his words, and bring out only those points that are best for the majority. One-half of the speech-makers may be said to be employed in retailing grievances, and the other half in redressing them and temporising them. That which is written remains to the eye, but that which is spoken often penetrates and touches all our inward feelings, therefore eloquence sometimes exercises a greater power by reason of the quickness with which it at once appeals to our understanding or imagination. It has been observed that great speeches spring out of great abuses, and it may be on that account that many young orators begin their career by abusing everything right and left, irrespective of its merits. Generous people invariably praise everything that is at all commendable. It is disagreeable to be continually complaining and mooting reforms, and it is pleasanter to read and to hear that which is agreeable to the circumstances; but as a surgeon has occasionally to use cutting instruments to preserve life, so it is fortunate there exist some whose predilection, it would seem to be, consists in scenting out and bringing forward grievances and abuses. There are, however, a certain class of speakers exceedingly obnoxious in their way: the more so, that they surround themselves with a certain mock modesty, and begin or interlard their speeches in this wise, "For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, I only speak right on;" and they *do* go right on, managing, however, to say a number of extremely rude and disagreeable observations.

Speeches that are of public importance should contain these ingredients: sound knowledge and good principles, views applicable and feasible, and the object or reform desired stated as clearly and as tersely as possible. As a general rule, denunciations and expressions of indignation are out of order. Vituperation seldom makes any real impression upon people who are ready to make any desired effort, and generally only gains the passing applause of agitators who delight in denouncing anything and everything, and forget all about it the next moment.

There are various kinds of speeches of course. There are after-dinner speeches, speeches for charitable dinners, and so on, *ad infinitum*. After-dinner speeches are generally allowable, to be made as pleasurable to one's feelings as possible, providing they do not savour too much of anything approaching toadyism. Nothing is in such bad taste or more quickly and ridiculously despised than to pay a man a compliment exceeding on the face of it all bounds of probability. We can, however, generally speaking, after a dinner that we have gone to with the sincerity of being mutually pleased with each other, think and speak of each other at our best, and, if we are called upon, to speak it, to say it, and the pleasant recollections may possibly occur again and again to our minds, even when our body is not being supplied with such pleasant food. Speeches for charitable dinners form an important feature, and require much delicacy in treatment and expression. It is certainly a more comfortable and pleasurable way of giving subscriptions over a dinner that may perhaps give us the momentary feeling of being kin one with another; but the publicity that attends such a dinner sometimes ruffles the feathers of those whom it is intended to serve. It may be somewhat difficult for a donor to steer clear of the patronising expressions that wound and offend when speaking of an institution he helps. Many indeed would not contribute at all if they had not the pleasure of making it a subject of conversation afterwards. Still, when a mill turns out bread, all should be grist that comes to it. There are men, however, who preside at such dinners with grace, delicacy, and feeling, and it argues a want of self-respect to be too much discomposed or to take offence at hearing the benefits of the institution described. Success is in some cases a mere matter of chance. People occasionally grow rich through no very great merit of their own. Chance has placed them in some particular berth or calling, and they have passively gone up with the stream; but if a few have found the stream carrying them where they knew not, and have tried to resist it, and swim themselves, and been swamped thereby, why, let us man the life-boat and row them back into smoother waters, and give them the opportunity, if possible, of making a fresh sail and steering towards that which may be to them as a haven firm as a rock, and not a sand shore.

As regards speeches for weddings, we have never had the occasion, happily or unhappily, to be the blissful, happy, incoherent bridegroom. We have had, however, to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and then, although we still remained a batchelor, came bravely and gallantly forward as the champion of *more* than one maiden that was elegant, graceful, and beautiful.

TURF SMOKED.

A MASONIC SKETCH.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902.—P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

"I NEVER go east of Temple Bar," as the song says. Perhaps, however, in strictness I ought to qualify the assertion by a quotation from the refrain of another popular lyric, and explain that I mean "hardly ever"; but when I do, I invariably drop in at Louey's.

Not at Dolly's, nor Betty's, nor Jenny's, nor Susan's, nor Polly's. In fact, no pet diminutive in feminine gender, possessive case, will represent Louey's at all. Louey's is, on the contrary, essentially masculine. If it had occurred to the late Lord Macaulay

to appropriate to himself the illustrious honour of describing this ancient hostelry, he would have at the outset anticipated all equivocal misapprehension by writing the name Lewis's—does not the great historiographer invariably allude to Ludovicus Magnus as Lewis?—and thereby have dismally failed in conveying the popular and archaic phrase by which the establishment is known. It is Louey's—Louis'—the "Anchor" Tavern, in the City of London—at least that is the sign it is registered by in the records of the licensing Aldermen, and how it has come to be popularly known by a feminine term will be readily conjectured by the perusers of the ensuing sketch.

Yes, this is whither I resort when occasionally I "go east of Temple Bar" to commission my broker to buy or to sell for me—say a quarter of a million Turks, by which I mean two hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of Ottoman scrip, and by no means intend to convey that I am tempting my worthy factor to traffic in Mussulmans' bodies. Whenever I have a few "cool thou" to spare, and resort where "merchants most do congregate" for the purpose of investing those superfluous sovereigns, I find no difficulty in resisting the temptations offered by the "chumps" of Dolly, and the "loins" at Bet's, and the fat "points"—very different things from blue points, let me tell you—at Joe's, and the "kidneys and mashed" at Polly's—I experience no effort in resisting these carnal attractions, I say, because I desire to resort to a quiet haven where I may cogitate over my speculations in company with a glass of hot brown brandy and water, a long clay pipe, and a dozen other old fogies similarly endowed; and so I resort to Louey's.

And where is Louey's? you impatiently ask me. Well, as to its sign, the "Anchor," you know, there are at least a dozen *estaminets* bearing that title within the well defined circle of which Gog and Magog constitute the centre, and so I don't think that a reference to the Post Office London, or any other Directory, would materially assist you. No, you must ask some of your city friends to direct you, or, better still, perhaps they may offer to convoy you personally, to the hospitable establishment thereby known. I can only tell you that the ancient institution flourishes somewhere between the Blackfriars station of the District Railway and that notorious mart where, as my Lord Chesterfield euphuistically puts it, "they sell the very best of fish, and use the very worst of language."

If unfortunately you have no city acquaintance, have I not given you a direction explicit enough? You know Billingsgate, of course? You don't know Baynard's Castle? Do you know the *Times* office at Whitefriars? You do? Well and good. Set your back against the peristyle, under the clock of that renowned edifice, and look straight before you, and you shall see a huge pile of buildings many, many, stories high, generally ornamented by a rotund white sack or two swinging in mid air from a crane apparently as far removed from earth as that which for centuries crowned the roof of Cologne Cathedral—look well at those horizontal rows of casements, and you contemplate the R. W. Bro. Alderman Hadley's granaries, and you shall behold, too, the *locus in quo*—the site of the palace where Gloucester, aspiring Richard, was pointed out by wily Buckingham to the—by no means wily—Lord Mayor—

"Look, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen,"

in his Grace's palace, built on the site of the castle, "so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror," near the Crookback's royal mamma's Dower House, the appanage of Cicely, Duchess of York, Baynard Castle, on the city shore of the Thames."

Well, if you want to go to Louey's you must start from the east side of the aforementioned granary, and steadily persevere in the direction of the last-mentioned point of the compass through Thames Street, until you come to an—no, to *the* "Anchor"—if ever you do come to it, for you will probably have to dodge a laden van, which will squeeze you between an iron street post and the wall, in a space of about nine inches broad, on the one hand, or duck and run to avoid being ignominiously overwhelmed by some swaying mass descending from a crane apparently direct upon your head, on the

other. And the fun of it all is, that if ever you do reach Louey's—that is to say, the immediate locality of Louey's—you won't know that you are there. It is a case of through the wood, and round the wood, and never touching the wood. For Louey's isn't there; it is other-where. To the street this ancient tavern gives no indication of its presence. It is up a court—very much up a court; and when you have got up the court you find that Louey's is—amphibious. Sailors are said in the ballad to stand in an uncomfortable attitude described as "one foot on sea and one on shore;" but Louey's hasn't even a foot on shore—it may have a toe—a finger—it feebly essays to cling to the bank by means of its almost wholly deserted public bar—wherein, however, only vinous or spirituous compounds are purveyed, for, like the "Garland," * the "Anchor" has never descended to supplying malt liquor—but the main corporeality of Louey's is like the braggadocio buccaneer in Eliza Cook's ballad, "afloat"—its heart beats on the mighty waters of Thames. In other and less lofty words, Louey's main business is transacted in a "parlour" poised upon piles deeply driven into the muddy bed of the river.

And now that, thanks to my lucid cartography, you have found Louey's, "sit ye down," order a steaming rummer of "something hot," light your pipe, and perpend, for I have at length arrived at the appropriate moment for narrating to you the abstract and brief chronicle of the history of that renowned hostelry.

When that "bold hussy," as honest Nell Gwynne called her, she of the beetle brows, and the swarthy complexion, and the large globular eyes, and the curly black "fringe" hiding the low forehead, she who, very much *décolletée*, stares insolently at you from Lely's canvas in Hampton Court Gallery—Louise de Querouailles, or Madame Carewell, as the public, with their usual fine sense of irony, would persist in calling her—afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth—came over to England in 1670, in attendance on decapitated Charles's daughter, the ill-fated Henrietta Maria, Duchess of Orleans, the Frenchwoman brought in her train two boys, destined to play contrasting parts in history—one a conspicuous and notorious character; the other to assume the *rôle* of an insignificant and obscure founder of a very ordinary commercial establishment. The first bore the Christian name of Claude, to which was added a surname derived from the fertile dell whence he had his birth, in the sunny land of the Pays d'Oc—Du Val. Of the second only the name Louis has been preserved. The one kicked off his Parisian *pantoufles* to a grinning English mob from under the three-legged wooden mare at Tyburn. The other died in his bed—a naturalised subject of the British Crown—constructively—as the lawyers say—girt with the white apron of a tapster, the founder, first licensee, and landlord of the "Anchor" Tavern, in the Ward of What's-its-name Within, in the city of London.

How the original Louis, or Lewis, according to Lord Macaulay, first came to cast this "Anchor" I have never been able to ascertain, nor is it of any great importance. The discarded or retiring servants of the nobility and gentry of this realm have not infrequently invested their savings in a "pub," and although Louey's fellow-servant's avocations conferred upon him the privilege of dancing a coranto with Lady Arabella Sydney on Hounslow Heath by moonlight, and endowed him with the choicest of flowers, and bedewed him with tears from the loveliest of eyes while quaffing his last draught "at the Crown in St. Giles's," I fancy the honest vintner's euthanasia was quite as dignified, if not altogether as sensational, as dashing Claude's apotheosis.

I see now, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," oldLouey's portrait, Kit Cat size, by—well say Thornhill—over the mantel in the pile-supported parlour. His portly paunch is scarcely covered by the smallest of kid-skin aprons. His fat hand bears the tiniest of gavels, and his manly chest is adorned with the narrowest of blue ribbon collars. Pendant therefrom, however, is the mystic jewel which tells us to this day that Bro. Louis was emeritus in our beloved craft. The canvas is called in contemporary records Bro. Louey's "effigies," and is so entered in the minute book of the Lodge Antediluvian, No. 0, where the illustrious Boniface appears as a member, under the style and title of

* See "Under the Garland," *Ante, p.* 448, "Freemason's Magazine" for April.

Bro. Lewis Lewis, conveying an idea that the licensed victualling compatriot of the Ladies' Highwayman was a Welshman.*

I believe the correct phrase for the promenade of a pier is "deck." I think this term must be applied to the flooring of Louey's saloon. I have said that it is supported on piles, but I have not told you yet that it is bow-windowed. From that wonderful southern bay, ah! what sights are to be seen! Straight as a plummet line can drop beneath you is the deep brown green water of old Father Thames—sometimes the old gentleman rather carelessly obtrudes his mud upon your view, and doesn't decently cover his bed with his ordinary aqueous counterpane. Then the more than half-naked waterside *gamins* pose picturesquely, with the brown old slush for an effective background to their "smooth white marbly limbs," and, catching your eye, invoke you "to chuck out a copper" and "see me go 'ead over ears and pick it out o' the mud with my teeth, guv'nor." If, impervious to this adjuration, you lift your eyes and look to the right, you shall see rising over Rennie's picturesque arches, well outlined against the eastern sky, the old grey

> "——towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

and the vertical shaft of the "column pointing to the skies," so rudely denounced by Pope, and the graceful spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, the flying buttresses, ornamenting the Thames in London so impressively, resembling the aerial supporters of the sister edifice adorning the Tyne at Newcastle. You shall catch a glimpse beneath Rennie's semicircles of the masts of the shipping in the pool, of the black hulls and funnels of the outward bound steamers, of the smacks at Billingsgate, of the yards and cordage of the fruit clippers lying opposite at Horselydown. Look to your right—as the showman says—and—but there the great black dome of Paul's almost fills up the field of view, and you had better look straight before you, and you will see across the river what were once Paris Garden and Cupar's Garden, and where in Elizabethan days they baited the bear, and sturdy broad-muzzled dogs pinned the bull, and where from the roofs of some half a dozen octagon-shaped edifices the flags used to fly denoting that within some ingenious device of the witty Mr. Shakespeare, or the learned Master Ben Jonson, or the shrewd "maker" Dekker was at that time—say about four in the afternoon—giving delight to some few hundreds of Her Majesty's lieges. Better still—look at home—that is to say, taking Louey's as your temporary home—and you shall see—what shall you see? Why, you shall behold your vista barred with right lines and angles—you shall be conscious of a general pervading sense of the abiding presence of the accompaniments of men "who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters." You shall see—you shall feel— Well, words fail me. Look out at the Royal Academy Exhibition this month for one of Mr. Tissot's interiors. Never mind the sweetly pretty nautical—I was going to say naughty—girls, but I won't—maidens with whom it is his wont to people his delightful old maritime tavern parlours; but regard the lines and sashes of his bay windows, the "cross hatching" of the spars and tackle and wharves and quays seen through them, the fresh clear crisp Canaletto effect of the waterscape as only Mr. Tissot can convey it, in—say—such a picture as the "Captain's Daughter," or the "Ball on Shipboard," which charmed us all years ago on the walls of the Academy—and then—then you will realise the appearance of Louey's parlour upon the piles.

And this salt flavour pertaining to Louey's is wholly inexplicable, for seafaring men do not as a rule thereunto resort. From outward garb or deportment I cannot form an idea of the social status of the greater number of its customers. They are respectably

* A fair critic looking over my shoulder as I write, murmurs, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," and suggests that some association of depredatory ideas may have suggested the collocation; but I confess I can't follow the reasoning. Had Louey's compatriot and fellow-servant escaped the triple tree and taken to tavern keeping, there might have been something in the corollary, though even then it would not have been very sound, for his name, you see, was Claude, not Louis.

clad—they are as a rule—there are, it is true, exceptions to Louey's rules, some of which I will presently point out—elderly—they seem to have nothing in the world to do but to sit there for many hours at a time imbibing brown brandy and water, and silently smoking very long and very white "churchwarden" clay pipes. Occasionally a silvery-headed taciturn waiter is seen approaching a couple of fogies, carrying in his arms, tenderly as if it were an infant, a very dusty, dirty-looking bottle. He deposits this precious charge horizontally on the table and retires, to reappear with a couple of squab-glasses, polishing them with a snowy white cloth as he glides along. I have been initiated solemnly into Freemasonry, as you know, but I am not quite sure that that ceremony, grave as it is, is more impressive than the one with which that cobwebby bottle is opened. There is a pause between the "glug" which is heard when the cork is—horizontally—drawn and the "guggle-guggle" sound accompanying the transfer of the liquor to the drinking vessels. This interval is utilised by a solemn examination of the withdrawn stopper. First the grey-headed servitor scans it closely as held on the point of the corkscrew. Then he smells it's stained disc. Then he solemnly shakes his venerable white nut, the while the two greybeards seriously waggle theirs in sympathy. Then he holds the bung to each of those "grave and reverend seignors," and, as if neither had expected such a great compliment, there is much parade in producing, and wiping, and adjusting their respective tortoiseshell-rimmed "folders," and then the corky examination ocularly and olfactorily is close and keen—but, silent—a silence only broken by a peculiar percussive sound and the brief exclamation, "Ah!" from each of the two boon companions as "their spirits rush together at the"—well—*smacking* "of the lips!"

There is something peculiarly irritating to me in this silent soaking—this antithesis to the fun and life of the widows' change-house, where the immortal Tam and Souter Johnnie noisily became "owre a' th' ills of life victorious." I like good eating and drinking—what brother of the square and compasses does not?—but I confess that I am repelled by men who ostentatiously exult, if only by gestures and incoherent sounds, over the *crû* of their potations or the savour of their viands. It seems to me that, both being of the best quality, their excellence should *cela va sans dire*, or at least their peculiarities be expatiated upon humbly, gratefully, and, above all, without "fuss." Fancy those two ancient fellows smacking, and winking, and clucking, and sipping, and smelling for—say—half an hour—together—not exchanging a word—and their contemporary, the venerable servitor, with his white pate knowingly screwed on one side—magpie wise—bending over the two old bald sconces, and beaming in quite a paternal manner!

Now, if these venerable worthies would only tipple in the unobtrusive manner in which it is *de rigueur* to smoke at Louey's, I should not have felt bound to animadvert upon their manner of partaking their potations. No! If ever smoking is elevated to the dignity of a fine art its professors must graduate in this pile-supported parlour. No "Divan" or club smoking-room or hotel lounge, with all its luxury, enjoyed with consummate *insouciance*, can display the dignity with which nicotine is consumed in the snowy white bowls, and its vapour drawn through the graceful sealing-wax tipped tubes at Louey's. It is enjoyed in silence, and deliberately, as I have said, and therein might afford a lesson to so-called smokers, mere puffers, or, as professors of the art, "duffers—who masticate Henry Clays at eighteen pennies each weed, crunch the amber of two-guinea meershaum billiards, and create an atmosphere of rank choking, gullet-gripping fog every time they essay to consume by fire the divine herb. Depend upon it these were the impostors who inspired King James's counterblast. Be certain he never saw Raleigh smoke, or that famous denunciation would have remained unwritten. Silence is golden, especially when you "drink tobacco," as the old writers have it.

But at Louey's this dignified taciturnity is not induced by the consumption of the weed in its pulverised state. On the contrary, snuff-takers cackle and tattle and sniff, and are generally as obtrusively noisy as Dame Partlet in the farmyard when the avatar of an egg gives prospect of increasing the poultry population.

I have already alluded to the portrait of Brother Louis, or Lewis, in his habit as

he lived and worked, over the mantel-board of this ancient apartment. Well, that shelf is graced by a trophy which, so an inscription on its lid informs us, was presented for the use of the frequenters of that parlour in the year 1774, the year the notorious John Wilkes was Mayor of the great city. It is a monstrous edifice, constructed of oak, oval in shape and rimmed with silver. It is more of a coffer than a snuff-box. The whole of the face presented to the customers is covered with a silver plate bearing a rather incongruous inscription, informing us that this snuff-box was carved from a portion of the bowsprit of His Majesty's gun brig "Boxer" (16 guns), was presented to the present and future patrons of the "Anchor" "smoke-room" by John Broad, for fifteen years churchwarden of this parish, in commemoration of the glorious stand made for the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press by that illustrious patriot, the Right Honourable John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London, and the glorious victory gained by the above-named vessel over the enemies of Britain in her capture of the French corvette, the "Hercule" (20 guns), in the year 1753." Beneath appear sundry indentations, very much worn, of a wavy flourishing character, in which the water, and the firmament, and the clouds of gunpowder smoke, appear rather mixed, but are cut at reasonable intervals with the angular yards and masts and hulls and guns of the opposing vessels; the singularly well-marked cross-hatching of the Union Jack, and the *fleurs de luce* on the white field of the flag, already beginning to droop, at the peak of the corvette—both banners, preposterously out of proportion to the entire design—serve sufficiently to identify the nationality of the respective combatants. To prevent, however, any possible ambiguity, the graver's "dry point" has been still further utilised to scratch the following legend, which appears below the bellicose design:—

"Lieutenant and Commander Sturdy, in the 'Boxer' gun brig (16), with a crew of seventy-eight, eighteen of whom were mere boys, on the 17th July, 1753, about two in the afternoon, attacks and, in less than half an hour, obliges to strike, the French corvette 'Hercule' (20), with a crew of one hundred and thirty, commanded by Captain Hector de Bombasard, on the service of the squadron La Manche."

And tradition says that that eminent citizen, wax-chandler, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Simeon, in the Swineyard, John Broad, the donor of the casket, made the capital with which he laid the foundation of the princely fortune he afterwards amassed in the City of London, as the "nipcheese," or, officially speaking, purser, of the gallant "Boxer," that renowned gun brig in the service of His Britannic Majesty which covered itself with glory, and made happy the survivors of its inadequate crew with prize money, on that memorable occasion.

The Freemasons' Lodge formerly held at Louey's has long since ceased to exist; but the brethren of the mystic tie are still not infrequently to be met there; and this remark brings me at once and quite naturally to the very heart and core of my subject.

You have already divined from my exordium, in the delicate repudiation of any such common practice as resorting east of Temple Bar, that I am an individual peculiarly aristocratic in my tastes and habits. So abhorrent is anything oriental from me, that I fear I have not taken the interest I ought to have done in certain recent political events—topics that have engrossed the attention of the world for the past three years—from dread of incurring the imputation which would have been an indelible blot upon my escutcheon of gentility—that I had formed opinions upon an "*Eastern* Question." Still, for all that, I am afraid I must plead guilty to having visited Louey's at all hours—that is to say, at all working hours—of the twenty-four. Sometimes at ten in the morning—for we aristocrats, who occasionally buy a "cool" million or two "for the account"— we gigantic operators, have to be up early at times, if we want to pick up "a good thing." I have also once or twice dropped in for an exultant goblet after "the house"—I don't mean the public-house, but the Stock Exchange—has closed for the day—for a rejoicing tumbler when I have "landed heavily" on "Wheal Emma," or for a consolatory cup when I have come down a Cornish cropper and felt inclined to bewail my lost specie in the pathetic threnody of Woe Emma! I have smoked the clay calumet of cogitation there at noontide. I have assisted at deep

councils there with Kentish farmers, who in the intervals of cloud-blowing, furtively pick pinches of grain from their trousers pockets, and still more furtively masticate them, after market hours, after leaving Mark Lane, say at two in the afternoon. I have been at other times, at all times; but I have *never* been there at any time but HE was there!

HE is my subject. Let me not digress—let me tackle HIM at once; and yet alas! the temptation of my position!

At this moment I stand like Garrick in Hogarth's picture, where Tragedy pulls him one way and Comedy the other—like Hercules between Virtue and Vice, in the "goody-goody" story. Here am I obliged immediately to describe HIM—having to bend my most earnest attention on HIM, and yet I am almost irresistibly impelled to stray away from the grand theme, and write an essay upon pigtails.

I have known in my time some very eminent and aristocratic pigtails adorning the necks of different classes of society. There was that tall military gentleman who until the other day was *the* most conspicuous figure in the reading room of the British Museum, and was no less a person than Charles Albany Stuart, a direct descendant—was he not said to have been the grandson or great grandson—of the unhappy Charles Edward. Well, he wore a very handsomely-tied pigtail. I have spoken with a buttoned-up General, six feet four high, who claimed to be the representative through the elder male branch of "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and asserted that he was the rightful sovereign of these realms—although he magnanimously abstained from taking any overt steps to assert his pretensions—a man with about fifteen Christian names, in which Tudor, Stuart, Athelstane, and Plantagenet conspicuously figured—a warrior who found his recreation in stirring up revolutions in South American republics, and then fighting in those pronunciamientos, or whatever they called them—he apparently wasn't very particular on which side he drew his sword—the Government or the Opposition—so long as he did draw it. Well, he wore gold spurs and a pigtail. I knew a highly respectable *queue*, the proud possessor of which was a gaunt, haggard French *emigré*. He had been a marquis in his own country, and he sold boot-laces standing by the kerb in Ratcliff Highway.

HE—see how adroitly I get back to my subject—HE wore a pigtail—moreover, he wore hair powder. Likewise he sported a frill to his shirt—not one of your modern little edgings, nestling in your bosom as if ashamed of the finikin compromise—but an assertive, demonstrative frill, sticking out profusely at right angles with the waistcoat and ostentatiously calling attention to its snowy get up by displaying a large diamond brooch glittering in its midst. HE wore a cravat too, a many-folded enswathment of spotless white. I never saw him—you see I have now sufficiently identified my hero and so may leave off emphasising him in capitals—I never saw him at any time of the day out of a dress coat—a regular claw hammer—I never saw him in any other place than seated on one particular *fauteuil* in one special corner of Louey's. He didn't even change his place according to the seasons, like "glorious John" is traditionally reported to have done. Dryden, we are told, had his own elbow chair at Will's, which was placed in a special corner by the fireside in winter, and removed to a particular bay window in summer. Like the poet, however, he always attracted talkers and listeners—more of the latter than the former, it always struck me, as we know to have been the case at the coffee house—to his throne. This spot was an oasis in the silence of Louey's smoking room sea—one of the exceptions to which I have before alluded. I never beheld him apart from a huge goblet of hot brown brandy and water—like the shilling's worth with which Mr. Squeers treated himself every time he descended to stretch his legs on that memorable Yorkshire journey—the rummer of the old coaching days. I never saw him without a huge cigar in his mouth, or airily poised between his fat fingers, clad in a suit of plate mail of preciously gemmed rings, as if to display the Golconda of stones to the utmost advantage. And be it remarked, the cigar was another conspicuous exception to the "rule of the room," clearly denoting its consumer a privileged customer. He was, as I have said, always there. Who was he? What was he?

He was elderly. He was corpulent. He was apparently wealthy. He was

invariably clad in black. He, as I have indicated, wore more rings on his fat fingers than any man I ever saw. He was a Freemason. Of what Lodge? I know not, but I do know that he was a Past Master of the craft. He talked so loudly and talked so much that one would have thought it impossible to fail to detect his avocation. He wasn't connected with the establishment. That information I obtained by bribing one of the elderly waiters; but that was the sum total of the intelligence I could extract. My mentor not only did not, could not, or would not communicate his profession, but professed that he didn't even know his name. "He has sat there every day and all day long for more than forty year. He has a power of money, and *the* RE-GAY-LIARS he smokes—— Well—there!"

Once he—not the uncommunicative waiter, but HE—displayed in my hearing such consummate acquaintance with the "price current" of the day in the matter of saltpetre, Bengal chutnee, Bologna sausage, Calcutta curry, and Westphalian hams, that I at once set him down for a drysalter; but, the next time I saw him, his fingers were deep in a piece of dirty whitey-brown paper, containing say a sterling million's worth of glittering crystals, with half a dozen very black and curly polls, and a dozen beady, greedy eyes, and six highly developed beards clustering around him—all the heads together in a centre as they stooped over him, the seedily clad limbs and bodies radiating. They reminded one of certain of the passengers on board the good ship "Iberia" in Thackeray's capital description of the White Squall, where they'd

> "——a hundred Jews to larboard,
> Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered,
> Jews black, and brown, and grey;"

and also resembling those unsavoury Hebrews,

> "Each man moaned and jabbered in
> His filthy Jewish gaberdine"—

and then I set him down for a diamond merchant. Happening once to mention some transactions in Pernambucos in which I was temporarily interested, he let off a whole Stock Exchange calendar of information, illustrated by a perfect menagerie of bulls, and bears, and stags, and ducks, lame and otherwise, and then I changed my mind, and made sure he was a stockjobber; but I soon afterwards had reason to think, from what he let fall, that he was a heavy speculator in hops. On one occasion he displayed such a number of gold watches and chains from different receptacles about his person that I began to feel perhaps it would be as well to fight shy of him, and had suspicions that he might be a dealer in stolen goods. I know he was a Conservative, for he denounced briar root pipes as revolutionary, and induced the then proprietor of Louey's to refuse them permission to be enjoyed in the apartment. I suspect that he was more than a Conservative—I would say a Tory, only Mr. Gladstone has recently familiarised us with the employment of that title as a term of reproach, and I don't like to be rude. I remember that he vehemently protested against the supply at the establishment of pale brandy. This was about the year '48, the Revolution year, and he predicted, from the abandonment of brown brandy as a beverage, the imminent overthrow of the monarchy, and the speedy downfall of the Church of England. He protested in vain though,—the straw-coloured innovation *was* provided, although I am bound to admit that it never, in the estimation of the regular customers who "used" the "Anchor" (and Louey's, be it remembered, encouraged a parlour trade, although transacted in an apartment with a bar crossing one end of it, as the "Garland," on the contrary, rigidly restricted itself to bar practice), superseded the brown Nantz to which he of course stuck till the last. Till the last! Ah! the end of my tale approaches. I rather think he was killed by Appolinaris and Bellthal waters. Almost the last discourse I heard from him was an account of a more or less logical association in his mind of the introduction of those liquors with the outrages of the Commune. He had a "seizure" when they were first provided at Louey's. He lingered on—in protest as it were. He mildly shook his venerable head as rash youth qualified their potations from the fizzing bottles on the

counter. One day his accustomed place knew him no more. The Windsor chair was vacant. It should have been draped in black—many wistful eyes looked towards it. Hushed conversation went on around the wooden bar about its late occupant; and in that conversation I found revelation. The spell of secresy had been broken by that great magician Death.

"Don't know who he was, sir? No, sir!!! Why, that was Mr. Chicer, sir, Mr. Solomon Chicer—the GREAT BETTING MAN. See his death and a memoir of him in all the papers this morning, sir. He made a fortune in that chair, he did, sir, and I'm told he's left it all to a black chap in Bombay, sir, who married his only daughter, as died young. No, sir—he never see a race in his life, and I doubt if ever he saw a race-'oss; but at A BOOK, sir—well, there, he could make a book if ever a man could. 'Thousands he's ruined?' Yes—perhaps—but he was a honourable gent, he was. Fair AND square. Paid up like a man, sir, wotever the event. But he's gone. Ah! there's many wuss than he left behind! I was told last night, sir, that Piecrust is scratched for the City and Suburban. *D'ye think there's any truth in it?*"

And this was my hero's occupation—utilising that "noble animal" the horse as a punter uses a roulette box. That little book he was always scribbling in was then a betting book. *O tempora! O mores!!* Do you remember the contempt with which Iago speaks of his rival for the lieutenant's commission,—

> "Who never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knew
> More than a spinster?"

Here was, or rather here had been, Michael Cassio's fellow in the world of field sport. But—oh supreme test—the avocation had been profitable—the beard had paid for the shaving. However, with the memoir that I read in the *Times* my interest in Mr. Chicer ceased. I go to Louey's sometimes still, as I have said, but they have moved away the deceased's chair. They have a very young and glib drawer there now who wears a sealskin waistcoat and diamond *solitaires*, and ridicules the memory of the departed. He alludes to him flippantly as "old Turfy," and with reference to the years he had sat on that throne, the money he had amassed, the means by which he had made it—the skill with which his secret had been preserved—at least so far as I was enlightened—but of course to thousands of the frequenters of the house during say half of the two score years with which Mr. Chicer was credited as a constant—oh how constant—customer it could have been no secret at all,—and the event that led to its ultimate public disclosure—this "puny whipster" raises a witless laugh by sneering allusions to the old gentleman having been at last, like Irish bacon is said to be, "Turf Smoked!"

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY SAVARICUS.

(*Concluded from page* 447).

3RD SPIRIT:—

> I greet ye, sisters twain; the world is fair,
> In peace the mountains sleep, and forests grow,
> The rills and streams to rivers send their share,
> And all united to the sea then flow.
> The seas and oceans lave the pebbly shore,
> Or lashed to tempests sweep the rockbound coast,
> The mighty waves may freely rage and roar,
> The strand is firm, and keepeth to its post.

In lands unknown in every zone on earth
Majestic scenes of beauty greet the eye:
There undisturbed by man all things have birth,
And calm content those solitudes supply.
Look not for peace where men do congregate:
If two together dwell, discord will come;
A rivalship begun engenders hate,
And life is hard 'till one or both succumb.

Oh tell me, sister Spirits, if ye can,
If man is blest by earth, or earth by man?

1ST SPIRIT:—

Created earth for Paradise was meant;
How fair the scenes, how grand the firmanent!
Sublime the Will that wrought the wond'rous whole,
Stupendous Work! what Majesty of Soul!

2ND SPIRIT:—

The pristine state on earth was beautiful,
And pure, and bright; its joys I may not tell,
For Spirits know what's right and dutiful,
And wept for man when first he sinned and fell.

1ST SPIRIT:—

And all was good until the evil came,
That perfect bliss replaced by sin and shame;
Oh, what a blight terrestial joys then had!—
For Eden's loss all living men are sad.

3RD SPIRIT:—

Remember man's redeeming points are great;
His pow'r well used will raise his fallen state;
The noble Martyrs, burning at the stake,
Unflinching stood for faith and conscience sake.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The worldly Heroes prove that men are brave,
And follow duty's path e'en to the grave;
Their deeds of fame, for ages handed down,
Are worthy records of their great renown.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The Civil Teachers working hard through life,
In peaceful paths where ignorance is rife,
To gain and give what others sadly want,
Are men of mind who draw from Nature's font.

3RD SPIRIT:—

And there are those—Divines,—whose lives are pure,
Who, strong in faith and truth, the world abjure;
The merit of their work excels in this—
They would conduct the souls of men to bliss.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Good men among those of the Healing Art
But live to bless and nobly play their part;
The sick, the maimed, the blind, their constant care,
Where suff'ring is, be sure you'll find them there.

2ND SPIRIT:—

Humane the work by hospitals now done,
Where life by skill is saved, and payment none—
Endowed by those compassionate and kind—
'Tis there the ailing poor relief can find.

3RD SPIRIT:—

Benevolence is like the boundless sea,
Its fountain head spontaneous and free—
'Tis heaven-born, and only sent to bless
Afflicted ones, and those in dire distress.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The land is full of woe, without such aid
Despairing men, of dearth and death afraid,
Would clamour wildly, raging to and fro,
And help demand from friend or ruthless foe.

2ND SPIRIT:—

When trouble comes it mostly is self-made:
The human race too much by passion's swayed;—
Behold the patient toiler everywhere,
How sweet *contentment soothes his worldly care.*

3RD SPIRIT:—

'Tis progress pushed beyond all wonted bounds,
Or knowledge sought for to uncertain sounds,
That brings confusion spreading year by year,
Beclouding minds that never were too clear.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Some cunning men may flourish by display,
And often lead the simpler ones astray,
Till discontent sits hard upon the brow
And idle stand the men, machine, and plough.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The man or men who organize a "strike,"
By *power of talk*, are doing what they like:
Their hearts are harden'd, turned to stone, or lead,—
Whilst others starve they *must* be paid and fed.

3RD SPIRIT:—

The man who's master called cannot gainsay,
Oppression's hand is strengthen'd by ill pay;
This artizan and peasant keenly feel,
And turn at last against the iron heel.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Conciliation should from masters come,
And men be paid a just, a weekly sum,
Consistent with their calling, money for time,—
A half-fed man, is on the verge of crime!

2ND SPIRIT:—

Those high in life, who live at ease, full fed,
And reap the harvest labour hath well sped,
Should think the workman "worthy of his hire,"
And pay enough to lift him from the mire.

3RD SPIRIT:—

The miser hoarding gold, withholding food,
And pinching nature hard to please his greed,
Displays a spirit, in his wretched mood,
Akin to those who for low wages plead.

1ST SPIRIT:—

A selfish love of wages curses man;
To showy wealth attain, no deed, no plan
Of deepest dye is left undone by some:
The life they live is mere delirium.

2ND SPIRIT :—

Men murder, rob, and foully men betray,
And throw the precious gifts of life away;
'Tis money—Mammon, lust, and stupid pride,
That bringeth man to end with suicide.

3RD SPIRIT :—

The better station giv'n by God to man,
The greater trust, and yet we see a ban
By mortals placed on honest working men,
And labour turned to hardship now and then.

1ST SPIRIT :—

Respect is due from class to class, and more,
A solemn duty's laid at every door;
All men are equal, taken man for man,—
The social grade is but a worldly plan.

2ND SPIRIT :—

The millions toiling for each other's good
Are helping all to gather daily food;
Their work essential, purpos'd as a whole,
The round of life to fill, the mind control.

3RD SPIRIT :—

All things designed by the Almighty's Hand,
Have one harmonious whole, sublimely plann'd;
Mysterious the Source, the Power Divine,
That maketh Seasons change and stars to shine.

1ST SPIRIT :—

We see His Goodness reigning everywhere,
And float with happy spirits through the air;
With rapture passing on from sphere to sphere,
We sweetest sounds of heav'nly music hear.

2ND SPIRIT :—

The seraphs singing to their golden lyres
Are only heard by souls redeemed from sin;
The song they sing each spirit form inspires
With holy joy, as they the praise join in.

3RD SPIRIT :—

Transcendent are the realms of Bliss and Light,
The Plains Celestial, fill'd with glory bright;
Empyrean the vast expanse and range,
With scenes serene and grand, that never change.

1ST SPIRIT :—

Abiding joy the Angel-host e'er feel,
And ever blest before Jehovah kneel;
'Midst dazzling glory they His Form behold
In Majesty upon the throne of gold.

* * * * *

The spirit voices ceased, I felt alone;
My thoughts were ling'ring o'er the golden throne,
And how at first man, formed of humble clay,
In God's own image, saw the light of day.
With sinking heart methought of Adam's fall,
The Serpent's guile, the sinfulness of all,
Of man's estate, how carelessly he lives,
Receiving all, from God, but little gives.
And nature's laws he too will disregard,
Abuse her bounties much, and think it hard

That he should suffer pain, and grief, and woe,
And get diseased, or soon decrepit grow.
The mass of those with worldly treasure blest,
Too selfish prove, and make of life a jest,
Forgetting sacred things, and Christian ways,
To fashion's folly court and sound its praise.
False pleasures lure, and flatt'ry's lying tongue,
Oft leads astray, deceives, and ruins the young;
Whilst fitful idlers waste the light of day,
And flash by night, like moths that would be gay.
Man must be changed, or evil never cease,
His mind made pure before he dwells in peace:
And that the sons of men might this attain
The Son of God on Calvary was slain.
Divine the Love and great the Sacrifice,
To free the world from Sin and Avarice;
Yet men were hard, the Saviour they denied,
In vain for them that Christ was crucified.
As darkness spreads and hides the face of day,
So Satan's power o'er men leads them astray;
And yet, in God's own time, all will be right;
The promised King of kings will make earth bright;
His Second Coming will have potent sway,
And sweep the Powers of Darkness clean away.

Oh! joyous time for happy souls then blest,
To dwell on earth beatified at rest,
No evil passions raging, men content,
With minds quite pure, and good, and innocent;
The world then viewed by eyes of Faith and Love,
A prototype will be of Heaven above,
"Jerusalem the Golden" men shall see,
And joy eternal reign, and all agree;
The human race, that's now diversified,
One Brotherhood will be in Christ who died;
One Faith, one Hope, one Language ruling all,
And earthly joys the bliss of heaven forestall.
* * * *
Oh! Let "Thy Kingdom come," we daily pray,
That sorrow from the earth may pass away.

THE MASONIC CHARITIES.

A Report to Lodge Hope and Charity, 377, of a Visit to the Girls' and Boys' Schools, to the Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows, and to the Festival of the latter, as Steward, by Bro. George Taylor, P.M., Treasurer and J. 377; Prov. G. Purst., Worcestershire.

WE have been much struck with this pamphlet, and, thinking that too wide circulation cannot be given to it, we are glad to call the attention of our brethren to it, advising them to buy it for themselves.

Bro. Taylor gives us both the history, and the work, and the needs of our great metropolitan charities, and so we will proceed to supply our readers with extracts, from his own telling words.

First, The Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution,—such is its beginning, rise, and progress, as described by Bro. Taylor:—

"At a Quarterly Communication held on the 2nd March, 1842 (during the Grand Mastership of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex), the Grand Lodge of England founded this institution, and voted the sum of £400 a year towards its object —the granting annuities to aged or distressed Freemasons.

"On the 19th May of the succeeding year (1843) the first election took place, and 15 brethren were chosen for annuities, varying according to age, from 10 to £30 annually.

"In 1845 her Majesty the Queen gave £50 to its funds.

"In 1847 the Supreme Grand Chapter voted £100 per annum as its contribution, and in June of the same year the first festival in aid of the funds was presided over by the then Grand Master the Earl of Zetland, and produced a sum of £819 16s.

"In 1872 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M., accepted the position of Patron of the Institution, and in the following year presided at its Anniversary Festival.

"As the Institution steadily progressed it enlarged its sphere of usefulness by establishing, in 1849, a fund for the widows of Freemasons. To this the Grand Lodge voted an annual grant of £100, and Grand Chapter £35 per annum. In the same year an amalgamation of this institution was effected with the asylum for Aged Freemasons at Croydon, and as the nucleus of a sustentation fund to keep the buildings in repair, etc., Grand Lodge contributed the sum of £500, which has been brought up by supplemental contributions to a fund of £1,000.

"In 1860 the First *Annual* Festival took place, before which time they had only been held triennially.

"Grand Lodge now gives annually—male fund, £500; widows' fund, £300. Grand Chapter now gives annually—male fund, £100; widows' fund, £50; in all £950.

"In 1867 the earlier system of classifying annuitants according to age was abolished, and all were made equal, *so that the payment to a brother is now £40 per annum, and to the widow of a Freemason £32 per annum.*

"At one time the receipts used to be invested, but of late the Committee, desirous to effect the largest amount of good, whilst being well assured of the permanency of the Institution, feel that subscriptions are intended to alleviate present wants (not to be laid by for future claims), and therefore invest no portion of income but such as accrue by testamentary bequests.

"Since the formation of the Institution 487 brethren and 260 widows have been elected annuitants. At the last election 145 brethren were in receipt of £5,800; 135 widows, £4,320; and thirteen widows at half their deceased husband's annuities, £260; or a total of £10,380 for the year. To that sum must be added the necessary expenses of management, making the total expenditure over £12,000 annually, and of this large sum, £1,361 is all that is derived from invested funds."

Bro. Taylor thus describes effectively the asylum at Croydon:—

"Ten minutes' walk from Croydon Station brought me to the building, where I was most cordially received, and every attention was paid me by Bro. Norris, the custodian, who is himself ninety years of age, and his daughter.

"They have, however, little to do besides a general supervision of the place, as each inmate, or pair of inmates are entirely independent, as though living in a house by themselves. The apartments of the custodian are in the centre of the building, where is also a fine board-room used by the committee, which meets on stated occasions.

"The building is divided into sections, containing four suites of rooms—two rooms, each eleven feet by twelve feet on the right-hand side of the passage, the same on the left, and a repeat on the story above. For the united use of these four sets there is a kitchen, and out-houses at the back.

"The whole is a long, low, uniform building, pleasantly situated, with large lawn in front, and vegetable garden in the rear, with plots for the occupants.

"Before I reached there I was under the impression that all this particular charity was centred here, and all the annuitants residents. But I found the annuity is separately paid, and each individual or couple, as it may be, support themselves, or it would otherwise require an immense building. I found there was accommodation here for about forty, the remaining 250 living with their friends, dispersed all over the country, and having their annuities remitted to them quarterly. These I found were only too anxious, as a rule, to become inmates of the building so soon as ever there was a vacancy, the residents having several advantages—such as rent free, garden, coals gratis, and medical advice free from an honorary doctor, who, I found, was greatly loved by the old people for his attention, hardly a mantel-shelf being without a photograph of Dr. Strong.

"You must understand that where there is a married couple it is only the husband who receives the £40; and if there is a widow, with her two rooms she receives her £32.

"I visited and conversed with several couples, also two or three widows, some of whom had lost their husbands since becoming inmates. Several brethren were there who had lost their wives in the Institution.

"I was pleased with the state in which I found every inmate. Each room originally contains table and chairs, and the bedroom bed and bedstead; but in all were some additions of household goods saved from the wreck of former times, and imparting an air of comfort and grace to all.

"The whole place, interior as well as exterior, bore that aspect of quiet and repose fully suggestive of its object, and I was perfectly satisfied our donations to the aged Freemasons' and Widows' Home were devoted to a noble purpose and with happy results.

"In conversation on matters concerning the Institution, and a gossip about past events in the lives of some of the old folk, two hours quickly passed.

"There was no mistake, brethren, in the genuine gratitude one and all expressed for their known and unknown benefactors supporting the charity, and I came away feeling that should adversity and misfortune overtake us in old age, here was an asylum befitting the declining years of anyone.

> "Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
> Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
> Here grow no grudges, here are no storms,
> No noise, but sweet content the end, and peace."

Nothing, we think, can be more satisfactory as a description, or as a fact.

And now let us see what Bro. Taylor says of the Girls' School:—

"This Institution was established 1788 at the suggestion of Bro. Ruspini, Surgeon Dentist to H.M. King George the Fourth, for a limited number of girls, whether orphans or otherwise. The project received the warmest support of the most influential members of the craft, and since the time when, by their united efforts, the charity was established, 1,162 girls have been maintained, clothed, and educated within its walls, and those who had no home or friends have been provided with suitable situations or professions, and no single case has been known where, in after years, they have disgraced themselves.

"A school-house was erected in 1793 in St. George's Fields. On the expiration of the lease in 1851 it was found a large expense would be incurred to adapt the building to requirements, besides its having become a crowded neighbourhood. Accordingly about three acres of freehold land were purchased at Battersea possessing all the desired recommendations. Upon this ground a building was erected, which has been extended from time to time as needs arose and the numbers seeking admission increased.

"The additions of the Royal Alexandra Wing and the new laundry are just complete at a heavy outlay.

"The establishment consists of a matron, her assistant, a head governess, five assistants, five junior teachers, a gardener and his wife, under-gardener, and eleven female servants; non-resident medical officer (Dr. Howell), drawing mistress, and teacher of cookery.

"This Institution has but a permanent income of £1,200, and relies upon the voluntary contributions of the craft to the amount of about £10,000 annually.

"Brethren, I had heard a good deal about our Charities, but I was not prepared for the admirable Institution so eminently suited and adapted to every requirement of those 200 girls I saw within its walls.

"The amiability and kindly attention which marked our reception on the part of the Matron, Miss Jarwood (herself a former pupil of the Institution), her assistant Miss Sheppard, and the Head Governess, Miss Davis, in whom the school has a treasure of ability, made a most favourable impression, and fully prepared me to hear it endorsed by several of the children with whom I conversed, who, one and all, expressed satisfaction and content. It scarcely needed this assurance when you saw them, for all looked bright, and healthy, and happy.

"They were out for a walk when we reached the school, and so we had first an opportunity of examining the interior of the building, and admirably designed it is, the first schoolroom, that of the new Alexandra wing, being the best room for the purpose I was ever in—very lofty and airy (so, indeed, are all the rooms), and fitted up with every modern improvement and requisite for its use.

"There is a large play-room, smaller schoolrooms, a quantity of class-rooms and dining-halls opening out of a long and handsome corridor which runs through the building.

"The bedrooms looked the perfection of cleanliness and neatness, with plenty of light and air, and were most pleasant to look upon with their long rows of white beds, one for each child, and a teachers' room attached. These dormitories are of various sizes, some having only eight beds, some sixteen, eighteen, thirty-two, and the largest thirty-seven beds. Adjoining are the lavatories, with towels neatly folded, and long rows of brush and comb bags. Next there are the wardrobes, where each girl has a numbered drawer containing her best clothes. All having alike one set of clothes for best and another for week day, and every garment bearing her number. The dresses are of dark blue rep, white straw hats trimmed with blue to match; long cloth jackets for winter, and tippets for summer. So here there is an advantage lacked by most girls of having no inordinate love of dress fostered, too often developing into vice.

"Everything looked orderly and neat, the whole interior so tastefully decorated that their very surroundings could not fail to exercise upon those girls a refining and elevating influence for future life.

"I was now conducted to the Infirmary, a detached building, a counterpart on a small scale of the larger building, where any who are sick are at once removed to the care of experienced nurses, an honorary doctor (Dr. Howell) attending serious cases. I found only three inmates, and those merely with colds, comfortably ensconced before the fire. As one instance of many how every requirement is studied, there is a covered balcony open to a S.W. aspect reached from the bedrooms of the Infirmary, as a promenade for convalescents, so that exercise may be taken with ease and without fear of contagion.

"From here I was led to the Laundry, another detached building fitted with every modern requirement for its use. Here work is going on the week through by five maids, and these are assisted on certain days by relays of the elder girls, the same as they do in cooking. In the latter art the teaching is supplemented by periodical visits of a teacher from the School of Cookery, London, for you must know that all the girls are employed by turns in all the domestic duties of the house, so that whilst cultivating the purely educational branches (upon which I shall presently have a few words to say), they do not lose sight of those humbler, but equally useful qualifications so necessary to fit them for their several stations in life.

"Just as we had completed a survey of the place the girls trooped in. They vary

from eight to sixteen years of age. Admitted as early as eight (eleven is the limit), and they leave at sixteen.

"They very quickly settled down to their usual routine of duties—the larger portion in the schoolrooms, some in separate class-rooms for particular subjects, some to music. This music-room is divided into many compartments formed of wood and glass, with a piano in each, so that a number may practise at one time. Others were in the sewing-room, where they make and mend all their clothes under the direction of a sewing-mistress. And the whole generally qualifying themselves as future ornaments to society, and blessings to mankind.

"The education given is of a superior nature; but there is a wise provision which I am assured is put into practice—that there shall be no anxiety to make a display of exceptional talent shown by individual girls, but a careful solid teaching throughout, rather than develop the ability of a few to the injury of the less talented.

"As a test, however, of the standard of instruction in nearly every instance for some years, honours, with prizes or certificates of having passed with credit, have been accorded all the girls who have been entered as candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations. One pupil, after completing her term in the school, stayed as Teacher and Assistant Governess, and is now Head Governess in a similar school. Some are Governesses in noblemen's families, and others in similar situations. Several are now articled pupils in private schools. Two are assistant mistresses in large Middle Class Schools, and one is Mistress of an Infant Board School; several others are Assistant Mistresses in Government Schools, and many are doing well in houses of business. Such illustrations bear testimony to the admirable education and training they receive.

"On leaving I parted from my Rev. Brother, who was obliged to return home, and armed with a card of introduction from Bro. Binckes, the Secretary of the Boys' School, I booked in the afternoon of the same day at King's Cross Station to Wood Green, whence a quarter of an hour's walk brought me to the Boys' School, a similar building in many respects to that of the Girls'."

The Boys' School is thus sketched also by Bro. Taylor:—

"It was established 1798, and commenced by clothing and educating six sons of deceased or indigent Freemasons. In 1856 the land at Wood Green was bought, and a building for maintaining them too was soon inaugurated, and twenty-five boys admitted. In 1862 growing demands for admission and increased aid caused an entirely new building to be erected on that site, distinguished not only for its architecture and striking appearance, but for internal accommodation; and in 1865 it was opened for the reception of eighty pupils. But to meet other increasing demands additions and alterations have, from time to time, been made, and 1,394 boys have since its establishment shared its blessings and privileges, 211 being at present the number of its inmates. The cost of a recent extension with furniture and fixtures has been nearly £4,000, and defrayed out of the ordinary revenue. This Institution, unlike the others, has but a small sum invested, and hence its permanent income is not more than £300 per annum.

"During the last year this Institution also suffered a serious loss by the failure of Messrs. Willis, Percival, and Co., its bankers. Bro. S. Tomkins, a partner, was neither Treasurer nor Trustee of the Boys' School, as he was to Grand Lodge and other Masonic bodies, which losses have recently been made good out of his private estate. A letter from Bro. Binckes, the Boys' Secretary, published only on Saturday, Feb. 28th, definitely states that owing to the Boys' Institution being held to have no *locus standi* on the estate of Bro. Tomkins, it sustains the full loss of £894, and he urges an exceptional claim for sympathy and support in their hour of need.

"The Boys are admitted at eight years of age, and leave, as do the Girls, at sixteen. Dr. Morris, the Head Master, kindly conducted me through the whole Building—the Playground, Gymnasium, Garden, Laundry, and Infirmary, all of which I found modelled and arranged very much after the manner of the Girls' School, only with a less number of large rooms and more class-rooms. All the Boys were at lessons, and I looked in

upon them all, questioning several who came from different parts of England, and was perfectly satisfied with their replies.

"Here there is one Head Master, six Assistant Masters, a Matron, her Assistant, and twenty Household Servants; and non-resident—the medical officer Dr. Hall, Drawing Master, Musical Instructor, Band Master, and Drill Instructor.

"In giving a description of the building and conveniences of the Girls' School, I have anticipated that of the Boys', and so I need not dilate upon all I saw here. I was particular here, as in the Girls' School, in obtaining all the information I could of their after-life, and I was most pleased to hear the accounts of how invariably they succeeded in gaining satisfactory positions in life. The education they receive (which is equal to that of the very best middle-class schools in the kingdom) embraces Music, German, French, Latin, Mathematics (including Trigonometry and Mechanics), Drawing, Science (Magnetism and Electricity), Chemistry, and Drill, and may be illustrated by one or two of the facts given me.

"Of the twenty-four boys who entered for the 1877 Cambridge Examination, twenty-three passed—nineteen with honours, two gaining high distinction in Latin. In 1876 twenty-four passed out of twenty-six candidates, eleven honours. The result of 1878 will not be seen till the 10th March. In June last C. D. Green passed the London University Matriculation Examination (1st class). He is now a student at St. Thomas's Hospital. In 1876 100 certificates were obtained from the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, and one lad named Parker, in a competitive examination for naval cadets to be trained on board the *Marlborough* at Portsmouth as Engineers in the Royal Navy, easily passed, being ninth out of 1,080 candidates, and on the nine coming up for further examination, was placed second. He had no special preparation beyond the ordinary work of the first class. Many of the late inmates hold excellent appointments in banks and public offices. Several have entered the legal profession, and one or two the Church, but unfortunately no record is kept of their after life.

"Among the sixty-eight Candidates for Election in April (of whom sixteen only can be elected), there is a Worcestershire boy, the son of the late Bro. Benjamin Brookes, P.P.G.W. At Worcester, where I attended the other day to plead the cause of these Charities before "280," I heard there is another deserving case likely to be brought before the Worcestershire brethren for their votes, where a wife and five children have just been bereaved of their stay. And we have just had brought under our notice as a Lodge the claims of a local case, in the person of Ernest Bloomer Granger, a son of Bro. Granger, who has been removed to what we may term a living death, having lost his reason. Should the cause of this boy be taken up by "377," we shall need the earnest endeavour and willing aid of all the brethren to carry his candidature to a successful issue. His relations promise to supplement such effort by contributing liberally to the object.

"I must say that were it not for depriving some orphan of that space he otherwise might obtain, I should certainly purchase a presentation for one of my own boys, so impressed am I with what I saw."

We quite agree with Bro. Taylor when he says:—

"From that personal and close scrutiny, brethren, I can safely say that our Charities are such as a nation may be proud of, and well may they cause every Mason's heart to swell with pride—living monuments to the principles we profess.

"Here are those principles practically applied in all their reality and vitality. Here, on three Institutions alone (such as I have endeavoured, though faintly and hurriedly, to describe), does Masonic charity expend upwards of £40,000 annually, providing a sufficient answer in itself to rabid assailants, petulant objectors, and ignorant calumniators of our noble order.

"Brethren, we may safely leave the value of Freemasonry 'to be tested by its many deeds of munificent and unostentatious charity. It is great only to the sensible man, the sincere, and the generous, who is conscious of the infirmities of man, and who feels the obligation of healing them.'"

We cannot do better than conclude with Bro. Taylor's admirable "Epilogue":—

"First let me look around before I speak—
Not that the cause I advocate is weak,
Or wants much eloquence to give it power;
Few words suffice in this auspicious hour:
Masons, I know, are always of one mind
When called upon to be humane and kind—
You to whose goodness they their comforts owe,
Who clothe, protect, and learning all bestow;
'Gainst vice and sloth protect their early age,
And thus prepare them for life's checker'd stage.
Behold these Girls and Boys who on your Bounty live!
Behold them, trusting to the aid you give;
See how their looks bespeak their grateful mind,
I say to all, indulge affections kind;
Foster these rising plants, their wants relieve,
Bestow your succour and their thanks receive.
This task your Lib'ral minds will not disdain,
To help the Orphan, ease the Widow's pain;
To guide the tender thought, instruction give,
And teach the children virtuously to live.
This pious task is worthy of your zeal,
Worthy of those who generously feel.
Freemasonry! thrice noble, it designed;
Freemasonry! the bond of human kind.
To me Freemasons must be ever dear;
They soothe distress and wipe away the tear,
Bid joy arise where desolation stood,
Our secret is the art of doing good.
Thus do we all the heartfelt pleasure prove,
That springs from Virtue, Charity, and Love."

We commend this seasonable and eloquent pamphlet to the notice of all our readers, and hope that it "will bring forth fruit abundantly" in the sympathy and truer charity of the craft.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY," "ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WE were in the midst of agreeable meetings and pleasant gatherings at Cayley, when, all of a sudden, a something unseen indeed, and almost indescribable, seemed to pervade our aggregational atmosphere, and to portend a sudden storm.

Brummer was the first who called my attention to a remarkable, as he termed it, "changement des decorations." I had, indeed, noticed for some time past Mr. Miller's marked attentions to Beatrice, but had laughed at them, as did all the various members of our wonted social circle, not excepting the fair maiden herself.

Brummer, in his emphatic manner, after a huge pinch of snuff, said to me one day,—

"Do you see, my friend Tomlinson, what is going on? Poor young Morley is to be sacrificed to the 'rupees' of Mr. Miller, and the golden interests of Mrs. Mortimer. Himmel, it is too bad—too bad!"

"Do not believe it," was my reply to him, as he looked at me with his archly satirical face. "If Mrs. Mortimer were so foolish as to sacrifice such a girl as Beatrice really is, in all her grace and trueheartedness, to the claims of 'ochre,' or the stern slavery, as the Irishman said, of that 'savage baste Pluto,' she would deserve—well, she would deserve the condemnation of the sentimental, and the avenging Nemesis of sad after-consequences. Such a marriage would be a folly, a crime, and a scandal."

"Very well, dear boy," replied the facetious Teuton; "but you will see it will be as I have said. De women, since the time of Eve downwards, never refuse the pressing offers of wealth, position, and the like. Lord, vat is more common than to see youth, and good looks, and undeniable merit all put on one side for wealth, rank, and an estate in the country? In Germany we are more sentimental, and, as far as I know, not the less happy."

"Oh, come," I answered, "after all, as the Frenchman has it, 'Les femmes sont toujours les mêmes partout,' go where you will—east or west, north or south; and if we have mercenary marriages in England, depend upon it you are not ignorant of them, old boy, in Germany. And what do you say of the 'mariage de convenance,' of the 'marriage de famille,' in France, for instance? Too often all is settled between the elders before the young people are even consulted. Does such an arrangement, do you think, promote or give the chance of marriages of affection, happy domiciles? No, no, my friend; on the whole, we do very well in Old England; and just now our young ladies are 'looking out' for themselves more then they did, as in truth it concerns them most of all: a fact which some people like to forget. 'Similia similibus'—'Like for like,' said the old Latin adage; and it is still true of matrimony, besides many other little matters here."

'Oh, vell," was Brummer's placid response, "to say the truth, I look on matrimony in life as something like a lottery. You may if you like take an average chance, and draw a winning number; but the most of us must learn to get on contentedly without prizes; and, as the man once said to me at Epsom in the days of 'Aunt Sally,' 'Walk in my little dear, you pays your money, and you takes your choice.' There is always 'compensation' somewhere for us all in this life, in the good Providence of God; and vether we marry, or vether we do not, vether we have families or remain in harmonious blessedness, it is all pretty much the same in the long run; and 'apres tout,' whatever life does, death, as one of your poets says, 'makes the odds all even.' I do not, myself, care much vether people are married or not. I have seen marriages, begun with all happiness, turn out badly enough, God knows. I have seen incongruous marriages, hasty marriages, and even what the world calls imprudent marriages end very well for the happiness of the principal actors in the little genteel comedy. Do not let us, then, take fanatical views of the question. There is no certainty of absolute happiness here for anyone, any lot. A married life may be happy enough, a single life may be as comfortable; a married life may be unblessed, and a single life may be miserable. We can never forecast the future, or reckon even on to-morrow. The best is to be philosophical, and not to praise or blame any one state too much,—not to expect wonders, not to look for perfection; for, as far as I know of this world, it is a very humdrum world, taken at the best, and its 'dramatis personæ' are very commonplace, and often very second-rate actors indeed."

This was a very long and rather dull speech for my witty old friend; but as he took an enormous quantity of snuff, after he had said what I record, I think there must be "something in it," and so preserve it for the improvement of admiring posterity and for the edification of my patient readers.

"On the whole," summing up the arguments, I said, "you wish to take things easily, and look on all things comfortably and unexcitedly. Just now we are all living in a state of fuss and worry; we hardly know what to say, what to do, or where to go! According to you, all things are good, and all things are for the best here, and whether we are married or single, rich or poor, high or low, learned or ignorant, we are always, like Japhet, to 'take it coolly,' and never allow anyone to drive us from our position, 'put us out,' or interfere with our general satisfaction, or private tranquillity

Yes, upon the whole, I agree with you," old fellow; "things are very much on a level here, and all end pretty equal for us all. There are some amusing lines by an American writer, David J. Foster, which will point out the indifference and unconcern of us all, as a rule, and practically the ending of most earthly difficulties. They are called 'Mrs. O'Flaherty's Last Words.' The serious teacher might wish they had been more serious; the minister of religion might consider them very sad and foolish at such a time; the devout mind might hear them with a sigh of regret; but, as they are not meant to convey a moral or professed spiritual teaching, and as they are a happy exemplification of, alas! it may be said, a not uncommon state of mind amongst us, I give them here:—

"'Hear me last wurruds. Faith, there's O'Shaughnessy,
The wurruld's thafe, owes me ninepence halfpenny;
And there's Phil Coyne, with his desaving thricks,
Owes me five shillings; and there's Pathrick Nee,
By that same token, owes me two and six:
The craythe—don't forget to hold him fast.'

"Commentary of bystanders:—

"'*The auld woman is sinsible to the last.*'

"'Give me a dhrop? Arrah, where was I thin?
And *I* owe Micky O'Nail wan pound tin;
And Phelim McCarthy two pounds, and foive:
Three pounds to Jimmy Hoar; and Mrs. Flynn
Wan pound, seven shillin's, twopence halfpenny. No!
'Tis twopence and three farthin's, by your laves.'

"Chorus of bystanders:—

"'*Howly St. Pathrick, hear now how she raves!*'"

And now after this practical disquisition, Brummer, on a most 'delicate point,'" I said to him slowly, "what's in the wind's eye? What is the dirty weather you seem to be on the look out for? Speak out; we are on the square!"

"Have you not noticed," he replied, very slowly, "that Mrs. Mortimer's manner is very much changed to young Morley? Have you not heard sundry rumours affecting that young gentleman's habits and position; his 'manière de vivre,' his way of going on?"

"Well," I said to him, "I have, now you ask me the question; but I have treated them as idle 'canards.' And who is interested in setting such slanders afoot in our little society—for slanders they certainly are? To give out that Morley drinks is, in my opinion, a simple lie; to tell Mrs. Mortimer that he is overwhelmed with debt is equally untrue; and then those ugly statements, so persistently circulated, (though Beatrice has not yet heard of them), all accompanied with praises of Mr. Miller, who has evidently designs on Beatrice! It seems, too, what I did not know before, that Beatrice has expectations from a distant relation's curious will, on the death of that relation's old maiden daughter—now eighty—and which I only heard of the other day."

"Quite true," said Brummer, "quite true; and I could tell you a good deal more; but here comes Twamley, and with his "geist" and good nature we will hold a friendly 'conseil de guerre.'"

When Twamley joined us, I saw by his serious if merry face that something was really up.

"Have you heard," were his first words, "what is going on? There is a worthy and mysterious gent, now resident at the 'Baldfaced Stag,' who rejoices in the classical and silvery name of Kirschenwasser, and who, it is veritably believed, is setting about these stories, to the detriment of Morley, and the benefit, of whom do you think—— my dear friends," said Twamley pathetically, "but that aged rascal—old Miller? That venerable party," continued Twamley, "weary of loneliness and whiskey-toddy, and even cheroots, and the merry songs, and artless charms of his pleasant daughter, is looking out for no less a person than poor Beatrice to preside at his table, to nurse

him in his gout, to scold his servants, and to amuse his guests. And so I hear, from a friend of mine at Guy's, that he has made a sort of arrangement with a M. and Mme. Grogwitz, and that that fascinating female and Mr. Kirschenwasser are now in Cayley; and we have already the result of their combined operations, in these "taradiddles," which have penetrated, some time or other, into all our homes. It is evidently going against poor Morley.'

All this time Brummer seemed very much moved, and at last he burst out,—

"I know Grogwitz, and when I say know him, I need say no more. But, my friend, we will circumvent him; and as for the female and Mr. Kirschenwasser, they are old friends of mine, and after a private little interview with me and another 'little man in black,' whom I will summon to my side, they will not stay long in Cayley."

While we were listening with rapt amazement and pleasure combined to Brummer's eloquent assurances, who should walk up but Morley and Mr. Lacey, evidently much "put about."

Morley was the first to speak. "I am very glad to meet you old fellows," he began, "I want to talk over a little matter with you all. There is some wickedness going on in Cayley which may seriously affect my future happiness. Mrs. Mortimer gives me the cold shoulder when I meet her, and is not at home when I call. Some of my friends look askance at me. That old rogue Miller gives me one finger; the doctor looks doubtful, and is, I fear, an ally of Miller's; and altogether, as things are, I want a little good advice. Happily Beatrice believes nothing, listens to nothing, and I may tell you, in confidence, she and I have made up our minds to face the world together, come what may."

I then told Morley, in whom I took a good deal of interest, what Twamley had heard, who confirmed it, which made Morley look at Lacey, and say to him, "Why, that's exactly what your servant 'Patey' has heard." I may as well tell my readers that both Captain Lacey and his servant (a soldier servant) belonged to one of the most distinguished regiments in Her Majesty's service, but which, most slanderously, for certain alleged foraging propensities, has been too hastily termed "robbers."

"Now," said Brummer, "I have a proposition to make. You've heard of 'Clincher.'" [We had, for some reason or other, all of us heard of Clincher.] "And so I will send for Clincher, for we want all the aid we can get; and then invoking, too, the help of the 'little gentleman in black' I have already mentioned, we will make Monsieur et Madam bid farewell to Cayley witout, as Brummer so emphatically said it, de loss of a single moment."

When he was excited, he always went back, almost unconsciously, to his broken English!

So the famous Clincher was sent for by telegram, and at a subsequent council of war, around Brummer's hospitable board, when we all admired Fraulein Lisette, and tasted excellent "Schnaps," and "Kirschenwasser," and even appreciated "Bochsbeutel," "Patey" was also sent for.

When Patey heard what was up, his expression of delight at the chance of a "scrimmage" filled us all with pleasure, and I laugh even to-day as I recall Patey's words.

"Gintlemen," he said, "I drink all yure good halthes. If we cannot get the better of that spalpane with such a haythenish name, together with that insidious faymale, then all I can say is, we all of us desarve to be sent to heavy marching drill for six calendar months."

As Patey evidently had some unfavourable reminiscences of that military pastime, we thought it better, for many reasons, to drop the discussion; but having warned Patey to "keep a good look out" on Mr. Kirschenwasser, and, above all, to keep out of a row, to which Patey rather gloomily assented, we dismissed him with great importance in his mien and gait.

"Ah!" said Lacey, "if Mr. Kirschenwasser will take my advice, he will keep out of Patey's clutches. He is one of the most disagreeable fellows at close quarters I know of. If he gets hold of him he will give him what he calls the Kerry Hug.' Mr. Kirschenwasser will decline it, I feel sure, if offered to him again, on any terms, or for any consideration."

As we walked home that evening, I said in moralizing mood, "How queer is life, is it not, my friends? In the midst of its sunny smiles, and blue skies, and soft voices, and engaging looks, the ground seems to open beneath your feet, and you discover that all your fairy castle in the air is gone, and that in its stead you have to deal with perfidiousness, cruelty, slander, baseness, treachery of every kind, which ruin your prospects, injure your health, alienate your friends, and render you unhappy, and sorrowing often even to the end."

And as all my hearers then, perhaps in a spirit of pure complaisance, assented to my words, I hope that my kindly readers will not find fault with them. On the contrary, I trust they will deem them alike true philosophy and contemplative wisdom worthy of note and admiration. For, let us all bear in mind, who read this story, that I do not seek to render my tale a mere vehicle of excitement, a medium of sensationalism, a statement of unnatural aspirations, or of fantastical fancies; but I wish both its reality and its moral to sink deep into the minds of all who read it. To fill the pages of this or any other magazines with the "padding" simply of crude notions or impossible characters seems to me to be a sad waste of time and intellect. But, like good old Johnson, to seek to improve others, to witness for truth, to uphold virtue, honour, and right, to vindicate fidelity, and to expose treachery, appears to me to be an employment worthy of all the talents wherewith a good and benign Providence has blessed any one of his creatures, and dependents, and servants, and children, here below.

THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

LIEUTENANT GONVILLE BROMHEAD, who so valiantly commanded the small band of brave men at the engagement at Rorke's Drift on the 23rd January, is the youngest son of the late Sir Edmund de Gonville Bromhead, Bart., of Thurlby Hall, Lincolnshire. Born at Versailles, August 1845, he was educated with a view to his entering the army.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* for 22nd February contains the following:—

"Those who have been struck by the gallantry displayed by the small band of eighty men under Lieutenants Bromhead, 24th, and Chard, R.E., who kept the enemy at bay for a whole night after the massacre at Rorke's Drift, will, perhaps, be interested in reading the following account of the principal actor, written by one who knows him well, and who, as Adjutant of a regiment, must necessarily be aware what the qualifications are which go to make a good regimental officer:—"I feel sure that all those who have the pleasure of knowing Gonville Bromhead must feel delighted at his success—a success so nobly deserved. I was with him for some time at an Army tutor's at Croydon, some twelve years ago, and it is interesting to look back upon him as he appeared to us at that time. About five feet ten inches in height, so well built that he did not look as tall, he seemed to me to be quite the beau-ideal of an English officer. It was our custom of an evening, as soon as 'study' was over, to indulge in bouts of wrestling, boxing, and single-stick in the gymnasium outside, and Bromhead was so expert in all of these that he invariably beat every one opposed to him. With all this he was so kind and genial that the youngsters among us could chaff him and play tricks upon him with impunity, and without fear of retaliation. Quiet and most unassuming in his demeanour, he nevertheless often showed by friendliness to those who happened to be unpopular, by kindness to new comers, and in a thousand other ways, the thorough worth and goodness that were in him. It is to be hoped that the lonely fight out at Rorke's Drift may only prove to have been the means of bringing him to the front in order that by his future services he may prove still more useful to his country."

That he continued to merit these encomiums is testified by a paragraph we copy from a letter from his late commander, inserted in *The Gazette* of same date:—

"It is no small satisfaction to know that the massacre of my old comrades has been in some degree revenged by the more than gallant defence of young Bromhead, and his little band of eighty men. All honour is due to the way they held their own against such odds. I was much gratified by a letter that

appeared in a daily paper of the 18th instant respecting the old corps. "A Major-General," whoever he may be, shows an intimate knowledge of the character of its officers, and I take this opportunity of corroborating his remarks upon the pluck and steadiness of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, as on Tuesday last I did officially at the War Office.—I am, etc.,

THOMAS ROSS, Major-General,
Late Commandant 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment.

Lieutenant Bromhead entered the Army in 1867, serving with his regiment in India until 1872, when the 2nd-24th returned to England. In January, 1878, he left with the regiment for the Cape, and after the campaign in Caffraria proceeded to Natal.

The War Office has already recognised the courage displayed by this gallant young officer; he not only having obtained his company, but received the brevet rank of Major.

Doubtless this will be followed by far higher reward from the hands of the Queen, who never fails to substantially appreciate true bravery and worth.

Had it not been for the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift, there is but little doubt that the Colony would have been placed in terrible jeopardy, and the massacre ensuing on possession of Natal by the Zulus would have been nothing less than a repetition of the horrors of Lucknow and Cawnpore.

J. A. C.

FAINT HEART.

SHE stood before him, tall and fair,
And gracious, on that summer's day,
With June's first roses in her hair,
And on her cheek the bloom of May.
But rosy cheek, and dimpled chin,
And raven lashes drooping low,
Conceal the answer he would win,
It might be yes; would it be No?

Ah! if 'twere No—his throbbing heart
Stood fairly still with sudden pain;
And if 'twere Yes, the world so wide,
His deep content could scarce contain.
So wondrous fair! how could she stoop
To favour such a one as he?
Ah! sweet suspense that still leaves hope,
Ah! pain of sad uncertainty.

He held the hand so white and small,
And moved to press it with his lips,
But changed his mind, and let it fall,
With chillest touch of finger-tips.
And took the seat she offered him
Upon the sofa by her side,
Nor made the space between them less,
Which seemed so narrow, yet so wide.

Then gazing on the perfect face,
The dimpled mouth, the serious eyes,
And drinking in with eager ears,
The music of her low replies,

He let the bright hours drift away,
Nor told the secret of his heart,
But when the shadows lengthened lay,
Rose, all reluctant, to depart.

And stammered forth, with blushing cheek,
And eager, timorous request,
That she, for old acquaintance sake,
Would grant the rosebud from her breast.
She gave it him, with downcast eyes,
And watched him leave her with a sigh,
"So good," she said; "so true, so wise;
Ah me, if he were not so shy!"

JOY OF MY LIFE.

'Twas only an idle fancy,
They said, and they laughed, forsooth,
At the foolish and fond delusion,
The dream of a love-sick youth;
The sweetest of summer idyls,
When all the world was in tune,
Declared but a fevered frenzy,
From which I'd recover soon.

And all through the summer season,
With moonlight, flowers, and song,
We threaded our lives together,
And wove our affection strong.
Simple and plain her dresses,
But worn with exceeding grace,
And all that had won my fancy
Shone out of her lovely face.

The soul may carelessly wander,
Untouched by the hand of mate,
Free of the binding fetter,
Until it has met its fate;
Then shall its soaring pinions
Be clipped by the touch of Love,
And the heart of the mighty eagle
Be one with the cooing dove.

'Twas only an idle fancy,
That might linger the season through;
Only a young man's folly,
They said—but they spoke not true;
For time is the test of honour,
Though youth is fickle and gay,
And the sweetheart I won that summer
Is the joy of my life to-day.

WHY WE HAVE ANTI-MASONIC CONVENTIONS IN AMERICA.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

HATRED of religious liberty is the root of all anti-masonry. The priest who proclaims from the pulpit that there is neither honesty, morality, nor goodness outside of the pale of his church, naturally hates Masons for affirming that there are good and true men among all denominations. For these reasons, the Pope issued an anti-masonic bull in 1738, and for the same reasons *true blue* orthodox ministers of other denominations have likewise assailed Freemasonry.

The late Dr. Oliver, though he was a defender of Freemasonry, yet, having had a hankering for Christianizing the ritual, availed himself of clamours raised in India by some clergymen against Masonry, and by Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and a few others in England, upon the same subject. And our Masonic Doctor predicted a general crusade against Masonry, if the G. L. of England did not restore saint patronage, and Christian prayers in the Lodge ceremonies. Now, if saint patronage and Christian prayers could have disarmed the Philpotts's from hostility to Freemasonry, then we would never have had any anti-masons in America; for here we have Christian prayers in Lodges, we have patron saints, the St. John's days are observed religiously as Masonic festivals, and a majority of our Masons are even ready now to swear that the St. John's were *bona fide* Masons, and were even Masonic Grand Masters; but yet American Catholic priests, as well as some Protestant clergy, have never ceased to denounce the Masonic brotherhood.

I must, however, here admit that our Masons have to blame their own folly for a great deal of the Masonic unpopularity which we have here. American Masons have a mania for public processions. On the 24th of June, the Baptist's day, the Knight Templars, with their cocked hats, crosses, banners, etc., preceded by an important-looking individual dressed in priestly garments, with a mitre on his head about a foot high, with a cross dangling from his neck about a foot long, march through our streets, followed by the G.L., or Lodge. The Tyler is equipped with a tray (similar to those worn by hot cross-bun vendors on Good Friday), on which lies a Bible, etc. This display of saint worship, priests, mitres, crosses, Bible, etc., convinces the *unorthodox* that the boasted "Masonic universality" is a mere Jesuitical trick; while, on the other hand, the number of avowed disbelievers in the Bible, together with Jews, who may be seen marching even in the ranks of the Templars, lead an *orthodox* to the conclusion, that all that Masonic *Christian* display in the procession is a mere sham. Thus the American craving for public displays, together with the Masonic inconsistencies exhibited in those displays, helps to bring Masonry into contempt among orthodox as well as unorthodox.

When the Morgan anti-masonic excitement broke out in 1826, the orthodox churches naturally took up the anti-masonic hue and cry. The Whig party, who, like the old English Tories, used to court the Church, took anti-masonry up as a party measure. W. H. Seward took the lead in New York, and John Quincy Adams did the same in Massachusetts. These two States were followed by all the other Northern States. Masonry was denounced daily in churches, in public meetings, and by the religious, and Whig papers. The result was, pious parents compelled their sons to leave the Lodge, pious girls drove away their Masonic lovers, and the Masonic clergy, with a few honourable exceptions, not only left the Lodge, but became the most bitter revilers of Masonry. In one or two States Masonry was dissolved, and in others the institution was greatly reduced, both in Lodges and individuals.

Among the causes that helped to check the then anti-masonic conflagration was the curious fact that Massachusetts and South Carolina (the respective leaders of the Northern and Southern factions) were bound to oppose each other in party measures. Thus, Massachusetts was *Whig*, and South Carolina was *Democratic*. Massachusetts

was opposed to the war with England in 1812, and South Carolina was for it. When Massachusetts was for free trade, South Carolina was for protection; and when Massachusetts became converted to protection, South Carolina became a free trade State. Indeed, it is not improbable that South Carolina would long since have abolished slavery if Massachusetts had defended the slave institution. Now, as Massachusetts made anti-masonry a party measure, South Carolina treated anti-masonry with contempt. The result was, that when our Northern Whigs found that the Northern Masons went over to the Democratic party, and that the few Southern Whigs would have nothing to do with anti-masonry—in short, when they became satisfied that anti-masonry could not cross "Mason and Dixon line," the Whigs withdrew from anti-masonry, and then the anti-masonic fire began to fade and die out even in the Church; Masons once more began to breathe, they once more ventured to wear Masonic pins in their shirt fronts; the late Bro. C. W. Moore, of Boston, even sued an anti-mason for a libel, and won the suit; the anti-masonic party was virtually broken up; but anti-masonic hatred still lingered for some years. It was not, I believe, before 1840 that a Masonic initiation took place in Boston, and it was not before 1843 that Masons ventured to turn out here in a public procession.

The Masonic unpopularity induced some Masons to import Oddfellowship from England. The new importation was remodelled; degrees were added (*Masonic fashion*). As Masons have Encampments for hatching Masonic chivalry, so have Oddfellows Encampments for hatching chivalry. The two chivalries look so much alike that I myself mistook the Oddfellow chivalry for Masonic chivalry. The Masonic K.T.'s pretend that they will use their swords in fighting against infidels, but whom the Oddfellow K.T.'s mean to fight I never could learn. But any how, Oddfellows are not quite as foolish as Masons, for the former have only seven degrees *all in all*, while it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how many degrees Masons have; but thus much I can say, upon the authority of a Canadian writer, that in Canada West Masons work no less than *two hundred and sixty degrees*.

While South Carolina checked the spread of anti-masonry. Oddfellowship aided Masonry in recovering its popularity. Oddfellows made no especial religious display in their public processions, hence they excited less prejudice among the pious and impious, and hence those who were biassed against Masonry did not scruple to join the Oddfellows; girls who discarded Masonic lovers could see no reason why they should decline Oddfellow lovers; and when once Oddfellows acquired a taste for mysteries, they were tempted to pry also into Masonic mysteries. Thus anti-masonic prejudices began to decline, and Masonic popularity was finally revived. But nevertheless, anti-masonic bomb-shells continued to be fired here and there from the true blue orthodox pulpits (Catholic as well as Protestant), and even Messrs. Moody and Sankey denounced Freemasons as an ungodly set of infidels.

The present anti-masonic agitation is mainly due to political ambition. Most every American would like to be President of the United States. Nor is this surprising, Lincoln was once a rail-splitter, Johnson was a tailor, Grant was a tanner, yet they were Presidents of the United States; and we now read in our daily papers how Gen. Grant is honoured by crowned heads, and how he is lionized by the people everywhere, hence the aspiration for that office among Americans is intense. Now, in Illinois, or in Ohio, there lives a Calvinist, Rev. Mr. J. Blanchard, who also wants to be President. But in order to become President he would first have to be nominated by a political party in a public convention, and, knowing that the existing political parties would not nominate him, like other President-mongers of his kidney, Mr. Blanchard had to get up a new party. Each party must, however, have a *country-saving hobby* of its own, and as our Reverend lacked ingenuity to invent a *new hobby*, and as he depends upon true blue orthodoxies for his success, so he, therefore, thought that the old anti-masonic hobby would be sufficient for them as a country-saving hobby. Party leaders as a rule are by no means sure of getting the Presidency: this, however, does not prevent them from trying for it, for sometimes two or more would-be Presidents unite or sell out on the eve of election, which may, any how, be the means of securing them some office.

For these reasons mushroom parties now and then appear. Thus we had a native American party, Temperance and anti-Temperance parties, any number of Citizen parties; we have now an anti-Chinese party in California, a party to Christianize the Constitution of the United States, and others too numerous to mention. Our Mr. Blanchard is throwing out sweet words to the Temperance party, and is probably about to unite with the Christianizing party, or with the anti-Chinese party, or some other canting party. The fact, however, is undeniable, that the leaders of all these religious crusading parties care more for their own love of notoriety and personal ambition than they do for religion; but they use religion merely as a motive power to propel the machinery of their ambitious schemes. And now for Mr. Blanchard's theological logic.

According to the Gospels of Mark and Luke, Jesus not only associated with sinners, but he even defended Himself for so doing. Paul, however, wrote to the Corinthians, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers; for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousnes?" etc. It seems to me that a Christian ought to follow the teachings of Jesus in preference to those of Paul. It is possible that Paul may not have seen the Gospels of Mark and Luke when he wrote to the Corinthians. It may be we do not correctly understand Paul's meaning. It seems very presumptuous for any one man to say to another, "I am holier than thou."

Our Mr. Blanchard, however, while ignoring entirely Christ's precepts and example, presumes to lay down the law that Paul meant that no believer should join the Freemasons. Paul's text comprises the whole stock in trade of Mr. Blanchard's religious and political capital: from that text he constantly preaches, with that text he expects to convert all the true orthodoxies into anti-masonic voters, and with that inscribed on his banner he expects to march into Washington a full-fledged President of the United States of America.

Within three months Mr. Blanchard presided over a convention in Worcester, Massachusetts. An eye-witness described to me the performance of initiation into Masonry at that convention. I subsequently received some Worcester papers with accounts of three days' meetings. These I gave to our Boston Masonic librarian, who informed me that Mr. Ranyne, the performer or initiator at Blanchard's convention, was successively a Roman Catholic priest, a Congregational minister and a Universalist preacher, that he was expelled from each of those churches for misconduct, and that he was imprisoned for swindling of some kind, since which time he yoked himself with Mr. Blanchard, to his anti-masonic team. If Ranyne is a Mason, as he claims to be, he must be a perjurer; if he is not a Mason, then he is a humbug; but be he one or the other, he is certainly a pretty specimen of righteousness for St. Blanchard to be yoked with.

T. F. Salisbury is another satellite of Mr. Blanchard. Somebody used to put into my letter-box every month Salisbury's *Star of Freedom;* whether Mr. Salisbury is more knave than fool, or *vice versa*, I cannot tell. The *Star of Freedom* is an insult to common sense, and a disgrace to Christianity. I herewith inclose one of the *Stars;* it is not so ridiculous as some of the series (which I have given away), but it is ridiculous enough, and I herewith inclose it that English Masons may have an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves about the characteristics of our American anti-masons.

The question now comes: Is there any chance for the American religious crusaders ever to come into power. To which I answer: Among a rural western population, a would be religious persecutor might perhaps succeed in being elected to the office of select man of a village; but I doubt very much whether in any town of the United States Mr. Blanchard could ride upon his anti-masonic hobby into an Aldermanic chair. Americans know full well that if a fanatical combination got into power, Chinese, Jews, and all other kinds of unorthodoxies would, one by one, or altogether, be driven out of the country, and then would follow a "thirty years' war" between the Protestant and Roman Catholic orthodoxies; this would be inevitable, for history demonstrates that *there is no logical midway halting-point between unrestricted religious liberty and a Spanish Inquisition.* This fact no one can dispute; there is no fear, therefore, of the

"*hell-hounds of religious persecution*" ever getting loose in the United States. Fools and knaves may, however, still continue to conspire and plot here or there (even inside of our own Masonry), either to revive old religious hatred or to perpetuate existing prejudices; but nevertheless, with our own inspired Masonic poet the friends of justice and humanity can now rationally exclaim,—

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

MASONIC NOTES AND ODDS.

BY BRO. WM. JAMES HUGHAN.

IT is interesting to come across any information about our Masonic ancestors, and therefore the following account of Dr. Desaguliers F.R.S., will be most welcome. We notice the statements when reading "The Huguenots," by Samuel Smiles, and consider them fuller than any we have yet seen as to that celebrated man and distinguished Freemason. We shall never know how much we are indebted to the two ministers, the Rev. Dr. Desaguliers and the Rev. Dr. James Anderson, but we shall not err in attributing to their fostering care and wise suggestions the main success of the revival of the Craft A.D. 1717. The first named was most active in the discharge of his official duties Masonically, both at home and abroad, and to him the Grand Lodge of Scotland owe their knowledge of what may be termed "modern Freemasonry," as Dr. Desaguliers visited that Grand Lodge in 1721, and doubtless to him was due the subsequent degrees practised in that country, according to the usage then in England.

He became an Asst. President or Grand Master *pro tem*, at special Grand Lodges, and few, if any, were of so much use in perfecting the modern Masonic system as he was. It is much to be regretted that none of his orations delivered to the Craft have been preserved. The following is the account of the learned Dr. already referred to:—

"Dr. Desaguliers was another refugee who achieved considerable distinction in England as a teacher of mechanical philosophy. His father, Jean des Aguliers, was pastor of a Protestant congregation at Aitré, near Rochelle, from which he fled about the period of the Revocation. His child, the future professor, is said to have been carried on board the ship by which he escaped concealed in a barrel. The pastor first took refuge in Guernsey, from whence he proceeded to England, took orders in the Established Church, and became minister of the French chapel in Swallow Street, London. This charge he subsequently resigned, and established a school at Islington, at which his son received his first education. From thence the young man proceeded to Oxford, matriculating at Christ Church, where he obtained the degree of B. A., and took deacons' orders. Being drawn to the study of natural philosophy, he shortly after began to deliver lectures at Oxford on hydrostatics and optics, to which he afterwards added mechanics. His fame as a lecturer having reached London, Desaguliers was pressingly invited thither; and he accordingly removed to the metropolis in 1713. His lectures were much admired, and he had so happy a knack of illustrating them by experiments that he was invited by the Royal Society to be their demonstrator. He was afterwards appointed curator of the Society, and in the course of his connection with it communicated a vast number of curious and valuable papers, which were printed in the transactions. The Duke of Chandos gave Desaguliers the church living of Edgeware; and the king (before whom he gave lectures at Hampton Court) presented him with a

benefice in Essex, besides appointing him Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. In 1734, Desaguliers published his "Course of experimental Philosophy" in two qu rto volumes—the best book of the kind that had until then appeared in England. a It would appear from this work that the doctor also designed and superintended the erection of steam-engines. Referring to an improvement he had made on Savery's engine, he says: "According to this improvement, I have caused seven of these fire-engines to be erected since the year 1717 or 1718. The first was for the late Czar, Peter the Great, for his garden at Petersburg, where it was set up. Dr. Desaguliers died in 1749, leaving behind him three sons, one of whom, the eldest, published a translation of the "Mathematical Elements of natural Philosophy," by Gravesende, who had been a pupil of his father; the second was a beneficed clergyman in Norfolk; and the third was a Colonel of Artillery and Lieutenant-General in the army, as well as equerry to George III."

A foot-note at page 231 of the same work is as follows:—"The statement is made in the 'House and Farm accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe Hall,' Chatham's Society's Papers, 1856-8, respecting Dr. Desagulier's escape by being 'concealed in a barrel.'"

Another celebrated Mason during the last century, and early in the present, was H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, to whom, and his Royal Brother, the Duke of Sussex, the union of the two rival Grand Lodges is due in December, 1813. Any particulars therefore of either will be gladly read by the Craft, and so we submit the following from the memoirs of the good and Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D.:—

"There lived in Orkney a minister who had two sons; and to procure a church for one of them was the utmost he could do. The other thought of entering the army, but then he had not one friend in the world to procure him a commission. The case was desperate and it forced him to a desperate remedy. He formed the bold and original resolution of addressing himself to the Duke of Kent. He penned a letter to the Duke, which must, from the happy result of it, have been ably written. It was posted silently and secretly; and in a short time the postman brought a letter to him written by the Duke's Secretary, saying that he was commanded by the Duke to desire him immediately to come up to him.

"In doing so, he lost no time; and at last found himself in the room where the Duke's Secretary was sitting. He had sent in his card to the Duke; and when commanded to appear before him, he passed the Secretary, who said to him, 'If the Duke asks you what regiment you would prefer, say that you would prefer his own.'

"The Young Arcadian at last stood in the presence of Kent, who took him by the hand and received him in that kind, frank, protecting manner which he says he will never forget. The Duke then asked him in what regiment he would like to be. Like a canny Scotchman, he took care to profit by the hint of the Secretary; and in a few days received an appointment to the Duke's own."

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie in his journal observes as to this: "Peace, peace to the manes of Kent! an act like this of secret, private feeling, and honourable generosity, does more honour to his memory than though the names of a thousand victorious fields were inscribed upon his tomb."

The Rev. James Anderson, D. D., before alluded to, was a Presbyterian minister in London, and was the author mainly of the premier Book of Constitutions published in 1723. Of one section of the Presbyterians in Ireland we have lately been favoured with the following:—

"Towards the winter of 1797, Ireland was in a very disturbed state, many of the northern Presbyterians becoming 'United men,' as the society was called, which was most obnoxious to the English Government, who decided to suppress it with a stern and firm hand. A Highland Regiment was quartered in Omagh, and there being no police in those days the military was called upon to arrest offenders. A sergeant and party was sent to the house of a Mr. Archibald Buchanan, of Strathroy, to arrest his son George upon sworn information of his belonging to the treasonable society in question.

"The soldiers having entered the house, the old dame bade them welcome, and offered them some milk and bread, which was gladly accepted. When she was in the act of turning an oaten cake before the fire, the sergeant's eyes detected a 'square and compasses' on the 'bread iron,' and then asked for the 'gudeman.' The old lady replied that 'he was up late last night, and not over well to-day.' 'Where was he?' asked the sergeant. 'At the Mason's lodge, being the Master, and took too much punch." The sergeant went to the bedroom alone, and after a mutual recognition he told the father that he held a warrant for the arrest of his son as a 'United man'—that he had better get him out of the way at once. A suitable time being allowed, and after the soldiers had proved the strength of the 'native beverage,' the search commenced for the accused, which of course turned out a failure, and young Buchanan escaped detection through the kind treatment of the dear old mother, and the fraternal offices of the father and the sergeant!"

These particulars I obtained from my friend, Commander Chas. Scott. R.N. (P. M. 350, etc)., who belongs to No. 350, Omagh, of which lodge Bro. W. T. Buchanan is a member, who is a descendant of the family alluded to, and he has the family "bread iron" in his possession. I have the pleasure to belong also to this Lodge and so can vouch for the credibility of all concerned from personal knowledge or recommendation.

THE DYING MASON TO HIS BROTHER.

BY SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

I.

THE Night is thickening, brother, but the Day,
Is just beyond, the gray dawn is at hand,
And we must part, for here I may not stay,
Pilgrim, like our fathers, t' a better land.

The Night is chill, but I am not afraid,
For God, our God, enfolds me in his love;
His presence, in the pillar o' fire display'd,
Allures to realms of endless bliss above.

I hold thee, still, my brother, in my heart,
But I hear the triumphant palmer's call,
"Come on!" I must obey, and we must part;
Farewell! I turn my face unto the wall.

II.

We'll meet again, my brother, on the shore,
Where all is Light, and Night is never known;
Where Peace enwraps the soul, friends part no more,
And God all pleasures showers on His own.

Brief will be our sev'rance—a little while,
A very little, scarce by minutes told.
And we shall meet again, with happier smile,
'Mid transports ever new, and never cold.

But, brother, keep thou near thy faithful Guide;
When tried, He will uphold thee, He will bless,
And by His rod and staff with strength supplied,
Thou'lt safely pass through this dark wilderness.

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TRANSMISSION OF MASONIC ART AND SYMBOLISM IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

(From the Keystone.)

BY BRO. GEO. F. FORT.

As early as the age of Numa, the builders or architects were already, in Greece, associated in guilds or colleges, and shared the building art with the sacerdotal order, and evidently were under Ecclesiastical discipline, as it uniformly existed throughout the subsequent government of the Christian Church till the close of the eleventh century. Mathematics and geometrical science which, without the high antiquity of logarithms, were the essential bases of architecture in the close custody of the building schools, as previously noted obtained from the secret organizations of the priesthood, were also used by philosophic or theosophic schools, such as Pythagoras, etc., as a substratum upon which to erect a religious structure. From this it may be asserted that in these systems of religion, the science of numbers or mathematics, and their various combinations, were so intricately conjoined as to be inseparable, while to a great degree the individualised colleges of artificers united this amalgamation as a sacred element with the practical application of geometric or mathematical principles. This union was certainly maintained and encouraged during the subjection of our mediæval precursors to the Romish Church, and only ceased when the society of Operative Freemasons abandoned one of its dualistic characteristics. Under the salutary regulations of the Ptolemies, the metropolitan city Alexandria, for centuries prior to the time of the Cæsars, became the centre of mental and intellectual activity of both the eastern and western worlds. Especial privileges were generously conceded to renowned scholars, eminent in the higher culture of sciences and arts, who rapidly flocked to this city and were maintained at public expense in the several buildings devoted to the practical cultivation of scholastic pursuits. These immunities were continued by the early Roman emperors, deeply interested in preserving such unions of men celebrated for their erudition and beneficial inventions. The rapid progress of the Christian faith at length reached a class of converts whose learning was of the highest importance in giving stability and extension to the new doctrines. Its inroad upon the ranks of those who had hitherto formed an essential element in the sacerdotal orders soon manifested a strange perversion of the original doctrines of Christ, by the wilful admixture of numerous rites and dogmas which vitalized the decline of paganism. By such means the diversified belief of the devotees of Zoroaster, the monothestic Jews, the pantheism of the Greeks and of such other religious culture as were aggregated in Alexandria, modified and paganized Christianity; and thus amalgamated, reappeared in sects, of which the most important were Gnostics, Basilideans, and the followers of Manicheios. This infusion or union of rival doctrines, which only harmonized in the mediæval and

accepted notion of a Supreme Deity, the immortality of the soul, and the eternity, or rather the indestructibility of matter, had a profound effect upon the social elements of the Eastern and Western Empire. Its earliest influence was to disrupt and disintegrate the colleges of the priests, and therefore unnumbered forms and ceremonies which in the Temple worship had fascinated the vulgar mind were now boldly adapted to the ritualism of the Christian Church. Another valuable acquisition was also added to the rising sect in this way, and that was the appropriation of much of the secret lore formerly the exclusive property of the sacerdotal communities. This was particularly noticeable from the period when Christianity became the religion of the Empire, in the fourth century. With a knowledge of ancient pagan science, many of the symbolic usages passed to the Church and its numerous sects.

The Basilideans united their Thaumaturgic or magical arts and rites with the increasing pomp of the Christian ceremonies, while the abstruse principles of mathematical science were used to symbolize the sectarian dogmas to the mind of the new converts. Frequent intercourse of the building corporations with those who were eminent as geometricians both at Alexandria and other portions of the Empire, and who were equally illustrious as leaders of religious sects, without doubt materially aided in modifying many venerable pagan ceremonies practised within the secret retreats of college-fraternity. A more forcible reason for the alterations of the heathen ritualism performed by these close organisations down to the fourth century may be found in compulsion consequent upon the formal change made by the Emperor Constantius of the ancient religion to Christianity; such alterations, however, it is apprehended, only contemplated an adaptation to the changed order of state affairs. As an original and component part of the ancient sacerdotal orders, these colleges or guilds of builders shared the secret rites and ceremonies, symbols and emblematic appliances, as well as the occult sciences of the hierarchy. The most uniform and universal ritualism pervading these secret organizations was an impressive ceremonial, typifying an assassination of a great and divine benefactor, such as the Egyptian Hesiri or the Norse god Balder, both of whom stood forth as deified light. Hesiri was, after a long search, found on the coast of Phœnicia, and over him grew an evergreen tree, which was emblematized by the priesthood as a type of immortality. He was ultimately brought up to Egypt and more fittingly interred. When the Emperor Commodus was initiated into the mysteries of the Mithraic rites, he signalized his entrance, or perhaps perfect initiation, by the actual homicide of a human being. The phraseology of Ælius Laupidas, from whom I obtain this fact, is of so equivocal a nature that it may signify that the imperial entrant assassinated the person who represented the divine Hesiri because he feigned to believe it a necessary portion of the solemn ceremonies, or that in such celebrations it was the invariable usage for some initiate to thus typify, by a pretended death, the murder of the light-god; the latter interpretation is both natural and preferable. The members of all these close corporations, in which the principles of science and art were carefully concealed and only revealed under forms of impressive symbols, recognized one another by means of secret signs, whose significance was hidden to the uninitiated eye. It oftentimes happened that the initiates in pursuing strict lines of individual research, into the occult mysteries, with which they had become familiarised, publicly argued upon conclusions reached and entered into personal controversy; but notwithstanding such disputations, the utmost care was taken against divulging a knowledge which appertained exclusively to the several orders of the hierarchy, or to those under sacerdotal direction. Thus, for example, when Democritus entered into a controversy with the Magi, or wonder-workers of his time, no revelations of occult science were made which could vulgarize the mysticism of his craft-associates. Socrates was compelled to drink a draught of death, because, as alleged, he had attempted to poison or deprave the minds of the youth of Athens; or, in other words, this scholastic dialectician had perhaps inadvertently sought to popularize the teachings which he had received by the initiatory rites at the hands of the priesthood, who struggled successfully till the Christian era to repress the sublime idea of a Supreme Deity within the gloomy precincts of sacred enclosures where this doctrine was known. The writings of Cicero reveal a knowledge

of this dogma, one that was abundantly and universally shared by the philosophers of his age. The Phœnicians were, beyond controversy, as the great maritime nation, down to the destruction of Carthage, by their rivals, the Romans, profoundly versed in those arts and sciences which beautified the city of Tyre and have left substantial monuments of oriental skill in the numerous localities where commercial speculations attracted their vessels. This people in remote ages had attained a just celebrity for the superior character of national handiwork, and appear to have been eagerly sought for by munificent monarchs, who used their skill in building elegant structures and imposing edifices. When Sesostris, the King of Egypt, endeavoured to embellish his royal domains, no fitting craftsmen were to be found among the people, and he was obliged to have recourse to the handicraft of such strange workmen as were pre-eminently skilled in the art of constructing superb edifices—the Phœnicians. Whatever skill the Greeks in after ages displayed in the erection of stone structures was certainly derived from these ancient artisans of Tyre, who, as other nations, attributed the invention of the square and compasses with the other implements of the stone-cutter's art to a divine benefactor. The people of Phœnicia anciently preserved the records of historical and other events of public importance upon columns of stone. One of the Masonic traditions clearly asserts that such inscriptions were made by Hermes to preserve the principles of the arts from utter destruction—a legend which still survives; but the most curious confirmation of this venerable transmission is to be found in the fact that the strange workmen employed by Sesostris made, at his command, two columns of stone as a permanent register of the notable occurrences during the reign of the Egyptian King. The Phœnicians were indeed far advanced in mental culture, religious ceremonials, and scientific accomplishments beyond the people of adjoining nationalities. Solomon, King of Israel, was compelled to request, as the Egyptian Sesostris had sought before him, the skilled artificers of Tyre, and paid them enormous wages. Sacerdotal colleges of Phœnicia denominated their Supreme Deity by the name of the Tetragrammaton, or Jah, El, and Adonai, which, when correctly pronounced, was endowed with omnific or irresistible power.

It was this word which Moses whispered in the ear of the Egyptian ruler that produced such miraculous results. Evidently this unutterable word was communicated to the Jewish law-giver in Egypt, where it was for ages written over the main entrance to the Temple of Seraphis. The pronunciation of this name, the central point around which the Masonic organism revolves, has been lost, and although vast erudition has searched to replace the proper collocation of syllables, it has been with unprofitable results. The close and intimate union existing between the rites and religious dogmas of the Phœnician hierarchy and the Elusinian mysteries may be inferred from the curious fact that during the initiatory ceremonies of this secret society in Greece, the theogony or Divine genealogy of Sanchoniathon, who was the chief hierophant in the Phœnician sacerdotal order, was read or recited to the initiates. These mysteries, although not inculcating the unity of God, certainly exercised a wide space and beneficial influence upon the formation of the Greek mind, and none but those of blameless and irreproachable character were admitted to share the secrets of the order. Nero himself, while sojourning in Greece, sought initiation and was refused, on account of the ineradicable stain which the assassination of his own mother had put upon the imperial aspirant; neither could Constantine find pagan priests who would purge him from his numerous parricides.

That a transmission to Greece of occult sciences, together with the ceremonials used by the Phœnician priesthood, occurred, at a comparatively early epoch, is now admitted, and in the absence of historical proofs of these rites having served the Grecian hierarchy as a model for imitation, it is well known that one of their philosophers, Pythagoras, was initiated by the Sidonian priests. When at a later period Numa transplanted such ritualism and sacred customs from Greece into Rome as served best to energize the developing city, one of the distinctive forms incident to Phœnician civilization, viz., the association of builders, was also established in the Latin domains, under the specific title of Colleges of Artificers. These organizations, as hitherto stated,

retained and perpetuated the secret principles of constructive art, and appear to have elaborated many branches of the useful sciences.

In the reign of Tiberius, a distinguished craftsman, by means of ingenious mechanism, restored to an exact perpendicular the leaning sides of the principal entrance to the city. The Emperor at first expressed great pleasure, but envying the skill of the architect, whose name he jealously interdicted from publicity, refused him just compensation and expelled him from the city; but he returned, and seeking to secure favour by displaying a specimen of extraordinary handicraft, produced a glass vase, which he besought the Emperor to hurl with violence upon the floor. This was done, whereupon the skilled artificer picked it up, and the vessel being wrought with a material more tenacious and elastic than gold or silver, he readily pressed each indentation into its proper shape. The only compensation which this unusual work of art received was a prompt order that the craftsman's head should be cut off.

Tiberius subsequently explained that the introduction of such manufactures would debase the value of metal utensils. With so limited encouragement it is not surprising that the secret of malleable glass has been lost. Symbolic appliances, as well as allegorical representations from the remotest epochs, were freely used to add impressive weight to the hidden mysteries of initiation into the sacerdotal orders. It was by such material aids that the lessons of religious import and the explanations of occult science were rendered doubly effective. Many of these have survived to the modern Craft of Freemasons, with much of their original purport and emblematic significance.

These symbols reach far back into pre-historic ages, and were familiar objects in the Egyptian, Phœnician, and other oriental secret orders. They present themselves with oft-recurring frequency in the diversified systems of religion which threatened to disintegrate Christianity in the first three centuries, and appeal to the Masonic eye with the same unequivocal meaning as arrested the inner thoughtfulness of the Gnostic or Manichean devotee. Before the fourth century, and previous to the period when Christianity had reached its powerful development, strong efforts were made by the converts from paganism to unite the system of the more ancient religion with the doctrines of Christ, and in this attempt some of the most cultivated minds among the proselytes were profoundly interested. Out of this process arose numerous sects, such as the Gnostics, Basilideans, and Manicheans, the first of whom, it is presumed, was in existence in the time of St. Paul. All these at a later date had the form of a regular and secret organization, into which none were initiated, except such as voluntarily assumed binding obligations. Ultimately these sects presented the appearance of oath-bound corporations, whose religious ceremonials, based upon symbolized mathematical problems, as in case of the Basilideans, were divided in several grades or degrees; to each of which belonged specific symbols, directly appropriated from heathen temple worship or from oriental sources. In the time of Josephus, the Essenes, of Asiatic origin, maintained a close organization, and used mechanical emblems, which in many respects resembled the typified use of Masonic tools. The central figure of the Gnostic system was the demiurgic, *opi fex mundi*, or architect of the Universe, whose potential means of creation was the Tetragrammaton, or ineffable word Jah, or Jehovah, and sometimes Abrax, which signified the sacred name under another form. Notwithstanding the fact that Philo Judaeus largely contributed by his writings, in the first century, to familiarize the diverse schools of Alexandria with the Hebrew traditions and sacred observances, it is beyond controversy that these rival sects did not derive their knowledge of the presumed efficacy of the divine word from Israelitish sources, but perpetuated it as an integral portion of the occult lore transmitted through Egyptian or Phœnician channels.

The five-pointed star or pentalpha of Pythagoras was notably familiar to such religious systems as came from Tyrian sources, and advanced as far westward as the Druids, who marked it upon the soles of their shoes. This symbol in the hands of the mediæval Freemasons was extensively used as a mark. As typified, the Manichean system represented the universe, supported by columns, and in this particular was identical with the ancient Germanic temple at Upsala. A strange perpetuation of the

cardinal points, as made use of among the Manicheans, is still extant, which find their prototype in emblematical allusion to the mouth, breast, and hands. One of the principal features in these close societies was the declaration that *Light* constituted the essence of their religious culture, and what is equally suggestive to the Masonic mind, the *Word*, or unutterable name, was so intricably united with this emblem that the Manichean or Gnostic entrant sought the effulgence *Light*, and the supposed attribute of power in the *Word* at the same time, during the secret ceremonies of his initiation. This word, whose proper pronunciation was lost, was certainly delineated in the convocation of these sectarians, both upon a sphere and as the central point of a circle. Two columns (perhaps the prototypes of Jachin and Boaz), one of which symbolized Glory and the other Light, also performed an important part in the Manichean rites of initiation, and would appear to have been intimately associated with the circle containing the Yod or synonym of the Divine Name. In the mystical rites of earlier sacred colleges this circle performed an important function in symbolizing a Supreme Deity, upon whose circumference were the material images of two subordinate divinities, respectively figured by the upper part of the human body inseparably united by a dove, which also stood as an emblem of the creative word. Our masonic symbol of the circle and central point, upon whose periphery or circumference rest two human figures flanked by a like number of lines, would seem to be fairly traceable to the foregoing emblematical representations.

The early Christian sects borrowed largely, or, perhaps more accurately, transplanted with their conversion, other symbolic paraphernalia, such as the mystic ladder from the secret service of the pagan religion. This emblem, still existing in undiminished vigour to the modern Craft, then as now was invariably used to typify the ascent from an inferior, the terrestrial sphere, to one of exalted excellence, and, with the Manichean initiates, impressively signified the route by which the soul should pass through the various degrees from earth to heaven. To the entrant into the Gnostic rites, certain figured emblems, clothed with appropriate symbols, were manifested and explained, such as Silence, Temperance, Prudence, Justice, and Fortitude, from each of whom, thus delineated, wise and judicious illustrations were drawn, in order to impress the candidate's mind with exalted moral principles. These figures, under the skilful tools of the mediæval stone-cutters, were early embodied in materialized forms in the niched walls of elegant fabrics of the Middle Ages. The Hebrew word Yod, the synonym of Jehovah, or the ineffable name, had also the meaning of hand, and was thus symbolized to be the direct allusion of that effective force and resistless power best signifying Deity, and in such sense it was currently applied in the ancient pagan rites, and was equally designative among the early Christian sects by a junction of hands in their secret conclaves, the highest idea of peace, fraternal affection and esteem. This symbol is also oftentimes carved by our brethren of the Middle Ages upon stately cathedrals and monastic edifices. One of the Gnostic symbols still extant, a single eye, was an oft-recurring type of divinity whose watchfulness and scrutinizing care reached to the most obscure and hidden thoughts. In this grouping of emblems it may be added that a heart was the universally accepted type of Egypt, and evidently found its way into the ritualism of the *Disciplina Arcanae*, or secret discipline of the pagan and Christian sects, together with others whose significance has remained in their original allusions without alteration, through the lapse of time, and still continue as well recognized symbols among Freemasons.

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A QUEER CAREER.

NOCTURNE IN *A* MINOR.—THE KEY OF THE STREET.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902.—P.M. ATHENÆUM NO. 1491.

"Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?"—"Benedick," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i., Sc. 1.

"I like to be a vagabond, it's such a jolly lark."—*Popular, but vulgar, ballad.*

"My name is Augustus Theophilus Nutts,
An actor I've been in my time;
I have played many parts on the strange stage of life,
In the 'general utility' line."

Old Song.

HE is my hero—I don't know his name. Tortures shall never make me believe—they may induce the hypocritical profession of faith, as physical pain has had the power of coercing into external acquiescence in all ages—tortures, I say, shall never constrain me to credit that any human being ever legitimately possessed the impossible cognomen of Vigilance Jollybody. Yet that is the only name I ever heard my hero assert belonged to him. I always knew him as Mr. Mole; but then I had christened him so myself from a certain facial excrescence which will be hereafter descanted upon. So if you please we will call him Mr. Mole throughout this sketch of his very queer career.

You will observe in an opening quotation above—a sort of text to my sermon—that an impersonator of character in a humble sphere of art—a kind of

"————downy stage veteran,
Who had once got so far as to carry a letter on"—

proudly implies that he has not lived altogether in vain. I am not quite sure that this gentleman's doggerel assertion—and you will have observed the sublime disregard he displays for the laws of rhyme in the concluding noun—I am not certain that the boast could be legitimately uttered by my hero. That he has played many parts I shall proceed to exemplify. That they have been of general utility either to himself or to anyone else is at least doubtful. However, I do not despair of gaining your assent, before I have done with him, to the proposition that he filled one useful *rôle* at least, if only that assigned by Dr. Johnson to the memory of Swedish Charles. I will try and make him point a moral, at all events,—as for adorning a tale, why, "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sirs."

At irregularly recurring intervals during the last forty years the information has been lyrically communicated to me that "She"—I don't know who she was—"wore a wreath of roses on the night when first we met." I think the late Thomas Haynes Bayley was responsible for this sentimental ballad. Butterfly Bayley, you know he used to be called, because he inflicted upon the world that inexpressibly inane piece of drawing-room twaddle, "I'd be a butterfly." Lord! Lord! as Mr. Pepys would say, what vapidity our fathers and mothers did put up with in their drawing-rooms!—I think—I really *do* think that their children are wiser. But to return to the young lady with the coronal and the coronach.* I remember as a child I used to sing this ballad

* See the last two lines:

"————and there was no one near,
To press her hand within his own, and wipe away a tear."

—it was then as much the rage as "My Grandfather's Clock" is now; and, when I sang it I always joined in the coronach, and cried too. You have heard it—all of you. It has recently been revived, and with much success. It isn't half a bad bit of lachrymoseness. It displays a young female—with a tendency to gush—in various phases of feminine life, as maid—bride—widow, and so on. I never hear it but I am reminded of Mr. Mole. I propose to focus my friend, to pose him, as she of the roses and orange blossoms attitudinises—as Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West and Miss Eveleen Rayne—if their names may be reverently mentioned by one of the most devoted of their myriad slaves—are "photographed like this and are photographed like that." I will with your permission trot out my friend and invite your inspection of him in some dozen avatars of his wonderful biography.

I say, my friend, because, having known him—by sight that is to say—for five-and-thirty years, somehow I feel that I should miss him and be sad if I knew that I was never to behold him again. I never exchanged a word with him in my life. As I have said, I don't even know his name. True, I heard him announce what he professed to be his name once, and even beheld him adduce documentary evidence in support of his assertion; but—don't you agree with me?—the appellation was too preposterous to be accepted as genuine. I dubbed him Mr. Mole from a peculiar wart disfiguring one side of his face. Ah, me! how that dreadful bump has developed in a generation. In the early days of the "forties" it was only a beauty spot—just such a delicate dab as you see in the portraits on the pearly cheeks of the beauties of the early Hanoverian days—by the position of which fair politicians used to indicate their party preferences; but now—when I saw my old acquaintance but yesterday—the—the— Why—why, will Lieutenant Bardolph's nose, so unmercifully chaffed at mess by his commanding officer, occur to my mind at this moment? But let me not anticipate.

I wonder whether Mr. Mole knows me when he meets me—whether it ever occurs to him, as I curiously regard him, to make the reflection to himself, "That man has been turning up in my path, in one way or another, since '44: he was only a boy then—I wonder who he is." Sometimes I fancy he gives me a kind of furtive leer of recognition when he catches sight of me; but this may be conceit on my part. Perhaps the pensive air of interest with which I contemplate him amuses him; *Quien sabe?*

I have heard him assert—he was always a profuse talker—that he stood high in the 'Varsity betting books for "a good place" in the honours list at Maudlin, or Trinity, or Corpus—at Oxford or Cambridge—in the year 'forty something or other. I have no reason to doubt this statement. I know I came across him once when he was "off duty," as it were, and he—I verily believe conscientiously under the impression that he was wholly unobserved—was reclining on a green bank, and reading an Elzevir edition of Æschylus—yes, sir, reading it with obvious enjoyment and appreciation. It was in a little coppice off Plumstead Common, at Charlton Fair time—that naughty Horn Fair, you know, the origin of which is so delicately—or indelicately—connected with the incognito improprieties of wicked Lackland. Mr. Mole lolled in an indolent but graceful attitude, with a red bandana cotton handkerchief over his head to keep away the flies. His tall shiny black silk hat—a "four-and-nine" we boys used irreverently to call this description of head covering—was upright on the grass by his side. His coat was black, but seedy, tightly buttoned, and shiny. Paper collars were not yet invented, so no white relieved the blackness around his neck, and it was the only occasion I ever saw him without shoes and stockings.

And here let me observe that that black, tall, and shimmery hat appears to have been Mr. Mole's amulet or talisman for nearly the interval of a generation. I believe it to be the very same "Golgotha" which he bought second-hand in Houndsditch, probably in order to be smart for the opening of the exhibition in '51. It isn't—accurately speaking—an anchor in the holding ground of the genteel world, but my hero evidently regards it as a sort of warp or spring upon the cable attached to that instrument, as connecting the vagabond fraternity afloat on the ocean of cadgery—lightly and insecurely it may be—but still somehow connecting it, with a society that doesn't habitually "doss" on the

"twopenny rope dodge" and breakfast *al fresco*, when they breakfast at all, at a coffee-stall in the Waterloo Road. That hat, poor fellow, is his badge, his crest, his credentials, his "Luck," * and he cherishes it accordingly.

I have only seen him otherwise crowned three times—the first of these occasions I proceed at once to describe.

"She wore a wreath of roses the night when first we met." Well, on the first occasion on which I met Mr. Mole it was afternoon, and he wore a Joinville tie.

It was on Epsom Downs, on the Derby Day of 1844, "Running Rein's" year—"Orlando's" year—that I first beheld him. Are you puzzled, patient but not sportive reader, that I cite two equine titles for the winner of the blue ribbon in one year? Oh, unsophisticated peruser! Have you never heard of the safe wager at long odds, that there isn't an "Angel at Islington," and how the taker is "let in" by the authentic information that the renowned hostelry bearing that sign is situate in Clerkenwell? Similarly have you never heard the assertion made, on the responsibility of an offer to back the statement, that the first horse past the winning post has not always won the Derby? To try to pull off the stakes by the paltry equivocation that the winner has sometimes been a mare, is mean and unworthy; but it is perfectly legitimate, I believe, according to gamblers' ethics, to "land your coin" by demonstrating that in 1844 the first animal past the winning post was that racer, sailing under false colours, or rather galloping under an assumed name, "Running Rein," and the second, General Peel's horse "Orlando," and that the latter was subsequently declared the winner from the fact of the equine impostor having been entered under or over—I forget which—the regulation age—so that you see the above instanced gambling proposition may be safely—mind I do not say morally—made, and the result secured, wholly independent of the question of sex.

1844! Thirty-five years ago! "The days of a man's life are but three score and ten years," and, as actuaries will assure you, the psalmist has made a pretty liberal calculation; and, here am I carrying my memory back, without an effort, half of this tolerably long term! What odd unrecorded experiences contribute to our adequately realizing our progress in age! The French female *savant* philosophically noted how, as she advanced in life, men no longer turned in the street to look after her, and composedly estimated that her powers of attraction decreased in the ratio of the hypotheneuse to the semi-square. I adopt a less learned test. Time was when the majority of people I miscellaneously encountered seemed older than myself. Time is when I feel that I am the elder of nearly all whom I meet. I am not a betting man, but in this case I wouldn't mind wagering—say a level sixpence—that the vastly preponderating majority of those who read this disquisition will be my juniors—babes by comparison—children, who have to make an effort to carry their minds back to the Indian Mutiny, and regard the Crimean War much as I do Walcheren and the Peninsular Campaign and Waterloo—as something too remote to realise. How many of ye visited the Exhibition of 1851? Infants! ye can no more imagine what life—society—high and low—dress—manners—pursuits, noble and plebeian, were like in 1844 than ye can depict to yourselves the image of the time when—in her palace in Troy—

> "Queen Dido at the window sat,
> A darnin' of her stockin', oh!"

You? Come now! How many of you, do you think, could at a competitive examination perform this exercise, "Describe a Joinville tie. At what period was it worn as a fashionable part of the costume? Of what material was it usually constructed? From what celebrated individual did it derive its name? What circumstance about the time of its introduction had made that individual conspicuous? Was it an article of male or female attire?" (Of course I have given you the "straight tip" anent this.) How many of you, I repeat, could earn a single mark in this branch of domestic history without previous "cram?" If I were your "coach" I'd make you give a shilling for poor dear Albert Smith's

* 'Luck," the amulet heirloom of an ancient family—vide "The Luck of Edenhall," Longfellow.

almost forgotten *brôchure*, "The Gent" (Bogue—Fleet Street), if you could get it anywhere, and then rest serenely confident in your approaching triumph.

He wore a Joinville tie. He likewise "sported"—that is the correct term, I believe, —sported—a "box" coat—a very light drab garment then much in vogue. He was crowned with a white hat—it was one of the three occasions to which I have before alluded when I saw him otherwise thatched than with the conventional black "stove pipe." This chapeau, sirs, was none of your felt compromises of these latter decadent days of shoddy and cardboard. No, i' faith, it was a fluffy, shiny, real beaver texture affair, around which floated a gossamer green veil, and which—the tile not the veil—was adorned at a later period of the day with sundry small wooden articulated lay figures, stuck in the band after the manner in which his Most Christian Majesty Louis XI. was wont to decorate his shabby old felt bonnet with trumpery leaden images of Our Lady of the Vosges, St. Catherine Catamaran, St. Hubert of the Forest, St. Boniface of the Red Lion, etc., etc., etc. Then, Mr. Mole wore very large pattern tartan trousers, the extremities of which were very tightly drawn under the insteps of his drab-topped, tiny patent leather-tipped boots, and fastened there with three buttons to each leg, displaying the limb to the greatest advantage—they were called "gaiter-fronted," and I always thought them remarkably graceful. My hero's hands were encased in primrose-tinted gloves, fitting faultlessly, and his cuffs were spotlessly white, and turned up over the sleeves of his body coat. He displayed two waistcoats, the under one of white, with lappels slightly obtruding and turning over, and calling the attention, as it were, to the outer vest of flowered crimson velvet. He was adorned with as many chains as the fabulous Macheath, or the historical Jemmy McLean, only they were of gold, and displayed around the neck and over the bosom, whereas the highwaymens' were of iron, and supported by a red "belcher" about the epigastrium, and clinked upon their legs. Mr. Mole had a good-humoured look on his pale, pasty, sickly-looking face—his excrescence seemed rather to redeem the insipidity of the expression, to communicate character, as it were. Later on in the day a flush, not altogether wholesome, replaced the pallor, and, later still, he had hidden his really handsome aquiline nose behind an abominable construction of pasteboard, pimply, and of most hideous redness and monstrous size, dependent from which was a pair of prodigiously large black horsehair moustaches. I saw him from the roof of the Guards' drag—where he was perched drinking champagne from a common public-house quart pewter—purchase this article of adornment (?) from a gipsy-looking vagabond, who was exposing a number for sale, hoarsely bawling, "Here y'ar, gents! Cum along, me noble sportsmen. Nose AN' 'air a penny!" I beheld the vendor make a feint of producing two shillings and fivepence change for the half-crown tossed to him, and I heard the generous Mole apply comminatory words to change in general, which naughtiness did not appear to incense the trader, who made no further attempt to wound his customer's feelings by unbecoming efforts to force the rejected balance upon his acceptance.

In those days there was a turnpike at Kennington, and the gate used to be kept on the evening of this annual saturnalia by relays of professional pugilists, specially hired for the occasion by the farmers of the trust. At ten o'clock that night I beheld that Joinville tie very much disarranged, its owner being in point of fact engaged in a milling match at this barrier with one of the—well, not too handsome—stipendiary athletes. I heard the amateur make rather incoherent references to the finished education he had received from Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Ben Caunt, Bendigo, Alec Keene, and other emeritii of the "noble science." The last I saw of that piquant wart on that occasion was in a ghastly apparition at the near window of the vehicle. Mr. Mole had been ignominiously rescued by his friends from the gladiatorial fists, and consigned—thrust in—fallen from his high estate of the box—to the degraded seclusion of the interior. His body, I have no doubt, was battered. His visage, I know, was bloody. He was weeping piteously. At the same time he was swearing profanely. He was alternately adjuring his sainted mother and cursing consumedly. Then he fell to laughing hysterically, and then to pleading plaintively with his companions for more hock and seltzer. He no longer "wore his beaver up," or wore it at all, for I saw it tossed somewhat

contemptuously into the coach after him—a battered, flattened, shapeless mass. There appeared to be solutions of continuity in his resplendent gold chains, suggesting probable absence of the whilom pendant chronometer. One leg of his tartan continuations had been torn off at the knee, and hung something like the Prince of Denmark's stockings when he shocks poor Ophelia by bouncing in ungartered, that is to say, it clung in graceless folds about my hero's ancle, remaining attached only by the strap buttons afore mentioned.

As they say in the play-bills, "four years are supposed to elapse." "The next time that I saw that face"—as Mr. Bayley rather prosaically puts it—no Derby veil was there—a soldier's shiny hat concealed that rather close-cropped hair. That avatar constituted, so far as I was concerned, the second exception to that rule of his life, that clinging to his amulet, that passionate fondness for his "four-and-nine," to which I have already alluded.

It was in 1848—summer time. A bright idea had just occurred to the French General Cavaignac—I think, though, it was rather a plagiarism of the notion of the First Consul, originally put in practice on the 18th Brumaire—however, the *vieux sabreur* had tested the theory that artillery charged with grape and canister radically cleared revolutionary metropolitan thoroughfares—a few years afterwards a then comparatively obscure politician and a literary man, as a writer on artillery—having the power—remodelled the capital of the country over which he was called to rule, entirely with a view to affording facilities for this engaging ball practice. Well, in June, 1848, Cavaignac had "put down the Reds," by mitrailleing Paris from the Place du Trône to the Place de la Concorde. The Chartists in England—at least all of them who were out of gaol—were screaming Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, notwithstanding that little Cuffey, the soda-water-bottle throwing tailor, and mad O'Connor, and poor theorising Ernest Jones were "rotting in England's Bastiles." Rachel was declaiming the *Marseillaise* at the St. James's Theatre. Phelps was demonstrating the republican patriotism of Shakespeare by playing, and sublimely playing, Brutus in *Julius Cæsar* every night at Sadlers Wells, and I was seeking, while making a little tour in Kent, to find an old friend who was serving as purser's mate on board Her Majesty's gun brig "Growler" (10 guns), then commissioning at Chatham.

It was a very hot and dusty afternoon when I crossed old Rochester Bridge. I was pedestrianising, be it remembered. Gundulph's Keep smiled welcome upon me I thought. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's "effigies" at the Town Hall seemed to encourage me to shake off my Kentish dust at his *vis-à-vis*, the "Victoria," "nice house—good beds"—*vide* Mr. Jingle; but I resisted the allurements, and pushed on. I looked longingly at Watts's almshouses, and thought how nice it would be to occupy one of the monastic cells for the night, to repose my wearied limbs, to sup on bread and cheese and small beer, and breakfast on the same, and depart in the morning refreshed, and rejoicing with a fourpenny piece in my pocket. I thought I wasn't a rogue, and I knew I wasn't a proctor.* I had reached St. Margaret's Bank, that kind of compromise or bridge of semi-gentility between the ecclesiastical aristocracy of Rochester and the "United Service" *ton* of Chatham. I was toiling along this raised way when I came across HIM—Mr. Mole!

In those days the Honourable East India Company had a large official palace in Leadenhall Street, London. They likewise rivalled Her Majesty the Queen of these realms—now the Empress of the dominion those indigo and coffee brokers assumed to rule—by recruiting and maintaining an army "on their own hook." This army, like the home affair, boasted "Cavalry, and Rifles, and the R'y'l"—or rather the Company's—"Ar-r-rtiller-ry"; also, like the domestic military establishment, it had its corps of Engineers—wonderful fellows—they wore shakoes, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, with portentous peaks, and devices mounted in bronze of the star of something or other, with the Lion of Jubbulpore sprawling over it. They also sported epaulettes, and were clad in coatees, and their privates peeled off these coatees, and "whopped,"

* *Vide* adjuratory inscription outside this ancient *hospitium*.

or tried to whop, Her Majesty's "Snappers and Grinders," if they could find occasion to make a quarrel, which, be assured, was no difficult matter, whenever, whether at Woolwich or Chatham, or elsewhere, Queen's Service Sappers encountered the Engineers of John Company.

HE was in a coatee. He had two large golden epaulettes. He wore the orthodox broad-spreading-at-the-top ostentatious peak-shading-at-the-base shako. Mr. Mole had the inverted stripes of a staff-sergeant on his arm, and he carried a rattan, the privilege of his non-commissioned rank. He beamed airily upon me as if he recognised one he had seen somewhere before; but he cast languishing glances at the demure servant maids of the St. Margaret's Bank establishments, and obviously, to employ an oriental metaphor, their hearts "melted as water before the warmth of my lord's smile."

I didn't find my friend the purser's clerk, but I did eat good cheesecakes at the "Rose" at Sittingbourne—the world-renowned speciality of that long since non-existent hostelry—that night, to which I had carried nine miles more white Kentish dust, and I forgot all about Mr. Mole until—until our next encounter.

And ever after that interview he wore the chimney-pot capital I have heretofore described. This is the last time, dear and patient reader, you shall behold him without that churchwarden or dissenting-minister-like voucher of indisputable respectability. On this occasion he had covered his nut with a pork pie, or—so-called—polo, head gear, and he was addressing a numerous and admiring audience in the New Cut, Lambeth.

It was early in '51, the Exhibition year. I am sure I don't know what took me to that aristocratic South London thoroughfare. Perhaps I was wending my way to a temperance meeting in the Westminister Bridge road. Probably I was seeking spiritual consolation at the late Mr. Rowland Hill's Tabernacle, over against the gilded dog licking out the golden pot—the hundreds of years old "dog and pot"—in the way leading to the whilom Magdalen, and the still standing Obelisk. Ascribe to me any dissipated intentions you please, anyhow it was Saturday night, and it was in the New Cut, and——there was a crowd!

Now, if there is one temptation of London street life I *never* COULD resist, it is a crowd. What is it all about? I *must* know. I elbow my way in. If it's an argument, I take a part in it. If it's a sight, I look on and applaud. If it's "Punch," I grin, and cheerfully give my penny. If it's a fight, I—well, sometimes—interpose between the stripped gladiators—take each athlete by the throat—announce that I am a metropolitan rate-payer—invoke the vestry, the Board of Works, the police and the authorities generally, and pose as Ajax defying the lightning.

But this particular crowd was quite amicable. It was clustered around an individual who was civilian as to all parts of his garb but his head covering, and that was adorned by an unmistakable forage or stable cap. It was my acquaintance, Mr. Mole. He occasionally produced from his waistcoat pocket certain diminutive pill boxes—he very ostentatiously displayed a black-handled razor, a strop, and a jagged piece of deal wood—and this is the way in which he addressed his numerous and obviously admiring auditory,—

"Gentlemen,—for it would be in vain to appeal to the sympathies of the softer sex, in a matter in which, by the immutable laws of nature, they cannot be interested,—I am no common man! I hold in my hand an implement—of domestic—ordinary domestic—employment, commonly termed—a—a—razor! Gentlemen, the hand which now brandishes this weapon knows little about such plebeian tools. No, gentlemen, I am more accustomed to the use of a car-r-r-bine—a lance—or a swo-r-r-rd. I do *not* boast. Let the *Gazettes* which record—alas! inadequately record—the exploits of Ferozeshah, Sobraon and Aliwal be consulted, and if the name of Vigilance Jollybody—corporal of the 16th Lancers—be not found inscribed in the immortal archives of that illustrious regiment— Thank you, sir—one penny, sir, and five will make—yes, sir, sixpence—thank you, sir. Watch the moment the razor touches it."

While this exordium had been proceeding he had been wildly hacking his bit of wood with the glittering blade—then he exhibited its edge woefully notched—then he anointed his strop with some of the unguent from the boxes he was purveying—

then he frantically passed the blade up and down the leather—then he impetuously pulled a hair—several hairs—from his not too liberally provided occiput, passed the blade of his weapon through a single one—splitting it as it went—posed in a dignified attitude, and sold his boxes, at a penny each, like wildfire.

When trade from time to time appeared to slacken, he improved the occasion by handing round a War Office form wherein was inscribed the legend that Vigilance Jollybody, occupation ostler's clerk, had "entered the 16th Lancers 19th December, 1849, and was discharged—*ill health* and *incapacity*—12th January, 1851—character good." Somehow this didn't fit in with Ferozeshah, Aliwal and Sobraon.

He was "clothed and in his right mind" surely when next I saw him. It was on Tower Hill in the spring of the following year, 1852. He wore *the* (it was the first time) *the* buttoned-up surtout—I will take my oath he sported a "dickey." He had the largest stand-up shirt collar any man except an Ethiopian serenader ever appeared in in public. His "goss"* was tall and sheeny. His manner was oily and bland. He had a little—oh! such a very little paper-covered trunk at his feet before him. It contained his stock-in-trade, which consisted of an infallible corn salve. He glibly expatiated on the merits of this lenitive, but he left the purveying thereof to—ah! There was a wretched, washed-out-looking, cadaverous woman—oh, so pallid!—oh, so worn!—with a baby, oh, such a tiny weazened baby! clinging to her—as the papoose hangs on to the poor Indian girl. Mite as it was, it seemed too heavy for her infinitesimal allowance of strength, and this poor wretch glided in and out amongst the grinning crowd, and sold the penny portions, and carried the coins meekly to the paper-covered miniature trunk, and ever and anon looked towards the gesticulating hero, the twopenny-halfpenny "brave" of this "squaw who carried the tent-poles," with, oh! so much foolish love! with, oh! so much weak womanly admiration! Oh! Bah! Husband or no husband, or so-called husband, or what ought to be husband—woman, "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre"—it is a bad sign when a man cannot salute thee, and own—reverently own—that with all thy whims—all thy caprices—all thy humours—and thou hast many of each, Heaven knows—the world God has given us would be—without thee—as a geological formation scientifically to be analysed and appraised, but wholly deprived of cheering, exhilarating, invigorating, trouble compensating flowers.

I wonder what had become of this poor squaw and her elfin burthen in the latter part of this same year, 1852, when, in the Strutton Ground, Westminster, I again came across Mr. Mole, *débonnair* as usual, engaged in a peculiar kind of commercial enterprise, which I will now proceed to describe.

I think it is as old as Hogarth, that is, as far back as Hogarth's time, that some contemporary delineator of manners sketched the itinerant who strode London streets with a bunch of straw under his arm, and sold blades thereof at a penny each, giving a presumably equivocal pamphlet into the bargain. "I don't sell my books, I sell my straw," was the cry of this chapman. To digress for one moment, it is very odd to reflect how this harmless agricultural product, this glorified grass, suggesting peaceful and innocent rural ideas, has always, like "that noble animal, the horse," of our school-books, associated itself with knavery. Didn't the "sham bail," who used to loaf about Serjeants' and Clifford's Inn, and Judges' Chambers—Lord! I knew the last surviving one well—prepared at a moment's notice to swear that they were each worth a thousand pounds after all their debts were paid—didn't each potentially perjured scoundrel carry a blade of straw sticking out of his shoe, to announce to debtors in the hands of Slowman or Levy that he was to be hired to incur the contingent penalty of seven years' transportation for half-a-crown? Read up your "Pickwick" on this point, sceptic.

However, to return to Mr. Mole. In the crowded thoroughfare of the Strutton Ground, one cold winter's evening, that gentleman was moving about very briskly, and confidentially addressing an admiring public beneath the naphtha lamps of the butchers establishments and the stalls of the street market of that populous neighbourhood. He was

* Gossamer—Four-and-nine—Tile—Golgotha—the place of a skull—Hat.—*Vide Hotten's* Slang Dictionary.

not DIS-respectably dressed—I remember his surtout was well brushed, and tightly buttoned—rather shiny, it is true—but his hat was resplendent, and he wore trowsers straps. He had a way of addressing his audience, particularly the fairer sex, which was, I should say, inimitable. Under his right arm he carried a sheaf of sealed envelopes. In his left hand he displayed a bundle of straw. Selecting a stalk from the latter, and "fixing" the ladies with an irresistible smile, he began,—

"You must understand that I am not what I seem! Under a homely disguise you behold a desseminator of human knowledge. The schoolmaster is not abroad. No! no!! He is at home! In your midst! The deepest problems of human philosophy—the ethics of Plato—the propositions of Aristotle, are contained in these sealed packets, dealing with the deepest mysteries, the profoundest subjects of human speculation—but I am not allowed to *sell* them. No. I appear in the character of a universal benefactor. *I give them away.* Any purchaser of a straw for the modest sum of one penny becomes the happy possessor of the digested philosophy of the sages of all ages. I say—THE SAGES OF ALL AGES! The nature of the communication may be conjectured when I inform you" (*looking frowningly and lowering his voice*) "*that I am forbidden to take* money for a straw from any young person under the age of sixteen, and that I may not sell two straws to any one individual."

A perky looky *gamin*, of about twelve, turned up here and proffered his penny. Mr. Mole scrutinised him closely, and questioned him solemnly and severely. The boy protesting to being above sixteen—he would have sworn to six-and-twenty with equal complacency—the proffered coin was taken, and a straw and packet given in return. The vendor was doing a roaring trade—especially among the females—when the urchin burst his way in through the mob, and displayed the open encasement and a flimsy-looking document drawn therefrom. "Ere, I say, mister," he roared in a rage, "wot d'ye call this 'ere?" The paper, evidently of the date of some one-and-twenty years before, when the first reform agitation was convulsing the land, purported to be an outfitter's circular, and was an appeal from Messrs. Doudney, of Lombard Street, to "reform your tailor's bills!"

In those days, dear reader—I am speaking of more than a quarter of a century ago—certain of the youth of this metropolis were in the habit of resorting on Sundays and holidays to the marine retreat of Gravesend, there to partake of shrimps, and perchance indulge in flirtation. The then usual mode of resort to this fashionable watering-place was by the course of the Thames—the "Star" and "Diamond" companies did a roaring business in rivalry with one another—and I believe friendships have been ruptured, matrimonial engagements broken off, and families severed, over discussions as to the relative merits of the "Terrace" and "Town" piers, the respective terminii of the rival boats.

I was one Monday on board the "Mars," bound for the port to which this fast packet traded, when I found myself absorbed in contemplation of a fearful and wonderful little creature that sat on one of the steps of the paddlebox. He was almost hidden behind the prodigious flaps of the sheets of yesterday's *Bell's Life*. Projecting from either side of that document were the fringed ends of the most wonderful Joinville tie I ever saw. Above the print appeared the crown of an enormous "tile." By the side of the atomy stood the smallest bottle and the largest glass I ever saw in combination, with more creamy froth overflowing both vessels than I ever beheld issue from Guinness's brew. The breeze causing him a temporary difficulty with his literature, he displayed more of his portentous get up; but I will not expatiate upon the cheeseplate buttons adorning his drab coat, because I was wholly engrossed with the magnitude of his cigar, which was a trifle smaller than the mainyard of the "Agamemnon" (124 guns), then recently launched.

I was, I say, absorbed in contemplating this puny phenomenon when I became sensible of a titter in my rear. All at once I felt myself touched on the arm, and a modest gentlemanly-looking man quietly placed before me a—a—silhouette. Do you remember those horrible sticking-plaster things they used to cut out with scissors and call profile portraits? "Like sir—isn't it?" the wretch enquired—horribly

grinning. Like! Oh, horror! it was intended for a profile of myself! The *nez retroussé* might have been repudiated. There were many on board to whom that feature might have been attributed; but a certain double pin in my Albert cravat—a large pin and a little pin—connected by a chain, had lent itself to the outline, and the pourtraying fiend had seized upon that ostensible accessory, and I had to plead guilty, and pay sixpence. I looked around for the perpetrator of the atrocity. Have you ever seen the pianoforte player in the German caricature, where he poses himself on the conclusion of his performance to receive the applause of his auditors? That was the attitude of this proud artist, receiving the gratulations of the passengers on board the good ship "Mars." As I placed the coin in his not too ostentatiously distended palm, I looked upwards, and caught sight of an excrescence on the cheek, and recognised—Mr. Mole!

The unhappy performer of a popular lyric, the refrain of which announces, "I am always on the move, sir," is expected, while singing, to keep trotting backwards and forwards to illustrate the peripatetic proposition. The next time I saw my hero he was rushing backwards and forwards by the kerb of London Bridge, as if he had anticipated this lively ballad. He bore a tray, upon which was piled a heap of gilt card counters—assuming to resemble dragon sovereigns—the obverse showing a poorly executed profile of Her Majesty, the reverse, a man astride a horse, with the legend inscribed above him, "To Hanover," and the date beneath, 1837, sufficiently indicating the gratification which found its popular expression in a kind of joy medal struck by or for the people when the hated Duke of Cumberland left this country for his German kingdom, on the death of our King William IV.* "Go to Hanover" is a comminatory adjuration not wholly unknown now, I believe, among our lower classes. Well, Mr. Mole was purveying these medals in this wise,—

"The gambling tendencies of our nobility—ladies and gentlemen—are too well known to you all to require expatiation upon from me. I am here as the humble instrument to decide which shall be the winner of a wager of ten thousand pounds made this morning between that celebrated sporting peer, the most noble the Marquis of Waterford, and a certain downy Captain—of the right sort—whose name shall be mum! The noble Marquis bet the Captain—IN PONIES TO THE ABOVE AMOUNT—that a trustworthy emissary should not perambulate London Bridge at mid-day for the space of one hour, and sell one hundred sovereigns at a penny a-piece. There are two conditions of THE BET—the one is that I must always keep moving, and the other that I may never sell more than a single coin to any one person. Now, then, my plucky speculators," and so on, and so on, and so on.

I think I have mentioned Charlton Fair, where Mr. Mole appeared without shoes and stockings. I beheld him on the afternoon of that day, when, having replaced Æschylus in his ragged pocket, he had apparently taken a business—that is to say, he had invested some superfluous coin of which he had temporarily found himself in possession, in the purchase of three canes, three coker nuts, three bags containing sand, and about two dozen short bludgeons. He was smoking a very diminutive pipe, and actively running about barefooted—but crowned with his glossy crest—and as he cheerfully replaced the coker nuts as fast as they were knocked over into the bags of sand, he addressed the fair-haunting rustics hilariously. "Here y' are, my noble swells—six sticks a penny—this is the way to get nuts for nothing and sport into the bargain!"

1853 sees me again at Epsom. It is West Australian's year. It is the last year that those naughty booths shall be open on the common beyond Tattenham Corner, where you don't have nuts for your money and sport for nothing, it is true; but Hebrew women in the flesh, and plenty of it, sitting in crimson and purple velvet, and asking the most perfect strangers to drink champagne, and light up choice regalias, and munch sandwiches, all free gratis for nothing, and who ferociously "row" John and "'Arry"—in plush and tights, and silks—rather open to the charge of seediness, however—if they don't "see as the gemman's glass is filled, and won't the Capting take

* See "A History of our own Times," by Justin McCarthy. London: Chatto and Windus, 1879, vol. i. pp. 16 *et seq.* I had not perused this when the above lines were written.

another of them there sangwiches?" The last year of you, dear madam of the cotton velvet and the Brummagem jewellery, the last year of your hook-nosed, black-whiskered husband—well—ahem! we'll say—husband, croaking over the green baize table, under the canvas, "Cum' 'long—now's yer time. The ball's a-rolling, gen'l'men, *trente á q'rant.* Yer can't stake yer coin s' fast as the bank 'll lose it, gents." No no, Inspector Forrester and his merry men are coming down upon you, Mrs. Mordecai; and my friend Mole, whom I meet again beneath your hospitable improvised roof—my friend Mole, in M.B.* coat and tall hat—the soft felt "wide-awake" and the tasselled broad-brimmed "pot" had not then come into vogue in clerical costume—the country clergyman who has "looked in" to see what this kind of temptation is like—you know—in order that he may warn his congregation at home, and "who don't mind—really *don't* mind—'standing in' with you for a sovereign or two—for they appear—upon my word, they *do* appear—to play—on the—whole—very fairly"—my friend Mole, I say, will have to find another avocation.

Well, he does. Promptly. He makes a great sensation—say in Kentish Town—one Saturday evening, when the tide of cheap commerce of that neighbourhood is at its full height—by seizing a boy by the jacket collar, and beginning at once to lubricate the captured one's sleeve with some vile unguent. "It removes beer stains—wine stains—grease stains—fruit stains," says Mr. Mole, rubbing away zealously, and when *gamin* No. 1 wrenches his garb from his captor's grasp, he of the wart seizes on the cap of *gamin* No. 2 and scours away as cheerfully and vigorously as ever. "Only a penny the ball," he announces pleasantly, and his merchandise disappears rapidly.

Want of space compels me to pass over numerous public interviews I had with Mr. Mole during the ensuing three years. The record would be monotonous. His appearances were invariably in the character of "Un chevalier de l'Industrie," so I will, if you please, glide in silence over the interval I have mentioned.

In the early winter days of 1856 I had occasion to pass down a street in Shadwell, leading into a greatly frequented thoroughfare. A gentleman ahead of me appeared in much tribulation of mind. He was a clerical-looking party, and he stopped at the corner of the avenue I have mentioned, and, taking up a good position in the roadway, at once, and without the slightest preamble, announced, to the passers by who were attracted by his attitude, his conscientious doubts of the truth of the Christian Religion. He said that he was afflicted in mind. He had hitherto been all wrong, but now the light had been vouchsafed, and he forthwith proceeded to eulogise the works of Mr. David Hume, especially that gentleman's "Essay on Miracles," and the productions of Mr. Thomas Paine, and that philosopher's *magnum opus*, "The Age of Reason." By the time he had got about a dozen people around him, "to him"—as the old dramatists say—entered a disputant. Ha! Ha! That shiny black hat, those well polished, albeit down-at-heel and patched boots, that greasy surtout. Do I not know ye? Mr. Mole incontinently proceeded to prove from Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Polycarp, Thomas à Kempis, and some dozen other of the Fathers, that the clerical-looking one was all wrong, and departing from the primitive faith without the slightest reason. He tenderly touched upon the days when he was maudlin—I mean *at* Maudlin—and, finally, after a very animated discussion, gracefully collected the oblations of an admiring auditory in his inverted "four-and-nine."

There was a public-house at the corner of the thoroughfare. There are not infrequently establishments of this character at the corner of London thoroughfares. Polemics have a tendency to produce thirst. This inconvenience I was subsequently allaying in the "private compartment," which "gives upon" the "coffee-room." Through the glass pane inserted in the top of the door leading to this sanctuary I beheld Mr. Mole and his whilom opponent seated at a table, comfortably drinking what appeared to be cold gin and water. They were likewise smoking cigars.—Havannahs, apparently. I had contributed guerdon to these theological minnesingers, but I was

* "M. B." "The mark of the beast." The imitation *soutane* assumed by the High Church clergy.—*Vide Hotten's* Slang Dictionary.

content to take my tobacco through a common short pipe—not exactly common, though, for it was one of Fiolet's, of St. Omer—a renowned manufacturer of clay calumets in those ante-briar-root days.

The plebeian perusers of these lines are probably wholly unacquainted with that haunt of the nobility and gentry, the Brill, in Somers Town. It is a street market, much affected, I am given to understand, by the aristocracy of this metropolis. I had long known an establishment in this mart, which, having failed as a porkshop, essayed to derive an income by exhibiting the attractions and accomplishments of three ladies, two alive and one dead and stuffed. The latter was a combination of mummied monkey and dried fish, and was pictorially represented on the huge canvas covering the front of the house as a beautiful creature, floating partially immersed in very green waves—through which a scaly extremity terminating in a fish's tail could bedimly discerned—engaged in brushing her profuse tresses, and contemplating her divine features in a hand-glass, and which presentment is, I believe, the correctly conventional or heraldic manner of depicting a mermaid. The two living fair ones were—one, the very ugliest female I ever saw in my life, who, from this distinction, was exhibited under the description of the pig-faced lady, and was popularly supposed to feed from a silver trough; the other, a young person in tights and very short petticoats, and apparently not too many of them. She dined daily in public off tow soaked in naphtha and consumed in an incandescent state, and delighted numerous audiences by lifting five hundred weights at one time with her back hair, a spectacle which, although—anatomically considered as a demonstration of the muscles of the thorax, might be regarded as instructive—was not particularly exhilarating. The canvas, which exhibited delineations highly imaginative of these, as of the other, attractions, announced that the price of admission was, "Working people and children one penny, the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood threepence each." It is not material under which character I enjoyed the display. Well, passing through the Brill one November evening in 1857, I saw announced at the old shop an entire change of performances, the staple of the new entertainment being a panorama of the Indian Mutiny, then in everybody's mind, with an accompanying lecture. I paid the admission fee and entered. The back parlour had been converted into a stage, the shop formed the auditorium. I sat through a very dreary and not too refined ballet, and when the curtain drew up on the first scene of the *piéce de résistance* representing the Barrack Square at Berhampore, the lecturer stepped from behind the scene in the person of—Mr. Mole! He was *de point* in evening sables, white shirt collar and cuffs. He carried the indispensable wand. He took his place at the orthodox baize-covered table, which was provided with the traditional *caraffe* and tumbler. It was a very good panorama, and my old acquaintance gave us a capital lecture. I shall never forget the sensation caused by his peroration, when with alarms, excursions, explosions, we arrived at the blowing open of the gate of Delhi. "And thus, ladies and gentlemen, at length Cawnpore was avenged. The tiger lay prostrate, flaccid and powerless, beneath the grip of the lion, and the glorious cross of St. George floated over the domes and ramparts of the gorgeous city of the Mogul!" Thereupon the orchestra—a very assertive cornet, and a by no means demonstrative, but rather remonstrative, fiddle—struck up a few bars of "Rule Britannia." The men and boys cheered and clapped. The hysterical women and girls wiped their eyes, and Mr. Mole gracefully bowed himself behind the curtain.

I again pass over many other avatars. The Exhibition of 1862 saw Mr. Mole on a vacant piece of ground at South Kensington—the gorgeous mansions of Cromwell Road occupy it now—in the usual orthodox black, with a very stiff white choker and demonstrative cuffs. He stood on a Windsor chair, the while a myrmidon by his side supported aloft on a pole a hideous cartoon painted on a square framework, displaying the internal economy of the human body. The professor was very—and disgustingly—learned on chyle, and serum, and lymph, and described, revoltingly in detail, the whole process of digestion. He called attention to the functions of the pylorus, and sold liver pills at a penny the box.

The next year I was marching with my company of volunteers up the race hill at

Brighton, on the occasion of the then usual Easter Monday Review, when I beheld my hero and a companion at the commencement of the steep ascent to the downs, almost impeding the way by spreading a black banner across the road, a pole supported by each. On the flag was inscribed—but no, I shall not say what was written there. There are subjects too sacred—too awful to bring in for the purposes of an idle sketch, though apparently *rien sacré pour un sapeur* must sometimes, perforce, be the motto of the hungry vagabond. Suffice it to say that a bright little boy, obviously not unconnected with the banner-bearers, was mixing with the troops and the camp-followers, bearing a money-box, whereon was inscribed, "Collection in aid of the Mission to the London Laundresses."

A year or two ago I saw him on Finsbury pavement. A sale of wines was on, and outside the door of the sale-room was a large poster containing a list of the characters, quantities, and vintages. Mr. Mole, in a shocking state of dilapidation, but roofed with the traditional cylinder, knowingly cocked, his head slightly on side, one knee a little flexed, one hand on his hip, a complacent smile curling on his still handsome, though now rather too full lips, was cheerfully examining the *affiché*, and doing as much as in him lay to convey the impression to passers by that he contemplated replenishing his extensive cellar, and was a gentleman particular as to the *crûs*. Poor wretch, perhaps some reminiscence of far-away long-gone-by "wines" in the monastic cells of Maudlin, or Trinity, inspired the curves around, and gave the composed and contented expression to a mouth long since more familiar with "unsweetened" than with Chateau Lafitte.

I hope you have perceived, gentle reader, that I have not assumed to write a history so much as to contribute materials for a memoir. You can fill in the details according to your own knowledge of life. The brilliant genius, rusticated at his university—sent down, we'll say—to put it indulgently—the "ornament" of the Inns of Court politely requested to remove his name from the books of the Lower Temple or Lionel's Inn; the seedy spendthrift taking his shilling in John Company's service—his conspicuous abilities adorning his sleeve with the non-commissioned officer's chevrons—his irrepressible propensities unstitching them; the deserter escaping handcuffs and a corporal's picket carrying loaded pieces, by re-enlisting in Her Majesty's service; the Queen's "hard bargain," as a light dragoon, considerately dismissed, and with the "key of the street" once more. The gambling booth "bonnet," the street hawker—*facilis descensus averni*. Ah, me! Alas! and alack-a-day! Here, dear reader, you have no Cain, you know—no Ishmael—no fellow with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him—for I don't believe Mr. Mole ever wilfully injured man, woman, or child. You have rather an urban Esau—a town hunter of very small game—a pavement gleaner of unnoticed grains after "men of the world" (a convict in his broad-arrow marked suit, and with gyves on his ancles, so described himself the other day in sober Westminster Hall) have reaped their full sheaves. Men of his class are called in the language of the law "rogues and vagabonds," but I don't believe that there was much of the former in friend Mole. He was rather, as is commonly said, "Nobody's enemy but his own. To the latter, I, as herein depicting, and thereby, to a certain extent, representing him, plead guilty; but I don't think he could have strayed on the shady side of the law very much during all these five-and-thirty years, or I should have missed him from London streets for longer intervals than I have noted. I saw him no longer ago than yesterday. He was taking a walk in the afternoon in the mild May sunshine, along the Thames Embankment, presumably to acquire an appetite for dinner. His chapeau was browner and glossier than ever. He was as jaunty as a man could be whose boots apparently had neither soles nor heels, and very little upper leather. You could see that his "poor feet" were wrapped in rags rather than encased in stockings. He hobbled—he—but what's this? Sore feet! "To bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies is a most fearful thing," as Bottom the weaver remonstrates. I have proved myself, I hope, to be an eminently genteel writer, and sore feet must be, like the Queen of Spain's legs, ignored; but I reiterate that he hobbled. He shambled up Norfolk Street, and, as he limped on, he pulled from his surtout pocket a penny slice of raw fat bacon. He ogled

it complacently with a kind of fond, longing gratulation, replaced it, and went on his way. Whither was he going? Shall I tell you? No, I won't. Imagine for yourselves, refined readers; but you can't—the "licensed" lodging house in Newcastle Street, Great Wyld Street, or thereabouts—the common fire—the fight for the public frying-pan—the two-pronged forks, and the curved leaden-bladed knives with the black handles branded all over with "Stolen from Muggins's Home for Travellers, Little Frowsy Street, Drury Lane"—the mugs chained to the table—the,—if you please we won't assist further at Mr. Mole's repast. My chronicle of his queer career is a threnody. Granted. We minstrels, "who learn in suffering what we teach in song," can't all be "Lion Comiques," you know. We must sometimes pipe in a minor key. This professes to be no other than a nocturne. The great Lord Bacon tells us that "if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon," which noble words, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, shall serve for the epilogue, or, as the slang phrase of the day goes, for the "tag" of my drama. See, as I utter them, the great green black folds of the curtain above tremblingly begin their descent. The scene is a suburban cemetery—say at Finchley or Ilford. "Fosse commune"—I won't say "pauper ground"—for the French tongue seems so much more genteelly to convey what I mean. Slow music? Well, you can't have that, for the fiddlers have long ago gone home to bed. Lights half down—all down—all out soon. And now the great black blind has closed in the proscenium. The fireman in his uniform is casting scrutinising glances round the house. The white-jacketed gasmen vie with the paper-capped carpenters, swatheing the boxes in canvas shrouds, who shall get their work done soonest. We are out in the lighted street—the link boys are raving and bawling, "Shall I call your honour's coach?" "Shall I fetch your worship a cab?" No? Ah, I see you long for the Café Monico, for your "chateaubriand avec pommes," for the reeking tumbler of comfort, and the fragrant weed of consolation, for an easy chair and Offenbach's music, and early oblivion of Mr. Mole and his frizzled scrap of bacon, and his wasted life and his "queer career."

THE PAST.

THE Past! the Past! the solemn Past!
The days of "Long ago,"
The hours which have faded fast,
The time which has ceased to flow;
The tales of love and sorrow,
Tokens of grief and glee,
The warnings of "to-morrow"
The weary destiny.

All these are now before me,
In vivid colours here,
And faces of pallid imagery
Appear and disappear;
Shrill tones of whispered gladness
And silvery voices kind,
Start with utterances of sadness
To meet my musing mind.

And shadows, as of necromancy,
Seem to confront me now:
I watch the blush of infancy,
I greet the noble brow;

There is old age in its reverence,
And there is youthful grace,—
I note the stalwart presence
I greet the smiling face—

All crowd in upon my loneliness,
And fill my silent room,
And lighten up each dim recess,
And cheer its solitary gloom;
Like legends of the vanished past,
They have a voice for me,
Of loving mates, of friendship past,
Of grace, of strength, of witchery.

The Past! the Past! the solemn Past!
How mystic is its sway,
Which o'er our life-long journey cast,—
Tis ours to obey.
Say what we will we cannot live
Without a Past to-day:
And to that Past we all must give
All that here fleets away.

I care not what the world may say,
Or what it has in store,
I reck not what befalls each day,
As Time grows older evermore;
But this I claim, and never
From its presence will I part:
The Past, the Past, which for ever
Is graven in my heart!

NEMO.

A PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVELY POEM.

THERE was once a perfectly modern girl,
With perfectly modern ways,
Who saw perfection in everything
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she saw,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time
Was perfectly awfully warm;
The winter was perfect too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town;
And the perfectly horrid teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

Her lessons were perfectly fearfully long,
But never were perfectly said;
And when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attends is perfectly mag—
With a perfectly heavenly spire,
And perfect crowds go there to hear
A perfectly stunning choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet—
The last the perfectest out;
The books she reads are perfectly good.
(Just here we raise a doubt.)

A ride she took was perfectly grand,
On a perfectly gorgeous day,
With a perfectly nobby friend of hers,
Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly elegant falls she'd seen
When on her way to the lake;
And the graphic description she gave us all
Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up
In a perfectly killing style;
And the perfectly terrible waves came down
In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this "perfectly" poem
And write to the end of time:
But fearing to wear your patience out
Will bring to an end my rhyme.

TO ARTHUR.

CERTAINLY, my dear Arthur, you have my congratulations and best wishes—
Health, happiness, good fortune, and pleasant riches
Attend thee and thy bride: and may she learn to speak Irish,
And grace, home, heart, and hand, and charm away all that is churlish.

You may send me an invitation to come to your ball,
And I'll dance with your bride, and my wit shall not pall;
And though I'm quiet and grave, yet for the nonce I'll be the gayest of the gay,
And gleam forth my brightest shafts as if I caught them from the sun's brightest ray.

And you shall have the honour of being my host,
And offer me a bed, a glass, and a toast;
And together we'll share the comforts of a suitable provision,
And luck go with us, if we ever have a division.

GARTER.

ARE YOU A MASTER MASON?

BY BRO WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

"From the Masonic Advocate."

A FRIEND gives the following history of the incidents which occurred during a journey taken many years ago, when Troy-built stage-coaches had not been driven out of use and fashion by the more pretentious rail-car, and Masonry was less fashionable and influential than it has since proved itself to be. It should be stated that our travelling friend was a modest, unpretending man, who usually attended to his own business solely, and, when he had done that to his own satisfaction, thought his duty was well performed. But he was a devoted Freemason, and a strong believer in the apostolic doctrine that Charity is greater than either Faith or Hope, and I am not certain but the former would have outweighed both of the others if the decision had been arrived at by the manipulation of his balances. Economical and saving he certainly was, and thereby had accumulated a handsome property, but he never allowed the hungry soul to go unfed from his door, nor did he say "to the naked, be ye clothed," without furnishing him the means to enable him to obey the injunction. There were several families in the village in which he resided who, for years, were clothed in a decent and comfortable manner through his kindness.

Business compelled him to travel through two or three of the North-western States, the method of locomotion being the cozy stage-coach of which our recollection of the days of boyhood gives us clear and pleasant pictures. It was in the gray of an autumnal morning that our friend took his seat in the well-upholstered coach, to which was attached four stout horses, and inside he found two passengers who had already appropriated the back seat, leaving him his choice of the middle or forward seats. He took the latter and soon found himself in that state of blissful, dreamy slumber, which his early rising and present surroundings were calculated to invite. The murmur of the voices of his fellow-travellers assisted to quiet his nerves and render him oblivious to mundane things, and it is probable that he would soon have passed into a sound sleep had he not heard one of his companions propound, in a much louder and more earnest tone than had been used in the conversation theretofore, the question, "Are you a Master Mason?"

This was a congenial subject with our friend, and it thoroughly aroused him from his somnolent condition. He could not but be surprised at hearing such a question asked and such a subject discussed in a stage-coach, but determined to extract what good he could from the conversation. This he felt justified in doing, as neither of those engaged in it seemed to court privacy. On the contrary, the propounder of the question seemed to wish to be heard, as he cast an expressive glance toward the listener. The person to whom the inquiry was addressed merely gave his answer in the negative, saying, "I am not—never had that honour conferred on me."

"You ought to be. You should have applied long before arriving at your present age. Forty, I should think."

"Forty-five, sir."

"Indeed! That is worse and worse! You can scarcely appreciate your damages in living all these years without being a Master Mason."

"Yes, I have got along very well all my life without becoming a member of that institution."

"But just think how much better you would have succeeded had you been backed by such a powerful association."

"Greater success would have been problematic, no doubt."

"A problem easily answered. Why, my dear sir, to be a Master Mason is to be *within the circle of the best society* in the place in which you reside——"

"I believe I may say, without boasting, that I have always had access to the best society."

"And what an extensive acquaintance with the business men of the country would it give you."

"I never had the slightest difficulty in making the acquaintance of business men."

"Besides, the fact being known that you were a Master Mason would give you patronage."

"Whenever I have been engaged in trade, I believe I have secured my full share of business."

"Well, said the voluble traveller, "if you have everything you wish, and have nothing further to ask for, you are the first man of the sort with whom I have ever met."

"I have learned to be content with my condition in life. To be a Master Mason might possibly augment my sources of pleasure and enjoyment, but at present I do not think so. I am very pleasantly situated as I am, and think for the present I ought to be satisfied with my lot."

"My dear sir, allow me to recommend you to become a Master Mason on your first opportunity."

"Thank you for the extraordinary interest which you appear to take in my welfare. When I feel the need of being a Master Mason, I shall, undoubtedly, apply for admission."

Here the stage-coach entered a little town and drew up before the village inn, to change horses and have the mail assorted, and the conversation was ended. There had been, in addition to what is reported, a liberal sprinkling of oaths on the part of the principal speaker, which are omitted as giving no weight or strength to the arguments. When the vehicle again started the man so liberally advised was not on board, and the seat was occupied only by my friend and the voluble Master Mason. The hitherto silent traveller braced himself up for an encounter with the latter, as he was sure there was to be one. As our fresh team entered upon the ascent of a hill that bounded the village on the west, and the clattering of hoof and wheel for the time was subdued, the cross-questioning commenced:—

"Are *you* a Master Mason, sir?"

"I have been raised to the third degree of Masonry," was the reply.

"Oh, I see, though your answer is hardly that of a real Master Mason—one who has made that sublime degree his study, as I think I may say, without vanity, I have done. You may examine me in all the tests known to the degree, and I think you will not find me lacking in any Masonic knowledge. I am considered among the brethren to whom I am known as decidedly a bright Mason."

"I have no reason to doubt your knowledge of Masonry——"

"I know and can give any lecture in the three degrees of the Lodge; I can impart all instructions that are legitimate, and flatter myself that I am proficient in the mystic art."

"I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that there were other points in Masonry which claim our attention, aside or beyond those you have mentioned, and of which you profess Mastership."

"What other points, pray, are there in Masonry than those included in the lectures and charges given in the Lodge?"

"The enforcement of the moral, religious, and social duties is not, I believe, by men of your attainments, classed under the head of instructions."

"Oh, the lectures and charges include the essence of all these things, and, of course, in a general way they are communicated to the candidate, and when he is raised to the degree of Master Mason he has the lessons before him and he can study them for himself."

"But will he, unaided, discover the trust in God, the reverence for His character,

the obligation to be moral, just, and generous? Would he be likely to govern his conduct by the rules of the Lodge unless he was constantly reminded of their existence, and of his duty to obey them?"

"I cannot see how he can avoid it. A member who should learn Masonry, as rehearsed in the Lodge, and yet be immoral, irreligious, or unsocial, would deserve expulsion."

"I am pleased to see that we both subscribe to this point."

"No true Master Mason could do otherwise. A bright Master Mason must have religious feeling and a generous heart, or he is false to his vows."

"And yet how many of those whom you call 'bright' Masons are destitute of religious feeling, have not a generous heart, and are not in good social standing."

"There are very few, I apprehend."

"They are not so scarce as you may imagine."

"There are few of that class in the large circle to which my knowledge extends."

"Pardon me, sir, if I propound to you the question with which you introduced yourself to me this morning. 'Are you a Master Mason?'"

"I am."

"You have already informed me that you are an expert in the mystic art, so I have no need to inquire into your knowledge of Masonry."

"I think I should be able to prove myself a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' Permit me to ask you what was the first pledge you were required to make when you entered the Lodge?"

"I was required to avow my trust in God."

"You did it honestly and sincerely?"

"Certainly."

"You really did have faith in God and trusted in Him."

"I did beyond a doubt."

"And you agreed never to pronounce that name except with that reverential awe due from a creature to the Creator?"

"I cannot deny it!"

"Now, have you kept your promise?"

"Well, as the world goes, I think."

"As the world goes, perhaps, but not as men of religious feeling keep their promises."

"What have I done contrary to the rule in this case made and provided?"

"How many times did you use the name of Deity in an irreverent manner when you were conversing with the stranger who occupied a seat with you this forenoon?"

"Perhaps I did use it a few times; a habit formed in youth is hard to shake off."

"More than a few times, sir. Here is a memorandum of the times a 'bright Master Mason' used the name of God irreverently, or, as the Scriptures express the idea, 'took the name of God in vain'—*fifty-seven times in a conversation with a stranger, of about* two hours' duration. This bright Mason was recommending Masonry to a clergyman who was inclined to a favourable view of the subject, but who, after listening to the profanity of the advocate, left in disgust."

"Was he a clergyman? Had I known that, I would have been more guarded in my expressions."

"He was a minister of a sect which generally take ground against Masonry, but that makes no difference in the magnitude of the wrong—I was about to say crime—that you, a 'bright Mason,' have committed against the Fraternity. The turpitude would have been as great—the blame no less—had he been the most humble person who can raise money enough to pay his fare in a stage-coach."

"You are very severe upon me for a mere inadvertence."

"Was it an inadvertence? Was it not the outcome of a pernicious habit which you have so long indulged in that you are scarcely aware when you are guilty of it?"

"I know of other Master Masons who are addicted to the same habit."

"But does that exonerate you? Seeing there are members who violate, in this

manner, their Masonic vows, ought you not, as a 'bright Mason,' and, therefore, claiming to exert an influence in the Order, to so conduct yourself as to be in a position to rebuke these transgressors of Masonic law, and by example and precept lead them to obedience?"

"Very few of us do our whole duty!"

"But Masonry requires us to perform our whole duty, and where shall we land if our leaders, those who sit in the place of light, only contribute to the gloom of the place of darkness?"

"It seems to me you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill."

"Is it a small thing that you speak irreverently of Him in whom you trust—that you disgust well-behaved people by your profanity, in a public conveyance—that you arm the enemies of the Institution of which you claim to be a good member with weapons to overthrow it? You sin not only against God, for whom, with all your professions, you appear to have little regard, but you sin against an Institution you profess to love."

"Go on, sir! I can stand your criticism of my conduct."

"I asked you if you were a Master Mason. You answered promptly and unequivocally that you were."

"I still claim to be one!"

"Pardon me if I say, in my opinion, you have a defective title to the name."

"I have been regularly initiated, passed, and raised to the degree of Master Mason."

"Suppose when you were conducted into the Lodge for the first time you had refused to acknowledge your belief in God and your trust in Him; what would have been the consequence?"

"I would have been sent home without having gone through with the ceremonies of initiation. During my Mastership I have thus dismissed two who refused to acknowledge the Supreme Being."

"What, then, should be your penalty for entirely ignoring the existence of a Supreme Being, or if, conceding the fact of His existence, by your act and word insulting His Majesty, trampling upon His laws, and doing what in your power lies to make your profession of trust in Him a fraud and a farce?"

"You are taking a novel view of this matter."

"Under these circumstances ought you not to be rejected as a brother, even as you say you have rejected candidates for initiation?"

"The cases are not parallel."

"Not exactly, but sufficiently so for practical purposes. Now it appears to me that when a man of your habits and practices is asked if he is a Master Mason his response should be in the negative."

"When I have been regularly raised to that sublime degree?"

"When you have been legally invested by its ceremonies, but refused to be governed by its laws and principles. Only those are truly Master Masons who obey the behests of Masonry."

"You would shut out of the Lodge the greater part of the members!"

"And have a Lodge of real Masons instead of non-doers of the laws of the Institution."

"I understand you refuse to recognise me as a Master Mason?"

"Technically you are a Master Mason, I suppose, as you claim to be. Practically you are not, by your own showing. You have been raised to that degree in a regular Lodge, but you do not yield an obedience to the demands of the spirit or laws of Masonry."

"Perhaps you can point out other facts in relation to my conduct that do not tally with Masonry."

"Pardon me when I say that is within my power. You have convinced me of that since you came into this stage-coach. You will recognise the wrong you would commit if you should place any insurmountable obstacle to the reception of a good man to the Lodge."

"To be sure I would, but you are not going to charge me with committing that sin, are you?"

"I heard you endeavouring, apparently, to convince your clerical friend who left us some time ago that it would be for his personal interest to become a Mason, or, in other words, you were using your friendly influence to induce him to join the Lodge."

"That does not prevent him from becoming a member, does it?"

"Suppose you had possessed sufficient influence over him to have induced him to apply for initiation."

"Well, we will suppose so."

"When he came to the ante-room of the Lodge, you know, as a 'bright Mason,' he would be compelled to answer that the course was entered upon uninfluenced by friends, and of his own free will, not for personal advantage, but from a sincere desire to benefit his fellow-men. How could he make that avowal if you had convinced him it would conduce to his social, religious, or personal profit? Had you succeeded in your design, and had he proved the honest man I take him to be, you would have most effectually hedged up his pathway into the Lodge."

"I never looked at the subject in that light before."

"It is to be hoped that you will look at it in that light oftener in the future. But there is another standpoint from which you can profitably view it. The laws of Masonry, as well as its usages—the common law of the Craft—prohibit members from prompting their friends to join a Lodge. If a man desires to make application for the degrees, if he proceeds rightly, it will be of his own volition."

"Shall I not ask a friend who I know will make a good Mason to make application."

"Certainly not; let him ask you—that is the regular method in all well-governed Lodges."

"Have you any other charge to prefer against me? The conversation begins to grow interesting."

"I make no charges; I am only showing what I think constitutes a real Master Mason, and it seems that you, measured by the "square," are found wanting. Perhaps we are all far short of perfection when brought to the test. A man's theory ought to be better than his practice, else the practice would never improve. The Christian religion, as a rule of action, is valuable chiefly because the best of its professors can never become better than it requires them to be."

"This is a new idea to me. Will not the same remark apply to Masonry?"

"Undoubtedly, or to any other association, if such there be, whose standard of morality is so elevated as to preclude the possibility of members becoming better than its laws require."

Here the coach rattled up to a small country post-office, and, as my old friend was to remain over night and take another route the following day, the travellers parted, apparently with a "friendly brotherly grip," the one satisfied that he had sown some good seed on strong soil which might possibly bring forth fruit, but which was more likely to be choked by the weeds of pride and ignorance; the other, cogitating in his own mind the facts he had heard, and asking himself the question he had so often heard propounded to others, "Are you a Master Mason?" And if the truth was known, it is probable that he would have been found doubting his right to give an affirmative answer.

The writer hereof has put this experience of his old friend on record for the benefit of those "bright Masons" who think when they have been regularly initiated, passed, and raised," that their Masonic character is complete, and they have no further duties to perform beyond learning the lectures and charges. Those who discuss Masonry in a stage-coach or railroad car may also get some useful ideas from the perusal of the story.—*Voice of Masonry.*

THE LITERARY EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG MAN WITH A FUTURE.

A SKETCH.

BY GARTER.

I AM an author. Nothing very extraordinary in that, as from the time I began to walk and talk literature was my *forte*. Nothing was lost on me. Whatever pearls came in my way I picked up. My guardians were, however, divided as to my future career. One side held that authors, artists, and poets were beings of a divinely ethereal order, far removed above the trivialities of dinners and taxes. The other side held that authors, artists, and poets were low people and decidedly objectionable. I myself liked good dinners, hunter's yatches, and coaches, and all the decencies, refinements, and amenities of life, and after several lectures on common sense (my sense was uncommon, that was what made it so valuable), I allowed myself to be put to "a place of business." Being an author, and being clever, it is needless to say I "made the place," until the Managers, Secretaries, and Deputies began to quarrel at finding they were "nowhere," and that I was "everywhere," continually cropping up in all the departments, like an Admirable Crichton. Then came a crisis. Either they or I must be Manager, or else I had better go. I had never, candidly and frankly, been particularly in love with the "place" or its associates, and so—I went—deeply regretted, I was about to say, by all who knew me; but two poor miserable old clerks actually did wipe away a tear and say I had always had a kind word for them, though, bless my soul and goodness knows, I didn't know it.

Then began my literary career. One day I thought I should have all *The World* smiling at me, for "my tale, it was so flattering;" but on the next day, when my MS. came back with compliments and thanks, I thought, "Ah well, I shall evidently be appreciated in *Time*. Society was, however, getting so much like Becky Sharp, that I thought *Vanity Fair* would possibly be the better for my reflections. *Vanity Fair* was complimentary, but was of opinion that there was a wider field for my moralisations, and suggested I should try *The Globe*. *The Globe* was full of aspirants, so in the interim, whilst I was waiting, I thought I would console myself with *Punch*. *Punch* had grown serious and political, and said if I was going to be flippant, why not try *Fun*? *Fun* said whilst *The Times* was so bad they should not like to avail themselves of my valuable services. *The Times* said I must have patience, but if I was so very quick, why, I might as well be in *The Daily Telegraph*. *The Daily Telegraph* thought I was too aristocratic, and arrogated to myself a *Standard* of excellence. *The Standard* said I was evidently very gentlemanly, why not try *The Gentleman's Magazine*? *The Gentleman's Magazine* said if I wanted money, why, go and try your luck in *Belgravia*. *Belgravia* thought I should no doubt some time or other be sure to be welcome in *The Nineteenth Century*. But oh, what tedious weary waiting it was, how often and how often have I had to go the round of editors and publishers, and how often have I not been "declined with thanks," until I became quite an intellectual flirt, distributing my favours amongst Liberals and Conservatives with smiling impartiality! How disappointed, though, I used to be at finding many of the editorial and publishing offices full of pale, long-suffering humanity, that made my heart sicken within me! How on earth were they capable of forming an opinion and passing judgment on my cogitations, that had taken me study, toil, and genius to work out? If it had not have been for an infinite fund of humour and a keen sense of the ridiculous, I must literally have turned sour with disappointment and vexation. I lived on air to a great extent, whilst waiting for the editors to send me guineas. What model letters did I not write to them? Sometimes, when I felt myself at the top of the tree, in this way, "Herewith is an article I shall be happy to let you have for so many guineas,"—knowing my value, and to the point.

Sometimes, when in a good humour, and wishing to be, as Her Majesty would say, "friendly" with all powers, I would write in a delicate and humorous manner, such as, "I shall be glad to hear from you in reference to my article. You will readily understand, between such distinguished individuals as ourselves, that I should be glad, as our friends the de Rothschilds would say, 'to turn over some coin,' etc.

Well do I remember the first time an MS. of mine was accepted. With what wonder and awe did I not revise the proof. How strange it seemed to see what I had written in print, and to think it was being read all over the world! My writings began to get talked about, as blue writing generally does make itself known and felt, and what I wrote was the bluest of the blue. The "Commons" began to eye me with respect, alertness, and watchfulness. Two or three of the "Lords" wrote me nice, friendly, complimentary, gracefully giving-in sort of letters. The Prince of Wales began to nod to me genially and confidentially, as if he had known me all his life. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh evidently seemed to think that if that dear, delightful Lady Coutts would make over to me that £70,000 she has just come into, and the Duke of Connaught, say, would present me, how nice it would be, and what an acquisition I should be at their dances and dinners, for you could tell at a glance I waltzed beautifully, and my blood grew richer on a good dinner. A young *litterateur*, who had written a book on Arabs, grasped me enthusiastically by the hand; "Let us go," said he, "to the Turks, Afghans, Zulus, and Cypriotes, and make them into brothers." "Alas!" said I, "we should have to *dine* when we got there, and I have no money." You see I am eminently practical. I have tasted the sweets and bitters of being an author. I studiously refrain from all mention of my effusions in society. I write my articles in the sanctity of my sanctum, and drop them, at odd hours, into the editors' boxes. I live in hopes, though, although I am eminently practical, that Lord Beaconsfield has some pleasant romantic surprise in store for me, and will shortly say, "Here, my dear young friend, I have long been edified, amused, charmed, and instructed by your distinguished abilities. I quite understand that you require a 'vote of credit,' and I have, like Monte Christo, placed so much to your credit at my bankers, and I have every reason to believe I shall be credited with you and you will be a credit to your country."

In the meantime I have to practise horrible little economies, that nothing short, I am persuaded, but genius could combat; and in case I should be likened to the Duke of Edinburgh, I beg most emphatically to state that I haven't his allowance, but that if I had, I should know how to spend it wisely, generously, and sensibly. I hope most religiously I shall not have to become "a mercenary hireling. Still, should a profitable appointment for a Governor-General, Lord-Lieutenant, or Viceroy become vacant, I think I should be strongly induced to send in an application, and—and—and—I shouldn't be at all surprised if I were to be unanimously elected.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

From the "Freemason's Reporter."

IN Masonic speech and literature frequent mention is made of the Hermetic Philosophy and Brotherhood, and of their assumed bearings upon and relations to the Masonic Institution. Perhaps there is not always a very clear understanding of the import of these terms on the part of those who press them into service; at any rate they are phrases of doubtful meaning to the majority of Brethren. Definitions are always in order. It is always well to put the stamp of clear meaning on words and phrases frequently referred to, both for the actual gain in knowledge, and, also, to prevent those

misunderstandings which so frequently arise from the use of terms of doubtful or hidden meaning. The Philosophy and the Brotherhood denominated "Hermetic" owe their origin, as is commonly held, to a very ancient philosopher, whose name we have written at the head of this article. *Trismegistus* means "thrice exalted," and was applied to this mythical teacher who was regarded both by the ancient Egyptians and a portion of the Greeks as the discoverer of all sciences; the originator of the alphabet and of written language; of Geometry, Astronomy, Chemistry, etc. Tradition gives him the credit of being the first to divide the day into hours, and the year into seasons. So it is said of him that he made important investigations into the phenomena of the natural world, for result of which was the announcement of laws and principles supposed to entitle him to rank among the world's great philosophers. He is believed to have written many books; and certain writings bearing the name of this mythical personage were translated into Greek about the time of the Ptolemies, fragments of which translations remain even to the present day. It may be observed that these fragments are of a very crude and unsatisfactory character. Doubtless they are but a jumble of systems and teachings gathered from a variety of sources. The best informed oriental scholars of modern times are agreed in the belief that Hermes Trismegistus was but a personification of the Egyptian priesthood. Regarded in the mystical sense, Hermes stands forth as having a Divine endowment of light and intelligence—the incarnation of the Supreme mind—the primitive type of Plato's *Logos*.

But whatever the character of his wisdom and works—whether a real or a mystical personage—it is chiefly as the fabled inventor of alchemy that he has been most remembered and honoured. His disciples have regarded the system of a philosophy bearing his name as charged with a power to discover the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. They have gathered about this system, if it may be called a system, prostituting the name of science to certain incantations, magical ceremonies, the use of cabalistic forms and words, whereby they have assumed to calculate nativities, to transmute base metals into gold, and to prolong earthly existence to an indefinite period. The dupes of the Hermetic art have not been few; the grain of scientific truth and philosophy concealed within a mass of rubbish has been sufficient to attract some minds to a mystical and wonder-seeking procedure, whilst pretenders and charlatans have flourished in promulgating a system of delusion to which so many were drawn simply on the ground of great mystery and great pretension. The philosophy was assumed to be most profound, and what seemed to be absurdity in word and teaching was blandly put forth as hidden truth only to be understood by a favoured few.

Thus Hermetic societies have flourished under a variety of forms and manifestations. Some of these associations have been of higher and some of lower order. In ancient days, perhaps, something of science and of a more advanced knowledge than the common mind was ready to receive, drew together and held together seekers after truth who may have taken the name of Hermetic disciples. That there were these mystic Brotherhoods both in Egypt and in Greece seems reasonably certain. Those old organizations represent the best elements in the Hermetic chain. There was something of a degeneracy both in leaders and ideas when the societies of comparatively modern times were formed; when the Hermetic art was taken up and made a sanction for vain themes and foolish practices. In this way originated a number of Fraternities the objective point of whose search was wisdom, but the practical result of whose endeavours was exceedingly unsatisfactory. Hermetic Masonry, however much or little may be included in that term, is to be classed among those societies which, having some purpose of truth and blessing, have yet never proved themselves of much practical value to the world. That there is some relation between the old system of Hermeticism and the Masonic art cannot be denied. Masonry is not, however, by any means to be identified with the Hermetic Philosophy and Brotherhood. It may have some things in common with the older teachings, but the Craft of to-day do not hold to any such beliefs or practices as are taught in the Hermetic manuscripts. Brethren of these latter times are practical seekers after the truth and not less workers for the good of humanity. They aim so to adapt Masonry as to make it most useful and valuable to man.

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued from page* 493.)

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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 Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

THERE is a cant language in cricketing, as in most other things. In describing a late celebrated match, a respectable local paper says:—"Mr. —— began hitting immediately with surprising vigour. In two successive overs of Mr. —— he scored a four to leg, a two snick, a four cut, a two off-drive, and a four off-drive, or sixteen runs from eight balls,"—and so on.

C. Roach Smith, F.S.A., remarks that "the tendency of the soil to accumulate into so thick and impenetrable a shroud is remarkably manifested in the case of what was Roman London, whose vestiges are found about fifteen feet beneath the level of the present streets."

In the Christmas number of the *Masonic Magazine* I made a passing allusion to Izaak Walton having at one time occupied the premises from which it and the *Free-*

mason are now issued. On referring to the life of that "meek old angler, knight of hook and line," by Sir John Hawkins, I find he states:—"His first settlement in London, as a shopkeeper, was in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567. In this situation he could scarcely be said to have elbow-room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide; yet here did he carry on his trade, till some time before the year 1624; when '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.' Now, the old timber house at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street, 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 farther appears by that deed, that the house was in the *joint* occupation of Izaak Walton and John Mason, hosier; whence we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton."

In 1632, Walton was living in Chancery Lane, and left London about 1643. Comparatively small as London then was to the mighty metropolis of our day, it was not the place for the bucolic mind of the good old angler, however often he may have stretched his legs up Tottenham Hill, or drank his morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hodsden, or angled in the Lea, or the upper portion of the Thames. As I publicly stated a quarter of a century ago:—"Of all the writers who have made angling their theme, none please us like honest Izaak. There is a quaint simplicity about his book, which shews us that he had not only made angling his study, but nature as well; and the exquisite bursts of pathos and genuine sentiment to be met with in every page of *The Complete Angler* tell one at once that this prince of anglers possessed a mind ever awake to the beautiful, the good, and the true. I do not say that his intellect was of the very highest order; but his heart was in the right place, and overflowed with devotion to his Maker, and with love towards his fellowmen. He was not, like brave John Hampden, the man marked out by Heaven to resist the unconstitutional levying of taxes to which the representatives of the people had given no sanction in Parliament; he was no Shakspere, with matchless skill, to delineate all possible phases of humanity, and then, having exhausted his theme, to conjure up a world of his own creation, filled with an infinite variety of strange sprites, from a lovely Ariel to a loathsome Caliban; he was no Bacon, to overturn the time-honoured philosophy of Aristotle, and replace it by a more reasonable one; nor was he, like his contemporary, William Harvey, to benefit science, by discovering how the life-supporting fluid flows in scarlet streams, rich in oxygen, down human arteries, and returns, purpled with carbonic acid, up the veins, to be purified again in the lungs, and pumped once more to the remotest extremity of the body: but in his own province,—that of vividly recalling to the 'mind's eye' of the reader some of the most lovely sylvan spots and quiet nooks of merry England,—he stands almost without a rival down to the present time, enriched though our literature has since become by the genial descriptions of such writers as Pemberton, the Howitts, Tom Miller, and Spencer Hall."

"The milk of that valuable animal, the Welsh sheep," says Lady Llanover, "when mingled with that of the cow, produces cheese which is not only excellent to eat new, but, when old, is more like Parmesan than anything else I ever tasted." Of the Welsh goats she remarks:—"They are much handsomer than the foreign goats with which I am acquainted. It is surprising that no specimen of the real Welsh goat is preserved in the Zoological Gardens. The Welsh goat, being an aboriginal of Britain, ought to be specially protected, whereas it appears that the breed is likely to become extinct. The gallant regiment of the Welsh Fusiliers ought to protest against this neglect of an animal which has always been associated with Welsh regiments and the Principality of Wales. The Welsh goat has a very picturesque appearance, from its long coat and beautifully formed head. There are two species equally aboriginal; one with magnificent horns, and the other without horns." And she adds:—"The she-goat gives, when in

full milking, *more* than *two quarts* a day. The value of their milk for children and invalids has been admitted in all ages; their milk makes excellent cheese alone, without the mixture of any other, and the whey is particularly nourishing and wholesome, as well as the curd which is produced a second time from boiling the whey. Kids are always marketable, being excellent food, and their skins very valuable." Why should not the milk of goats—so much richer than that of cows—become a common article of trade in every town? I know that a little put into a cup of coffee is equal to the cream from that of cows.

All that relates to the work of our ancient operative brethren should be of interest to every Freemason. Of Thebes, Mr. A. Henry Rhind, F.S.A., remarks, that its "period of greatest glory may be said to have been spread between fifteen hundred years and eleven hundred years before the Christian era. There are, indeed, imbedded in the mass of temples at Karnac, a few pillars of the time of Osirtasen I., whose date goes back to two thousand years before Christ; and half-buried fragments have been observed by Sir G. Wilkinson at El Assasseef, near the Memnonium, with the name of a preceding king, giving tangible evidence of full vitality, under the earlier of the Theban dynasties, whose memory the historic lists and genealogies have preserved. But it was during the reigns of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth of those dynasties that the city, and indeed Egypt, attained their zenith. Then it was that all those temples were reared, whose existence the foregoing hasty glance at their sites will recall, and although they were in some cases the subject of repairs and additions in subsequent years, their early splendour was barely maintained, rather than surpassed. It was then also that Egyptian influence was more dominant than ever before or afterwards, within the range of our knowledge, and really filled a cycle in the history of those eastern regions." And he adds, as showing its great antiquity, that "during the period of Thebes' greatest vigour, the home of the Hellenic people, if not itself absolutely unlettered, left no heritage of writing. And when, somewhat later, the poems of Homer appear, as the first instalment of Greek literature, we have, indeed, presented to us a dim vision of the power and splendour of Thebes, by a twice-repeated reference to its wealth,"—alluding to the *Iliad* ix. 381, and the *Odyssey* iv. 126.

I am glad to see that Bro. W. F. Lamonby, P.M., P. Prov. G. Reg., etc., is about to publish, in a five shilling volume, a *History of Craft Masonry in Cumberland and Westmoreland, from* 1740 *to the Present Day*. As the work is "compiled from Provincial and Private Lodge Records, Grand Lodge Documents, and other authentic sources," it will be a valuable acquisition to that small stock of *real* Masonic historical literature with which reliable writers like Bro. Hughan, "Masonic Student," and others, are seeking in this country to supersede the fabulous romances palmed upon mankind as the real chronicles of the Craft by writers of the Bro. Oliver school, who have coolly given us fancies for facts. The true history of Freemasonry, so far as it can be come at, is interesting enough for any inquiring mind without resorting to fictions which only in the end bring odium instead of honour. Strange that in an Order which inculcates Truth as one of its principal foundation stones, so many who have sought to become its poets and historians should have so little regarded the point within the circle. I sincerely wish success to Bro. Lamonby in his searches into the *History of Craft Masonry in Cumberland and Westmoreland*, and hope that other competent brethren will do the same for every other Province, as we sadly want "more light" thereon.

Dr. Newman remarks that "the valley of the Euphrates is destined to become one of the greatest commercial and important political centres of the world. I have myself," he adds, "seen whole caravans travelling through this region, bearing nothing but American petroleum. American petroleum now lights up the dark places of Nineveh, of Jerusalem, and all the cities of the East."

Londesborough Park is one of those places in my native county which I have yet to see; and, judging from the following fine pastoral poem, describing "a sylvan nook" therein—which I cull from the *Lyrics*, by the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., noticed in the

April number of the *Masonic Magazine*—it is a place where a philosopher might meditate, and a poet plume his wings. Verily, our Brother Lord Londesborough's feet must have "fallen in pleasant places":—

"A grassy hill, with beeches crown'd,
Throws its encircling arms around
My own peculiar nook of ground.

No chilly breath of wandering air
From north or east can touch me there,
E'en when the sheltering trees are bare.

There the first violets, wash'd in dew,
Come shyly faltering forth to view,
And half disclose their glances blue.

And there in turn the spotless May
Puts on her fresh and fair array,
And sweetly challenges the day.

Till soon the wild-rose shows his face,
And, crown'd with an all-conquering grace,
Shines the brief monarch of the place.

And in that sylvan combe are heard
The dulcet notes of many a bird,
To vernal mirth and music stirr'd.

While, from deep hidden springs below,
Fountains of living water flow,
And make soft murmurings as they go;

Then to a peaceful mere expand,
Where patient herons take their stand,
And teal disport, a timid band.

And the swift kingfisher is seen,
Flashing its blue and orange sheen
Upon the glassy wave serene.

The silent swan its arch of snow
And mantling pride steers to and fro,
Repeated with a wavering glow;

While coots and moorhens round it play,
And wild ducks light with splash and spray,
And swallows glide and dip all day.

Hither Spring's early birds are blown:
Here through the Summer doves make moan:
And Autumn robins mourn alone.

The fading elms which cluster round,
To guard the water's azure bound,
Mirror their gold in depths profound.

Each yellow leaf in sunshine sweet
Floats down a phantom leaf to meet,
Through the blue wave upspringing fleet.

And when the beech and elms are bare,
The banded spruce stand watching there
Their changeless verdure imaged fair.

So many charms are here display'd,
As if this pleasant place were made
For 'a green thought in a green shade.'*

The seasons, here on circling wing,
Reflections bright perforce must bring,
Like flowers that bloom and birds that sing.

On Nature's face who loves to look
In such a calm, sequester'd nook,
Must gather lore from God's fair book."

* Andrew Marvell.

I may mention that our gifted old York Grand Master, Francis Drake, F.R.S., who really made the liberal arts and sciences his study—supposed Londesborough to have been the Roman Station called *Delvogitia*, which Camden, Gale, Stukely, and Horsely all place at Market Weighton, nearly three miles off; and Mr. Wright, in his *Wanderings of an Antiquary*, thinks Londesborough may have been the royal residence of Edwin, King of Northumbria, at the time of his conversion to Christianity,—the pagan temple of Godmundingham being only one mile distant, the parish church of Godmanham now occupying that important historic site. No doubt "the country all round Malton," as the late Professor Phillips well remarked, was "in early times the most peopled part of Yorkshire, and so it remained till a comparatively late period. The range of villages which cling to the foot of the Wolds, from the Humber, round by Malton to Hunmanby and Filey, is remarkable; a similar crowd of large villages runs from Scarborough, by Helmsley and Thirsk, to the north of the Tees, and from many circumstances there is reason to conclude these lines to have been occupied by settlements in the earliest times. Along them flowed the finest springs; above them were open pastures for sheep, the bustard, the dotterel, and other birds; and below, in boundless forests, roamed red deer and the wild boar; herons and wild fowl frequented the swamps; wolves, foxes, martens, and other animals of some value for skins, afforded occupation to the arrow, spear, pit, or net; while, to complete the happiness of savage life, the roving pirates or merchants of the Baltic and the Elbe might land at the 'Uchel' (Ocelum Promontorium, Flamborough), the 'Dun' (Dunsley, near Whitby), or the 'Aberach' (Eburacum, York), the coloured glass and amber, which made them amulets and ornaments." What a change since the period glanced at by the dear, genial Professor, and the days when Mr. Ross is illustrating the later history of the *Celebrities of the Wolds*, and Mr. Wilton is singing his *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, in that peace and security which I am afraid the green-robed *Bards* and blue-invested *Vates* of the ancient Britons never knew. And yet, looking back through the vista of so many centuries, what an outrage has the history of our country too often been on the fine symbolic teaching of the white-vesmented Druid, to say nothing of our profession of a purer creed! The Green of the *Bards*, or poets, was emblematical of Hope; the Blue of the *Vates*, or historians, was indicative of Truth; whilst the White vestments of the fully-developed *Druid* was symbolical of Light and Purity. So much has the Almighty Father revealed to his most benighted children. How I should like to hear and understand one or more of the songs sung by the ancient Bards, on or near the very spots where Mr. Wilton has composed his *Lyrics, Sylvan and Sacred*, and to compare the two! Doubtless, in an age when fighting and hunting were the daily business of the whole male laity, songs of war and of the chase would greatly predominate; but our Celtic fore-elders, too, would have their domestic affections and their love of the rural scenery then surrounding them on every hand; and perhaps could have unhesitatingly sympathised with Mr. Wilton's sweet poetic welcome to "the First Violet," given below: for they also had their hopes of immortal life:—

"Sweet violet, that out of view,
Through snow, and sleet, and shower,
Hast kept a speck of heavenly blue
To bless this vernal hour!

Oh! could we learn thy gentle art
When trouble clouds our skies,
To cherish in our secret heart
A hope that never dies!

Sweet violet, that dost enfold
In buds thy fragrance rare,
Through weary months of rain and cold,
To sweeten now the air.

Oh! could we emulate thy skill,
To nurse, through days of gloom,
A patient faith that watches still
To burst in odorous bloom!

Not always in this wintry world
Shall Hope neglected lie,
But soon its grace shall be unfurl'd
Beneath a fairer sky.

Not always will the breath divine
Of Faith forgotten be,
But soon a genial day will shine
To set its sweetness free.

Then, in serener climes above,
Shall Faith and Hope appear,
Decking the brow of sovereign Love
Through the eternal year."

Having from childhood cherished an ardent love for the beautiful blossom of the Crab-tree, as well as the sight of the ripened fruit, the following sonnet, entitled "Crab-Apple Gatherers," is especially to my liking, both for the matter and the manner though I do not understand how "a golden syrup" is drawn from "the clustered crabs," other than the verjuice, which certainly is not what the poet means:—

"When happy rooks were wheeling overhead,
A noisy clan—we spent a bright half-hour,
Children and elders, where, in woodland bower,
The cluster'd crabs were gleaming rosy red.
'Mid shouts and laughter, soon the fruit lay spread
Upon the dewy grass, smiling, but sour;
And soon we fill'd our baskets with the dower
Which nature, from her horn of plenty shed.
Then home we hied, with spoils of Autumn laden,
And from that fruit a golden syrup drew,
The joy of elders as of boy and maiden,
At many a merry meal the winter through;
Thrice happy who Life's bitters bravely meet,
And then, through grace and patience, find them sweet!"

It will be seen, from the specimens I have given, that Mr. Wilton wears his singing robes well. I must now, however, reluctantly conclude my extracts with a sonnet on "Church Sculpture," which might have been written for the *Masonic Magazine*:—

"A sculptor I beheld, with cunning hand,
From shadeless stone, fair leaves and flowers untwine,
Crowning the columns of a lofty shrine.
Like trees those pillars rise, a noble band,
Their tops of diverse foliage deftly plann'd:
While oak and maple, sycamore and vine,
With shamrock, lily, passion-flower combined
To emulate some sylvan landscape grand.
The God of Nature is the God of Grace;
Then bring thy leaves, O sculptor, and thy flowers
To shed their woodland beauty o'er this place,
Fann'd by the breath divine of holy hours;
Until we almost feel we see His face,
Whose voice at eve thrill'd Eden's leafy bowers!"

I had marked several other poems for extract, but I must pause, or Mr. Wilton may be down upon me for robbing him of his copyright! The sonnet entitled "A Cruciform Church" will have special interest for the Masons and other readers at Rotherham; and, whether he endorses or dissents from the theology of the volume, which is nowhere vulgarly intruded, every lover of genuine poesy will find plenty in its pages to amply compensate him both for its purchase and its careful perusal.

Rose Cottage Stokesley.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

(*Continued from page* 429.)

CHAPTER IV.

A COMPARISON OF SOME BUILDINGS OF THE STYLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES OF EUROPE, AND ON THE SEVERAL HYPOTHESES CONCERNING THE FIRST USE OF THIS STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

THE annexed chronological series of buildings from the eighth to the sixteenth century exhibits the gradual development of the different styles of building which have successively prevailed in Germany, without having recourse to any hypothesis concerning their invention. But as very dissimilar conjectures have been advanced respecting their origin, and especially respecting the pointed arch style, which, as has been already observed, prevailed over almost the whole of Europe, a short examination of these conjectures may be of some interest. According to these different hypotheses the invention of that style of building is derived:—

1. From the holy groves or thickets of the ancient Celtic nations.
2. From huts made with the entwined twigs of trees.
3. From the structure of the framing in wooden buildings.
4. From the pyramids of Egypt.
5. From the imitation of pointed arches generated by the intersection of semi-circles.†

The *first* opinion, according to which the slender pillars and bold vaults of the churches of the thirteenth century are supposed to be an imitation of the holy groves or thickets in which the ancient Celtic nations worshipped the Divinity, is ingenious and pleasing, but has no historical foundation. The most ancient churches have no trace of this similarity; it is only in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, consequently seven hundred years after the old religion of the country had ceased, that the introduction of vaults entwined with ribs, which have been compared to twigs of trees, had existence.

The *second* hypothesis, according to which this style of building is supposed to be an imitation of huts, made with the entwined twigs of trees, and which an Englishman, Sir James Hall,‡ has lately endeavoured to support with many examples, is not better founded, and inadmissible on the grounds before stated. It is only the latest and corrupt buildings of the fifteenth and sixteenth century that display this imitation of twigs.‖

The *third* hypothesis supposes that the structure of the timber-work in wooden buildings was the origin of the pointed arch style. An attentive examination of the buildings of the thirteenth century shows that the ancient style of church building presupposes, above all, the art of erecting vaults, and is therefore grounded entirely on stone constructions. But the later pointed arch style is derived from that more ancient style of architecture; and although its forms differ from those of the latter, yet they all refer to the vault and arch. Stone therefore is likewise with this style of building the materials used in the construction of churches, and it was merely the framing of the roofs which was of wood, and the workmanship of the carpenter. The old timber dwelling or guild houses of the fifteenth or sixteenth century bear no resemblance to the

* An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, traced in and deduced from the ancient edifices of Germany, with references to those of England, etc., from the Eighth to the Sixteenth Centuries, by Dr. George Moller, first architet to the Grand Duke of Hesse, etc.

† See the 65th plate of Moller's details of the stalls of Dantzick.

‡ Essay on the Origin, History, and Principles of Gothic Architecture, by J. Hall. *London*, 1813.

‖ See the *fac-simile* of the tabernacles in Moller's monuments.

style of church building of the Middle Age; their forms, on the contrary, are very suitably and intelligently adapted to structures of carpentry. It is the principal advantage of a consistent and improved style of architecture, that the forms of buildings and of their separate parts should be conformable to the building materials used in their construction, and that wood is not to represent freestone, nor freestone to represent wood. The editor has, in several parts of Germany, met with wooden houses, in which individual parts—the house doors, for instance—were in the pointed arch style; but this imitation of stone construction will ever remain inappropriate.*

Mr. Murphy, the editor of the celebrated work on the convent of Batalha, in Portugal, and the buildings of the Moors in Spain, derives the pointed arch style from the pyramids of Egypt, and argues in this manner:† "The pyramids of the Egyptians are tombs; the dead are buried in churches, and on their towers are pyramidal forms; consequently the pyramids of the towers indicate that there are graves in the churches; and as the pyramidal form constitutes the essence of the pointed arch style, and the pyramids of the towers are imitations of the Egyptian pyramids, the pointed arch is derived from the latter." But the burying of the dead in churches was a mere secondary subordinate object, not their principal destination. Hence it could not be the intention to designate churches on their outside as tombs; and the most ancient churches and those of the south rarely have pointed steeples; their towers generally end in roofs of very little or no elevation. Neither are the tombs of the Middle Age in the form of pyramids or obelisks; this ornament, on the contrary, is very modern. The points of towers are nothing but a high roof, and whenever the church had such a roof, it could not be omitted in the higher tower; an imitation of the Egyptian pyramid, therefore, is entirely out of the question.

The fifth hypothesis is that of Mr. Milner, to whom we are indebted for several valuable works on the architecture of the Middle Age. After ably refuting with much learning and sound criticism several hypotheses of other writers, he fancies he discovers the origin of the pointed arch style, and of the architecture of the Middle Age in general, in an imitation of the intersecting semicircular arches used as ornaments in the ancient English style of building.‡ But this explanation likewise appears unsatisfactory.

The question is not, who invented the pointed arch; this, like every other mathematical figure, had long been known. The only question is, how this pointed arch happened to prevail in the style of building of the thirteenth century: Ornaments, as unessential parts, are conformably in every style of building to the essential main parts of buildings; but never are the main parts conformably, *vice versâ*, to the ornaments. It is not to be supposed that all the highly characteristic forms of a style of building, which was so generally diffused and so consistently contrived, should have been borrowed from an accidental and unessential decoration of the cornices. Experience also is in our favour, since we observe, in all the buildings of the time in which the older style of building passed over to the pointed arch style, how changes were first introduced in the main forms, gables and roofs, later in the vaults and windows, and still later in the unessential parts and ornaments. Thus, for instance, the small arched decoration which so frequently appears in cornices and cinctures or bands, is still in the semicircular form in the church of Gelnhausen, whilst the gables and windows are thus early pointed.

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* It will be proper on this occasion to say something about what is called *masking*, in which many architects delight. They fancy they have performed something very ingenious if the exterior of a stable or a warehouse looks like a dwelling-house, or a wooden building prettily plastered over and painted resembles freestone. After the mortar has fallen down in the course of a few years, the miserable deception is discovered. The wooden houses of our ancient towns, or the peasants' cottages in Tyrol and in Switzerland, which display at once their wooden structure, are far more pleasing, and are even much more solid than these plastered dwelling-houses. True taste rejects all false appearances. Every building ought to have the proper exterior suitable to its destination and to the materials with which it is constructed.

† J. Murphy's Plans, Elevations, and Sections, of the Church of Bathalha in Portugal. *London*, 1895, pp. 13, 14, 15.

‡ A Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England, by J. Milner. *London*, 1811, page 77.

The foregoing observations show the groundlessness of the several hypotheses mentioned; but the solution of the question, whether the pointed arch style belongs to one single nation exclusively, and to which, is attended with greater difficulties. If the hypotheses on the origin of the pointed arch style are various, opinions are not less divided on the present question, and the invention of this style has been ascribed to the Goths, the Lombards, the Saracens or Arabs, to the Spaniards, the Italians, the French, the English, and the Germans.

It has been shown in the second chapter that the Goths or Lombards were not the inventors of the architecture which takes their name, nor of any other style of building, and that the ancient paganism of the northern nations had no influence upon the style of church building.

The Arabs, who appeared as conquerors from the year of our Lord 610, and who, besides the countries which they conquered in Asia and Africa, possessed themselves in the year 713 of the greatest part of Spain and Portugal, erected in the latter countries some very considerable buildings, which are partly yet existing, and impress us with high notions of their knowledge of the arts, and of their magnificence.* But a careful examination of their buildings shows that there is nothing in them that has the most distant resemblance to what is called the Gothic style. In the Arabian buildings the arches are in the shape of a horse-shoe, the columns are all low, they stand single, and are never connected in pillars, the windows are small, the roofs flat, and the horizontal is the prevailing form in the whole composition of their buildings. In the ancient churches of the thirteenth century, the arches, on the contrary, are pointed, the pillars high, and composed of several columns, the windows large, the roofs and gables high. The more the two styles of building are compared, the more one is astonished that the Arabs could ever have been thought of, as the inventors of a style of building so different from their own.† It is true that many Arabian capitals, whose form is square at the top and joins the round column below, bears some resemblance to many capitals in the buildings of the Middle Age;‡ but columns are also met with in Arabian buildings with Corinthian and Roman capitals, and yet we do not regard these as an invention of the Arabs. These occurrences are easily explained, when we consider that the Arabs, originally a nation of herdsmen, could not have any architecture whatever; and that it was only after they became stationary in the countries which they had conquered, and from nomades became an agricultural people, that they formed a particular style of building for themselves. And as all the new possessions of the Arabs had formerly belonged to the vast Roman empire, it is very easy to conceive that they must have adopted in their style of building much that they found in the structures of the earlier or later Christian Roman times.

The question about the influence of Arabian architecture is thus easily solved, but the solution of the question, which of the people of Europe first introduced of improved the pointed arch style, is not so easy, for we find this style of building almost contemporary in all parts of Europe. A comparison of the churches built in different countries will facilitate the solution, if we attend to the principles stated in the first chapter, according to which that style of building alone can lay claim to being national which in its forms corresponds with the climate and building materials of the country, and constitutes at the same time a consistent, intelligent whole, excluding everything heterogeneous.‖

The cathedral of Orvieto in Italy, which is supposed to be the work of Nicolas of Pisa, who lived about the year 1240, has throughout, with exception of that in the front, rose windows, and exhibits in the front the style of building of the thirteenth century.§

* See J. Murphy's Moorish Antiquities of Spain; and Durand, Parallèle d'Architecture.

† See Joh. von Müller Geschichte der Europoischen Menschheit; *i.e.* History of Mankind in Europe, vol. II. page 114.

‡ The details of the cloisters of the church at Aschaffenburg.

‖ To facilitate this comparison, the two last plates of Moller's work contain the designs of some remarkable churches of different countries, represented to the same scale.

§ This church is copied from d'Agincourt's Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments.

But behind the pointed gables of the front there are flat roofs, so that the gables stand quite free above them. A glance at the dwelling-houses of that town shows that flat roofs are indigenous in Italy; and we may therefore justly conclude that the whole style of building which has high gables is foreign there, and comes from a northern country.* And just as the high gables on the flat Italian roofs belong to a northern country, so the flat gable on the high German roof has evidently been transplanted into Germany from a southern country.

The church of Batalha in Portugal,† affords another instance of the use of the pointed arch style in southern countries. The roof of the church is quite flat, covered with large stone slabs, and suitable to the climate: the whole form of the building, the pyramids, and the small pointed gables with which the aspiring pillars are ornamented, are, however, discordant with the horizontal termination of the nave of the church, and clearly show that the high gable roof is essential in this style of building, and that consequently its origin can be sought for in a northern climate only.‡

It has been seen in the preceding chapter that the pointed arch style of the thirteenth century arose out of the more ancient Christian Roman style. If this and the foregoing observations be admitted, we shall be obliged to look for its origin in a country which has a northern climate and in which that ancient style of building prevailed; consequently in the north of France, in England, or in Germany.

The French churches of the Middle Age, some of which are considerable, are but little known by drawings; the editor, therefore, can refer here only to the cathedral of Paris.‖ The main form of the front gate,§ which is said to have been built in the reign of King Philip Augustus, has, upon the whole, no high aspiring proportions; on the contrary, the horizontal line which prevails in the composition, and the flat roofs of the towers, correspond infinitely more with the ancient Christian Roman style than with the architecture of the Middle Age, from which the details alone of the ornaments appear to be borrowed.

Among the more ancient English churches none is more celebrated than York Minster, which was built towards the latter end of the thirteenth, and in the beginning of the fourteenth century.¶ As the English lay such positive claims to the merit of having invented and improved the pointed arch style of the thirteenth century, a closer examination of this church will not be deemed superfluous. Its main forms, the low gable roof, and the flat towers, evidently belong to an originally southern style of building. The whole ornamental system, on the contrary, is of northern origin, and stands in evident contradiction to these leading forms. The pointed gable which crowns the middle window, and is repeated in all the ornaments of the edifice, does not harmonize with the flat gable of the roof. The flat roofs of the towers correspond as little with the other parts of the building; they should necessarily have terminated in pyramids, as all the smaller towers of the aspiring pillars have the pyramidal form. All this shows the incongruous combination of two completely heterogeneous styles of building, and prejudices us so much the less in behalf of the originality of the English ecclesiastical architecture, as at the time when the York Minister was built the German churches already displayed the completest development of the art.

Lastly, let us examine the German style of church building, and particularly the minsters of Strasburgh and Freiburgh, and the church at Oppenheim, which were all built in the second half of the thirteenth, and in the beginning of the

* To render the truth of this more sensible, there is on the same plate a building with a high roof and flat gable, of which there are so many in Germany, and in all northern countries.

† On the plate just referred to.

‡ A similar disproportion of the ornamental gables to real roofs is found in all the buildings erected in the south in the pointed arch style, particularly in the cathedrals of Sienna and Lyons, and also in most buildings of the north that are in the Italian style.

‖ D'Agincourt has given a complete representation of this church in his work.

§ See Moller's Plates

¶ See Britton's Cathedral Antiquities.

fourteenth, century. The main forms, as well as the whole system of their ornaments, are in perfect harmony in these churches, and rest upon the pointed gable, the pyramid, and the pointed arch. The smallest tower which crowns the aspiring pillars displays, in the manner in which it is filled up, the form of the ornamented windows; above these the pointed gables, and then the pyramid; and thus it repeats on a small scale the figure of the whole. A similar harmony of forms reigns in all the best German churches, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century.

Having compared these different architectural works, and recollecting the principles laid down in the first chapter, the scholar and the connoisseur will now be enabled to judge which of the nations of Europe displays the greatest harmony and peculiarity in their buildings, and may most confidently claim the merit of the invention and improvement of the architecture of the thirteenth century.

ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

WE have been requested to publish the following appeal, which we do with much pleasure, thoroughly approving of the object:—

"The proposed restoration of the west front of the Cathedral Church of St. Alban's by the Freemasons of England, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., M.W.G.M.; H.R.H. Prince Leopold, K.G., P.G.M. Oxfordshire; Lord Skelmersdale, D.G.M., P.G.M. West Lancashire; His Grace the Duke of Manchester, P.G.M. Hunts and Northants; Earl Ferrers, P.G.M. Leicestershire and Rutlandshire; Earl of Zetland, P.G.M. North and East Yorkshire; Viscount Holmesdale, M.P., P.G.M. Kent; Lord Leigh, P.G.M. Warwickshire; Lord Methuen, P.G.M. Wiltshire; Lord Sherborne, P.G.M. Gloucestershire; Lord De Tabley, P.G.M. Cheshire; Lord Suffield, P.G.M. Norfolk; Lord Henniker, S.G.W.; Sir W. W. Burrell, Bart., M.P., P.G.M. Sussex; W. W. B. Beach, M.P., P.G.M. Hampshire and Isle of Wight; Gen. J. Studholme Brownrigg, C.B., P.G.M, Surrey; Lieut.-Col. F. Burdett, P.G.M. Middlesex; Col. E. C. Malet De Carteret, P.G.M. Jersey; John Fawcett, P.G.M. Durham; Montague Guest, P.G.M. Dorsetshire; T. F. Halsey, M.P., P.G.M. Hertfordshire; Major W. H. Smyth, P.G.M. Lincolnshire; Lieut.-Col. Le Gendre N. Starkie, P.G.M. East Lancashire.

"On February 11th, 1879, a meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, to consider a proposal that the Freemasons of England do undertake the restoration of some special portion of St. Alban's Cathedral as a memorial to St. Alban. A proposal to this effect had originated with the Hertford Lodge, No. 403, and has since been brought forward at the Provincial Grand Lodge of Hertfordshire, held at Watford, on July 26th, 1878, and the scheme approved, and a local Committee appointed to endeavour to carry out the undertaking.

"At the meeting of February 11th, 1879, after a full explanation as to the nature of the proposal, it was unanimously resolved that the Freemasons of England be invited to subscribe towards the restoration of some special portion of the Cathedral, and a Central Committee was thereupon appointed, with power to add to their number, to carry out this object. It was further decided to undertake the restoration of the west front of the Cathedral, or, in the event of the funds not being sufficient to carry out the whole scheme, one or more of the three beautiful but sadly dilapidated porches at the west end of the building.

"These porches may justly be considered not only to exhibit the most beautiful architectural details of this grand Cathedral, but from the extreme delicacy and beauty of their design, they cannot be excelled by any other examples of this or any other date throughout the kingdom. They were built by Abbot John de Cella, at the commence-

ment of the thirteenth century, and formed part of a magnificent design for the reconstruction of the nave of the Abbey Church, which from want of the necessary funds was only partially carried out. The style of architecture is that commonly known as 'Early English' or 'First Pointed,' and may well compare with similar examples to be found at Lincoln, Ely, Salisbury, and Wells Cathedral, the Western or Galilee Porch of Ely Cathedral bearing a special resemblance to the central porch at St. Alban's.

"It is this central western porch which the Committee propose first to undertake, and their proposal has been most strongly approved by the executive Committee for the restoration of the Cathedral, who are specially anxious to see this portion of the work taken in hand, as this will form the completion of the main structural repairs, which have been going on for several years. A rough estimate was prepared by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, shortly before his death, which states that the probable cost for the restoration of the central porch would be £2,500, and for each of the side porches £2,000, or for the entire west front £9,000. These sums appear at first sight very large, but very much will have to be done on account of the decayed and mutilated condition of the stone work. There can be no question as to the improvement which will be effected by the careful restoration of the west front. At some period, probably in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, some economical repairs were carried out. The outer portions of the north and south porches were cut away, and a plain and unsightly wall built up, which has entirely concealed the north and south porches, and the early English arcade on each side of them.

"It must, we think, be acknowledged that the Abbey Church of St. Alban's has a special interest for, as well as a special claim on the consideration of, all English Freemasons. The original church, built by King Offa in the 8th century, and of which portions remain, was erected by him, and, as we are told, the "Hond Masons," to the memory of St. Alban. Without asserting for Freemasonry a positive connection with St. Alban, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that all the operative Guild legends from the 15th century claim Alban as a patron of Freemasons, and as the person who procured a charter for the assembly, and settled the amount of Masons' wages. This statement probably refers to the fact, that he was in some way officially connected with one of the operative Guilds or '*Collegia Fabrorum*,' from which the Guilds clearly came. The earliest mention of St. Alban in connection with Masonry is to be found in the Prose Constitutions, among the additional MSS. of the British Museum of date 1425. There we read at line 605:—'And Saint Alban loved well Masons, and he gave them first their charges and manners first in England, and he ordained convenient times to pay for the travail.'

"This statement is repeated and amplified in numerous other Guild legends, such as the two Harleian MSS., the two Sloane, the three York, the Scottish MSS., the Lodge of Hope and the Alnwick MS. In the Lansdowne MS., A.D. 1560, we find these words:—'St. Alban was a worthy knight and steward of the king, his household, and had government of his realm, and also of the making of the walls of the said town, and he loved well Masons, and cherished them much, and made their payment right good, for he gave them 3 and vid. a week and iiid.; before that time all the land a Mason took but one penny a day and his meat, till St. Alban mended it, and he gave them a charter of the king and his "councell," for to hold a general assembly, and gave it to name assembly.'

"In the Antiquity MS. of date 1686, we find this further statement in addition to the above:—'And he gott them a charter from the king and his "counsell," to hold a general "counsell," and gave itt to name "assemblie," thereat he was himself, and did help to make Masons, and gave them charges as you shall heare afterwards.'

"In 'Krause's' so-called York MS., of date the beginning of this century (but of which it is fair to remark the original is so far unknown), we find this statement, amplified somewhat in these words:—'He, "that is St. Alban," made constitutions and charges for the Masons, and taught them the customs, everything as Amphibalus had taught him. He procured for them also good pay, for he gave to the workmen two shillings per week and threepence for their food, while formerly they only had one

penny and their food. He also obtained a charter from the Emperor Carausius according to which the workmen in the whole of Britain were made into a society by themselves, and were placed under the architects, which had not been the case before, as each individual had taken work where he found it to do. St. Alban belonged to this society himself, helped to admit new workmen, and took care that they had always plenty of work, and he was the first to do this in Britain.' With this unvarying tradition then before us, it seems most reasonable that the Freemasons of to-day, remembering their own Guild legends, will be glad to co-operate in the present seasonable and needful effort to restore that noble memorial of the pious labours of the past, which so appeals to our sympathies as patriots, lovers of architecture, and as Freemasons.

"Is it too much to hope that the present scheme will commend itself to the Freemasons of England, as it has to those of Hertfordshire, as well as to our Royal Grand Master and the Central Committee in London, and that our numerous and generous brotherhood will gladly embrace the opportunity of aiding to restore the goodly fabric of St. Alban's Cathedral, and thus, as speculative Masons, identify themselves with those famous operative sodalities which have left such striking witnesses of their devotion to art and religion in these glorious 'Houses of God in our land,' which, like that at St. Alban's, remain to attest the good and kindly 'art of Masonrye?'

"To carry out this object, subscriptions are invited from the entire craft, in such amounts as the brethren may be disposed to give, the maximum donation of each individual brother being limited to £5. Payments may be made either to the London and County Bank, Head Office, Lombard Street, E.C., or to the Branch at St. Alban's; or direct to the Hon. Secretary, Bro. C. E. Keyser, by whom formal receipts for all contributions will be given."

TO HOPE.

BY BRO. W. FRED. VERNON, W.M. LODGE "KELSO," NO. 58, S.E.

A TINY star,
Thou shin'st afar,
But in my heart I feel thy gleaming:
Where'er I be
I turn to thee
Encouraged by thy kindly beaming.
Tho' tempest tost,
Yet never lost,
And never doubting aught or fearing;
Tho' storms arise
And rend the skies
Thou shin'st through all the storms careering.
With thee for guide,
No ills betide,
No dark despair my soul engrosses;
I count but small
Both one and all
My troubles, trials, and my crosses,
Unto life's end
Do though befriend,
Still let me be on thee depending;
For without hope
We only grope
In darkness dense, and never ending.

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

We give, as a most striking illustration to our Christmas Magazine, the portrait of our esteemed and much regarded Deputy Grand Master. Probably no more popular Mason now exists, and just as in his own Province of West Lancashire he is looked up to with universal feelings of regard, attachment, affection, so, by the Craft in general, are his high qualities appreciated, and his Masonic services warmly acknowledged.

Lord Skelmersdale is the only son of the Hon. Richard Bootle Wilbraham, M.P., who died in 1844, and he succeeded his grandfather, the 1st Baron Skelmersdale, in 1853. The peerage was created in 1828. Our distinguished brother was educated at Eton and Christchurch College, Oxford, and attained his majority in 1858, having been born in 1837. He is an officer of the Lancashire Yeomanry Hussars, was Colonel of the 6th Administrative Battalion Lancashire Volunteers, has been a Lord in Waiting, is now Captain of Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, and one, to use a parliamentary technical term, of the Government "whips" in the House of Lords.

When Lord Ripon, by his lamented secession to the Church of Rome, deprived our Order of an admirable ruler, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales assumed the Grand Mastership, Lord Carnarvon became his Pro Grand Master, and Lord Skelmersdale became Deputy Grand Master, being also Provincial Grand Master for West Lancashire. His subsequent history as a ruler of the Craft is well known, and needs not praise from us.

We feel sure that our readers will like to possess an engraving of so distinguished an official of our great Order, and under the auspices of his honoured name and effective portrait, we recommend our Christmas Number to the sympathy and patronage of the Craft.

CATHERINE CARMICHAEL; OR, THREE YEARS RUNNING.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 1.

CATHERINE CARMICHAEL, whose name is prefixed to this story, was very early in her life made acquainted with trouble. That name became hers when she was married, but the reader must first know her as Catherine Baird. Her father was a Scotchman of good birth, and had once been possessed of fair means. But the world had gone against him, and he had taken his family out to New Zealand when Catherine was as yet but ten years old. Of Mr. Baird and his misfortunes little need be said, except that for nearly a dozen years he followed the precarious and demoralizing trade of a gold-digger at Hokitika. Sometimes there was money in plenty, sometimes there was none. Food there was, always plenty, though food of the roughest. Drink there was, generally, much more than plenty. Everything around the young Bairds was rough. Frequently changing their residence from one shanty to another, the last shanty inhabited by them would always be the roughest. As for the common decencies of life, they seemed to become ever scarcer and more scarce with them, although the females among them had a taste for decency, and although they lived in a region which then seemed to be running over with gold. The mother was ever decent in language, in manners, and in morals, and strove gallantly for her children. That they could read and write, and had some taste for such pursuits, was due to her; for the father, as years passed over him, and as he became more and more hardened to the rough usages of a digger's life, fell gradually into the habits of a mere miner. A year before his death no one would have thought he had been the son of Fergus Baird, Esq., of Killach, and that when he had married the daughter of a neighbouring laird, things had smiled pleasantly on him and his young wife.

Then his wife died, and he followed her within one year. Of the horrors of that twelve months it is useless now to tell. A man's passion for drink, if he be not wholly bad, may be moderated by a wife, and then pass all bounds when she is no longer there to restrain him. So it was with him; and for a while there was danger that it should be so with his boys also. Catherine was the eldest daughter, and was then twenty-two. There was a brother older, then four younger, and after them three other girls. That year to Catherine was very hard,—too hard, almost, for endurance. But there came among them at the diggings, where they were still dwelling, a young man whose name was John Carmichael, whose presence there gave something of grace to her days. He, too, had come for gold and had joined himself to the Bairds in consequence of some distant family friendship.

Within twelve months the father of the family had followed the mother, and the eight children were left without protection and without anything in the world worthy of the name of property. The sons could fight for themselves, and were left to do so. The three younger children were carried back to Scotland, a sister of their mother's having undertaken to maintain them; but Catherine was left. When the time came in which the three younger sisters were sent, it was found that a home presented itself for Catherine; and as the burden of providing for even the younger orphans was very great, it was thought proper that Catherine should avail herself of the home which was offered her.

John Carmichael, when he came among the diggers at Hokitika,—on the western coast of the southern of the two New Zealand islands,—had done so chiefly because he had quarrelled with his cousin, Peter Carmichael, a squatter settled across the mountains in the Canterbury Province, with whom he had been living for the last three or four

years. This Peter Carmichael, who was now nearly fifty, had for many years been closely connected with Baird, and at one period had been in partnership with him at the diggings. John had heard of Baird and Hokitika, and when the quarrel had become, as he thought, unbearable, he had left the Canterbury sheep-farm, and had tried his fortune in a gold-gully.

Then Baird died, and what friends there were laid their heads together to see how best the family should be maintained. The boys, and John Carmichael with them, would stick to the gold. Word came out from the aunt in Scotland that she would do what was needed. Let the burden not be made too heavy for her. If it were found necessary to send children home, let them, if possible, be young. Peter Carmichael himself came across the mountains to Hokitika and arranged things for the journey;—and before he left, he had arranged things also for Catherine. Catherine should go with him across the mountains, and live with him at Mount Warriwa,—as his home was called,—and be his wife.

Catherine found everything to be settled for her almost before she was able to say a word as to her own desire in the matter. It was so evident that she could not be allowed to increase the weight of the burden which was to be imposed upon the aunt at home! It was so evident that her brothers were not able to find a home for her! It was so evident that she could not live alone in that wild country! And it seemed also to be quite evident that John Carmichael had no proposition of his own to make to her! Peter Carmichael was odious to her, but the time was such that she could not allow herself to think of her own dislikings.

There had never been a word of overt outspoken love between John Carmichael and Catherine Baird. The two were nearly of an age, and, as such, the girl had seemed to be the elder. They had come to be friends more loving than any other that either had. Catherine, in those gloomy days, in which she had seen her father perishing and her brothers too often straying in the wrong path, had had much need of a friend. And he had been good to her, keeping himself to sober, hard-working ways, because he might so best assist her in her difficulties. And she had trusted him, begging him to watch over the boys, and to help her with the girls. Her conduct had been beyond all praise; and he also,—for her sake following her example,—had been good. Of course she had loved him, but of course she had not said so, as he had not chosen to speak first.

Then had come the second death and the disruption. The elder Carmichael had come over, and had taken things into his own hands. He was known to be a very hard man, but nevertheless he spent some small sums of money for them, eking out what could be collected from the sale of their few goods. He settled this, and he settled that, as men do settle things when they have money to spend. By degrees,—not very slowly, but still gradually,—it was notified to Catherine that she might go across the mountains, and become mistress of Warriwa. It was very little that he said to her in the way of love-making.

"You might as well come home with me, Kate, and I'll send word on, and we'll get ourselves spliced as we go through Christchurch."

When he put it thus clearly to her, she certainly already knew what was intended. Her elder brother had spoken of it. It did not surprise her, nor did she start back and say at once that it should not be so.

From the moment in which Peter Carmichael had appeared upon the scene all Kate's intimacy with John seemed to come to an end. The two men, whose relationship was distant, did not renew their quarrel. The elder, indeed, was gracious, and said something to his younger kinsman as to the expediency of his returning to Warriwa. But John seemed to be oppressed by the other's presence, and certainly offered no advice as to Kate's future life. Nor did Kate say a word to him. When first an allusion to the suggested marriage was made in her presence she did not dare, indeed, to look at him, but she could perceive that neither did he look at her. She did not look, but yet she could see. There was not a start, not a change of colour, not a motion even of her foot. He expressed no consent, but she told herself that, by his silence, he gave it. There was no need for a question, even had it been possible that she should ask one.

And so it was settled. Peter Carmichael was a just man, in his way, but coarse, and altogether without sentiment. He spoke of the arrangement that had been made as he might have done of the purchase of a lot of sheep, not, however, omitting to point out that in this bargain he was giving everything and getting almost nothing. As a wife, Catherine might, perhaps, be of some service about the house; but he did not think that he should have cared to take a wife really for the sake of the wife. But it would do. They could get themselves married as they went through Christchurch, and then settle down comfortably. The brothers had nothing to say against it, and to John it seemed to be a matter of indifference. So it was settled. What did it signify to Catherine, as no one else cared for her?

Peter Carmichael was a hard-working man, who had the name of considerable wealth. But he was said to be hard of hand and hard of heart,—a stern, stubborn man, who was fond only of his money. There had been much said about him between John and Catherine before he had come to Hokitika,—when there had been no probability of his coming. "He is just," John had said, "but so ungenial that it seems to me impossible that a human being should stay with him." And yet this young man, of whose love she had dreamt, had not had a word to say when it was being arranged that she should be taken off to live all her future life with this companionship and no other! She would not condescend to ask even a question about her future home. What did it matter? She must be taken somewhere, because she could not be got rid of and buried at once beneath the sod. Nobody wanted her. She was only a burden. She might as well be taken to Warriwa and die there as elsewhere,—and so she went.

They travelled for two days and two nights across the mountains to Christchurch, and there they were married, as it happened, on Christmas Day,—on Christmas Day, because they passed that day and no other in the town as they went on. There was a further journey, two other days and two other nights, down nearly to the southern boundary of the Canterbury Province; and thither they went on with no great change between them, having become merely man and wife during that day they had remained at Christchurch. As they passed one great river after another on their passage down Kate felt how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head. But the waters refused to relieve her of the burden of her life. So she went on and reached her new home at Warriwa.

Catherine Carmichael, as she must now be called, was a well-grown, handsome young woman, who, through all the hardships of her young life, still showed traces of the gentle blood from which she had sprung. And ideas had come to her from her mother of things better than those around her. To do something for others, and then something, if possible, for herself,—these had been the objects nearest to her. Of the amusements, of the lightness and pleasures of life, she had never known anything. To sit vacant for an hour dreaming over a book had never come to her; nor had it been for her to make the time run softly with some apology for women's work in her hands. The hard garments, fit for a miner's work, passed through her hands. The care of the children, the preparation of their food, the doing the best she could for the rough household,—these things had kept her busy from her early rising till she would go late to her bed. But she had loved her work because it had been done for her father and her mother, for her brothers and her sisters. And she had respected herself, never despising the work she did; no man had ever dared to say an uncivil word to Kate Baird among all those rough miners with whom her father associated. Something had come to her from her mother which, while her mother lived,—even while her father lived,—had made her feel herself to be mistress of herself. But all that independence had passed away from her,—all that consciousness of doing the best she could,—as soon as Peter Carmichael had crossed her path.

It was not till the hard, dry, middle-aged man had taken possession of her that she acknowledged to herself that she had really loved John Carmichael. When Peter had come among them, he had seemed to dominate her as well as the others. He and he only had money. He and he only could cause aught to be done. And then it had seemed that for all the others there was a way of escape open, but none for her. No one wanted

her, unless it was this dry old man. The young man certainly did not want her. Then in her sorrow she allowed herself to be crushed, in spite of the strength for which she had given herself credit. She was astounded, almost stupefied, so that she had no words with which to assert herself. When she was told that the hard, dry man would find a home for her, she had no reason to give why it should not be so. When she did not at first refuse to be taken away across the mountains, she had failed to realize what it all meant. When she reached Warriwa, and the waters in the pathless, unbridged rivers had not closed over her head,—then she realized it.

She was the man's wife, and she hated him. She had never known before what it was to hate a human being. She had always been helpful, and it is our nature to love those we help. Even the rough men who would lure her father away to drink had been her friends. "Oh, Dick," she would say, to the roughest of the rough, putting her hand prayerfully on the man's sleeve, "do not ask him to-night;" and the rough man would go from the shanty for the time. She would have mended his jacket for him willingly, or washed his shirt. Though the world had been very hard to her, she had hated no one. Now, she hated a man with all the strength of her heart, and he was her husband.

It was good for the man, though whether good for herself or not she could never tell, that he did not know that he was hated. "Now, old woman; here you'll have a real home," he said, as he allowed her to jump out of the buggy in which he had driven her all the way from Christchurch; "you'll find things tidier than you ever had 'em away at Hokitika." She jumped down on the yard into which he had driven, with a band-box in her hand, and passed into the house by a back door. As she did so a very dirty old woman,—fouler looking, certainly, than any she had ever seen away among the gold-diggings,—followed her from the kitchen, which was built apart, a little to the rear of the house. "So you be the new wife, be ye?" said the old woman.

"Yes; I am Mr. Carmichael's wife. Are you the servant?"

"I don't know nothing about servants. I does for 'un,—what he can't do for 'unself. You'll be doing for 'un all now, I guess." Then her husband followed her in and desired her to come and help to unload the buggy. Anything to be done was a relief to her. If she could load and unload the buggy night and day it would be better than anything else she could see in prospect before her. Then there came a Maori in a blanket, to assist in carrying the things. The man was soft and very silent,—softly and silently civil, so that he seemed to be a protection to her against the foul old woman, and that lord of hers, who was so much fouler to her imagination.

Then her home life began. A woman can generally take an interest in the little surroundings of her being, feeling that the tables and the chairs, the beds and the linen are her own. Being her own, they are dear to her and will give a constancy of employment which a man cannot understand. She tried her hand at this, though the things were not her own,—were only his. But he told her so often that they were his that she could not take them to her heart. There was not much there for a woman to love; but little as there was, she could have loved it for the man's sake, had the man been lovable. The house consisted of three rooms, in the centre of which they lived, sleeping in one of the others. The third was unfurnished and unoccupied, except by sheepskins, which, as they were taken by the shepherds from the carcases of sheep that had died about the run, were kept there till they could be sent to the market. A table or two, with a few chairs; a bedstead with an old feather bed upon it; a washing-basin with a broken jug, with four or five large boxes in lieu of presses, made up nearly all the furniture. An iron pot or two and a frying-pan, with some ill-matched broken crockery, completed the list of domestic goods. How was she to love such as these with such an owner for them?

He had boasted that things were tidier there than she had known them at the diggings. The outside of the house was so, for the three rooms fronting on to the wide prairie-land of the sheep-run had a verandah before them, and the place was not ruinous. But there had been more of comfort in the shanty which her father and brothers had built for their home down in the gold-gully. As to food, to which she was indifferent,

there was no question but that it had been better and more plentiful at the diggings. For the food she would not have cared at all,—but she did care for the way in which it was doled out to her hands, so that at every dole she came to hate him more. The meat was plentiful enough. The men who took their rations from the station came there and cut it from the sheep as they were slaughtered, almost as they would. Peter would count the sheep's heads every week, and would then know that, within a certain wide margin, he had not been robbed. Could she have made herself happy with mutton she might have lived a blessed life. But of other provisions every ounce was weighed to her, as it was to the station hands. So much tea for the week, so much sugar, so much flour, and so much salt. That was all,—unless when he was tempted to buy a sack of potatoes by some itinerant vendor, when he would count them out almost one by one. There was a store-room attached to the kitchen, double-locked, the strongest of all the buildings about the place. Of this, for some month or two, he never allowed her to see the inside. She became aware that there were other delicacies there besides the tea and sugar,—jam and pickles, and boxes of sardines. The station-hands about the place, as the shepherds were called, would come and take the pots and bottles away with them, and Peter would score them down in his book and charge them in his account of wages against the men, with a broad profit to himself. But there could be no profit in sending such luxuries into the house. And then, as the ways of these people became gradually known to her, she learned that the rations which had been originally allowed for Peter himself and the old woman and the Maori had never been increased at her coming. Rations for three were made to do as rations for four. "It's along of you that he's a-starving of us," said the old woman. Why on earth should he have married her and brought her there, seeing that there was so little need for her!

But he had known what he was about. Little though she found for her to do, there was something which added to his comfort. She could cook,—an art which the old woman did not possess. She could mend his clothes, and it was something for him to have some one to speak to him. Perhaps in this way he liked her, though it was as a man may like a dog whom he licks into obedience. Though he would tell her that she was sulky, and treat her with rough violence if she answered him, yet he never repented him of his bargain. If there was work which she could do, he took care not to spare her,—as when the man came for the sheepskins, and she had to hand them out across the verandah, counting them as she did so. But there was, in truth, little for her to do.

There was so little to do, that the hours and days crept by with feet so slow that they never seemed to pass away. And was it to be thus with her for always,—for her, with her young life, and her strong hands, and her thoughts always full? Could there be no other life than this? And if not, could there be no death? And then she came to hate him worse and worse,—to hate him and despise him, telling herself that of all human beings he was the meanest. Those miners who would work for weeks among the clay,—working almost day and night,—with no thought but of gold, and who then, when gold had been found, would make beasts of themselves till the gold was gone, were so much better than him! Better! why, they were human; while this wretch, this husband of hers, was meaner than a crawling worm! When she had been married to him about eight months, it was with difficulty that she could prevail upon herself not to tell him that she hated him.

The only creature about the place that she could like was the Maori. He was silent, docile, and uncomplaining. His chief occupation was that of drawing water and hewing wood. If there was aught else to do, he would be called upon to do it, and in his slow manner he would set about the task. About twice a month he would go to the nearest post-office, which was twenty miles off, and take a letter, or, perhaps, fetch one. The old woman and the squatter would abuse him for everything or nothing; and the Maori, to speak the truth, seemed to care little for what they said. But Catherine was kind to him, and he liked her kindness. Then there fell upon the squatter a sense of jealousy,—or feeling, probably, that his wife's words were softer to the Maori than to himself,—and the Maori was dismissed. "What s that for?" asked Catherine sulkily.

"He is a lazy skunk."

"Who is to get the wood?"

"What's that to you? When you were down at Hokitika you could get wood for yourself." Not another word was said, and for a week she did cut the wood. After that, there came a lad who had been shepherding, and was now well-nigh idiotic; but with such assistance as Catherine could give him, he did manage to hew the wood and draw the water.

Then one day a great announcement was made to her. "Next week John Carmichael will be here."

"John!"

"Yes; why not John? He will have that room. If he wants a bed, he must bring it with him." When this was said November had come round again, and it wanted about six weeks to Christmas.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 2.

JOHN CARMICHAEL was to come! And she understood that he was to come there as a resident;—for Peter had spoken of the use of that bedroom as though it were to be permanent. With no direct telling, but by degrees, something of the circumstances of the run at Warriwa had become known to her. There were on it 15,000 sheep, and these, with the lease of the run, were supposed to be worth £15,000. The sheep and all were the property of her husband. Some years ago he had taken John, when he was a boy, to act with him as his foreman or assistant, and the arrangement had been continued till the quarrel had sprung up. Peter had more than once declared his purpose of leaving all that he possessed to the young man, and John had never doubted his word. But, in return for all this future wealth, it was expected, not only that the lad should be his slave, but that the lad, grown into a man, should remain so as long as Peter might live. As Peter was likely to live for the next twenty years, and as the slavery was hard to bear, John had quarrelled with his kinsman, and had gone away to the diggings. Now, it seemed, the quarrel had been arranged, and John was to come back to Warriwa. That some one was needed to ride round among the four or five shepherds,—some one beyond Peter himself,—some one to overlook the shearing, some one to attend to the young lambs, some one to see that the water-holes did not run dry, had become manifest even to Kate herself. It had leaked out from Peter's dry mouth that some one must come, and now she was told that John Carmichael would return to his old home.

Though she hated her husband, Kate knew what was due to him. Hating him as she had learned to do, hating him as she acknowledged to herself that she did, still she had endeavoured to do her duty by him. She could not smile upon him, she could not even speak to him with a kind voice; but she could make his bed, and iron his shirts, and cook his dinner, and see that the things confided to her charge were not destroyed by the old woman or the idiot boy. Perhaps he got from her all he wanted to get. He did not complain that her voice was not loving. He was harsh, odious in his ways with her, sometimes almost violent; but it may be doubted whether he would have been less so had she attempted to turn him by any show of false affection. She had learned to feel that if she served him she did for him all that he required, and that duty demanded no more. But now! would not duty demand more from her now?

Since she had been brought home to Warriwa, she had given herself up freely to her thoughts, telling herself boldly that she hated her husband, and that she loved that other man. She told herself, also, that there was no breach of duty in this. She would never again see that other man. He had crossed her path and had gone. There was nothing for her left in the world, except her husband Peter and Warriwa. As for her

hating the one man, not to do that would be impossible. As for loving the other man, there was nothing in it but a dream. Her thoughts were her own, and therefore she went on loving him. She had no other food for her thoughts, except the hope that death might come to her, and some vague idea that that last black fast-running river, over which she had been ferried in the dark, might perhaps be within her reach, should death be too long in coming of its own accord. With such thoughts running across her brain, there was, she thought, no harm in loving John Carmichael,—till now, when she was told that John was to be brought there to live under the same roof with her.

Now there must be harm in it! Now there would be crime in loving him! And yet she knew that she could not cease to love him because he should be there, meeting her eye every day. How comely he was, with that soft brown hair of his, and the broad, open brow, and the smile that would curl round his lips! How near they had once been to swearing that they would be each all things to the other! "Kate!" he had said, "Kate!" as she had stood close to him, fastening a button to his shirt. Her finger had trembled against his neck, and she knew that he had felt the quiver. The children had come upon them at the moment, and no other word had been said. Then Peter had come there,—Peter who was to be her husband,—and after that John Carmichael had spoken no word at all to her. Though he had been so near to loving her while her finger had touched him in its trembling, all that had passed away when Peter came. But it had not passed away from her heart, nor would she be able to stifle it when he should be there, sitting daily at the same board with her. Though the man himself was so odious, there was something sacred to her in the name of husband,—something very sacred to her in the name of wife. "Why should he be coming?" she said to her husband the day after the announcement had been made to her, when twenty-four hours for thinking had been allowed to her.

"Because it suits," he said, looking up at her from the columns of a dirty account-book, in which he was slowly entering figures.

What could she say to him that might be of avail? How much could she say to him? Should she tell him everything, and then let him do as he pleased? It was in her mind to do so, but she could not bring herself to speak the words. He would have thought ——! Oh! what might he not have thought! There was no dealing in fair words with one so suspicious, so unmanly, so inhuman.

"It won't suit," she said, sullenly.

"Why not? what have you got to do with it?"

"It won't suit; he and I will be sure to,—sure to,—sure to have words."

"Then you must have 'em. Ain't he my cousin? Do you expect me to be riding round among them lying, lazy varmint every day of my life, while you sit at home twiddling your thumbs?" Here she knew that allusion was made both to the sheep and to the shepherds. "If anything happens to me, who do you think is to have it all after me?" One day at Hokitika he had told her coarsely that it was a good thing for a young woman to marry an old man, because she would be sure to get everything when he was dead. "I suppose that's why you don't like John," he added, with a sneer.

"I do like him," she said, with a clear, loud voice; "I do like him." Then he leered round at her, shaking his head at her, as though declaring that he was not to be taken in by her devices, and after that he went on with his figures.

Before the end of November John arrived. Something, at any rate, she could do for his comfort. Wherever she got them, there, when he came, were the bed and bedstead for his use. At first she asked simply after her brothers. They had been tempted to go off to other diggings in New South Wales, and he had not thought well to follow them. "Sheep is better nor gold, Jack," said Peter, shaking his head and leering.

She tried to be very silent with him;—but she succeeded so far that her very silence made him communicative. In her former intercourse she had always talked the most,—a lass of that age having always more to say for herself than a lad. But now he seemed to struggle to find chance opportunities. As a rule he was always out early in the morning on horseback, and never home till Peter was there also. But opportunities would, of

course, be forthcoming. Nor would it be wise that she should let him feel that she avoided them. It was not only necessary that Peter should not suspect, but that John too should be kept in the dark. Indeed, it might be well that Peter should suspect a little. But if he were to suspect,—that other he,—and then he were to speak out, how should she answer him?

"Kate," he said to her one day, "do you ever think of Hokitika?"

"Think, indeed!—of the place where father and mother lie."

"But of the time when you and I used to fight it out for them? I used not to think in those days, Kate, that you would ever be over here,—mistress of Warriwa."

"No, indeed, nobody would have thought it."

"But Kate ——"

It was clearly necessary that she should put an end to these reminiscences, difficult as it might be to do so. "John," she said, "I think you'd better make a change."

"What change?"

She struggled not to blush as she answered him, and she succeeded. "I was a girl in those days, but now I'm a married woman. You had better not call me Kate any more."

"Why? what's the harm?"

"Harm! no, there's no harm; but it isn't the proper thing when a young woman's married, unless he be her brother, or her cousin at furthest; you don't call me by my name before him,"

"Didn't I?"

"No, you call me nothing at all. What you do before him, you must do behind his back."

"And we were such friends!" But as she could not stand this, she left the room, and did not come back from the kitchen till Peter had returned.

So a month went on, and still there was the word Kate sounding in her ears whenever the old man's back was turned. And it sounded now as it sounded on that one day when her finger was trembling at his throat. Why not give way to the sound! Why not ill-treat the man who had so foully ill-treated her? What did she owe to him but her misery? What had he done for her but make a slave of her? And why should she, living there in the wild prairie, beyond the ken of other women, allow herself to be trammelled by the laws which the world had laid down for her sex? To other women the world made some return for true obedience. The love of one man, *the strong protecting arm of one true friend, the consciousness of having one to buckler* her against the world, one on whom she might hang with trust! This was what other women have in return for truth;—but was any of this given to her when he would turn round and leer at her, reminding her by his leer that he had caught her and made a slave of her? And then there was this young man, sweeter to her now than ever, and dearer!

As she thought of all this she came suddenly,—in a moment,—to a resolution, striking her hand violently on the table as she did so. She must tell her husband everything. She must do that, or else she must become a false wife. As she thought of that possibility of being false, an ecstasy of sweetness for a moment pervaded her senses. To throw herself on his bosom and tell him that she loved him would be compensation almost sufficient to the misery of the last twelve months. Then the word wife crept into her ears, and she remembered words that she had read as to woman's virtue. She thought of her father and her mother! And how would it be with her when, after a while, she would awake from her dream? She had sat silent for an hour alone, now melting into softness, and then rousing herself to all the strength of womanhood. At last a frown came across her brow, very dark; and then, dashing her clenched hand down upon the table, she expressed her purpose in spoken words: "I will tell it him all!

Then she told him all, after her fashion. It was the custom of the two men to go forth together almost at dawn, and it was her business to prepare their meal for them before they went. On the first morning after her resolution had been formed, she bade her husband stay awhile. She had thought to say it in the seclusion of their

own room; but she had felt that it would be better that John should not be in the house when it was spoken. Peter stayed at her bidding, looking eagerly into her face, as she stood at the back door watching till the young man had started on his horse. Then she turned round to her husband. "He must go away from this," she said, pointing over her shoulder to the retreating figure of the horseman.

"Why is he to go? What has he been and done?" This last question he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper, as though thinking that she had detected his cousin in some delinquency.

There was a savage purpose in her heart to make the revelation as bitter to him as it might be. He must know her own purity, but he must know also her thorough contempt for himself. There was no further punishment that he could inflict upon her, save that of thinking her to be false. Though he were to starve her, beat her, murder her, she would care for that not at all. He had carried her away helpless to his foul home, and all that was left her was to preserve herself strong against disgrace.

"He is a man, a young man, and I am a woman. You had better let him go." Then he stood for a while with his mouth open, holding her by the arm, not looking at her, but with his eyes fixed on the spot whence his cousin was disappearing. After a moment or two, his lips came together and produced a long low whistle. He still clutched her, and still looked out upon the far-retreating figure; but he was for a while as though he had been stricken dumb. "You had better let him go," she repeated. Then he whispered some word into her ear. She threw up the arm that he was holding so violently that he was forced to start back from her, and to feel how much stronger she was than he, should she choose to put out her strength. "I tell you all," she said, "that you have to know. Little as you deserve, you have fallen into honest hands. Let him go."

"And he hasn't said a word?"

"I have told you all that you are to hear."

"I would kill him."

"If you are beast enough to accuse him, he will kill you;—or I will do it, if you ever tell him what I have said to you. Bid him go; and let that be all." Then she turned away from him, and passing through the house, crossed the verandah, and went out upon the open space on the other side. He lingered about the place for half an hour, but did not follow her. Then he mounted his old horse, and rode away across the prairie after his sheep.

"Have you told him?" she said, that night when they were alone.

"Told him what?"

"That he must go." He shook his head, not angrily, but in despair. Since that morning he had learned to be afraid of her. "If you do not," she said very slowly, looking him full in the face—"if you do not—I will. He shall be told to-night, before he goes to his bed."

"Am I to say that he—that he——?" As he endeavoured to ask the question, he was white with despair.

"You are to say nothing to him but that he must quit Warriwa at once. If you will say that, he will understand you."

What took place between the two men on the next day she did not know. It may be doubted whether she would ever know it. Peter said not a word further to her on the matter. But on the morning of the second day there was the buggy ready, and Peter with it, prepared to drive his cousin away. It was apparent to her that her husband had not dared to say an evil word of her, nor did she believe that he suspected her. She felt that, poor a creature as he was, she had driven him to respect her. But the thing was settled as she would have it, and the young man was to go.

During those last two days there was not a word spoken between her and John, unless when she handed him his food. When he was away across the land she took care that not a stitch should be wanting to his garments. She washed his things and laid them smooth for him in his box,—oh, with such loving hands! As she kneeled down to her work, she looked round to the door of the room to see that it was closed,

and to the window, lest the eyes of that old woman should be prying in; and then she stooped low, and burying her face beneath the lid, kissed the linen which her hands had smoothed. This she could do, and not feel herself disgraced;—but when the morning came she could let him go and not speak a word. She came out before he was up and prepared the breakfast, and then went back to her own room, so that they two might eat it together and then start. But he could not bring himself to go without one word of farewell. "Say good-bye, at any rate," he sobbed, standing at her door, which opened out upon the verandah. Peter the while was looking on with a lighted pipe in his mouth.

"Good-bye, John." The words were heard, but the sobs were almost hidden.

"Give me your hand," said he. Then there came forth a hand,—nothing but a hand. He took it in his, and for a moment thought that he would touch it with his lips. But he felt,—feeling like a man,—that it behoved him to spare her all he could. He pressed it in his grasp for a moment, and then the hand disappeared.

"If we are to go, we might as well be off," said Peter. So they mounted the buggy and went away.

* * * * * * * *

The nearest town to Warriwa was a place called Timaru, through which a coach, running from Dunedin to Christchurch, passed three times a week. This was forty miles off, and here was transacted what business was necessary for the carrying on of the sheep-station. Stores were bought at Timaru, such as sugar, tea, and flour, and here Peter Carmichael generally sold his wool. Here was the bank at which he kept his money, and in which his credit always stood high. There were not many journeys made from Warriwa to Timaru; but when one became necessary it was always a service of pleasure to Peter. He could, as it were, finger his money by looking at the bank which contained it, and he could learn what might probably be the price which the merchants would give him for his next clip. On this occasion he seemed to be quite glad of an excuse for driving into Timaru, though it can hardly be imagined that he and his companion were pleasant to each other in the buggy. From Warriwa the road, or track rather, was flat the whole way to Timaru. There was nothing to be seen on either way but a long everlasting plain of grey, stunted, stony grass. At Warriwa the outlines of the distant mountains were just visible in the west, but the traveller, as he went eastward towards the town and the road, soon lost sight of the hills, and could see nothing but the grey plain. There were, however, three rivers to be passed, the Warriwa, and two others, which, coming down from the north-west, ran into the Warriwa. Of these the Warriwa itself was the widest, and the deepest, and the fastest. It was in crossing this, within ten miles of her home,—crossing it after dark,—that Catherine had thought how well it would be that the waters should pass over her head, so that she might never see that home. Often, since that, she had thought how well it would have been for her had she been saved from the horrors of her home by the waters of the river.

We may suppose that very little was said by the two men as they made their way into Timaru. Peter was one who cared little for conversation, and could be quite content to sit for hours together in his buggy, calculating the weight of his wool, and the money which would come from it. At Timaru they dined together, still, we may say, without many words. Then the coach came, and John Carmichael was carried away,—whither his cousin did not even inquire. There was some small money transaction between them, and John was carried away to follow out his own fortune.

Had it been possible Peter would have returned at once, so as to save expense, but the horses made it necessary that he should remain that night in the town. And, having done so, he stayed the greater part of the following day, looking after his money and his wool, and gathering his news. At about two he started, and made his way back over the two smaller rivers in safety. At the Warriwa there was but one ferryman, and in carrying a vehicle with horses over it was necessary that the man in charge of them should work also. On the former day, though the rivers had been very high,

there had been daylight, and John Carmichael had been there. Now it was pitch dark, though it was in the middle of summer, and the waters were running very strong. The ferryman refused at first to put the buggy on the raft, bidding old Carmichael wait till the next morning. It was Christmas Eve, he said, and he did not care to be drowned on Christmas Eve.

Nor was such to be his destiny. But it was the destiny of Peter Carmichael. The waters went over him and one of his horses. At three o'clock in the morning his body was brought home to Warriwa, lying across the back of the other. The ferryman had been unable to save the man's life, but had got the body, and had brought it home to the young widow just twelve months after the day on which she had become a wife.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS DAY. NO. 3.

THERE she was, on the morning of that Christmas Day, with the ferryman and that old woman, with the half-idiot boy, and the body of her dead husband! She was so stunned that she sat motionless for hours, with the corpse close to her, lying stretched out on the verandah, with a sheet over it. It is a part of the cruelty of the life which is lived in desolate places, far away, that when death comes, the small incidents of death are not mitigated to the sufferer by the hands of strangers. If the poorest wife here at home becomes a widow, some attendant hands will close the glazed eye and cover up the limbs, and close the coffin which is there at hand; and then it will be taken away and hidden for ever. There is an appropriate spot, though it be but under the poorhouse wall. Here there was no appropriate spot, no ready hand, no coffin, no coroner with his authority, no parish officer ready with his directions. She sat there numb, motionless, voiceless, thinking where John Carmichael might be. Could it be that he would come back to her, and take from her that ghastly duty of getting rid of the object that was lying within a yard or two of her arm?

She tried to weep, telling herself that, as a wife now widowed, she was bound to weep for her husband. But there was not a tear, nor a sob, nor a moan. She argued it with herself, saying that she would grieve for him now that he was dead. But she could not grieve,—not for that; only for her own wretchedness and desolation. If the waters had gone over her instead of him, then how merciful would heaven have been to her! The misery of her condition came home to her with its full weight,—her desolation, her powerlessness, her friendlessness, the absence of all interest in life, of all reason for living; but she could not induce herself to say, even to herself, that she was struck with anguish on account of him. That voice, that touch, the cunning leer of that eye, would never trouble her again. She had been freed from something. She became angry with herself because it was in this way that she regarded it; but it was thus that she continued to regard it. She had threatened once to kill him,—to kill him should he speak a word as to which she bade him to be silent. Now he was dead,—whether he had spoken that word or not. Then she wondered whether he had spoken it, and she wondered, also, what John Carmichael would say or do when he should hear that his kinsman was no more. So she sat motionless for hours within her room, but with the door open on to the verandah, and the feet of the corpse within a few yards of her chair.

The old ferryman took the horse, and went out under the boy's guidance in quest of the shepherds. Distances are large on these sheep-runs, and a shepherd with his flock is not always easily found. It was nearly evening before he returned with two of these men, and then they dug the grave,—not very far away, as the body must be carried in their arms; and then they buried him, putting up a rough palisade around the spot to guard it, if it might be so guarded for a while, from the rats. She

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walked with them as they carried it, and stood there as they did their work; and the old woman went with them, helping a little. But the widow spoke not a word, and then returning, seated herself again in the same chair. Not once did there come to her the relief of a tear, or even of a sob.

The ferryman went back to his river, and the shepherds to their sheep, and the old woman and the boy remained with her, preparing what food was eaten. The key of the store-room was now in her possession, having been taken out of his pocket before they laid him in his grave, and they could do what they pleased with what it contained. So she remained for a fortnight, altogether inactive, having as yet resolved upon nothing. Thoughts no doubt there were running through her mind. What was now to become of her? To whom did the place belong, and the sheep, and the money, which, as she knew, was lying in the bank? It had all been promised to John, before her marriage. Then the old man had hinted to her, in his coarse way, that it would be hers. Then he had hinted again that John was to be brought back, and to live here. How would it be? Without the speaking of words, even to herself, it was settled in her heart that John Carmichael should be, ought to be, must be, the owner of Warriwa. Then how different would Warriwa become? But she strove gallantly against feeling that, for herself, there would be any personal interest in such a settlement. She would have kept her thoughts away from that if it had been possible;—if it had been possible.

At the end of a fortnight there came out to her from Timaru a young man, who declared himself to be the clerk of a solicitor established there, and this young man brought with him a letter from the manager of the bank. The purport of the letter was this: Mr. Carmichael, as he had passed through Timaru on his way home from Christchurch after his marriage, had then executed a will, which he had deposited at the bank. In this he had named the manager as his sole executor, and had left everything of which he was possessed to his wife. The writer of the letter then went on to explain that there might have been a subsequent will made. He was aware that John Carmichael had been again at Warriwa, and it was possible that Peter Carmichael might have reverted to his old intention of making his kinsman his heir. There had been a former will to that effect, which had been destroyed in the presence of the banker. There was no such document at Timaru. If anywhere, it must be at Warriwa. Would Mrs. Carmichael allow the young man to search? If no such document could be found, the money and the property would be hers. It would be well that she should return with the young man to the town, and take up her abode there in lodgings for a few weeks till things should have settled themselves.

And thus she found herself mistress of Warriwa, owner of the sheep, and possessor of all the money. Of course, she obeyed the counsel given her, and went into the town. No other will was found; no other claimant came forward. Week after week went by, and month after month, very slowly, and at the end of six months she found that everything was undoubtedly hers. An agent had been hired to live at Warriwa, and her signature was recognized at the bank as commanding all that money. The sum seemed so large that it was a wonder to her that the old man should have lived in such misery at home. Then two of her brothers came to her, across from New South Wales. They had come to her because she was alone. No, they said; they did not want her help, though a little money would go a long way with them. They had come because she was alone.

Then she laid a task upon them, and told them her plans. Yes; she had been very much alone;—altogether without counsel in this particular matter; but she had formed her plans. If they would assist her, no doubt they would be compensated for their time. Where was John Carmichael? They had not heard of John Carmichael since they had left him when they went away from Hokitika.

Thereupon she explained to them that none of all that property was hers;—that none of it all should ever be hers; that, to her view of the matter, the station, with the run, and the sheep, and the money, all belonged to John Carmichael. When they told her that she had been the man's wife, and, therefore, much nearer than John

Carmichael, she only shook her head. She could not explain to them her thoughts and feelings. She could not say to them that she would not admit herself to have been the wife of a man whom she had ever hated,—for whom, not for a single moment, had she ever entertained anything of wifely feeling. "I am here," she said, "only as his care-taker;—only as such will I ever spend a farthing of the money." Then she showed them a letter, of which she had sent copies addressed to him at the post-offices of various towns in New Zealand, having spent many of her hours in making the copies, and the letter was as follows:—

"If you will return to Warriwa, you will find that everything has been kept for you as well as I have known how to keep it. The sheep are nearly up to the number. The money is at the bank at Timaru, except a very little which I have taken to pay the wages and just to support myself,—till I can go away and leave it all. You should hurry to Warriwa, because I cannot go away till you come. CATHERINE."

It was not, perhaps, a very wise letter. An advertisement in the New Zealand papers would have done better, and have cost less trouble. But that was her way of setting about her work,—till her brothers had come to her, and then she sent them forth upon her errand. It was in vain that they argued with her. They were to go and find him, and send him,—not to her,—but to Warriwa. On his arrival he should find that everything was ready for him. There would be some small thing for the lawyer to arrange, but that could be arranged at once. When the elder brother asked at the bank about his sister, the manager told him that all Timaru had failed to understand the purposes of the heiress. That old Peter Carmichael had been a miser, everybody had known, and that a large sum was lying in the bank, and that the sheep were out on the run at Warriwa. They knew, too, that the widow had inherited it all. But they could not understand why she should be careful with the money as old Peter had been; why she should live there in lodgings, seeing no one; why she should be taken out to Warriwa once a month; and why on these occasions she should remain there a day or two, going through every figure, as it was said that she did do. If she liked the life of a squatter, why did she not live there and make the place comfortable? If, as was more probable, the place could hardly be delightful to her, why not sell it, and go away among her friends? There would be friends enough now to make her welcome. For, though she had written the letters, and sent them out, one or two at a time, she had told no one of her purpose till her brothers came to her. Then the banker understood it all, and the brothers probably understood something also.

They got upon his traces at last, and found him in Queensland, up to his throat in mud, looking for gold in a gully. "Luck? Yes; he had got a little, and spent the most of it. There was gold, no doubt, but he was not much in love with the spot." 'Tis always thus the wandering gold-digger speaks of his last adventure. When they told him that Peter Carmichael was dead, he jumped out of the gully, leaving the cradle behind him in which he had been washing the dirt, searching for specks of gold. "And Warriwa?" he said. Then they explained the nature of the will. "And the money, too?" Yes; the money also had been left to the widow. "It would have been hers any way," he said, "whether he left a will or not. Well, well! So Kate is a rich woman." Then he jumped into the gully again, and went to work at his cradle. By degrees they explained it all to him,—as much, at least, as they could explain. He must go to Warriwa. She would do nothing till he had been there.

"She says it is to be all yours," said the younger brother.

"Don't you say no more than you know," said the elder. "Let him go and find it out for himself."

"But Kate said so."

"Kate is a woman, and may change her mind as well as another. Let him go and find it out for himself." So he sold his claim at the gully for what little it would fetch, and started off once again for New Zealand and Warriwa.

He had himself landed at Dunedin in order that he might not be seen and questioned in passing through Timaru, and from Dunedin he made his way across the country direct to Warriwa. I need not trouble my readers with New Zealand geography,

but at a little place called Oamaru he hired a buggy and a pair of horses, and had himself driven across the country to the place. He knew that Catherine was living in the town, and not at the station; but even though the distance were forty miles, he thought that it would be better to send for her than to discuss such things as would have to be discussed before the bankers and the attorney, and all the eager eyes and ears of Timaru. What it was that he would have to discuss he hardly yet knew; but he did know, or thought that he knew, that he had been banished from Warriwa because old Peter Carmichael had not chosen to have "a young fellow like that hopping about round his wife." It was thus that Peter had explained his desire in that matter of John's departure. Now he had been sent for, because of the property. The property was the property of the widow. He did not in the least doubt that. Christmas had again come round, and it was just a year,—a year and a day,—since she had put her hand out to him through the closed door and had bade him good-bye.

There she was, when he entered the house, sitting at that little side-table, with the very books before her at which Peter had spent so many of his hours. "Kate," he said, as he entered, "I have come, you see,—because you sent for me."

She jumped up, rushing at him, as though to throw her arms round him, forgetting,—forgetting that there had been no love spoken between them. Then she stopped herself, and stood a moment looking at him. "John," she said, "John Carmichael, I am so glad you have come at last. I am tired minding it,—very tired, and I know that I do not do it as it should be."

"Do what, Kate?"

"Mind it all,—for you. No one else could do it, because I had to sign the papers. Now you have come, and may do as you please with it. Now you have come,—and I may go."

"He left it to you; all of it,—the money, and the sheep, and the station."

Then there came a frown across her brow,—not of anger, but of perplexity. How should she explain it? How should she let him know that it must be as she would have it,—that he must have it all; and have it not from her, but as heir to his kinsman? How could she do all this and teach him at the same time that there need be nothing of gratitude in it all,—nothing certainly of love?

"John," she said, "I will not take it from him as his widow. I never loved him. I never had a kindly feeling towards him. It would kill me to take it. I will not have it. It must be yours."

"And you?"

"I will go away."

"Whither will you go? Where will you live?" Then she stood there dumb before him, frowning at him. What was it to him where she might go? She thought of the day when she had sewn the button on his shirt, when he might have spoken to her. And she remembered, too, how she had prepared his things for him, when he had been sent away, at her bidding, from Warriwa. What was it to him what might become of her?

"I am tired of this," she said. "You must come to Timaru, so that the lawyer may do what is necessary. There must be papers prepared. Then I will go away."

"Kate!" She only stamped her foot. "Kate,—why was it that he made me go?"

"He could not bear to have people about the place, eating and drinking."

"Was it that?"

"Or perhaps he hated you. It is easy, I think, to hate in a place so foul as this."

"And not easy to love?"

"I have had no chance of loving. But what is the use of all that? Will you do as I bid you?"

"What!—take it all from your hands?"

"No; not from mine,—from his. I will not take it, coming to me from him. It is not mine, and I cannot give it; but it is yours. You need not argue, for it must be so." Then she turned away, as though going;—but she knew not whither to go,

and stopped at the end of the verandah, looking towards the spot at which the grave was marked by the low railings.

There she stood for some minutes before she stirred. Then he followed her, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, spoke the one word which was necessary. "Kate, will you take it, if not from him, then from me?" She did not answer him at once, and then his arm was passed round her waist. "If not from him, then from me?

"Yes; from you," she said. "Anything from you." And so it was.

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

—:o:—

CHRISTMAS is here once more to-day,
With pleasant strain and jocund lay,
And kindly voices sounding nigh,
Tell of a song once sung on high.
'Mid all that's old, and all that's new,
All that's tender, all that's true,
All that's far, and all that's near,
All that's gracious, all that's dear,
We are reminded of that Plan
To *link again our God to man*,
To bid our doubts and sorrows cease,
And give us tidings of glad peace.
Hail, then, oh, Christmas! Now once more
Thy tidings swell from shore to shore,
Telling, like Angel songs above,
Of the Creator's endless love,
Of all the gifts of heavenly grace,
For this our fallen, dying race!
All hail, oh Christmas! Let our lay
Be joy for all on this glad day!
How many years have passed and gone,
How fast the sand of time has run,
Since we first greeted far away
The pleasant scenes of Christmas Day.
Old friends, alas! have quickly passed,
The joys of earth were not to last.
Soft hours have left us in good truth
Alone on earth with "rue" and "ruth;"
Yet here we are on Christmas Day,
When nought of time has liked to stay.
But yet why should we now lament,
Or speak in tones of discontent?
Let others joy. Enough for me,
That others yet can happy be.
So welcome Christmas once again,
With e'en its noisy laughing train,
With all its witchery, all its songs,
All that to mirth aright belongs,
And wreathèd smiles, and converse gay,
The goodly groups on Christmas Day.

And let's remember all, I pray,
As we gladly meet on Christmas Day,
Amid the goodly sights we see,
That some are not so blessed as we,
That some no Christmas keep, but lie
In hopeless, helpless misery.
May Charity in gentle guise
Light up those pleasant laughing eyes,
What seem to throw a gleam on all,
In cot and farm, and manse and hall.
May old and young, as now they find
That hearts are true, and friends are kind.
Remember all who are far away,
And all who want on Christmas Day;
And as the song and jest go round,
As loving hopes and hearts are bound
Once more in words of kindly grace,
As Old Time pauses in its race,
To Charity their homage pay,
And double the joys of Christmas Day.

SONNET.

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

'Tis Christmas-tide, and cheerless winter's sky
The naked fields with frost and cold doth chill,
And storms, which through the forests whistle shrill.
But, as 'twere winter's scant joys to supply,
Hark the glad song:—Glory to God Most High
In Highest Heav'ns above—on earth, good will
'Mong men, and peace. The stars of Heav'n stood still,
As round the shepherds shone full gloriously,
A light, which made night day,—while in their ears,
Sounded from high, *that* sweet, melodious strain,
To usher in the Saviour's promis'd reign
Of blessedness, which yet shall wipe all tears
From off all eyes, and let the world have peace,
With love conjoin'd; and make all wars to cease.

28, *Sun Street, Tunstall.*
North Staffordshire.

LIST OF "ANCIENT LODGES," 1813, WITH THEIR NUMBERS IN 1814, 1832, AND 1863.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE following Roll of Lodges has been carefully compiled from various sources for the Christmas number of the *Masonic Magazine*, as a special contribution from one of the earliest writers for it and the *Freemason*.

Few will probably adequately appreciate the labour that has been involved in tracing the particulars, but all who are interested in the early history of the "Ancient" or "Athol" Lodges will find valuable aid in their studies by consulting the list. The numbers on the left side are those which distinguished the Lodges while under the "Ancients," those on the right being as altered at the Union (1815 Calendar, issued in 1814) and in 1832 and 1863, the vacancies exhibiting those which had been struck off the Roll before 1814, and also before each successive numerical change. Many enumerated have since been removed to other cities or towns, and all in existence now are known by their names, not by the places of meeting; for happily, at the present time, the Lodges generally are assembling in private rooms, or in their own halls—a step in the right direction, and one much needed.

The "Ancients" had a "Grand Stewards' Lodge," but it was not on the Roll, and so did not receive a number at the "Union" of December, 1813, it virtually having been merged in the "Grand Stewards' Lodge" of the regular Grand Lodge, or "Moderns" (so called). The "Ancients" started a Grand Lodge soon after 1750, and sometimes, though erroneously, were called "York Masons." The "Grand Lodge of *all* England," held at York, never granted a warrant to be worked out of this country, and had died out years before the "Union" was consummated.

The "Articles of Union" provided that the Lodges belonging to the two Grand Lodges should be numbered alternately; hence, the "Ancients," having secured the preference, obtained the same number for their *one* as before, the No. 1 of the "Moderns" becoming No. 2, No. 2 of the "Ancients" became No. 3, and No. 2 of the "Moderns" No. 4. Any question arising out of this list will be gladly answered in the columns of the *Freemason*.

Brethren should also study an article by us in the *Masonic Magazine*, July, 1878. Others also are preparing on this important subject.

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
1	Grand Master's Lodge, Crown and Anchor, Strand ...	1	1	1
2	Jerusalem Coffee-house, Clerkenwell-green	3	3	3
3	George, Commercial-road	5	5	5
4	Percy Arms, Church-court, Strand	7	7	7
5	Antwerp Tavern, Threadneedle-street	9	9	9
6	Old Crown Tavern, Swallow-street, Piccadilly	11	11	11
7	Royal Oak, Woolwich	13	13	13
8	Golden Hart, Phœnix-street, Spitalfields	15	15	15
9	Fourth Battalion Royal Artillery, Quebec	17	17	17
10	Angel, High-street, Bloomsbury	19	19	19
11	Constituted in London			
13	Neptune, Neptune-street, Rotherhithe	23	22	22
14	At a Private Room, Chancery-lane			
15	London	26	24	24
16	Edinburgh Castle, New Church, Strand	27	25	25
18	Seventeenth Regiment of Foot			
19	London			

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
20	Freemasons' Hall, Bold-street, Liverpool	31		
21	Castle, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields	33	29	27
22	James-street, Covent Garden			
23	White Lion, Elephant-stairs, Rotherhithe	36	33	30
24	Ordnance Arms, Canterbury	37	34	31
25	George Tavern, Upper Pit-street, Liverpool	38	35	32
26	Nag's Head, Taunton, Somersetshire			
27	London	41		
28	Gibraltar			
29	Deal Castle Inn, Town of Deal, Kent	44	39	
30	Island of St. Eustatius, West Indies			
31	Two Sawyers, Minories	47	40	34
32	Hart-street, Crutched Friars			
33	Glamorgan L., Cardiff Arms, Cardiff, Glamorganshire	50	43	36
35	White Hart Inn, Chichester	52	45	38
36	Constituted in London	54	47	40
37	King's Arms Tavern, Compton-street, Soho	56	49	
39	White Hart, Sugar Lane, Manchester	59	52	44
40	Merchants' Coffee-house, Quebec, Lower Canada			
41	Windmill Inn, Chelmsford, Essex	60		
42	In the Fortieth Regiment			
43	Golden Lion, Butcher Row, Coventry			
44	Milton's Head Inn, Nottingham	63	55	47
45	Formerly in Liverpool, but withdrawn			
46	The George, St. Thomas-street, Rotherhithe	65	57	49
47	Barley Sheaf, Hinckley, Leicestershire	66	58	50
48	Constituted in Amsterdam			
49	The Oxford and Gloucester Inn, City of Bath	69	61	53
50	Freemasons' Tavern, Plymouth	70	62	54
51	Ship in Launch, Park Gate, Chester			
52	Thirty-Seventh Regiment			
53	Humber Lodge, Fleece Tavern, Market-place, Hull	73	65	57
54	Unicorn, Wigan, Lancashire	74		
55	Constituted in London			
56	Flower-pot, Salford, near Manchester	77	68	
58	Fourteenth Regiment of Foot			
59	Hwlford Lodge, Haverfordwest	81		
60	Masons' Arms, City of Worcester			
61	Spurm and Humber L., Freemasons' H., Great Grimsby	83		
62	Old Church-yard Tavern, Manchester	85	75	62
63	Black Boy, Wapping	86	76	63
64	Digbeth, Birmingham	88		
65	Provincial Grand Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia			
66	Row Barge, Halifax, Nova Scotia			
67	King's Arms, ditto, ditto.			
68	Cock and Magpie, Wilson-street, Finsbury Square	91	78	65
69	At Philadelphia, North America			
70	St. George's L., Angel Inn, Berwick-upon-Tweed	93	80	67
71	Red Lion, Birmingham			
72	Mariners' L. Talbot, Redcliff Hill, Bristol	95	81	68
73	Bell Inn, Saxmundham, Suffolk	97		
74	The Oat Sheaf, Fore-street, Exeter	98	83	70
75	Seventy-second Regiment			
76	Green Man, Shrewsbury, Salop			

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
77	R. Jubilee L., King's Head Tavern, Fenchurch-street ...	100	85	72
78	Kingston-upon-Hull			
79	Falstaff Tavern, Portsmouth...	101		
80	The Ship, Reading, Berkshire			
81	Spread Eagle, Whitecross-street	104	87	73
82	Spanish Town, Virgin Islands			
83	Cup, Stafford-street, Birmingham	105	88	74
84	The Chequers, Sevenoaks, Kent	106		
85	Sheffield, Yorkshire			
86	Royal Artillery			
87	Good Intent L., Salutation Inn, Stamford	109		
88	King's Head, Winchester, Hants	111	90	76
89	Provincial Grand Lodge, Philadelphia			
90	Thirty-third Regiment, Pitt Fort, Chatham...			
91	George Inn, Leicester	114		
92	Charlestown, South Carolina			
93	London	116	93	79
94	Lord Nelson's Head, Sunderland	118	95	80
95	St. Gregory's, Norwich			
96	Commercial Inn, Aldborough, Suffolk	120	96	81
97	Lynn Regis, Norfolk			
98	Doyle's Lodge of Fellowship, Grover's Hotel, Guernsey ...	123	99	84
99	St. Giles's, Norwich			
100	Shakespeare, Bath			
101	Fifth Battalion, Royal Artillery, Eastbourne	125		
102	Singular Ancient Lodge, Amsterdam			
103	Ship, Harwood Bridge, Yorkshire			
104	Hercules Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields...	128	103	87
105	The Ship, Sheffield, Yorkshire			
106	Three Cranes, Chesterfield, Derbyshire			
107	White Hind Inn, Newark-upon-Trent	132	104	
108	Island of Tortola, West Indies			
109	Friendly Brothers' L., Crown Inn, Newcastle, Staffordshire	133		
110	Seven Stars, Footscray, Kent			
111	Woolpack Inn, Colchester	135		
112	Fiftieth Regiment	137		
113	Duchess of Brunswick, Dock-gate, Deptford	138	107	90
114	Ship Tavern, Feversham, Kent			
115	Lodge of St. John, Marseilles			
116	Orange Lodge, Three Crowns, Guernsey	141		
117	At Port Mahon, Minorca			
118	Wine-street, Bristol			
119	London			
120	Second Royal Lancashire Militia, Plymouth	144		
121	Old Harbour, Kingston, Jamaica			
122	Upper Ship Inn, Reading, Berkshire	147		
123	Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons			
124	Sea Lion, Hanley, Staffordshire	149		
126	Ancient Britons' L., Boar's Head, Caerphilly, Glamorgansh.	150		
127	Golden Lion, Whitby, Yorkshire			
128	Globe Tavern, Blackwall	151	112	95
129	Rising Sun, Bromley, Kent			
130	Masons' Arms, Burslem, Staffordshire	154	115	98
131	Atholl Lodge, their own Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne ...	155		
132	Moreton Hampstead, Devon	157		

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
133	St. Cuthbert's Lodge, their own Hall, Tweedmouth ...	158		
134	White Lion, Lane End, Staffordshire	160		
135	R. Cambrian L., Parrot Inn, Newport, Monmouthshire ...	162		
136	Queen's Head, Soho	163	118	101
137	Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire			
138	Twelve Brothers' Lodge, Blue Anchor Tavern, Portsea ...	166		
139	The Britannia, Stockport, Cheshire	168	121	104
140	Lord Delaval's Lodge, Ford, Northumberland	169		
141	Island of Minorca, West Indies			
142	Maid's Head Inn, Lynn Regis, Norfolk	172	124	107
143	Star Inn, Water-gate, Chester			
144	Castle Tavern, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire	175	127	110
145	Percy Lodge, Private Room, Morpeth	177		
146	Calcutta, East Indies...			
147	Third Royal Lancashire Militia, Chatham	179	130	113
148	Second Battalion Royal Artillery, Gibraltar...	181	132	115
149	White Swan, Market-place, Norwich			
150	Temple Lodge, Marquis of Granby Inn, Folkestone ...	183	134	
151	Island of Nevis, West Indies...			
152	Fort St. George, Madras			
153	Shropshire Regiment of Militia, Plymouth	186	135	117
154	Concord Lodge, Golden Ball Inn, Whitehaven	187	136	
155	St. Andrew's Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia	188	137	118
156	Royal Horse Artillery, Plough Inn, Colchester	189		
157	Blue Anchor, Whitehaven	180	138	119
158	Union Lodge, White Lion Inn, Carmarthen...	192		
159	Crown and Sugar Loaf, Fleet-street...	194.		
160	Hiram Lodge, Red Lion Inn, Ponty-y-Pool, Monmouthshire	195		
161	St. Paul's Lodge, Private Room, Monkwearmouth	197		
162	Mulberry-tree Tavern, Bristol	198		
163	Mount Sinai Lodge, St. George's, Grenada	200	142	121
164	Bear's Paw, Frodsham, Cheshire			
165	Derby Lodge, King's-head Inn, Buxton	201	143	122
166	Wild Man, St. Andrew's, Norwich	203	14	
167	Ship Inn, Blackney, Norfolk...			125
168	King's Head Inn, Hythe, Kent	205	147	
169	New York, North America			
170	Ninety-sixth Regiment, St. Croix	208		
171	Bury Bridge Inn, Bury, Lancashire	209	150	128
172	Cock, Banbury, Oxon			
173	Provincial Grand Lodge, Minorca			
174	Freemason's Hall, Southampton	212	152	130
175	Royal Regiment of Cornish Miners, Cahir	213	153	131
176	Star and Garter, Ness Gate, York			
177	Private Lodge Room, Green Island, Jamaica			
178	Raven, Kidderminster			
179	St. David's Lodge, Red Lion Inn, Berwick...	217		
180	Star Inn, City of Oxford			
181	Private Room, Stockholm			
182	Freemasons' Hall, Dominica			
183	Ninth Regiment of Foot, Valenciennes	221		
184	City of Brest			
185	Crown Inn, Bicester, Oxon	224		
186	St. John's Lodge, London Tavern, Newfoundland	226	159	
187	Ninth Battalion Royal Artillery	228		

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
188	Black Bull, Settle, Yorkshire			
189	All Saints Lodge, Anchor Inn, Wooler, Northumberland ...	231	161	138
190	Ancient York Lodge, Charleston, South Carolina			
191	First Battalion, 91st Regiment	233	163	
192	Bell, York-street, Westminster	235	165	141
193	Three Compasses, King-street, Golden Square	237	166	142
194	Crown and Anchor, Fleet Market	239	167	143
195	Ship, Brick-lane, Spitalfields	241	169	145
196	Lodge of Antiquity, Bolton-le-moor, Lancashire	242	170	146
197	London Inn, Falmouth	244	171	
198	Jolly Potters, Church-street, Deptford	245	172	147
199	Travellers' Arms, Dewsbury, Yorkshire	247	174	149
200	Red Lion Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight	249	176	151
201	Redcross Lodge, Port-street, Manchester	250	177	152
202	Inhabitants Lodge, Gibraltar	251	178	153
203	Lodge of Love and Unity, Hoveling Boat, Dover	253	180	
204	Lodge of Perseverance, Golden-cross, Preston, Lancashire...	255	181	155
205	Market-house Inn, Plymouth	256	182	156
206	The Virgins, Kenilworth, Warwickshire			
207	Adam's Lodge, their own Room, Blue Town, Sheerness ...	259	184	158
208	Phœnix Inn, Plymouth Dock	260	185	159
209	In K. O. Regiment of Stafford Militia	262		
210	New York, North America			
211	St. John's Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia	265	187	161
212	Do. Royal Exchange, New York			
213	In Royal Artillery	268	190	164
214	City of Oxford			
215	Royal Cumberland Militia, Halifax	270	192	
216	East Devon Regiment of Militia, Ireland	272	193	
217	Masons' Arms, Whitehaven	273		
218	Fort St. George, East Indies			
219	New York, North America			
220	Provincial Grand Lodge, Gibraltar	276		
221	Three Lords, in the Minories	277		
222	Mariners' Lodge, Private Room, Horn-street, Guernsey ...	279	197	168
223	Baylis's English Hotel, Ostend			
224	Old Crown Tavern, Lichfield			
225	Shakespeare's Head, Percival-street, Clerkenwell	281	198	169
226	Red Lion, Greenwich	282		
227	Golden Key, Church-street, Bethnal-green	284	200	171
228	North Devon Militia, Gosport	286		
229	Rousseau, Dominica			
230	Barrack Tavern, Woolwich	288		
231	George, Brook-street, Holborn	289	202	173
232	Constituted in Recten's Hanoverian Brigade	291	204	175
233	Kingston, Jamaica			
234	Coach and Horses, High Holborn	293	206	177
235	Queen's Head, Wigan, Lancashire	294	207	178
236	Charlestown, South Carolina			
237	Berwickshire Militia	297		
238	Joiners' Arms, Chorley, Lancashire	298	210	
239	King's Head, Wooden Bridge, Chelsea	299	211	180
240	Lord Cochrane, Spring Gardens, Westminster	301	213	
241	Royal Artillery, Quebec, Lower Canada	302	214	182
242	Freemasons' Hall, Nassau, New Providence	304		

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
243	Globe Tavern, Chatham	306	216	184
244	Angel, John-street, Minories...	308	218	185
245	Princess Royal, Paul-street, Finsbury-square	309	219	186
246	Green Dragon, Dudley, Worcestershire	310		
247	Benevolent Lodge, St. John's, Newfoundland	312	220	
248	Seventy-sixth Regiment	313		
249	Prince Edwin's Lodge, White Hart Inn, Woodbridge, Suffolk	315	222	
250	Placentia Lodge, Newfoundland	317		
251	Late at the French Horn, Crutched Friars; *suspended for unmasonic conduct*			
252	Twenty-third Regiment, or Royal Fusiliers	318		
253	Green Man, Mansel-street, Goodman's-fields	319	223	188
254	Cross Keys, Cockermouth, Cumberland			
255	Rose Tavern, Bishopsgate-street	321	225	190
256	Arimathea Lodge, Lion Inn, Weymouth	323		
257	Union Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica	324		
258	Anchor and Hope, Union-street, Blackfriars	325	227	192
259	Porcupine, Newport-street, Leicesterfields	327	228	193
260	Royal Marine Lodge, in Barracks, Chatham	328		
261	Green Dragon, Poplar	329	229	194
262	Seventh Regiment Light Dragoons	331		
263	Albion Lodge, Temple, Bridge Town, Barbadoes	333	232	196
264	Percy Arms, Church-court, Strand	335	234	198
265	White Hart, Maidstone, Kent			
266	Lodge of Peace and Harmony, Fleece, Dover	336	335	199
267	Old Globe Lodge, their own Hall, Scarborough, Yorkshire	337	236	200
268	Northumberland's Head, Fort-street, Old Artillery-ground...	338	237	201
269	St. John's Lodge, Castle Inn, Windsor	340	239	
270	Saracen's Head, Devizes, Wilts.	341		
271	St. George's Lodge, Richmond Heights, Grenada			
272	Angel Inn, Guildford, Surrey	342	240	
273	Prov. Grand Lodge, Quebec, Lower Canada	343		
274	Prov. Grand Lodge, Montreal, Upper Canada	345		
275	The Volunteer, Dean's Gate, Manchester	347	244	
276	Greenhalgh's, Cable-street, Liverpool	348	245	203
277	Prince Edward's Lodge, Beehive, East Smithfield	349		
278	Caledonian Lodge, Abercrombie Tavern, Manchester ...	351	246	204
280	Swan, Swan-street, Minories	353	247	205
281	Harmony Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica	355		
282	Wiltshire Regiment of Militia	356	249	
283	Royal Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica	357	250	207
284	Ninth Regiment of Dragoons...	359	252	209
285	Seventeenth Regiment of Light Dragoons	361		
286	Union Lodge, Bridge Town, Barbadoes	362		
287	Lodge of Fortitude, St. Helier's, Island of Jersey	363		
288	Amity Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica	364		
289	Old Sawyer's Arms, High-street, Manchester	366	254	210
290	Angel, High-street, Bloomsbury	367	255	211
291	Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight	369		
292	Royal West London Militia	370	257	212
293	Vine Inn, Exeter	372		
294	City of Norwich, All Saints, Norwich	374	258	213
295	Union Lodge, Earl Howe, Bengal-street, Manchester ...	375	259	214
296	Windmill and Bell, Romford, Essex	377	260	
297	The Grapes, John-street, Manchester	378	261	215

No.	A.D., 1813.	1814	1832	1863
298	Eighty-fifth Regiment, Brabourne Lees Barracks	379	262	
299	Ward's Castle Tavern, Lord-street, Liverpool	380	263	216
300	Saracen's Head, Camomile-street, Bishopsgate	381	264	216
301	Provincial Grand Lodge, Jamaica	383	265	218
302	Shakespeare's Tavern, Liverpool	385	267	220
303	St. John's Lodge, Horseshoes, Bolton, Lancashire ...	386	268	221
304	Fortune of War, Woolwich	387		
305	St. Andrew's Lodge, Cooper's Arms, East Smithfield ...	388	269	222
306	Royal Invalids, Fountain Inn, Plymouth	389	270	223
307	St. George's Lodge, Village Flats, Bermuda	390	271	224
308	Concord Lodge, Oisten's Town, Barbadoes	391		
309	St. Luke's Lodge, White Horse Inn, Ipswich	393	272	225
310	Castle Inn, Market-street, Blackburn	394	273	226
311	Sixth, or Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons, Dublin ...	396	274	
312	Shakespeare's Tavern, Woolwich	397	275	227
313	St. Pierre's, Martinique			
314	Saddler's Arms, Swallow-street, Piccadilly	399	276	228
315	Lodge of True Friendship, Calcutta			
316	Royal Lebanon L., Boothal Inn, City of Gloucester ...	401	278	
317	L. of Humility, R. Artillery, Fort William, Calcutta ...	402	279	229
318	The Harrow, Brompton, Kent	403		
319	Lisbon	404		
320	Hotel, Kingsand, near Plymouth	405		
321	Ninety-first Regiment	406		
322	Seventy-eighth Regiment	408		
323	Marine Lodge, Calcutta	410	282	232
324	Somerset Lodge, St. George's, Bermuda	411	283	233
325	Anchor and Hope Lodge, Bermuda...	413	284	234
326	In Garrison, Cape Breton, North America	415		
327	Etruscan Lodge, Talbot Inn, Stoke, Staffordshire	417	285	
328	Royal Marine Lodge, in Barracks, Woolwich	418		
329	Sixth Battalion Royal Artillery, Ceylon, East India ...	419		
330	Lisbon			
331	Bridge Town, Barbadoes	422		
332	First Battalion, Fifty-eighth Regiment, Portugal	424		
333	Ninety-second Regiment	426		
334	Lodge of Harmony, Guernsey	428		
335	Jersey	429		
336	Buckingham Arms, Stonehouse, Plymouth	430		
337	Lodge of Unity, at Brother Guilliard's, Guernsey	431		
338	First Battalion, Fourteenth Regiment, Calcutta	432		
339	*Withdrawn*			
340	Second Battalion, Thirty-fourth Regiment	434		
341	Harmony Lodge, St. Helier's, Jersey	436	290	
342	Friendly Lodge, Kingston, Jamaica	438	291	239
343	In Fourth Garrison Battalion, Guernsey	439		
344	Neptune L., Prince of Wales's Island, East Indies... ...	441	293	
345	Fourth Battalion, Royal Artillery, Portsmouth	443		
346	Union Lodge, Curaçao, West Indies	444	295	
347	Second Battalion, Fourteenth Regmt., Fort William, Calcutta	445	296	
348	Sixty-eighth Regiment, Brabourne Lees Barracks	446	297	
349	Loyalty Lodge, Private Room, Guernsey	448	299	243
350	Lodge of Charity, Royal Artificers, Jersey	449		
351	First Veteran Battalion, Three Cups Inn, Harwich ...	450	300	
352	Farmers' Lodge, Prince of Wales, Grouville, Jersey ...	452	302	244

No.	A.D.. 1813.	1814	1832	1863
353	Fifth Regiment of Foot, Fermoy	454	304	
354	Tenth Battalion, Royal Artillery, Cape of Good Hope ...	456	305	
355	Mechanics' Lodge, Jersey	457	306	245
356	Tenth Battalion, Royal Artillery	459		
357	Royal Union Lodge, Cirencester	461	307	246
358	Union Lodge, Demerara	462	308	247
359	Lodge of Chosen Friends, Martinique	463		

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

AN OLD MASON'S STORY.

BY BRO. REV. WM. TEBBS.

CHRISTMAS Eve in Brinemouth that year was not one of those jolly times of which one so often reads in the Christmas Annual, all snow and frost, all gas-light and glitter, all fun and revelry; but it was one of those awful nights that the Brinemouth people can tell of, when the wind howls and roars amongst the house-tops, shaking the roofs and swaying the chimneys, and, down by the Hard, driving the huge inrolling waves high up the street, dashing them in foam against the very house doors, and whirling the blinding foam far above the ridges.

Through the cutting wind and the pitiless pelting rain two men passed from the Crown and Anchor, where they had been at Lodge, but were now returning supperless to their own abode. As they neared the door a blooming woman, scarcely past middle-age, strangely beautiful for her time of life, threw it open ready to welcome with a fond kiss her husband and her son.

"Well, Paul! Well, Charles! how has it gone at Lodge to-night?"

"Dreadfully dismal," replied the son, which he quickly altered to, "solemn as usual, mother dear," as he noticed a strangely sad shadow pass over her usually laughing face, toning down, and well-nigh blotting out her captivating smile.

"Yes! darling," added Charles Nelson to his wife, "solemn, but, to me, most beautiful, as I trust it may ever prove in years to come to all those who, belonging to the old Crown and Anchor Lodge, shall care to learn the meaning of this our Memorial Lodge held every Christmas Eve!"

"Father! Mother!" said Paul, turning to her as he spoke, "tell me the meaning of this, for I am certain from the interest you take in it that you do know the meaning of *this night's solemn rites.*"

"I do, my boy," said Mrs. Nelson; "but it is not mine to tell the tale of how a woman once gained entrance to a Mason's Lodge, and there took silent part in one of the most solemn rites that they have. Ask your father, my boy; and, if he thinks that your probation has been long enough, and that to know this strange history will do more for you than merely gratify your curiosity, I am certain that he will impart, under certain conditions, this knowledge to you."

"That I will, Mary, and this very night, too, for none could be more seasonable, as it was on just such a weird wild night of storm as this that that which we commemorate year by year took place."

Supper ended, and, according to ancient custom, the loving-cup of hotted elder-wine, with its sippets of toast, having been handed round and partaken of, and the

mother, giving her son the same warm embrace with which she had ever clasped him from his childhood until now, an embrace that he was manly enough to be proud of and loving enough to return, having retired for the night, father and son drew nearer the fire, and for a few minutes the crackle of the Christmas log was the only sound that broke the otherwise perfect stillness.

"Father," at length said the younger man, "what is the meaning of what my mother said?—A woman in a Mason's Lodge—a woman a partaker of one of our most solemn rites—a woman the possessor of a secret of which even I, the Master of our Lodge, am profoundly ignorant! What new phase of mystery is this? What *does* it mean?"

"One moment, my son," replied the older man; "before I can tell you the meaning of this rite of to-night I must exact from you a solemn promise on your word of honour as a man, and as a Mason, that you will hand on to your successor in office that which I shall impart to you to-night, provided that he shall prove worthy of the confidence reposed in him; that you will take care that this Memorial Lodge shall always be held, an Emergency Lodge being expressly called for the purpose; that after my decease, or my having become incapacitated, you will take care that the chair shall be taken, whenever possible, by the oldest Past Master of the Lodge; and that you exact a like promise from the man to whom you hand on the care of maintaining this solemn observance."

To these several promises Paul having given his complete assent, Charles Nelson continued,—

"On just such a night as this, my boy, five-and-twenty years ago, the ship *Ethel* was lying here weatherbound, the Lieutenant of which, Basil Alisoun, whom you now well know, was a member of our Lodge, but only of the Fellow Craft degree. As there seemed every prospect on his arrival of Basil remaining here the requisite time, a Lodge of Emergency was called in order that he might be raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. The only available night was Christmas Eve, and when it arrived and the Lodge was opened, somewhat to our astonishment, every officer was in his place, and every resident member present, although the night was of the character that I describe.

"All went on as usual, the different degrees being worked with possibly a trifle more care and solemnity than was generally the case, although I am glad to say that there has been no lack of either exhibited since I have known the Lodge.

"We had opened in the third degree, and were waiting for the candidate to be introduced, when heavy footsteps, as of persons stumbling, were heard slowly mounting the staircase which wound past the side of the Lodge-room. These sounds were followed by an alarm from the Tyler, who announced that an aged man demanded admittance.

"'Demands?' said our secretary, a little dapper man, who, although kind-hearted, was remarkably fussy and stilted. 'No man can *demand* admittance; he can *ask*, and we may *grant* it, but he cannot *demand* it.'

"'I'm not so sure of that, for when I was a young member of Lodge'——began poor old Brother Blunderbore, who invariably opposed whatever Brother Secretary so confidently advanced.

"As the Worshipful Master knew perfectly well that a discussion of this kind would consume an unlimited amount of time and only result in the same non-agreement at the end of it, he smote his pedestal sharply with his gavel, and said decisively, 'Brother Past Master Chapman, you will go and prove this Visiting Brother, and will bring back with you a report.'

"The Past Master in question, having been absent some little time, returned to the Lodge and reported that 'Brother Paul Roberts demanded admission to his Mother Lodge!'

"Brother Blunderbore nodded with a triumphant air of affable condescension towards Brother Secretary, who had, together with his argument, collapsed, whilst the Worshipful Master ordered that the Brother in question should be admitted, not,

however, before Brother Chapman had informed us that that Brother was very ill, that he had come over in the *Ethel*, that he was staying in the house, and that he had told Brother Goodwin, the host, that he was a member of our Lodge, all of those who were members with him were dead save one, of friends in the outside world he was utterly bereaved, and that it was his earnest wish to say a few words of greeting and encouragement to those who had succeeded his departed friends of this his Mother Lodge. We noticed Brother Blunderbore start uneasily at this recital, but as he was an eccentric, although, as we believed, thoroughly good-hearted old man, we only put it down to senile fidgetiness, and paid no further heed to it.

"'Let him be admitted,' said our Worshipful Master, and the door being flung wide open, there was borne in on a chair by Brother Goodwin and the Tyler, and set down at the western end of the Lodge, a hoary-headed man, bowed apparently with age, down whose breast flowed a white beard, which imparted to him such a venerable aspect, that instinctively many a man in Lodge had flashed through his mind the thought that surely our Master Hiram must be there in person.

"Slowly the old man rose, and standing for a moment, supported by the Senior Warden and his Deacon, upon whose shoulders he leaned on either side, he gravely saluted the Master and greeted the Lodge with hearty good wishes for Christmas-tide, apologizing for thus temporarily stopping the proceedings; and saying that before we parted he had a few words to say, he fell back into, rather than resumed, his seat; after which he was borne to the place of honour in the East.

"The proceedings then went on until, at the proper time, the Master, looking across to our visitor, bade him as the oldest Past Master present to give the Charge to our newly raised Brother.

"Again rising slowly from his seat, and leaning upon his Brethren on either side, he impressively rendered those words of solemn counsel and obligation. Beginning weakly at first, the old man's voice rose and strengthened as he proceeded, until the weighty sentences poured out in a powerful and musical cadence. The Charge being finished, he turned to the Master and said,—

"'Worshipful Master, my heart longs to say a few words on this my second reunion with my Mother Lodge; whilst my failing strength admonishes me that I may not long delay, I crave your indulgence and that of my Brethren here assembled, whilst I pour forth what may be my last utterances before I enter

> "'*The undiscovered country, from whose bourn*
> *No traveller returns.*'

"'Years ago—so many that I can scarce call to remembrance the number—on such a night as this—on Christmas Eve—a young man full of life and vigour, full of health and promise, I was made a Mason in this very room. I thought but little at that time of our noble Craft, and attended its meetings but now and then, just for the companionship of those I knew and respected. Things went well with me, and, after a year's courtship, I took to me to my wife, my darling Mary——'

"Here the poor old man's tears fell thickly, and he shook as if he would have fallen. Collecting himself, however, by an enormous effort of will, he went on,—

"'One darling girl, the image of my Mary, was given to bless our union, and on her all the wealth of our united love was lavished. When she was three years old, we one day received a letter from a port on the Spanish coast to say that Mary's uncle, who had been a second father to her, was lying there at the point of death, and that he was wishful to see her before he died. We knew not what to do; go, we felt, we must; but what about our little one? It was winter, and stormy weather, too, and we dared not risk her precious life, whatever we might feel bound to do with regard to our own. At last a worthy brother,'—here the speaker's eye, wandering round the Lodge, lighted for a moment on Brother Blunderbore, who again gave the same nervous start that I had seen before. The old man, however, did not seem to notice it, but proceeded,—'took charge of her, promising that he would guard her as his own; and we started.

"'Before we went—what made me do it I cannot tell—doubtless the Great Architect guided me—I took from my chain a small Masonic charm—the seal of our Royal Grand

Master—and attached it to our little darling's necklace; at the same time I gave my Mary my certificate to put in a place of safety in her luggage.

"'In the Channel a terrible storm came on, which, by the time that we had gained the Bay of Biscay, reached such a frightful pitch that we became a perfect wreck.

"'The boats were ordered out, and into one I put my darling, when, as I was preparing to follow her, a huge wave came and either swamped the boat or carried her far out of sight of the ship.

"'I fell down in a swoon, and only recovered long hours after in the bottom of another of the boats into which the Captain had put me. Instantly the whole scene was again before me, and frantically crying for my darling, something within my brain gave way, and I remembered no more.

"'Months or years afterwards—I knew not which—I came to my senses in an asylum in France, to which, by the Captain's (a Brother) kindness I had been taken, and where I had been well cared for, and visited frequently by the Brethren of the Lodge held in the town.

"'When I was sufficiently recovered, a farewell Lodge was held, and enough money having been given me to defray my expenses, my more-than-Brethren accompanied me to my ship, and bade me God-speed.

"'I reached home—this place—only to find that the bank wherein my money was deposited had failed, and that I was actually a beggar. But worse than this remained behind. My child was gone—my little Mary lost! Oh, heaven! what should I do? The last bond that held me to earth was snapped asunder!

"'Wildly I rushed from the Brother's house into whose charge I had given my little one, whence through the carelessness of a nurse she had strayed or been stolen; and, uttering frightful imprecations on that Brother's head, who, nevertheless, was in it all blameless, I hurried in the darkness of that second Christmas Eve to the Hard.

"'My very brain was on fire, for the same wild madness had returned again with tenfold intensity, and I was determined to join my Mary in that far-off land to which I was sure she had been called, or at least to end by one short sharp pang the misery in this that I could no longer bear.

"'Rushing frantically along, I can just remember catching sight of a break in the parapet wall of the quay where some repairs were being done, and to this I turned; but as I approached it, with a view to making the fatal spring into the black seething waters below, I stumbled and fell over some tool that the builders had left behind when they had gone from their daily work, and at the same moment my hand struck against some small hard object lying on the pavement in the shadow of the wall. Unconsciously I picked it up, and, for the moment, to my maddened brain, the shock of the fall brought back partial reason. Stooping, I groped for the object over which I had fallen, and, dragging it into the feeble light of the cloud-obscured moon, I thought at first that it was a plumb-rule. In one instant of time—nay! it could have hardly been even an instant—there flashed across my mind—"God is an upright Judge!"—"Shall not the God of all the earth do right?" Sinking upon my knees, I found that the tool was really a large level, and thereupon my thoughts wandered on to: "My ways are equal, *your* ways are unequal, saith the Lord!" At the same moment the moon, bursting afresh from the driving clouds, cast a beam of pale light upon the object that I held in my hand, which fell open, for it was a book, a bible, dropped by some one on the road to church, and there I read: "He ruleth the raging of the sea and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise!" The wind blew over rapidly the pages, and my eyes fell upon the words, "Peace! be still! and immediately there was a great calm!"

"'I saw it all now clearly enough, and falling prone upon the hard cold earth, I fervently pressed my lips upon the Word of that Great Father who, thus whispering words of peace instead of condemnation to my troubled soul, had, by His far-reaching pardon, even in the midst of a premeditated deadly sin, "saved my soul from death," restored quiet to my brain, and drawn my heart to Him.

"'And yet I needed comfort. Were not my dear ones gone? Gone, too, was my earthly all. But for this I did not care further than that the loss of it would prevent

my effectually searching till I found the resting-place of my wife and the darling child she left me when she went before.

"'Resolutely turning my back upon the treacherous sea, that had so nearly been to me an unhallowed grave, I once more turned into the town, and finding the door of a church—St. Mary's—open, I turned in and sank upon my knees in humble prayer. I know not how long I stayed, but as I thanked the Great Architect for His mercy, suddenly a voice—it seemed like my Mary's voice from heaven—burst into song. It was Mendelssohn's glorious, "In His hands are all the corners of the earth;" and as the words fell upon my ears, they seemed to sink into my very soul, and bid my drooping heart take courage, for that wherever my little one was dwelling, there the Great Father's hand was over her for good.

"'I felt, now that I was calmer, that reparation was due to the Brother that I had wronged; true, my child was lost from beneath his roof, but, equally true, he had sought her, and—finding her not—had mourned for her as if she had been his own. Accordingly I went to his home, but he was away, "gone to Lodge," they said, and thither I turned my halting steps.

"'I approached the door, and was humbly waiting without, when the Tyler, recognizing me, notwithstanding my forlorn appearance, called out my friend, who I found was then the Master of the Lodge.

"'I began to ask his pardon, but—half embracing me—he covered my mouth with his hand, and, drawing me into the presence of the Brethren, seated me close by his side. Truly! I felt like the prodigal son! for the meeting was one of Emergency, called on this Christmas Eve, fit night for charity and love, for the sole purpose of considering my case, and the Brethren had determined to give me sufficient for my present wants, and to advance me upon my bank deposits, which it had been ascertained would be refunded, sufficient to enable me to start in life afresh.

"'I accepted with joy their generous offer, and having been assured by all that they would aid the Brother, in whose keeping I had left my little daughter, to prosecute the search, I bade them farewell, and started next morning for France to try and glean some tidings of my Mary's end.

"'Returning to the town where French Brethren had so befriended me, I started thence, and wandered in every direction, far and wide, for many a weary month. At last, at the close of a long day's walk, having been resting for a time under the porch of a little rustic church, hard by the sea-shore, as I rose to go into the village, my attention was attracted to the shadow of the churchyard cross, which was so cast by the moon as to form a back-ground to a tiny marble headstone, which was thus thrown up in strong relief. The stone itself was also in the form of a cross, and on its arms were traced Masonic emblems. Stooping to see better the inscription I read,—

"'MARIE,
DU FRANC-MAÇON, LA
MARIÉE.'

"'Mary! My wife!

"'All through that night I lay with my head pillowed on that stone, and was found half dead with cold in the morning, by the village notary, himself a good and worthy Mason, who took me to his house.

"'When I had recovered, he told me of the finding of my Mary's body, lying calm and beautiful as if in sleep, in a weed-bedecked nook in the rocks, on the morning after a terrible storm. In the bosom of her dress, the notary's wife, since laid to rest beside her, found my certificate securely sewn, whence knowing her to be a Mason's wife, as such the Masons had reverently buried her, and raised above her grave the marble cross that I had beheld the night before.

"'My Mary's resting-place thus found, half of my earthly task was done, and, knowing that I could only hope, by chance, or rather by the guidance of Heaven's great Architect, to discover my other treasure, I have wandered about almost without purpose until this night, when, resting once more in the place where my Mother

Lodge is held, for the third time I find assembled on a Christmas Eve a Lodge of Emergency. Something tells me that it too will be an eventful one.

"'This much, my Brethren, before I resume my seat, I now wish to say: To the Master's keeping I give these papers; in one of them is written in full this history of mine; in a second a disposition of my property in case my daughter should ever be discovered; in a third, another disposition in case this discovery should not be made, a disposition whereby, returning, for Brethren's love to me, poor, afflicted, sad, a Brother's love to others in distress, I give my all to Masons' widows and their children left bereaved.

"'And now, my tale thus done, time warns me to be short; much longer I cannot live; therefore, to you, my Brethren, of those who more than once befriended me the worthy representatives, I give my final charge; beseeching you to follow up my quest: to find my child if possible; to execute the trust of those my testaments and to tell her, my second Mary, that not until his latest breath was drawn did her father cease to seek to find the lost one.

"'My task, so far as in me lies, is done; to you, my Brethren, my failing breath reminds me that I must commit its further care——'

"'T'is done!—Behold!'

"Every eye followed that of the aged speaker to the door of the Lodge whence proceeded this startling interruption, and there, within the Lodge, stood Brother Blunderbore, whilst through the half-opened door could be seen a woman's form.

"From the quivering of the old man's frame, and from his breathing, which had suddenly become hurried and distressed, it was evident that not a moment was to be lost; so having hastily thrown their coats, or anything that was handy, over such parts of the Lodge furniture as were prominent, the Brethren summoned the woman within the room. She stepped forward, with a startled gaze, till her eyes lighted upon the Traveller-Brother's face, when in an instant her eye flashed with a strange and almost supernatural fire, as she almost shrieked,

"'FATHER!'

"At the sound, the old man started to his feet once more, and with the cry,

"'MY CHILD! MY MARY!!'

he sank back into his seat, and such a change came over his features that we thought for the moment that he was gone.

"Not so, however, for with the application of restoratives, he rallied again, and then Brother Blunderbore, stepping forward and taking his hand, exclaimed—

"'Paul! Brother Roberts! Paul! Do you not know me?'

"'I do! indeed, I do!' exclaimed the old man; 'but how, William, found you my daughter again?'

"'The story is short,' said Brother Blunderbore, 'simply this,—

"'Your child was playing by my door, when a passing tramp decoyed her away, as we suppose, for her clothes. He took her many miles that afternoon, pushing onward to a distant lodging; night came on whilst they were still short of the distance, and the little one, footsore and weary, being able to go no further, he was obliged to beg a lodging in a gipsy's tent. A flickering ray of light from the camp-fire, piercing an opening in the tent-side, fell sparkling on a little jewel still hanging round the neck of the child; curiosity prompted the gipsy-wife to examine it, when, to her astonishment, she beheld her own talisman, the Seal of the Royal Solomon. She forthwith awoke her husband, and the pair, taking the child under their protection, in the morning drove forth the tramp, after fruitlessly examining him as to the child's belongings.

"'For two years they wandered from place to place, calling on an officer of the Lodge in every place they came to that possessed one, and in many instances making visits to isolated Brethren, with a view of restoring the child to its parents; they knew that the little one was a Mason's child by the jewel, and Solomon's Seal was sufficient to awaken within their loyal breasts a love that might have been a Brother's.

"'At length they reached this place, which the child at once remembered, and she was restored to my arms by the gipsies, who would take no recompense, save the

privilege of calling whenever they might pass, to see after the welfare of the girl. In due time she wedded the present Master of our Lodge.

"'Brother Paul, on this third Christmas Eve she stands before you!'

"'Father! Father! He falls! he is dying!'—here cried the agonized woman, rushing forward and trying to clasp him ere he dropped to the ground.

"'Father! Oh! Father, found and at the same time lost!'

"The Brethren's arms, however, supported him whilst, for an instant, he stood erect, and murmured,—

"'No! my child! The Father that has so long befriended thee is still thy guardian and thy guide. Follow His behests, and, hereafter, in His good time, join thy mother, and thy father, who now leaves thee, happy in the knowledge of thy fate.'

"He made again as if he would fall, but the Brethren gently lowered him on to a couch that they had pulled forward into the centre of the Lodge. For a brief moment he raised himself upon his elbow, whilst a strange light shone from out his eyes, and exclaimed, 'Christmas Eve—Christmas Eve—Christmas Eve——Master!—Brethren!—William!—Mary dear!—Farewell!'

"Then as he sank back he said: 'Work done and labour over, the Grand Master calls to refreshment——So labour—that—ye—may—enter—into—His—Rest.'

"The venerable head fell back, and Paul Roberts was at peace; sobbing convulsively, his daughter fell upon her knees, with her face resting on that breast, all so quiet now, and as she thus bent over him, pendant from her neck, just lightly rested on his heart, for ever stilled to this world, the mystic Seal of the Royal Solomon.

"The Brethren fell upon their knees, whilst Brother Blunderbore, the oldest Past Master of the Lodge, his voice choking with suppressed emotion, tearfully began the solemn Memorial Service,—

"'What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?

"'Man walketh in a vain shadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

"'When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him.

"'Naked he came into the world, and naked he must return; the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'

"Then, taking up the volume of the Sacred Law into his hands, he continued,—

"'Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his!'

"And the Brethren, as one man, replied,—

"'God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death!'

"Laying the Holy book upon the dead Brother's breast, most solemnly the Past Master said,—

"'Almighty Father! into Thy hands we commend the soul of our loving brother.'

"To which the Brethren replied,—

"'The will of God is accomplished! so be it!'

"Then falling on his knees, the aged Brother prayed,—

"'Most glorious God! author of all good, and giver of all mercy, pour down Thy blessings upon us, and strengthen our solemn engagements, with the ties of sincere affection! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate, and draw our attention toward Thee, the only refuge, in time of need—that when the awful moment shall arrive, that we are about to quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of Thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and after our departure, hence in peace, and in Thy favour, we may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom, to enjoy, in union with the souls of our departed friends, the just reward of a pious and virtuous life! Amen!'

"The weeping daughter was tenderly led forth, whilst the body of her father was gently borne to a room in the hotel, whence it was subsequently taken to burial in the old churchyard by the Hard, the yard of the very church where Brother Paul had thought he heard his daughter's voice in the cheering words, 'In His hands are all the

corners of the earth!' Many a Mason followed him to his last resting-place, and in a little while we put over him a counterpart of the cross that our French Brethren had erected over the grave of his wife, and of which a drawing was found in his breast-pocket, its sole inscription, besides Masonic Emblems, being,—

"'BROTHER PAUL,
AT REST!'

"The old man's wills contained a bestowal of his property upon his daughter, if ever found, and, failing that, to Masonic charity. His daughter received the property, which had become considerable, and presented the Lodge with Life Governorships of our Charities in perpetuity.

"That night the Lodge was solemnly closed down, but not before the Brethren had determined always to hold a Memorial Service on Christmas Eve, just as we have been doing to night."

"My boy," continued Charles Nelson, "you look enquiringly at me. I will answer your question by anticipation. The woman who for once stood within those sacred precincts, and the Master of the Lodge, that night, were your mother and myself!

"May the great Architect of the Universe grant you, my boy, and your Mildred, as many happy years together as we have spent since the last of those eventful,

"THREE CHRISTMAS EVES."

GRADUS AD OPUS CÆMENTITIUM.

FIRST.

BEFORE its portals, bending,
A lowly suppliant stood,
In hush'd and awe-struck wonder
Weighing, for ill or good,
The step that lay before him—
The prize he strove to gain—
When lo! from out the stillness
Soft music's solemn strain
Broke on the ear—and the chant
Of many voices stole
Louder and louder—bringing
Peace to the troubled soul.
At last the calm was broken,
The time of trial drew near—
Into the dark uncertainty
He trode, till half in fear
He paused; but hands were outstretched
To help, to guide, to lead—
And firmer, now, and firmer,
He stepped towards the meed—
The prize—the goal he long'd for—
Pray'd God defend the right:
He stood before the Master
Who spake and it was Light.

SECOND.

ONCE more he stood, but wondered not nor falter'd,
As on that night before—
Grown bolder from the cup he erst had tasted,
He craved to quaff still more.

A blaze of light, with solemn grandeur, painted
The stately moving forms—
Naught seemed of earthly strife or toil, nor tainted
With aught of earthly storms.



The hush of peace and rest had like a mantle
Spread its thick folds o'er all,
'Ere HE appeared to fight another battle—
To conquer or to fall.

And now in solemn stillness he trode onward,
The narrow winding way,
Nor turned to right, nor turned to left, nor faltered,
Nor ever looked away,

Till, standing firm between the Past and Future,
And humbly knocking there,
The veil, by kindly hands, is rent asunder,
Whilst voices fill the air,

Whisp'ring of Faith, of Love, of Hope unbounded,
Of virtue to be won,
Till link by link a brotherhood is moulded
And fashioned into one.

They spake of that far distant time, now dawning
When peace, and joy, and rest,—
Like golden clouds at eventide descending
Into the radiant west,—

Shall fill the whole earth then, as now the waters
Do cover the great deep,
Till Time's Eternity of purpose falters
And all is wrapped in sleep.

And then the work well done—the labour ended—
Each brother tried and true,
Invoked His name, in which all voices blended,
T. G. A. O. T. U.

THIRD.

TIME has flown on, and we meet those who had parted,
Gathered once more round the shrine of Labour and Love,
Nor long do we wait ere the form we have followed has started,
In search of that which was lost—treasure-trove from above;
But with us, as we gaze on the fair face of him who fell,
Come thoughts of the Past, glad but sad, which we may not tell.

There is in our hearts at such times yearnings far higher,
Nor mixed with the dross which clings to all earth-born—earthy,
A glimpse of that Eden which comes but to man as a fire,
To refine the all that is left of life worthy—
A wish to gently glide on for ever and be at rest,
To be with those who have conquered, and won, and are blest.

Glad hearts are around, and faces smiling and sunny,
To greet with kind brotherly love, and words that are sweet,
Him who has dared the perils of Death for the sake of the honey
Contained in the hive he has longed for, and laboured to greet.
From henceforth, for ever, his portion amongst us to dwell,
Till Death bids us welcome, and we to each other farewell.

From Darkness to Light, holding Truth safe in his keeping,
To a bright future that shall blot out the care of the Past,
To the land where the radiant red roses of love are sleeping,
He is welcomed and honoured—a dweller at last;
For who that has knocked at that door has received a denial,
If spotless and free he has passed the time of his trial?

And now ere the scene fades, and the vision is gone,
Let me tell of the calm that descended on one and all,
As the Master, in slow, solemn tones, thus addressed the new-born,
In words of wisdom—WHO follows shall never fall.
May those precepts be found not alone on our lips, but our heart—
For ever and ever to take and to cherish, till Death us do part.

Brother,

Ere we part, I would impress once more upon you,
That the shifting scenes through which you now have passed
May never lose their hold—may always be remembered,
Acted on, and kept before your sight. Thus you will learn
To look beyond the narrow limits of particular institutions,
And to view each son of Adam a brother of the dust.
Never forget that state of helpless indigence
In which you entered upon this trial of mortal life;
In the active principles of universal charity,
Remember ever the time of your distress. Extend,
In the hour of affliction, such relief and consolation
As you can. Ever bend, with all humility,
Before the Great Architect of the Universe.
Purify your mind, dedicate your heart,
For the reception of that truth and wisdom,
Which shall guide you in the improvement
Of your fellow-man, and, pressing onwards, shall
Lead you upwards, even to the Throne
Of God himself. Cultivate the intellectual gifts
With which God has endowed you; and learn
The just estimate of those wondrous faculties
Given to be used for the happiness of mankind.
Above all, know thyself; be prepared
For the closing hours of this existence,
Which is but temporary. Guide your steps
Through the intricate windings of this mortal life,

That at the end you shall have fully learned
How to die. Remember that, to a man
Just and virtuous, Death has no terrors
Equal to the stain of falsehood
And dishonour. FURUYA.

HOW I WAS FIRST PREPARED TO BE MADE A MASON.

BY BROTHER SAMUEL POYNTER,
P. M. and Treasurer, Burgoyne, No. 902. *P. M. Athenæum, No.* 1491.

THE near approach of Yule-tide reminds me that Freemasonry first presented itself to my notice in the form of a merry game played at a Christmas party in an old country house.

"How many years ago!" as little (?) Buttercup pathetically apostrophises the first lord's "sisters, cousins, and aunts" in the play. Well, I was a very small boy then, and my sisters, cousins, and some of my aunts too, for that matter, were bouncing, romping girls, and we were all full of fun, and as greedy for a new game as an old epicure for a novel relish.

Forfeits palled upon us. Hunt the slipper had fatigued us. The clever youth of the party (not the present writer) had exhibited his card tricks three times over, until the dullest child present, *ætat* five, had detected all the *modus operandi*. Blind-man's-buff was stale—musical chairs (ah! ah! fair reader, do you know that game?) had not yet been invented; we were rapidly becoming bored, when a genius, in the shape of a lively-maiden, who had seen some seventeen summers, exploded a bomb-shell in our midst, by propounding the astounding query—were any of us Freemasons? Some three or four of the party owned to being members of the sportive craft. I, with the majority, had to confess ignorance; but with that keen desire for knowledge so characteristic of the juvenile mind, we—the cowans, only they didn't call us so—professed our eager desire for initiation. Fortunately our hostess, a buxom and merry young matron, turned out to be a past mistress in the craft, and the introducer of the sport at once enlisted her services and those of the other emeritii who had pleaded guilty to the occult knowledge.

The Scottishman, who, visiting his compatriot, found that the preparations for his hospitable reception were not so patent as he desiderated, jogged his host's sluggish memory with the inquiry, suggestive of possible toddy: "Is there sic' a thing as a kettle i' th' 'oose?" Our mistress of the revels now startled us all, except of course those who were in the secret, with the tremendous question, "Is there a baby in the house?" A baby! In what awful rite were we about to assist? A baby! I had just been reading "Ivanhoe." In the notes to that exquisite romance, I remembered perusing an account of how the populace at Grantham had arisen and slaughtered the Jews in a riot on the false rumour of some uncanny celebration of the passover, in which a baby had played an awful part. I thought of the creed of Isaac of York, and trembled. A baby! Was it not also recorded in the notes to "Woodstock," how the roundheads spread the gruesome calumny that Lunsford's dragoons derived their strength to fight for Church and King from devouring Puritan infants? Is it too discursive to repeat the old but good story anent this vulgar tradition?

In the skirmish at Brentford, roaring cavaliers from Colnbrook and Uxbridge to the west, facing London: snub-nosed, crop-eared traders and prentices, kneeling behind eighteen-foot-long pikes in the east: the dragoons are clearing the streets, using, peradventure, the flats of their broad swords a little too freely over the backs and

shoulders of fair as well as stern precisians. From an adjacent cottage emerges a poor washerwoman, bearing a by no means plump nursling, and seeks to propitiate the nearest trooper by depositing it on his saddle bow. "Good sir, spare a poor woman's few sticks, in God's blessed name, and here, sir, is a trifle for you. Perhaps you have had no breakfast. We all know that you eat babies, and you needn't mind taking this one, for he's only a nurse child, and there's a year's board owing for him, and the Lord only knows whether I shall ever get paid!"

Si non vero e ben trovato. But to return to our muttons, or rather our babies. The fair craftswoman's enquiry having been answered in the affirmative, the past mistresses retired to make the necessary preparations for the reception of the unenlightened, and on their return, that numerous body were relegated to a convenient room adjoining the lodge, which, in this instance, was the hall, and we were all formed up *en queue*, as they arrange you at the entrances to French theatres, outside the dining-room door, for in that *salle à manger* the lodge was then being opened in due form.

Now if you suppose that I am about to betray the secrets entrusted to me on that eventful occasion, you form a very erroneous conception of what I regard as honourable principle; but I will tell you all I dare; all that a scrupulous regard for the duty entailed by my obligation will permit. If any curious or enterprising reader desires to know more, let him communicate with me through the publisher, cheques crossed London Joint Stock.

This, however, I may say, and seriously say, *imprimis*, that the game turned out to be a perfectly pure, harmless, juvenile bit of fun. There was nothing coarse about it. In no conventional sense do I say, in no apologetic tone need I urge, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* That eminent authority on morals, Mr. Podsnap himself, had he been present, could not have detected in it the slightest tendency to produce that culmination of domestic perfidy, which he euphemised as "calling up the blush to the cheek of the young person." It was a sport in which both sexes could, and did, with perfect propriety and modesty, take part, in that blessed season which has so long been, and long may it continue to be, consecrate to innocent mirth.

You will have observed, gentle reader, that a few lines ago I introduced the subject of a baby with an adroit reference to a kettle. Now this was not done without design, as you will presently perceive, for, while we were waiting without the door of the lodge, and a little uneasy at the sounds proceeding from within, where the craftswomen appeared to be fighting each other, using the fire-irons as weapons—conveying quite a different idea to our minds from that of love and harmony, which we had an indistinct notion even then should characterise the members of the craft—while we were waiting, as I say—one of the brethren—I beg pardon—sisters, emerged with much mystery, only opening the portal sufficiently wide to enable her slim body to pass, carefully managing so that none of the expectant *queue* should get a glimpse, through the aperture, of the interior of the apartment, and, carefully closing the door after her, propounded the very question asked by the Scottish visitor, "Is there a kettle in the house?"

Well, there was no great difficulty in providing a culinary utensil of that tolerably ordinary character, and presently it was carried through the crowd, and, with the same precautions as attended the egress of the bearer, introduced to the lodge. Certainly the fair members seemed very uneasy within, and their wants numerous. Charcoal, for instance, was required. The house was searched—fortunately with success—for a piece of chalk, soap, sponges, basins, cold water,—all were conveyed into the lodge, with the same solemnity and mystery; then came that, according to tradition, indispensable "property" of an initiation, a tremendous poker, procured from the kitchen; but what puzzled the postulants more than anything else was an excursion which one of the ministering priestesses made to some upper apartment, whence she descended bearing goodly store of spotless white robes, of delicate priceless lace, of snowy toilet napery, all of which the portals of the mysterious chamber stealthily, silently, but greedily absorbed.

Stop! did I say silently? I recall the word. The very mischief—whatever that may mean—appeared to be going on inside. The expression "an infernal row" sounds so suspiciously like using an expletive, that it is at all events open to the objection of

inelegance, and yet I know of no other term to describe the *bourdonnement*, the sound of which was—not wafted to but—banged into our ears. And yet "row" is a very expressive word, and the expletory adjective only suggests such a *chamaillis* as the spiritual creatures with whom we imaginatively people the place we, by a wholly incorrect euphemism, term Hades, may be supposed to be in the normal habit of making. I once read a very ghastly but expressive illustration of uproar, but then the clangour was supposed to proceed from supernatural causes. "'They make a noise,' said the old sexton, 'just as if they was ghostes a playing at skittles with their own dead bones.'" But here the concussions appeared to be produced by metallic rather than osseous machinery. Fancy the clanking that Jacob Marley's ghost's adornment of cash-boxes and iron safes made when Mr. Scrooge was so frightened; only imagine it much more *staccato*, more strongly accentuated, emphasised, and multiply it, to be moderate, say by twenty, and you will have some idea of the clangour that affrighted our juvenile souls as we stood outside those grim panels, tremblingly wondering what was to happen.

It wasn't my turn to go in first, I remember. One of the hierophants emerged with the mystery that seemed absolutely *de rigueur*, and seized upon the victim nearest the door as her prey. He was very long and very lanky—one of those stupid boys who at seventeen seem to have left off growing intellectually at seven, and to have sought to compensate for that abstinence by running on into any amount of physical elongation. I believe in those days a gentleman by the name of Calcraft fulfilled an important office in the chief executive of the law. Of course I ought never to have read of such things, but I am afraid the penny dreadfuls of the present day had their antitypes in the fourth decade of this century, and somehow I had acquired an idea of the delicate yet firm manner in which the deemster approached the law's forfeit at the supreme moment, and for the life of me I couldn't help connecting Polly Prattleton's appropriation of trembling and, I rather think, boo-hooing Tommy Twistler, with a certain grim ceremony then rather too frequently performed on a Monday morning in a gloomy apartment denominated the Press-room, and situate within a well known grim stone edifice, near the centre of the city of London.

The first operation performed upon Tommy, and which, I verily believe, produced the boo-hooing aforesaid, consisted in blindfolding that martyr with his own not over-clean kerchief. Then the mysterious portal opened and closed upon the candidate and his conductress, and suddenly the turmoil ceased, and a silence that might be felt reigned within and without—a silence broken after the lapse of a few seconds by shrieks and yells of—yes—demoniac laughter, proceeding from within, in the midst of which the door gapes again to receive another hood-winked aspirant—this time of the fair sex—and the same sequence follows of awesome silence ruptured by spasmodic explosions of mirth.

The victims did not re-appear! Each succeeding burst of hilarity was enhanced by another personal contribution to the cachinnation. Can you recall Lamartine's wonderful description of the death song of the Girondists? Well, the effect here was inverse to that. If you remember, the twenty-two marched to the scaffold singing the "Marseillaise" as with one voice. Number one is strapped to the board, which is forthwith inverted, the moribund one still singing with the rest. There is a flash, and a chop, and a thud, as a head rolls into the basket, and only twenty-one voices are left chanting the refrain, and the warbling throat of one of these is even then being embraced by the lunette, and then the flash, etc., etc., etc., and there is a warbler the less, but the twenty are still "giving it mouth," and so on, and so on, and so on, until only one set of vocal apparatus is left to incite to *allonging* and *marchonging*, as Dickens's unimaginative Briton phrases it. A second more and there is complete silence. There diminuendo—here crescendo, as the still increasing roar resounds from within. At last came my turn. With faltering voice I professed my willingness to undergo the ordeal. With beating heart I submitted to the tender but ready hands of my conductress as the fatal bandage excluded the light, and then—and then—and then!

Now I should have told you that it was adroitly but diabolically contrived that between the hood-winking process aforementioned and the actual reception into the

lodge-room a period for reflection on the part of the candidate was allowed to intervene—a lapse—an interval of suspense, dread, doubt, who shall not say despair! Many years afterwards, in sad and sober earnest, I went through a process somewhat similar to that I was then undergoing in hilarious play, and I sincerely declare that the uncertainty of the situation, the quasi terror, the semi-solemnity of the sport, affected me more seriously than the ordeal when I was about to engage in the reality. What were they about to do with me? What about that baby? Why the kettle? Whence the noise? Were the white raiments sacrificial robes? Had the poker a symbolical or a very practical meaning? Wherefore charcoal? How was the chalk to be employed?

* * * * * * *

I believe Mistress Anne Agnew was stretched upon the rack, and that Lord Keeper (or was he Lord Chancellor?) Wriothesly, conceiving that the "sworn torturers" did not turn the levers of that machine "with a will," as Captain Cuttle would say, did incontinently pull off his furred robe and "turn to" personally to give the lady's limbs an extra wrench. I am given to understand that the late Guy Fawkes, of Yorkshire, and of the army of His Majesty the Emperor, Esquire, made practical acquaintance with the terrible frame I have mentioned. Mr. Peacham, according to the unexceptionable authority of my lord of Verulam, was "shrewdly pinched" by similar tortures. Monsieur Calas, of the Kingdom of France, a hundred and fifty years later, endured all his limbs being broken one by one, under the hangman's lever on the wheel. In the same happy country we have heard of "Damien's bed of steel," and I profess I would rather suffer that would-be regicide's doom—he was, I believe, kicked to death by wild butterflies, or torn limb from limb by tame horses—I would prefer, I declare, to endure his agonies, or any of those I have above referred to, rather than reveal—unless for a very handsome consideration (see *ante* as to the bank upon which cheques should be crossed)—what I beheld when ultimately the cincture was removed from my temples and the light restored. *Arma virumque cano*, indeed! Of arms—arms and the man, children in arms, you mean—I sing? Rather I cry. But there, if I do not rein up, I shall violate my obligation and let out all about that baby. Suffice it to say that the illumination revealed a situation which fully justified the otherwise unaccountable hilarity.

And here let me endeavour partially to allay some of those excruciating pangs of unsatisfied curiosity which are now doubtlessly being suffered by the tantalised reader. Although tortures—indeed nothing short of the gentle pressure before alluded to—when the wind could not coerce the traveller into divesting himself of his cloak, the sun tried, and we all know with what result; when the lady of mature years requested a young gentleman to divulge a certain secret, and on his positive refusal asked him whether neither love nor money could induce him, the prudent youth replied that he didn't know so much about the love, but suppose his fair adjurer tried the money first—(*verb. sat. sap.*) Although, I say, nothing, that is to say, hardly anything, would persuade me into telling you what the secret was; there is no clause that I am aware of in my solemn pledge to prevent me warning you what it is not. Now, a kind of spurious nursery society, working, of course, without any legal warrant, has sprung up of late professing to be the depository of the great secret so gravely imparted to me. I have ascertained *their* signs and passwords, and, as an antidote to the mischief they no doubt try to disseminate, will disclose them fully. There can be no doubt about their spuriousness, inasmuch as the testing phrase was not even invented when I received my baptism in the merry rite. The assumed member of the craft, I am informed, is tried thus:—The examining brother makes a motion with his right hand indicative of hushing an infant to sleep, at the same time whispering solemnly, and as if uttering a caution, "Don't make a noise." Should the examinant be really a brother, he will respond by elevating his right forefinger, as if acquiescing in the necessity of the warning, and reply, also in a low tone, "Or else you'll wake the baby!"

Shall I supply enthusiasts with an illustration that the immortal swan of Avon sung not for an age but for all time—that his genius could anticipate by two hundred and sixty years the refrain of a cockney lyric, and provide a situation wherein it would aptly fit? Why, at Drury Lane the other day, when old Antigonus was toddling about on

the sea-shore, with "the hateful issue of Polixenes" cradled in his senile arms, didn't the gods detect the applicability at once, and didn't they salute the aged male nurse—the faithful old lord—with stentorian quotations of the injunction which forms the chorus of their favourite music-hall ditty?

How many of those happy, gay, healthy, apparently immortal, revellers have since then gone over to the majority? Nay, is not the question rather, how many remain to "in this harsh world draw their breath with pain"? Well, well, *Eheu! fugaces* * * * * * *anni labuntur.* It is a reflection that every recurring Christmas will bring with it, and alas! each succeeding one presents it in gloomier tinting!

I have often thought that in the copious literature of this blessed season, one aspect of its joviality, of its apparent recklessness and sentimental gush—to use a hateful but expressive modern word coinage—one idea has escaped due attention. I mean the leading thought of this festivity as a standing protest against dry selfishness, that cold realism and negation of sentiment which some philosophers worship—they probably worship nothing else—under the name of common-sense. Indeed, it was with the French equivalent for this very phrase that the work, the production of a French Abbé—which, translated by Thomas Paine, and re-christened by him with the name of the "Age of Reason," professed to make the most formidable attack ever directed against Christianity since its foundation—first appeared towards the close of the last century. But that peculiar cult which consists in the adoration of a god called Common-sense, created by its worshippers and usually in their own image, does not now, in this country at least, take the direction so much of an assault upon ancient faiths as of a contempt for traditional sentiments. Utilitarianism, in its modern costume of political economy, is no new idol, nor is it now for the first time that heretics, who will not bow the knee to this would-be absolute Baal, lift up their voices against its extreme pretensions. There is in horology a compensating principle to the apparently inflexible working of metallic machinery known as an escapement, and, map and measure human existence and its inevitable incidents as we may, some such principle must be invoked to qualify the effects of an inexorable series of operations, which, logically, consistently, coldly, unimpassionedly, carried out, would render the desiderated perfection of existence a phase of being, having the same relation to our present assumed imperfect but eminently practicable state, that the icy moon bears to our sun-warmed planet. This principle of compensation, this longing after a relaxation of strict inevitable order, common to the whole human race, found expression in the pure and innocent festivals instituted by the Church, succeeding as they did the corresponding but wholly gross recreations of heathenism. To the same feeling of the necessity of sentiment, to the same instinct that life was dual, and that its perfection required the indulgence of the emotions as well as the perception of pure palpabilities, may be ascribed the inculcation of the exercise of charity—the principle of chivalry, founded, as it was, upon the benevolent duty of protection to the weak, by means of valour acquired and encouraged for the purpose of controlling the tyrannically strong.

I do not know that I can adduce a better illustration of what I mean than by directing attention to the opening chapter of the late Mr. Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Indeed, the whole book is a sermon upon this text. Mr. Scrooge, it will be remembered, is a very learned professor in the school of modern political economy, and his opening sentences display, in sententious terms, certain axioms which are not easily controverted by the intellect, however intolerable and even false they appear when their import strikes and shocks the heart. How their real hollowness is exemplified, how an important factor, human emotion, is left out of the sum—and—and—how the product comes out, is known, I should think, to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand readers of these pages.

Such a protest, then, against materialistic self-love, mere self-aggrandisement, the institution of Christmas supplies. In such a light, this glorious festival has always presented itself to my mind. Nay, may I say it?—I am sure I mean it reverently—in such a light was it, I think, in its inception commended to mankind by the pæans of the heavenly heralds singing in the star-lit firmament above Bethlehem.

The entertainment from very early youth of such sentiments as I have above endeavoured to describe, will, I think, be admitted to be a very hopeful manner of enriching the soil for future Masonic production; but on looking back and reflecting upon the matter, I think that I must have been prepared to be made a Mason by some such negative process as the Spartans are said to have employed to train up their sons in habits of temperance. Let me try to explain this.

My first observations of the world external to my own family were formed at a period in this century's history when the saying that the schoolmaster is abroad was common in every mouth. Considering what I remember of that time, reminiscences the accuracy of which any reader of middle-age has the means within his own memory of examining, I am disposed to think that the proposition was founded on truth; but I am furthermore inclined to believe that the world would have been none the worse, but perhaps, on the whole, rather better, had that public officer been exercising his useful functions at home. Be that as it may,—and this is not the place to enter into such a disquisition,—my youthful mind was struck with a certain hardness, coldness, negation of emotion, in the rising school of philosophers—not even now altogether absent from their profession—which disquieted, nay, revolted me. I knew intimately a man who used to absolutely set my teeth on edge with his wise saws and modern instances of what he was pleased to call good sense. The late Mr. Benjamin Franklin was this gentleman's model, and to hear him discourse you would have thought that our American brother—not that I knew anything about Masonic brotherhood then—never entertained a generous impulse or experienced a warm emotion in his life. Brother Ben, I confess, when I came afterwards to recognise his craft fraternity, came down to me heavily handicapped, for in my youth I hated Poor Richard and all his words and works as heartily as in my catechism I had been taught to hate a certain fallen Prince of the Powers of the air, who is not popularly supposed to be altogether averse from the inculcation of self-indulgence and worldliness. Do you require any further idea of the character of the worthy man who was good enough in this matter to play the helot to my Spartan youth? Because if you do, I can refer you to a little known novel called "Hard Times," where the late Mr. Dickens has presented his fellow under the name of Mr. Gradgrind, and I commend the study to your serious attention, for thereby, although you may—mind I do not say you will—learn what worldly prudence is, you will certainly acquire some knowledge, perhaps no less useful, of what Freemasonry is not.

I gathered, then, that the cardinal and primary article of this creed, or cult, was contained in the saying so often quoted by its followers and believers, "Every man for himself, and God for us all." It is a comprehensive proposition, if you come to think of it. For example, it satisfactorily relieves the professor from the inconvenient necessity of debarring himself from a single advantage or benefit—or it may be stretched so far as to say even any self-indulgence—that will not work apparent self-harm, for the purpose of promoting the advantage, the benefit, or even the convenience of any other human being. I remember my friend used very sententiously to reconcile its meaning with the attainment of Bentham's famous aspiration, the greatest happiness of the greatest number; I do not remember the process of this learned argument; but it worked out so as to evince that the philosopher's desideratum would be found in the "survival of the fittest," only Professor Huxley's since renowned saying had not then been uttered. I can recall that I listened to, but was not convinced by, my instructor's contention; but he was doing me good all the same, if only by leading my juvenile mind to ponder whether, after all, there were not more things in "Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Now it must be remembered that I was a very little boy, that my mentor was a middle-aged and tolerably well-to-do man, therefore he had presumably put his theories into profitable practice—he had exemplified their soundness by a test which the world always regards as final, viz., success. I should inform the reader, too, that I had been carefully brought up in strict, perhaps slightly exaggerated, ideas of the respect due to seniority, and so I did not attempt to argue, as the ingenuous youth of the present

day would incontinently presume to do, only I put this and that together, and came to the conclusion that I was not altogether satisfied that the millennium would arrive when all mankind had become converted to a belief in the utter indisputability of the axiom that the whole theory of human happiness was contained in the injunction to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest.

Of course it was obvious that such a mistaken indulgence in emotion as benevolence rendered by heaven-born charity could find no place in this scheme of philosophy —a philosophy which, of course, by eliminating charity altogether from its field, bundles the offshoot or manifestation of benevolence along with it—for it is plain that the branch must go with the tree. This, however, was a necessary application of the "survival of the fittest" theory, and I was not scholar enough to controvert its soundness. Somehow, I thought it seemed to clash with scriptural teachings; but then the philosophers would say, "So much the worse for the scriptural teachings," if they came into collision with their creed. The earthenware pitcher, floating down the stream in company with the brass pot, must give the latter a wide berth, or the crockery will come to grief.

But there was something else. On the principle that birds of a feather flock together, my apostle of utilitarianism was wont to gather around him certain worthy missionaries of the new faith, whose professions I was sometimes privileged to hear. I need not—it would be distasteful to me and repugnant to my readers—attempt to reproduce the profound, the ponderous, the invaluable utterances of these sages. Suffice it to say, I gathered that in literature, the bank-book, the ledger, the title deeds, the rent roll, were all the products of the human brain worthy a prudent man's attention. Art meant profligacy, degradation, ruin, for it involved idleness and dissipation. Those forms which appealed to the senses under the seductive presentations of music and the drama were not to be named, or alluded to only to evoke a wholesome denunciation in an expression of righteous abhorrence. I used sometimes to think, however—no doubt it was very irreverent, but youth is not without its aberrations into levity—that it would have been very unsafe to tempt one of these old gentlemen with an order for the Lyceum, and bet heavily on the faith of its not being used. Don't you remember how a hero of fiction of this school, the late lamented Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, attempts to obtain κυδος with his lady-love by treating her and her sister when up from the country to the sights of the town. The passage is worth quoting,—

He "submitted their pedestrian powers to a pretty severe test; for he showed them as many sights in the way of bridges, churches, streets, outsides of theatres, and other free spectacles, in that one forenoon, as most people see in a twelvemonth. It was observable in this gentleman that he had an insurmountable distaste to the insides of buildings; and that he was perfectly acquainted with the merits of all shows in respect of which there was any charge for admission, which it seemed were every one detestable, and of the very lowest grade of merit. He was so thoroughly possessed with this opinion, that when Miss Charity happened to mention the circumstance of their having been twice or thrice to the theatre with Mr. Jinkins and party, he enquired, as a matter of course, 'where the orders came from?' and being told that Mr. Jinkins and party paid, was beyond description entertained, observing that 'they must be nice flats certainly,' and often in the course of the walk bursting out again into a perfect convulsion of laughter at the surpassing silliness of those gentlemen, and (doubtless) at his own superior wisdom."

In short, the happy individuals who had thus attained to that *apogee* of human excellence to be expressed by the persistent reiteration of the, to them, most essential part of the refrain of the old song, "I care for nobody, no not I," and acting in accordance with the assertion, had achieved the *summum bonum* of human felicity, which we may take to be not far removed from having but one object and sticking to it. Steadily pursuing your aim, as King Dick achieved the throne. To, as it were, focus your intellect and energies. To imitate Harry Gow in the *melée*, and fight for your own hand. As Lord Houghton illustrates singleness of object by a figure also drawn from the lists when combatants were—

> "Content as men-at-arms to fight,
> Each with his fronting foe."

The streets of the city of old were said to be kept cleansed by each citizen scouring the pavement before his own front door.

So every one of these virtuous citizens set before himself that a steady application to the achievement of one object, which may be described as the conversion of every threepence three farthings into a groat, was the one great sole, worthy, dignified aim of each individual life. Tom Hood limns the creatures thus,—

> "Of the very metal of merit they told,
> And praised her for being as good as gold,
> *Till* she grew, like a peacock, haughty;
> Of money they talked the whole day round,
> And weighed dessert, like grapes, by the pound,
> *Till* she thought at last from the very sound
> That people with naught were naughty!"

Enough of the contemplation of this loathsome tribe. Let me dismiss my mentor. The steady application of his principles enabled him to make a fortune. Persistent adherence to them lost it. But what then? The calamity. He invested his accumulated capital in an estate, bought for comparatively a song. He snugly chuckled at the idea of evading the conveyancer's expenses, of investigating the title, and, behold, a flaw, and ejectment, and lawyers' expenses, a hundredfold the amount originally saved, and consequent loss of prestige, and, perhaps, self-respect, but certainly what he regarded as far more important, purchase-money. But again, what then! The calamity need not necessarily close a career. He was scarcely past middle life. Whatever he had sacrificed, he still retained the habits that had originally achieved for him comparative opulence. At two o'clock in the afternoon the dismayed aide-de-camp announced to Marmont that the battle was lost. "What matter?" was the Marshal's reply, "before nightfall there is time to win another!"

Some shrewd observer has pointed out that in whatever locality we find a poison, beneficent Nature has, on the very spot, provided also an easily accessible antidote. About the time the aforementioned teachings were rife—I had almost written popular, but that they never were, the great heart of the nation is too sound for that—certain voices arose, crying aloud in the wilderness, and proclaiming energetically that though the teachers we had of old been accustomed to revere might not have "known everything down in Judee," there was nevertheless a "something" in the inculcation of self-abnegation which those simple fishermen and handicraftsmen had propounded. These zealots wholly declined to subscribe, nay, even earnestly denied the article *de fidei*, that immediate result was the sole measure of value. They even assumed to contemplate the practicability of a kind of sentimental investment, and went so far as to assert their belief that it was not wholly impossible that it might—oh supreme test of logical proof in the nineteenth century—pay! Notwithstanding prevalent faith in the settlement of all things by "the higgling of the market," they propounded the heresy that,—

> "Gentle words and kindly deeds are never thrown away,
> But bring unlooked for harvest on some cloudy autumn day."

As they say—only it is a myth, more's the pity—that the mangoose, when bitten by the viper, resorts to some wholly fabulous plant, and by eating thereof counteracts the inoculated venom, so I found my antidote ready to my hand. Reader, you possess it also. In the pure literature of your country. In the allegorical lore that has produced a Tom Pinch, a Mark Tapley, a Major Dobbin, a Colonel Newcome, you have a standard ever applicable. Not to inculcate folly—not to panegyrize recklessness—not to discourage thrift. Thank God, the days when the Charles Surfaces and Lovelaces of society were its heroes and desiderated models, if ever they really were, are gone for ever. We live in an age when prudence and sobriety are no longer regarded as incompatible with philanthropy and conviviality; we seek to reconcile temperance with mirthfulness, industry with benevolence. "This should ye do, and not leave the other undone."

Observation of the world, then, a moderately extensive acquaintance with our literature, taught me very early in life's career that some creed, some cult, was needed

as a protest against the selfish hurry and turmoil which appeared to my boyish mind to be the normal condition of civilized mortals in their struggle for existence. This mental condition, when found,—this solvent which would reconcile prudence with philanthropy —which should indeed, through self-abnegation and benevolence, attain to the soundest and loftiest exercise of prudence,—would be the haven where, if only at intervals, the storm-tossed barque of the soul might ride secure, resting awhile from the struggle with the troubled ocean, and, so to speak, repairing and refitting for the voyage of life, which must ever be renewing, and renewed.

So much "high falutin" has been indulged in when members of our beloved Craft have written anent it, that one cannot be too cautious in the employment of anything like hyperbole in expatiating upon its merits. If I assert that in Freemasonry there is to be found that happy condition which I have above adverted to, it must be distinctly understood that I contemplate—as I am bound to contemplate—the abstract principles of the Order; and I fearlessly assert that in those principles, considered as a profession, the much desiderated reconciling repose may be discovered. I am perfectly aware that thousands of good men have lived and died practising these principles, who, like the individual in the play who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, have been true and worthy Freemasons without being aware of the fact. I cannot, on the other hand, disguise or deny the truth that not always is the practice of legitimately admitted Freemasons consonant with their professions, but—

> "Where's that palace whereunto foul things
> Sometimes intrude not?"

Cucullus non facit monachum; and I admit that the snowy lambskin has adorned the epigastrium of many a man who, notwithstanding his assertions, has not entered our Order uninfluenced by mercenary or other unworthy considerations; who, working and living in it, has not always set before him its sublime aims, its lofty aspirations, its noble exercise. Do you remember the sweeper in Mr. Interpreter's house? With his rake he picks out of the mud many and many a filthy, and, comparatively, worthless trifle, oblivious of the jewelled crown of gold held within his reach, just above his head, but to which he never lifts his eyes. Is it altogether inappropriate at the blessed Christmas season to claim for Freemasonry that it seeks to set up a standard of that virtue peculiarly associated with the festivities of Yule.

I passed but yesterday a little roadside—shebeen it would be called across St. George's Channel—*beershop: it bore the quaint sign of the* "Live and let live." Surely the thought is not incongruous with a panegyric upon the Craft. To let live, not in the sense of permitting existence, but understood as aiding and encouraging physical and spiritual vitality in your fellow human beings. To live, not for self-gratification, not for self-aggrandisement, but for the welfare of man, and to the glory of God. To bear ever in mind the beautiful profession of Terence, *Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto,* and prayerfully to endeavour to act up to it. Such is the interpretation the worthy Freemason puts upon the injunction to "live and let live." Such the claim he asserts for his Order to be termed sublime. And to you, dear readers, I would most affectionately urge, while wishing you a merry Christmas and a very happy new year, that such reflections are not only not incompatible with the social enjoyments of the season, but are wholesome concomitants thereto. They elevate the mind and submit to that altitude from which the great divine idea of purification inaugurated, as upon this day—that eternal illustration of self sacrifice—should be regarded. And, oh, how beautiful that spectacle of suffering love! Beautiful to all men, of whatever creed; for, as the heathen author has taught us, love, even to the extent of suffering for our fellow mortals, is restricted to no race, confined to no faith! And how much more suggestive to those who have seen the light, the illuminati who can behold clearly what I, the humblest of craftsmen, the servant of servants, perceived as but through a glass, darkly, when I was first prepared to be made a Mason!

CHRISTMAS DAY ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "NONSUCH."

TWO days before the 25th of December, 1873, arrived and anchored in the spacious harbour of Hong Kong H.M.S. "Nonsuch," one of a series of newly-patented ironclads which had been adopted by the Admiralty. The work of mooring over, the chief aim of "all hands" was to have a "Merry Christmas," and preparations were begun forthwith, which were hardly stayed on the Christmas Eve, when a sad accident happened to a boat's crew. It had been blowing freshly for several hours when the second cutter, which had not been lowered since leaving England, was "called away." From some cause, never explained, the foremost fall (or rope by which the boat is lowered) gave way. The boat fell, her bows just touching the water, while her stern remained fast; the crew was precipitated into the tide, which was running strongly at the time, and, notwithstanding that boats were almost instantly on the scene, they succeeded only in picking up nine of the poor fellows, and of these some had received such severe shakings that they were at once sent to the hospital. Of the remaining three it was thought that they must have been knocked insensible and so have been swept far away by the current, before rising to the surface, if they ever did. By the way, these waters of China are very chary of giving up their prey. Both in the Canton River and the Yangtzi Kiang I have known many cases of "falling overboard," but never once have I seen a single body recovered. I remember in the former, just below Whampoa, that one afternoon a man, who had been slung over the bows to blacken the cable and hawse pipes, slipped into the river from hardly a height of two feet; the alarm was given—the lifeboat manned and dropped almost by the time he could have reached the stern, yet after pulling about for an hour, nothing was brought back save his cap. During the next seven days we fired heavy guns at intervals, but nothing more was seen. Some have put it down to under-currents, but in this last case the man was a powerful swimmer, and surely had that advantage over the cap.

I had several times before visited Hong Kong, but had never climbed to the top of the hill which rises behind the town of Victoria, and is known as Victoria Peak. Its height is 1,825 feet, and there is a signal station on the summit from which a gun is fired when mail-boats are sighted. So on this Christmas Eve A—— and I agreed, with two friends from the old "Princess Charlotte," to inaugurate the following day by an ascent, and we were to meet at the clock tower at 5.15 A.M. Here are the notes I took of that never-to-be-forgotten undertaking:—

4.0 A.M.—Roused by the sentry.

4.10—Shook A——, who turned over, saying he was too tired to think of it.

4.30—Gave A—— another chance; a nap had not altered his opinion.

4.50—At the gangway hailing a sampan. How drear and dark it looks!

4.59—Reached the clock tower, evidently the first at the rendezvous.

5.0—Clock striking. Counted five, and meditated on the best way of passing the next fifteen minutes.

5.3—Very dull! darker than ever! think it will rain! increase pace between clock tower and wharf, and take sweet consolation out of an early pipe.

5.5—Glimmering lights flitting about borne by dusky Chinamen. Wonder which way THEY'LL come from the "Princess Charlotte"! from Peddar's Wharf or up the Queen's Road? Well! can't miss them while I stick to clock tower. Wonder if they'll do an A——. Pshaw! 'tis too early yet.

5.7—Evidently going to rain.

5.8—Dropping slowly—faster and faster. Still keep to my walk, and brave the elements.

5.10—Raining thick and fast. Despite good resolutions driven under the shelter of Hong Kong hotel colonnade.

5.13—Rain shows signs of giving over. Resume walk. Have an idea it will clear up:

5.14—Idea proves good! It has cleared up! Stars are peeping out.

5.15—Now or never! Yes—there's a step—only a couple of celestials. Chin! Chin!! Early birds catch the worm! Serve the worm right for getting up so early! I'll wait another quarter.

5.17—How comfortable I should be on board. Another hour-and-a-half before turning out. Shall I give it up? Away base thought! Never!!

5.20—Suppose they don't come! Start for the Peak by myself in the dark! Don't like it! Have heard horrible stories of prowling Chinamen up that way! Wonder if *they carry lanterns! Guess not!*

5.22—Yes! I'll give it up—I'll take a walk round Happy Valley instead. Good idea! Get out there just by daylight.

5.24—Unhappy thought! Prowling Chinamen are more likely to be met with out *there* than up Topside.

5.25—Pipe out! Between two opinions. Victim of misplaced confidence. By Jove!!! I'll not be baulked—Prowling Chinamen be hanged. *Stand clear! I'll do* the Peak alone. Happy thought! start at once before courage evaporates.

5.26—Started.

5.29—Lamp-posts getting few and far between.

5.30—Heard clock chime far below. Nearing the open country beyond the settlement.

5.33—Passed the last lamp-post and lost all note of time.

Later—Onward and upward! Closer and closer!! Warmer and warmer!!! Look in vain for daylight. Réveille sounds from the camp and shipping now far beneath me. Look for east, but can't settle its whereabouts.

Time further on—Lighting up away to right. East, of course! Begin to take it easier, as fair light of morn chases away the shadows of night—prowling Chinamen included—and shows things in their proper colours. Take heart accordingly, even whistle for a couple of yards, but find it awfully trying.

About 6.0—Light insufficient to distinguish minute hand of my watch. Passed the Police station in the Gap—all quiet.

Sea-view and sea-breeze come together—delightful!

6.23—*Reach the summit and wish the signal-man his first* "Merry Christmas." He tells me he has been up some time looking for the mail. Glad to have some one to chat to on this festive morn. Must join him in a cup of coffee. He hopes to sight mail soon, for as soon as the gun is fired, he will be able to get below. Remembers more than one Christmas Day on which the mail has kept him alone at the summit throughout the day.

7.0—Fog has suddenly enveloped the Peak. Signal-man comes down to his garden-gate. Tells me to keep to left side while fog lasts. Good-bye, and I'm fairly started.

7.30—At the G. P. O. in Victoria. Decide that walking down, if quicker, is more trying than going up.

8.0—On board to a Christmas breakfast, after which the hands were piped to "rig church" on the main deck, between the heavy guns with their muzzles "run out" through the portholes, looking anything but emblems of that "Peace and goodwill" which should be preached on this festive morn, more than any other throughout the year. When all is ready the ship's bell is tolled—the sailors and marines come tumbling up from below—the master-at-arms reports to the commander "all aft"—the chaplain takes his place at a reading-desk amidships, and the Christmas service is begun by singing the grand old anthem, "Hark! the herald-angels sing."

But it is not to hear a grand Christmas service that so many visitors have gathered together; save a bit of evergreen stuck round the breach of the guns, there is no attempt at decoration, neither are there altars, lights, or processions; the service is of the simplest, and the sermon wonderfully short. It is not for this that over half-a-hundred followers of St. John's and St. Peter's have forsaken their own churches ashore on this Christmas morn. No! The sailors' Christmas-tide does not commence till the bell strikes eight (noon), and it is for that we are now waiting. Ding! Dong! Ding!

Dong! At last! A procession is immediately formed, headed by the band, led by the Admiral, Sir Charles Reefpoint, and consisting of an immense concourse of officers and visitors, starting, to the merry tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," to inspect the mess decks. Passing under an archway, with oranges and paper flags peeping out in wild profusion from the thick masses of evergreens that formed it, a scene meets our gaze baffling description, and far surpassing all that the mind ever pictured of the enchanted palaces of Arabian Nights' sweet memory.

The port-holes had been darkened, and on every side the blaze of a thousand candles, curiously and wonderfully fixed, lent their aid in producing a scene of brilliancy rarely equalled. It was not the deck of a man-of-war: everything that could possibly tell of everyday life had been carefully hidden by evergreens, draped with flags, or enveloped with coloured tissue paper and flowers. Each table was bountifully provided with Christmas cheer, whilst at the end stood the cook of the mess with offerings of pudding or cake, and as the Admiral without distinction patronised them all, he soon had his hands full and was obliged to send for his valet to bring a basket. To describe each mess, with its varied emblems and devices, in which sailors love to revel at this season of the year, would be o'ertasking memory's powers, yet we cannot pass on without culling here and there from amongst such an array of beauty a blossom fairer than the rest. Such an one have we in the Petty Officers' mess—a pretty and tastefully got up chandelier formed by two equilateral triangles, composed entirely of many-coloured flowers, whilst on each point of the star that it forms glitters a light. Another, is the shield formed of drawn swords, whose burnished surface reflects in waves of light the rays from the mystical seven candles burning in front of it. A little further on, just opposite the cabin of the master-at-arms (chief of police) we notice a large placard bearing the inscription—

"Refuge for the Homeless and Destitute."

☞ *Opposite the Police Station.*

Whilst on the lower deck water tank is pinned a scroll, with the words, "Temperance Hotel." On all sides are innumerable "Merry Christmas" wishes, expressed variously in flowers, coloured papers, evergreens, or lights. For'ard, at the point where we turn to go back on the opposite side of the deck to which we have come, there is placed a highly ingenious representation of the "Nonsuch" minstrel party, the whole formed of cardboard and tissue paper—stage, instruments, and figures so wonderfully true to life, that those who had seen them had no difficulty in picking out the originals from amongst the officers and men. Our progress has been necessarily very slow, but now going back on the other side we get along faster, for there is much that is similar to what we have already seen. A novelty, indeed, is the Admiral's arms and motto (borrowed, no doubt, for the occasion) shown in coloured papers against a bright light—a cockle shell with the motto,—

"Magni nominis umbra."

And now, just before emerging from the labyrinthine mazes of brilliancy we have been treading, we come to one mess whose single solitary light hardly suffices to show the scant preparation for Christmas which has been made; two boys stand, one on either side of the table, almost enshrouded in the funereal darkness—sole representatives of the mess able to spend their Christmas day "at home," for by a strange coincidence the boat's crew, drowned and injured yesterday, all belonged to No 34.

None of the survivors are well enough to spend the day with their two messmates—though three of them are only a little way removed—in the sick bay. The old Admiral, whilst contrasting the loneliness of its two inmates with the joyous gaiety and mirth around, pauses in front of the mess, and placing a hand on the head of each bids them "Never fear! their messmates will soon be back with them, save those who lost their lives in the discharge of their duty," recalling to their memory the beautiful words of Ferguson,—

"Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age, and grassy churchyard graves,
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing waves."

And even as the old man spake the band had ceased the merry strains of the "Fine old English Gentleman," and now, as he finished, softly and solemnly pealed forth the heart-stirring tones of Handel's "Dead March." But only for a few minutes; Christmas festivities are too precious to the sailor—links, like angels visits, few and far between, that draw him nearer home—to be more than transiently clouded. So the Admiral waves his hand, and the tune is changed to "Swallows Homeward Fly," as the procession leaves the lower deck to its undisturbed possession of the enjoyments that have been prepared, not least of which amongst many is reckoned the kindness of the Admiral in allowing his men to "splice the mainbrace." FURUXA.

A PHILOLOGICAL FANCY

BY BRO. W. ROWBOTTOM.

"SO you think the English language destined to become universal?"

"The truth of our theory almost appears to require it."

"All calculations based on the ratio of the increase and progress of peoples prove it."

"Foreign philologists are led to believe it, from the study of the points of superiority it possesses over other tongues."

"It is the language of commerce, and has superseded Latin as the language of science."

"Civilization and religion will alike eventually secure it."

"Well, I am somewhat inclined to agree with you; but it leads to strange conclusions if a line of reasoning acceptable, if I mistake not, to the present company, be followed."

The last speaker, who was the one who had asked the question which had drawn forth so unanimous an expression of opinion, looked round at his companions. The company was chiefly composed of brethren, among whom not a few were believers in the Anglo-Israel theory.

"I do not see how that can be so," replied one. "To me, it would appear rather a case of 'survival of the fittest,' than involving any philosophical speculations."

"You may think so, but can you answer me this: 'What was the primeval language?'"

"'Tis a question easier asked than answered."

"You may well say that, for I have never yet heard a satisfactory answer given to it. I remember asking that question when quite a youth. The subject of man's life before the Flood had been under discussion, and it struck me as something very strange that the grand primeval language should have left no distinguishing marks upon its off-shoots by which an idea of its nature might have been formed."

"The Jews, or at least many among them, maintain that Hebrew was the original language, on the ground that Abram was called before the Confusion of Tongues, and therefore, not being involved in the sin of the builders of Babel, would retain the use of the early speech."

"So I have read; but then what was the language of Abram? for it appears to me that it would be very difficult to prove that it was Hebrew as now known. The nature

of Israel's connection with Egypt leads me to hold with Dr. Beke in regarding Hebrew, as far as its vocabulary is concerned, as Hamitic in character. Its structure and idiom would doubtless be preserved, and, indeed, I believe there is great affinity in these points between the present and the original language of the Old Testament—I mean between Hebrew and English."

"There we should agree with you," put in an Anglo-Israelite; "it is one of the canons of our doctrine, that 'contact may affect the vocabulary of a language, but will not change its structure,' unless the people who speak it are entirely absorbed by a superior race, in which case the language of the latter will be strengthened in a greater or less degree by the new element brought in. English, I have heard, possesses, even in a more marked degree than Ancient Greek, the power of attaching to itself and assimilating to its nature the choicest gems of other tongues."

"We are getting away from the question our friend put me, 'What was the original language?' Perhaps he can answer it for us."

"I have not the least intention of doing so, I assure you; but if you care to pursue the subject perhaps you will answer me a few questions, and then I will leave you to draw your own conclusions. I presume that, in the opinions you expressed relative to the future of our language, you took account of the modifications it has undergone, and allowed for similar development in the future. I see that that is so, and now for my first question,—

"You grant the original existence of a universal tongue?"

"Yes."

"That the knowledge of it was lost, and that from it sprang all known languages?"

"Of course, we accept the Mosaic account."

"And you, Anglo-Israelites, is it not part of your doctrine that the families of the earth will once again be united both in faith and language?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"And now, brethren, all of you, think of the mystic symbol of the serpent biting its own tail—'back again'—'the end in the beginning'—and tell me whether the universal language to come will be that which first was, or another—whether the parts of that which was lost will be brought together in a new or in the old order?"

"'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun.' So wrote our great master, and we abide by his teaching; but you would not imply that——"

"My dear sir, I imply nothing. I asked you a question, and you have given me an answer; but, again, was not Israel directed to swear by the *Name* of the Lord, and is it not also written, 'that he who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth; and he that sweareth in the earth shall swear by the God of truth,' and is it not promised that there shall come a day when one Lord shall be acknowledged, and His *name* one?"

"Yes, so do we hold, and we maintain that these directions and promises are being fulfilled and obeyed by the British, in virtue of their identity with Israel."

"Then what is the NAME by which Israel does now swear, and in which they bless themselves in the earth, and which is to be the *one name* in all the earth?"

"GOD."

"That is then the right and proper *name*, by which no other than GOD alone shall be designated; at least I suppose you will allow that that is the legitimate deduction to be drawn from your own doctrines as given in the answers to my questions. If this be then the sacred *Name*, it will follow that it was this, and no other, that was ever preserved in silence by Israel of old, and I should like to hear what you have to say on this head."

"Undoubtedly, the mystery of the sacred *Name* was most carefully guarded, and I remember that our learned Masonic author, Dr. Oliver, says in one of his works that the correct pronunciation of the sacred *Tetragrammaton* is certainly lost," replied one of the company, and added, "but I don't see how you can identify the simple and grand Saxon name of the Deity with the ancient name revered in silence by Israel."

"It is only a fancy of mine, but I hold to a three-letter name as the subject of the ancient mystery, and our own grand *Name*, whispered letter by letter, has a startling similarity of sound with Israel's national name for the Deity—G—O—D— Je—ho—vah."

"Then you mean to say that English was the original language?"

"Pardon me, a man would be accounted mad to say such a thing. I have simply drawn conclusions from your own teachings, and will venture to say no more than that I believe that the language which becomes *one*, is that which was *one*. Think of this when next you see the letter within the triangles. Good-night, and a merry, happy, Christmas to you all."

Alfreton.

ALONE.

BY BRO. W. CORBETT, 249.

I RISE in early morning,
And wish the night were here,
And with each night's returning
I wish the morning near:
I seem to know more sorrow
Than any one has known,
And each recurring morrow
Proves I am all alone!

The music in the bowers
No longer charms my ear;
The sweetly blooming flowers
Now stale to me appear;
The sunshine and the gladness
Which over them is strewn,
But fill my soul with sadness,—
For I am all alone!

The grand mysterious ocean
In summer time that sleeps,
Gives to my thoughts the notion
Of rest within its deeps;
The sun shines not upon it
As once to me it shone,
But death is resting on it,
For I am all alone!

My loved ones have departed,—
In silent dust they lie,—
And I am broken-hearted,
And strongly wish to die;
For there is none to love me
Since those I loved have flown,—
Yes!—There is One above me—
I am not quite alone!

Away, these thoughts of folly—
Away this selfish care;
Be done with melancholy,
For God is everywhere!
The stars that shine above me,
Each bird, and flower, and stone,
Prove there is One to love me,
And I am not alone!

Nov., 1878.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH SITUATED IN FORT MANOEL, MALTA, IN WHICH ARE SEVERAL INTERESTING MASONIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

FORT MANOEL is situated on an island in the Quarantine Harbour, west of the city of Valetta, built in the year 1726, by Don Manoel de Vilhena, of the Portuguese language (language being the word used as descriptive of the country to which each knight belonged). On ascending several steps from the water, we arrive at the gate and drawbridge leading into the fort. At the gate are two pillars, of a fancy composite order. Beside the capital of the south pillar there is the remains of the figure of a lion; on the north, an eagle supporting a hand grasping a sword; under the capital, a wreath and cypher, thus—

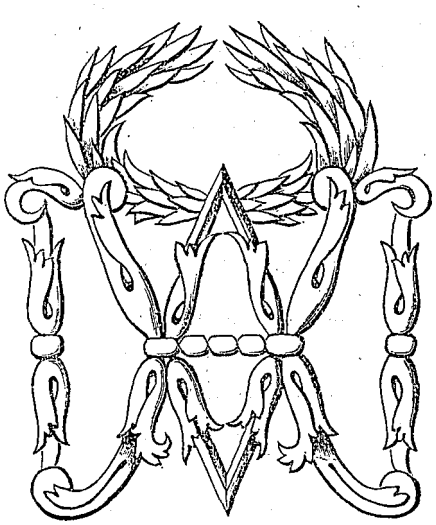


FIG. I.

Passing over the drawbridge into the fortress, we have immediately before us a stone statue, and fountain—now dry—representing Moses striking the rock of Horeb for water, during the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness (*vide* Book of Exodus xvii. 6); but it is much disfigured, having been shamefully maltreated by the French troops, when they occupied this place, as was their wont, both in Malta and the Greek islands.

Ascending another flight of steps, we find ourselves in the square of the fort, in the centre of which is a bronze figure of Don Manoel de Vilhena, in the costume of the time of Charles II., decorated as a Knight of Malta. Proceeding a little farther, we

stand in front of the church, of plain but neat exterior, fronting the east, with pillars of the Ionic order. In niches above, and on each side of the entrance, there are figures,

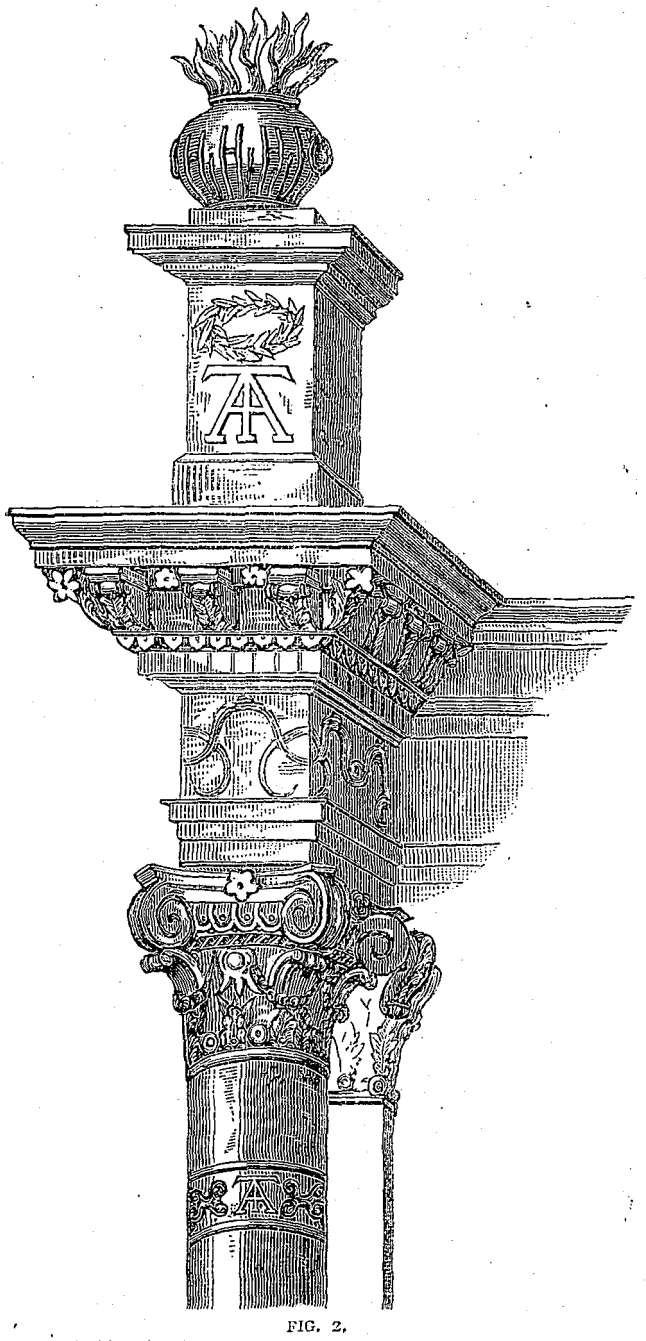


FIG. 2.

pleasingly executed, of Joseph, husband of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as an infant in the arms of His mother. Those figures are decorated with acacia.

On entering the church five altars are presented to us: one high altar in the west, two on the north, and two on the south. Those altars, if not wholly Masonic, are scriptural. We will merely describe them, leaving to our readers, who may have had the privilege of ascending to the higher degrees of Masonry, to recognise what is Masonic, amidst what to many, as yet, appears to be only scriptural.

We propose to commence our description from the arch of each altar. Immediately under the arch of the high altar is a cross, with three rays or points from each angle, supported by cherubims; then ornaments and a wreath, then a square surrounded by many cherubims. In this square is a dove descending from heaven (*vide* Gospel according to St. Matthew iii. 16); then two pillars, highly ornamented, of what may be called a fancy composite order of architecture. On the capital of each there is a plinth, and on the top of it again an ornamented vase, and from which is represented burning fire. On the front of this plinth is a wreath and cypher (see Fig. 2).

These pillars are circular; have each six rings. Around them, in the centre of each ring, is displayed the—



FIG. 3,

The high altar and pillars are much ornamented with lilies, pomegranates, and acacia; also medals representing the Maltese cross, the base plain. Behind those are corresponding pillars in basso-relievo.

We must now proceed to the altar in the south centre of the building, where we find, under the arch, Noah's ark, the dove with the olive branch in its mouth, the mountains of Ararat, the covenant of our Lord (*vide* Book of Genesis viii., ix.), an olive

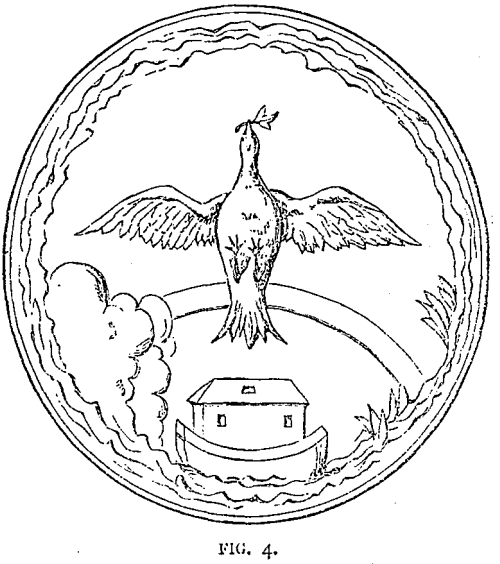


FIG. 4.

tree, and two handsome pillars ornamented with roses, lilies, and pomegranates. Over this altar is a crown, ornamented with twelve cinquefoils, with rays concentrating to a foil of four leaves.

We now turn to the altar east of the last one described. Under the arch are two mounds, or mountains; on each a tree, one a yew, the other an olive. Above those u rrounded by twelve stars, thus—

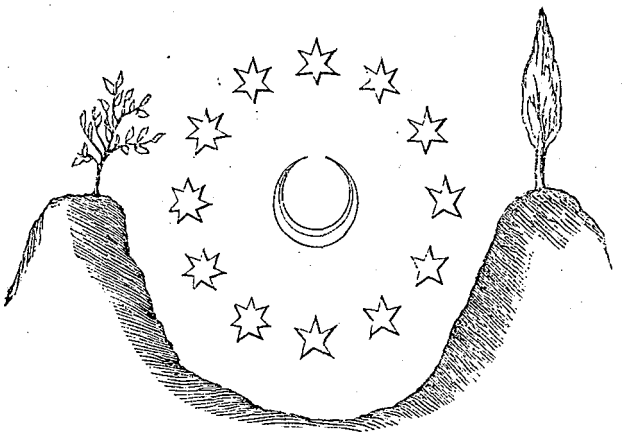


FIG. 5.

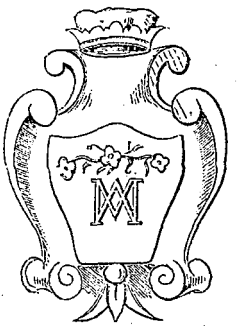


FIG. 6.

This altar is also greatly ornamented; its decorations being the rose, pomegranate, wheat-ear and acacia. The crown of this differs a little from the last, having only eight cinquefoils terminating by rays to a ball. The base of the east presents an ornament.

The west pillar shows a heart, from which are growing acacia branches. On the centre of the heart are carved the letters I M I (see Fig. 6). On the inner square of the base of this altar are two roses representing the white rose and the red rose.

We now proceed towards the altar opposite the last one described. Immediately under the arch are the sun and moon, and under them a crown, with a star of five short points and one long one, under which are eleven stars, with a half circle of pomegranates and lilies, as below. The crown of this altar has only eight cinquefoils, and a ball at top.

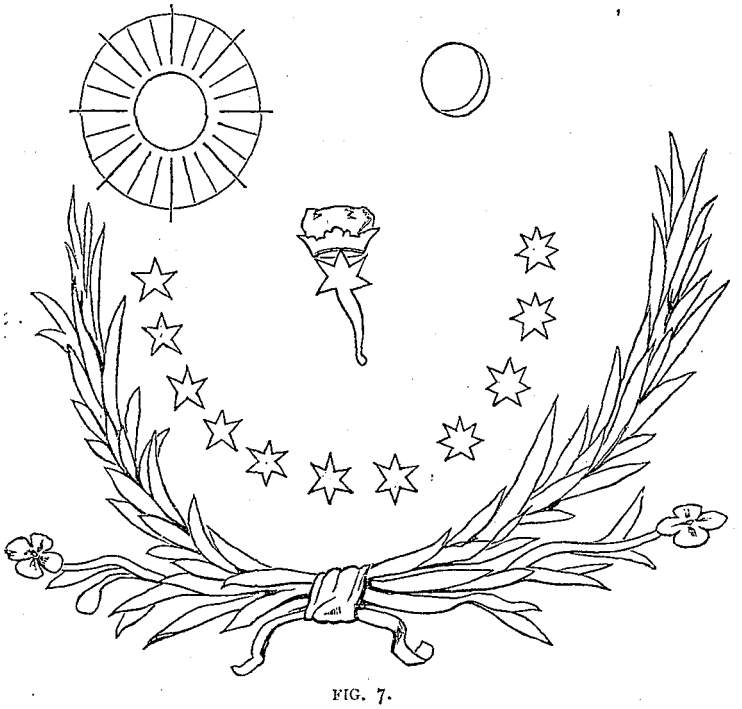


FIG. 7.

Under the north centre arch we have the pelican of the wilderness feeding her young, twelve in number. This differs in no other respect from the one last described than having the cross of our Saviour, with a wreath suspended on it. This cross is in the centre of the pillar. The crown of this altar has twelve cinquefoils terminating in a ball at top. Within the church are two marble slabs inlaid: one marking the tomb of a clerical member, and the other of the architect of the church, who was buried there at his own last request. This slab shows him to have been a Master Mason and a Knight of Malta.

The following is the inscription—

D. O. M.
HIC IN ARCE, QUAM CONDIDERAT,
JUXTA EJUS ULTIMA VOTO
JACET CAROLUS DE MONDION PARISIENSIS
S. R. H. ARCHITECTUS POLEMICUS
OB MORUM SUAVITATE, ET INGENII DOTES
INTER EQUITIS V^D.E LINGUÆ FRANCIÆ ADSCRIPTUS.
OBIIT AN. D.N.I. 1733. DEI. 25 DECEMB.

Without this church, on the south side, is the entrance to the vault, now built up, over which is a sarcophagus, doubtless representing the tomb of him,

"Whom king Solomon fetched out of Tyre. He was a widow's son, of the tribe of Naphtali, and was filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass. And he came to king Solomon and wrought all his work."

J. V. FERNS, Capt. 76th Regt., I. D. 437.

Fort Manoel, Malta, July, 1852.

THE LOVING CUP: OR, HOW THE DUSTMEN WERE DIDDLED.

A MASONIC SKETCH.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, IX.°

I AM a Commission Agent, and travel with many parcels of goods, both at home and abroad. In the course of my voyages I often stumble in queer out-of-the-way places, on strange things, very different in their uses, or rather in their application to the original purpose for which they were intended. Perhaps this roving life suits me, for I am an old bachelor, without a known relative in the world. I have an ample fortune, which it is my intention to bequeath at my demise to the United Dustmen's Association. Perhaps there is a good deal of personal estate—perhaps there is very little—that concerns no one but me, and certainly does not concern my present story.

As a Commission Agent I go abroad, and if I can pick up in the neglected *antiquar's* shop anything to adorn my sanctum at home cheap, or even dear, I selfishly gratify myself with the acquisition. Who has any right to dictate to me what I shall do with my money? There isn't a soul to care for my dead bones except the Dustmen, and I chuckle at the notion that even *they* don't know anything about it. Still, I shall repose

in the tomb (I bought a handy bit of ground at Norwood for the purpose, and I have the stonemason's receipt for the monument ready to be fixed), and feel the proud consciousness that, at the Dustmen's Annual Dinner, a solemn toast will be given forth by the toastmaster, and numberless Dustmen yet to come will pledge—ha! ha!—my sacred memory in the best of old port wine, in duly befitting silence, and a potent peal will be performed on the sacred bell of that noble Society.

I—will it be believed?—though now so morose and grumpy, was once a happy youth, and ruffled it with the best. I was once foremost in all sports that may become a man; my football practice is still remembered among the few contemporaries who still growl with me at my antiquated chophouse at the innovations of the time. If I *am* a curmudgeon, at any rate, I glory in it, and who can interfere with me? I should like to see 'em, that's all.

Now—the curtains are drawn—there's no one likely to come to-night, so I can draw forth some of my treasures. Ann Eliza Jane, my handmaid, has brought up the hot water, and the rum bottle is ready to my hand. Some people say rum isn't healthy: I say that's a mistake. Rum! why, rum is the best of spirits. Add to the sugar and water a proper slice of lemon, and you have a drink fit for the gods; and if fit for them, sufficiently good for an old worn-out Commission Agent. So, John Hector Movis, here's your jolly good health, my boy, and a pleasant nap! This old glass cup before me has seen many a good stoup of liquor in it; and when it is handed round among the United Dustmen, may it do them at least half the good it does me. I'm afraid I've made it strong; but I'm not afraid of gout; and as for twinges of conscience, they may whistle for 'em. Catch a Commission Agent with a conscience—ha! ha! Chrhm! chrhm! chrhm!

Did the foregoing soliloquy really emanate from the brain of John Hector Movis, or not? It matters little for our present purpose. John Hector Movis had in the course of his life done a great number of kind things; but he liked to be a curmudgeon, and would grow red in the face and angry if you hinted he was anything else. He was given to soliloquy; for he was so utterly alone that no one cared or dared to interfere with him, and so he dozed under the balmy influence of the detestable molasses, like a porpoise, by his fireside; and his drinking vessel, curiously cut and double-handled, stood beside him, with the glint of the firelight on it.

It was a singular drinking-cup, and had on it an inscription, with strange figures also. The inscription on it ran thus: "FOR THE SAKE OF ONE, GIVE TO ALL. BE LOVING, AND SHARE WITH OTHERS. ST. MARTIN'S DAY, 11TH NOVEMBER, 1717." A Masonic eye would have also seen the Blazing Star, the Eye with a Radiance, the Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars, the Square and Compass, and other emblems.

Rat! tat! went the knocker; but John Hector only turned in his easy chair.

Presently it went again. "Rat! tat!" it was the postman, and there was no letter box, the builder not having found it in his specifications. John Hector was roused, but considered it Ann Eliza Jane's duty to answer the door. "Rat! tat!" a third time, and he was fully awake. Not to have his letters at once was a horror to our hero, and, as he heard no one going to the door, he did what many another man would do, he went himself.

"You've been a long time," grumbled the postman, "this foggy night. I was just going. Here, a letter for Mr. John H. Movis."

"All right, my man," said that gentleman, and returned to his snug parlour. It was a foreign letter from a great distance abroad, with many postmarks; but the address was right, and the contents as follows:—

"DEAR SIR" (it ran),—"Several years ago you purchased at my shop a curious glass cup, with some strange designs upon it. I told you at the time I did not like to sell it, as it was scarcely mine to sell, having been left as a security for a small loan, by a gentleman in great pecuniary trouble, who thought some day of redeeming it. You promised to restore it if it ever should be claimed, and ten days ago it was. Please to send it to me, and I will return the price.—Yours, etc.

"P.S.—Since writing the above, the gentleman has called, and to save time I have

given him your address, as he is coming at once to London. His name is Monsieur Achille de Movisse."

The letter fell from the would-be cynic's hands. He was fairly astonished. "What!" he muttered. "My roving brother who left England so long ago; and of whose death I have the certificate. He, the owner of the cup I rescued after so many years! Impossible! the man at Antwerp, of whom I bought it said the man was fair, and my brother Achilles was dark. I shall take no notice of it! It is some impostor. Wait, I'll have another glass of grog, and then to bed."

He was engaged in compounding another jorum of his favourite rum and water, when a cab drove to the door, and a great ringing ensued. Ann Eliza Jane was still out of the way, so John Hector had again to be the porter.

Two persons stood at the door—an elderly man, and a young girl.

John Hector started; it was strange to see a Commission Agent pretty fairly full of rum and water moved; his emotion was not, however, of the Jamaica, but of the real spirit. He had never seen so fair a young creature with such appealing eyes.

The two elder men confronted each other.

"Mr. Movis, I believe," said the stranger.

"That is my name," replied the other.

"Then I am right, no doubt," observed the new comer. "May I have a few moments' conversation with you? I have not long to remain in London, as I must start on important business to Antwerp to-morrow morning."

"Enter if you choose," said Mr. Movis (inwardly adding), "I hope he has no designs on my curios."

The other, accompanied by the girl, entered the parlour, and Mr. Movis, with many apologies for the absence of his housekeeper, tried to set them at their ease. They were soon seated.

"You are, I believe, a Commission Agent, Mr. Movis, often travelling abroad?"

"I am."

"Do you know Antwerp?"

"I do," said John Hector, with visibly increasing perplexity.

"I believe you are fond of curiosities," observed the stranger.

"That is certainly the case," said our hero.

"Did you buy at the shop of a certain M.———," the other began. "But how is this, here is the very article itself," he burst out, "the very cup!"

"I certainly bought this cup at the town you named," said Mr. Movis; "but what concern is that of yours?"

"My honour," said the stranger, "is concerned in its restoration. It is not mine; I carried it away from a Masonic Lodge in a fit of folly, and it should be restored. It was a relic of past times, dear to those who had the right to hold it."

"Your name!" gasped the astonished John Hector.

"De Movisse," replied the other.

"My brother!" exclaimed John Hector. "And who is this?"

"My only daughter Helen," said the stranger. "Do you recognise me?"

"Scarcely," said Mr. Hector.

"Then let me remind you that when we stood ruined both of us in our parental hall, we agreed that if ever we should both see this cup at the same time again, we should restore it, and our hearts and fortunes should again be rejoined. Yours," said the stranger, "have apparently flourished; mine, perhaps, have not languished; but I claim the fulfilment of your word."

"Be it so," said the old bachelor, "and before it is returned to the Lodge, let us drink once more from the Loving Cup."

And so they did, and when Ann Eliza Jane came in from her gossip, she opened her eyes, and the accumulations of John Hector, backed by a handsome fortune made by his brother Achilles, went to Helen, and thus it was that the Dustmen were diddled.

A CHRISTMAS DAY BEFORE THE ENEMY.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

IT is some years ago since the events of the little story I am about to tell the readers of Bro. Kenning's Christmas Magazine took place; but such as they were, such I relate them now, like an Arabian story-teller, for the information and instruction and, perhaps, interest (I would fain hope it), of a kind and complacent audience. Well, as an old friend of mine, through many changing years, used to say, "here goes," and "never mind the consequences."

It was the day before Christmas Day, 18—, yes, in this very good century of ours, that a detachment of one of not the least distinguished infantry regiments of Her Majesty's army found itself in a small fort not very far from Fort Beaufort, at the Cape of Good Hope. We had there one of our many and long enduring Caffre wars on our hands, and in consequence, in pursuance of the existing policy, we had numerous small forts and encampments held by our gallant soldiers. It is not, as the Irishman put it, "quite convaynient" for me to name the fort, or indicate its position on Mr. Stanford's accurate map. And, truly, what's in a name? This is a question which, here as elsewhere, may safely be left to its own solution! At least, I venture to think so. I will only add, as we are got so "mighty particular," and so fond of facts (which, by the way, are sometimes fictions), that it was a fort,—if you like, a little fort, but still a fort, and capable of holding, as it held on this occasion, some seventy privates, a proper proportion of non-commissioned officers and buglers, and a few Fingoes. To these were added three or four women, soldiers' wives. And this force was commanded by a gallant young officer (he was young then), whose name, for "reasons of state" as well as for "private considerations," I feel bound also to suppress.

Well, at this time the Caffres were very troublesome, and sundry signs and sounds told the experienced in such matters and served to warn the little garrison that in all probability their Christmas Day would be spent, not in peaceful enjoyment of seasonable fare, and Christmas rejoicings in the old English style, and what our Anglo-Saxon race, true to its cherished and befitting religious and social instincts, seeks everywhere to perpetuate, but "under fire," in active and desperate warfare with a treacherous and angry foe. Still, such is the nature of Englishmen in general and of that often undervalued biped, the British soldier, in particular, for whom I have, for one, great liking and greater regard, that, despite the threatening appearance of things, they made their preparations for Christmas Day as if nothing was going to happen,—as if they were at Aldershot or Portsmouth; or safe and sound amid dear ones and near ones in far-off, but much-loved Old England!

Accordingly, turkeys and geese were got in; the Christmas pigs were killed; apples, and all possible accessories were collected; green branches had been cut down, —and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Magrath, who were good cooks, assisted the soldier cooks, and determined to have plum-pudding and mince-pies, as in "duty bound." It also was settled to have a "dance" in the evening to keep up Christmas.

A Christmas service had also been arranged by the young commandant for the morning, as all felt (and soldiers are just as religious as anybody else) that Christmas Day was a time of religious as well as of earthly rejoicing. And so Christmas Eve came on. That officer had even got in a "yule log," and tales were being told, and songs were being sung merrily among the men off duty, when crack! crack! crack! went the rifles of the sentries, and the bugles sounding the "assembly" summoned that cheery and gallant body to duty and the fray. As they were all in uniform, they turned out as quickly as I can take in telling you,—almost as quick as a mythical Jack Robinson, of whom some of us may have heard; and they were soon all properly posted to await the result of this little beginning on Christmas Eve of a state of things which was probably to mark all their Christmas Day.

But still, like English soldiers, they were all as cheerful and cool and eager as they

could be, and their principal desire seemed to be to "get at 'em," and "warm their hides for them." This will seem to some of us rather a sad parody on the words of peace which Christmas Day proclaims to a warring world. But alas! such is the truth, and, without any namby-pamby sentiment, let us admit that such must be the inevitable collision of civilization with barbarism. I only state facts.

"Bad luck to thim Caffres, naygurs, you may call them," said Mrs. Magrath, "who can't be laving Christian people alone to ate their Christmas dinner in pace."

I said to Magrath to-day (Corporal Magrath),—

"I'm a-thinking that them Caffres will be paying us a visit at a very unsuitable season, and spoiling our plum-puddings and mince-pies, and all our good things."

But all the reply I could get from him was,—

"Well, if they do, they'll go off like the shape of little Bo-pape, and carry their tails behint them."

But, you know, Sergeant Jones, the corporal was always fond of his joke.

"Yes, Mrs. Magrath," said that gallant non-commissioned officer (no better anywhere), slowly and solemnly, for so he always spoke, "I remarked to Mrs. Jones this morning, 'Caffres is Caffres, and always will be Caffres. I have seen a good deal of service, Mrs. Jones, but I have always observed this, Mrs. Jones, that when men are so scantily clothed as the Caffres are, Mrs. Jones, and, as you know, there is always a great want of good behaviour, Mrs. Jones; and as for them Caffres, they have neither clothes nor decent conduct, Mrs. Jones; and therefore it is not likely that such as them will know how to respect Christmas Day.'"

Sergeant Jones's eloquent remarks were cut short by a summons from his officer, who was very properly anxious about everything, and especially his men.

"Well, Sergeant Jones," he said, after the usual salute, "I hope you have got the men's pouches "filled up," and the reserve ammunition ready, and a couple of men told off to look to it."

Sergeant Jones assured him that that most important duty had been "properly attended to."

"I've been thinking," said the officer, "in case any of our men are wounded, to place them in store-room D. We can put up a few iron bedsteads, and Corporal Magrath has been an hospital orderly, and had better be detached to attend to the wounded —if any."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Jones, "he knows how to put on a 'turnicock,' sir."

Those were the days, kind readers, when the schoolmaster was not so much "at home" among our gallant soldiers as he is now.

Some think we are overdoing it; but I for one do not believe it. We must, if we are sensible, remember this, that nothing stands still here, and that soldiers, like civilians, have to "go ahead."

Whatever his officer thought, however, he said nothing, and Corporal Magrath soon put store-room D, as he said, in "ship-shape," so much so that he declared it almost looked as neat as an "hospital ward at Netley."

Strangely enough, though the soldiers lay down ready to turn out at a moment's notice, fully accoutred, no attack was made during the night, and though the sentries were very watchful, and the officer went his round several times over, everything was quiet and still. No enemy appeared. But in the early dull grey morning, when the officer looked out from a stone sentry box on the parapet, he saw what to others might seem black spots, but were to his practised eye Caffres, amid the thick grass, on the sloping hill—and in swarms.

So the men were quietly "warned," and with that peculiar steadiness and solidity of English infantry which the old Duke was so fond of, and made Marshal Bugeaud declare that the "English Infantry was the finest in the world," they all were "told off" to their respective posts.

"Luckily, Sergeant Jones," said the active officer, "we have plenty of amunition, and if they will only come within good range we shall give them 'a devil of a peppering.'"

You must excuse, kind readers, under such circumstances, such strong language from a very young man.

"I am very sorry," the officer also remarked, "that they have attacked to-day, as I wanted to give the men a good Christmas dinner; but such is the fate of war."

And then he hummed Wolfe's famous song, which has been often hummed before, and will be as often hummed again, under similar circumstances. All of a sudden he said to Sergeant Jones,—

"By George, they are pouring down the hills, the ground is black with them. Go round to the men, tell them not to fire until they hear the bugle, if they can help it, and not to throw a cartridge and much more a life away; I don't want a single fellow to be missing at 'roll call,' and when we eat our Christmas dinner, not even a Fingoe. I wish there had been time to give them their breakfast first, but there isn't."

As Sergeant Jones left him, "ping, ping," from the corner, told that a sharp-sighted marksman had got a man within range, and the cheers told that a Caffre leader had fallen.

"Well done, Jenkins," said the officer, "that was a very good shot."

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins modestly, "but I'll do better yet;" and you need not doubt but that he did.

It would be impossible in one "Maga" to tell of the hot long struggle of that eventful day. Unweariedly did those gallant fellows, obeying orders, keep under cover, though somewhat grumblingly.

The English soldier believes in "going in," and despite "scientificists," and lecturers, and civilians, who, to my mind, will tell English soldiers too often how *not* to do it, there is a good deal in the theory after all.

"Close with the enemy," is a maxim which pleased equally the great Conde, Suwaroff, Nelson, and Tegetthoff, and though the Martini-Henry has brought with it "strange conceits," I am rather still inclined to think that, after all, it will be the "rush" that will decide all at the last.

About five that evening heavy firing on the right flank, and evidently artillery fire, told the little garrison that help was near.

"Ah," said the officer cheerfully, "that's Anstruther with his guns, and Pat O'Flaherty with his rockets. It will be very soon over, now!"

And he was right; for all of a sudden the Caffres disappeared like Roderick Dhu's men in the "Lady of the Lake," and the firing from the front ceased.

Just at this moment an officer in artillery uniform galloped across the hill, and, coming up to the low parapet, said,—

"Well, old fellow, the varmints are off; Pat declares that his last rocket bowled over the chief. But at any rate, they are in full retreat. Bye-bye; a merry Christmas to you!"

And away he galloped to where his men were limbering up and preparing to march back to their encampment some miles away, and eat their Christmas dinner.

For a little while all remained quiet in and about the fort, and the men still were at their posts. At last the officer had the "assembly" sounded, and that gallant little garrison collected together on their little parade-ground in the fort. Happily, not one was missing, and only two were wounded.

"Well," said the officer to his men, "you've done very well; you will all be glad of something to eat."

The men feelingly assented by their looks, and Sergeant Jones said, in a solemn manner,—

"I presume, sir, though most of the cookery has been spoiled, Mrs. Jones says, owing to them badly-clothed Caffres having attacked to-day, the men may now go to their Christmas dinner."

"Certainly," the officer said, with a smile on his face; "and I wish them all good appetites. I must go and see our poor wounded fellows. March the men to their Christmas dinner."

As it turned out, neither of the men was badly wounded, it being only from

"*ricochet*," and they were soon comfortably taken care of, and, I believe, managed to eat a Christmas dinner too.

Well, that Christmas dinner was at last eaten, and I'll venture to say no cheerier Christmas dinner ever was eaten. How the good things disappeared, and how they danced afterwards, and how they sang, need not to be told here.

And when in the evening the officer led down Mrs. Jones to Sir Roger de Coverley, —for they had a fiddle, a bugle, a banjo, and "bones,"—the cheering might have been heard for miles!

And then came an impromptu "social gathering;" they drank the "Queen and Royal Family," and the "army," and the "regiment," and the "officer commanding," and "sweethearts and wives," and "friends in Old England," and "comrades in the field;" and when they broke up, I fancy that, except the watchful sentries, the snoring was heavy and the sleep was long!

The next morning the officer read the Christmas Day service, and made some very seasonable remarks, which were very well taken; for soldiers are a very sensible body of men, and the idea that soldiers are not religious is an entire delusion.

Sergeant Jones said to his officer after the service, as they were settling the details of duty,—

"Sir, we have had a very hard fight, and a good Christmas dinner; how queer it is, sir, that them savages should attack us on Christmas Day."

"Not at all queer," replied the officer; "they know no better, and perhaps we should rather pity them than blame them."

"Well, sir," said Sergeant Jones, "that may be so, sir, and begging your pardon for making the remark, but I do think if they would wear more clothes, sir, they would not be so savage-like, and, above all, sir, they would not attack us on Christmas Day."

"Well, never mind, Sergeant Jones," said the officer, laughing heartily; "thank God we licked the enemy, and thank God we eat our Christmas dinner, and no one is missing."

And so "mote it be," let us say, whenever the British soldier does his duty, as he always does it so well (wherever it be), and is before the enemy fighting for Queen and Country.

GERMAN MASONIC TEACHING ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FAREWELL ADDRESS BY BRO. BERGMANN, TO THE LODGE MINERVA, AT LEIPSIC, 1778.

(*Translated specially for the Masonic Magazine.*)

THE words of the dying tend commonly to find a fitting entrance in the minds of those to whom they are specially addressed, at least, one cannot deny to them a certain emphatic power of arousing feeling and attention. The soul is then through mournful episodes enlarged and expanded, and, as it were, rendered more susceptible of the impression of certain things, more decidedly affected by certain perceptions, and more heartily assured of the words which flow from the lips of the dying. The truth of all this is confirmed by daily proofs.

Fathers at the edge of the grave, how much effect have your last words on your children assembled around you! Teachers of the approaching death-hour, how deeply their pious exhortations sink into the souls of their hearers! Friends at the portals of eternity, how dear were their last warm wishes, and goodly entreaties!

I am myself almost a dying mortal, soon to be removed from you, perhaps parted

for ever, until God shall revivify these ashes, call me back to life, in which we all have a common share.

I follow my destiny, and leave Leipsic, whither I came from a far land to cultivate my understanding and my heart, to collect together fruits of wisdom and virtue, and to make myself useful to the world and to my Fatherland. How far I have fulfilled these my immediate and pleasant duties, I leave to my future superiors to decide, or to God when He demands a reckoning of the "talents" lent to me. Here fail me neither the applause of my teachers and my friends nor the far more elevated approbation of my own conscience.

My constant wish was in the Church and citizen life to accomplish something of good, and so long as this heart beats in me I will zealously seek to carry it out.

Soon I leave Leipsic, where I have lived full three years in happy youthful content, and have learned to bear with a manly soul the pleasant and the unpleasant. Soon leave I the friends of my heart, yes, dear to my heart, and impressed for ever upon it with imperishable traits,—a painful thought when one feels the true worth of friendship, the noblest gift of God.

Soon, too, I leave thee, beloved "Minerva," teacher of Masonic wisdom as well as my personal teacher; born and educated in thy bosom, under thy "Palms" often have I enjoyed the social glass.

I leave you, my brethren, whose consideration, love, and friendship I never can, never will forget.

And now listen to the entreaties which I in this cruel, sad separation from you all, which I put before you in this last discharge of duty as your Orator. Listen to my wishes, my last wishes—as the last wishes of a dying person—and their fulfilment, which alone depends on yourselves, will be my reward and my happiness.

First, Honour God and Religion. This is my first most urgent request. God, whom the whole of nature praises, and through unutterable marvels glorifies; whom Christendom proclaims as Father and Benefactor of the whole human race; whom the intellect recognizes, regards with awe, addresses; whom the heart feels and receives. Then is our morality pure, issuing from the best source, a blessing for us, a blessing for the world; if ambition be not our elastic spring; if our pride be not the impulse of our integrity and magnanimity; if avarice be not the spur of industry and general utility; if fear for injurious consequences of excess be not the ground of self-control and moderation; if our piety be not the mask of wickedness and artifice.

Honour Him through compassion and heartfelt mercy, through "good works" and helpful assistance to those who need the help of consolation and salvation. We are all children of one God, created to happiness and perfection, all of us enjoined to seek the *same for ourselves and others.*

Oh, if the honour of all men only was to be found in love and gentleness, and to rejoice in the affection of another, how happy would it be to be a man!

What a joyous prospect opens before my eyes, my dearest brethren, when I shall see this my first, this my heartfelt entreaty, for zeal in knowledge of God, in honouring of God, in love of God, fulfilled by you! I see men in this their perfection overstreaming with happiness—*this habitation changed into a heaven; unstained hearts consecrated to* God and virtue; patriotic citizens, true to their country, benefactors of the State and its members; friends of mankind whom a warmer and more intelligent religious zeal excites to deeds of beneficence; Masons, the ornaments of their order, and promoters of its ever-increasing renown; brethren, with brotherly hearts;—and in all these things believers, who hope, with rejoicing soul, for a happy future.

Have Self-respect, my Brethren. This is my second and as earnest entreaty, my next solemn wish.

With right can we regard true honour as a spur to great deeds, and as a restraint in unbridled follies. Without it, all our powers would succumb to apathy, and, like standing waters, overflow in foulness. You know your own worth as men and as Masons.

In all our assemblies you are always reminded of this when you enter this house;* endeavour to maintain it before the whole world. Be true to your end and be true to virtue in order to fulfil your duties; thus learn to respect yourselves, and the world will not withdraw its approval from you. Whoever, in respect of this last duty, is altogether indifferent, possesses not the least touch of feeling, which we may regard as the germ of all true honour, and which is only altogether dead and extinguished in one who is utterly vicious!

Oh, my brethren, great is the honourable thought to be a friend of virtue! This should animate your present efforts, should be your surest companion in the pathway of life, your consolation in unpleasant and painful events, your joy in happiness and well-being, your attendant into eternity. Ten times greater shame must cover us, if we wander from the right way, since we profess to avoid the base, and banish them from our circle, since we recommend to our brethren virtue and morality, and hold so firmly by the observance of our laws and ordinances, and proclaim ourselves to the world as friends of humanity.

No, let our pride be the intelligent pride of true service, our honour the honour of virtue.

Honour the Order. This is my third request. Honour it in the persuasion of its excellency, without reference to so-called "observances" † and systems, more especially when we know the origin of the Order, have mastered its organization in full, and have learned to look upon its history, and are infected neither by a desire of novelty nor fanaticism. Honour it before the world by prudent behaviour, and wise examples, by loving works and deeds, by true Masonic zeal. Perhaps Providence has a near future of happier times for the Order for the completion of its end, unattainable by itself. Honour it by industrious meditations on its excellent secrets, which lie hidden under the veil of hieroglyphics. Collect together the researches and knowledge of intelligent and prudent members of the Order, but with caution and without misuse. Then you will never repent to have entered into this Association; you will be able to find more tranquillity in it than the dumb observers of our customs.

And now, my brethren, allow these my wishes and entreaties to be for ever impressed on your hearts; this is the best remembrance which you can present me with, the reward for any humble services rendered to this Lodge. Receive from me, my brethren, now these symbols of my office, with the most lively thanks for your kindly trust in my lowly powers. May all my successors, nevertheless, in this honourable post, bear them as a sacred remembrance of their duties. As much as I could do I did. Faults in respect of readiness of speech, a brother will cover with a mantle of love, and where the heart utters the only language of our assemblies, no rules are required.

Truth in artistic clothing is herself there without any pomp.

Truth—Masonic Truth—I spoke to you, and in good hearts it took root.

Have I, however, fulfilled my duty with truth, with zeal, with industry, with the attention which, at my undertaking of the same, was so impressively inculcated by your Master?

I read in your countenances the, for me, happy and flattering reply to my question.

So at last I am released from this my place as Orator of this "just" and "perfect" Lodge; but I am not severed from your heart, Honourable Master, who have always loved me. No! So much the more am I linked to it, so much the more is my separation sorrowful. I have so much to be thankful for, that I cannot find words sufficient to express my gratitude. You were my brother, friend, teacher, and counsellor. You were all to me, and under this name will I ever admire, prize, and honour you.

Happily and cheerfully may your life flow on, to your own reward and contentment, the good of the Fatherland, the welfare of the Order and our Minerva, unto dis-

* It has this inscription. Γνωθι Σεαυτον.

† Alluding no doubt to the "Street Observances," etc.

tant years. Give me your affection and brotherly love, which as a worldly treasure I will endeavour worthily to return.

May a good Providence ever watch over you worthy Brethren, Wardens, Officers, and Members of this Lodge, whose regard and brotherly friendship have ever been my happiness and honour, and which I ask of you always, and may nothing of good ever fail any of you. May you enjoy in undisturbed peace the worth of a happy cheerful life. More I cannot now say to you. I feel the loss that I, through my departure from these walls and your midst must suffer too deeply.

Farewell—for evermore farewell,

Sis Felix et Memor Nostri Vivas.

A MEMORY.

THE END OF 1878.

IDLEST of dreams! yet still to me
Thou lingerest in this vale of tears,
A gleam of gracious witchery
Adown these troublous years;
And all I think, and all I feel,
Like wavelets to the sea,
What tongue can tell, or heart reveal,
Is a memory of thee.

A hushed strain in the midnight,
A perfume fading fast,
A vision gladdening and bright,
A bliss too great to last;
As a gentle zephyr playing
Over a verdant lea,
My memory it is straying
In tenderness to thee.

Once more in these darksome hours
I see thee sitting near;
Once more, in leaf-stripped bowers,
Thy dear form does appear:
In joyous mood I turn once more
In heart and fancy free
To youth's radiant and rosy shore,
With a memory of thee.

The dream is o'er! thy voice is mute!
Thy shadow sadly flies,
Vain is the idly proffered suit,
Veiled are those liquid eyes.
Life comes and goes; old age deforms
Glad scenes of hope and glee;
But yet I cherish 'mid its storms
One memory of thee.

W.

ROB MOORSON.

A YORKSHIRE CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL,

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

"THINK well what you are doing, Lucy. Much as I love you, I will never remain here if you really prefer Tom Merriford. Your happiness is too dear to me to let my presence annoy you. I will go away for some years, till I think I can bear to return and look calmly upon you as the wife of another."

"What a jealous old fellow you are, Rob," said Lucy. "You would always be at my apron-string. It is too bad of you to hinder me having a flirt with anyone that takes my fancy. Tom is a light-hearted young man, and always makes one feel so merry; besides, I am not to be scolded by you, Master Rob. I shall just do as I like. But you will come to the church to-night, and assist in the decorations, won't you?"

"I have promised, and I will keep my word," said he; "but I hope you will spare me all the pain you can. I have suffered so much of late, and you know, Lucy, it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back; so I beg of you, for both our sakes, to examine well the state of your feelings towards me."

The speakers were Rob Moorson and Lucy Fennel. Rob was a respectable young farmer and land-agent, and resided with his widowed mother and two younger brothers on the outskirts of a small country village that nestled snugly amongst the Yorkshire hills. Lucy was the only daughter of one of the well-to-do villagers, and followed the occupation of a schoolmistress. She was a dark-eyed village beauty, and was much sought after by the young men of the neighbourhood; but Rob Moorson had been so far the favoured suitor.

Only a few weeks before the commencement of our story, a young man had arrived as assistant to the only draper in the place. He was a smart, winning young fellow, and had already commenced a flirtation with Lucy. She, however, only regarded it in that light, as her whole heart had been given to Rob.

When evening came, and all the young people had gathered together at the church, Rob sought out Lucy, and asked her to join him in the decorating. But, unfortunately, Tom Merriford was standing near. So, with a proud turn of her head, she told Rob that she should not confine herself to anyone, for one was as good as another to her; and off she went laughing, to join several of her young female companions. Presently, however, she was handing up sprigs of holly to Tom, who was decorating the reading-desk.

Rob saw all this, and quite made up his mind that Lucy had ceased to love him.

On leaving the church, Lucy again joined the group of her female friends, and Tom Merriford soon made his way in amongst them, and took up his place by her side; poor Rob walking on behind them, half-maddened by their ill-timed jokes at his expense.

When they arrived at Lucy's home, she bade them all good-night, and passed through the wicket-gate into the garden, Rob quickly following her.

"Lucy," said he, "let me speak to you a few moments. I want to tell you that I cannot bear this treatment any longer. I must leave this place at once if you have ceased to love me,—which I think you must have done, by your conduct to me to-night. The day after to-morrow will be Christmas Eve. Will you meet me to-morrow night at our old trysting-place? *I* shall be there. Think it well over till then, dear Lucy! and let me know honestly your feelings towards me. Should you fail to keep the appointment, I shall conclude that you do not wish to see me again, and I shall leave here as soon as possible. Remember I am serious. If I go, I shall not return for

years, if ever. Good-night! and may you be happy, if I am miserable." And so saying, he closed the gate after him, and took his way home.

In her own little chamber that night Lucy resolved to go and meet Rob the following evening, and to set his mind at rest. "Dear old fellow!" she said aloud, "what a shame it is of me to teaze him so much!" But, unfortunately for them both, she did not keep her resolve; for, in passing down the village next night, she met with two of her female acquaintances, who began teazing her about Rob's jealousy—telling her that she ought to teach him better, and not let him have all his own way; and she —poor weak girl that she was—paid too much heed to what they said, and all her good intentions went for nothing.

"Well," said Lucy, "I was just on my way to meet him now, but I think I will take your advice and punish him a little: it will not be for long, for to-morrow night I shall see him at his sister's, as we have both promised to take our Christmas Eve supper at their farm. I shall soon make it all right with Rob, for he is a dear, good fellow; and after that I will not teaze him any more." So, instead of keeping the appointment, she went and spent the evening at the home of her companions.

Meanwhile, poor Rob was wandering up and down, under the shadow of some fine old elms, where Lucy and he had so often walked together; and he kept wondering if she would come, so much of his life's happiness depended upon this night's meeting. It was a remarkably fine night for that season of the year, the slight covering of snow on the ground being audibly crisp beneath the tread, whilst the sky overhead was illuminated with innumerable little stars, as if to light true lovers on their way.

When the village clock struck nine Rob gave up all hopes of seeing Lucy, but still he kept pacing to and fro till the clock struck ten. After that he reluctantly turned his steps homeward. Arriving there, he told his mother that he was about to prepare for a long journey. He intended leaving home before daylight next morning; one of the men would have to be up early to drive him to the railway station; and his brother John, who had been accustomed to assist him both in the management of the farm and in his stewardships, was to take his place in everything that he had been employed in. He then confided to her all his trouble about Lucy: how she had deceived him, and how dearly he loved her; and also that he could not stay and see her the wife another. He wished that she might be happy; and if ever he thought he could bear to look calmly upon her and her husband he might perhaps return. He could not say when that would be. But, if ever he came back again, it would be on a Christmas Eve, as he was leaving them at that time.

Long and earnestly did his mother entreat him not to leave his home for the loss of his sweetheart, telling him that it would wear off in time, and all might be well with him again. But all her entreaties were in vain. So, with an aching heart, she set about helping him to prepare for his journey.

His portmanteau and his trunks were speedily packed; and, taking with him a sufficient sum of money for immediate requirements, he started before daybreak for the station, confiding to his mother the care of all he left behind him, with his dearest love to his sisters. He had already promised to write to his mother from time to time, but she could not wring from him a promise to send them his address abroad, for he said that he did not want to hear the village news in the land of his adoption, as it would be too painful to him; but he intended seeing the immense prairies and forests of the New World.

The news spread rapidly in the village and its environs that morning that Rob Moorson had gone off to America. One of Lucy's friends, as soon as she heard it, hastened away to the schoolroom to tell her. She found her just about to dismiss her scholars for their Christmas holiday, and she was busy giving to each child a small present.

Seeing her looking so happy, her friend had not the heart to tell her the news just then, but waited until all were gone out of the schoolroom but themselves. Then she said,—

"Lucy, have you heard that Rob Moorson has gone from home this morning?"

"No," answered she, "I have not; but surely there is nothing unusual about that! Rob often goes from home. But he will be back to-night, for we have promised to join a party at his sister's, and we shall be so merry!"

Her friend made no reply; and Lucy putting on her hat and cloak, the two went out together.

On their way along the village her friend said,—

"I am afraid, Lucy, that Rob won't be with you to-night."

"Not with us!" ejaculated Lucy. "What is it, Mary? Has anything happened to dear Rob? Do tell me at once. You are hiding something from me, I am sure."

"Nothing serious has happened to him that I am aware of," said Mary; "but let us get into the house, and then I will tell you what I have heard."

They entered Lucy's home, and then Mary told her that the report was that Rob had suddenly gone off to America.

Lucy sat mute and motionless as a statue for some time. At last a great sigh gave her relief; for, as Ford says,—

"'Tis the silent griefs that cut the heart-strings."

"And this," she exclaimed, when the power of speech returned to her, "this is my doing!—all my doing! Oh, Rob! this is more punishment than I can bear!" And she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

The day following she was too ill to rise, and the "merry Christmas" she had looked forward to was spent on a bed of sickness; a slow fever being the result of the shock she had received. And all this, she said, was brought on by her own foolish conduct. She was not worthy of Rob, and now she was justly punished!

Old Mrs. Moorson, hearing of the poor girl's unfortunate state, went, like the good Christian that she was, to visit her, and to give her all the consolation in her power; for she saw how thoroughly she repented of her conduct to Rob. This was a great comfort to Lucy, and was the turning-point in her illness. For to be forgiven by his mother for the trouble she had brought upon her was more, she said, than she could ever have expected; for she took all the blame upon herself, and would not allow any one, in her presence, to blame Rob for being too hasty.

Mrs. Moorson frequently visited Lucy, and always with words of consolation, telling her that they would bear their troubles together, and if Rob came back again she hoped they might share their joys in the same way.

Slowly and sadly Lucy began to regain her health and strength. In a few weeks she was able to resume her duties at the school, but all her old gaiety had left her; and steadily and soberly she moved about among her pupils, all the energy she possessed being now devoted to their mental and moral improvement. Fortunately she was spared the pain of meeting Tom Merriford again, he having left the place during her illness, to enter upon a more lucrative situation. And Tom was one of those general lovers who do not break their hearts for the girls they leave behind them.

The year passed away without anything very eventful happening to her, excepting the news of Rob's safe arrival in America. He had written to his mother to say that he had reached his destination, and was in good health; but no address was given, even the postmarks affording a poor clue, as he stated that his letter was posted at a considerable distance from where he was residing.

Christmas came round again, and Lucy was invited to spend it with Mrs. Moorson, at her pleasant little homestead, which was perched nearly at the top of one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood, commanding one of those extensive views for which Yorkshire is so famous—landscapes which must be seen to be appreciated.

The day preceding Christmas-day passed away. The huge yule-log burned brightly on the capacious hearth; the yule-candles added their light to show the green leaves and red berries more brightly on the walls; the yule-cake and cheese were duly cut, and the furmity too was there, but it was no "merry Christmas," for no Rob came to gladden their hearts. Yet the two resolved to sit up all night and wait for him, in case he should have been delayed so as to arrive at an untimely hour.

A lamp, well-trimmed, was placed in a chamber window, so as to show a light upon the mountainous road leading up to the house. But, alas! morning dawned, and Rob came not; and now they had no hope of seeing him for the next twelve months; for they were both sure that he would keep his word as to the time of his arrival, if he ever came at all, being on a Christmas Eve.

Three more years passed away, and every Christmas Eve was spent by good old Mrs. Moorson and Lucy in watching for the arrival of Rob, the lamp duly showing its light from the window till daylight dawned on Christmas morning; but still he came not. In the meantime several letters had arrived from him, stating that he was in California, and working very hard, doing his best to try to forget the past; and when he felt that he could do so happily, he hoped to return home to his dear old mother and friends once more. He told, also, how he had been struck down by fever, but he had been carefully tended by kind friends whom he had met with on his arrival. They were English people, and he had shared their home during all his residence in California, and his winter evenings had been spent in teaching the children of the worthy people who had been so kind to him in his trouble; and he was happy to state that he was once more in the enjoyment of that inestimable blessing, good health.

* * * * * * *

In the spring of the year, when Rob had been absent from home four years, the man whose home he shared announced to him his intention of returning to England during the summer, as he had realised a sufficient sum of money to make him and his family comfortable in his native land; and he longed to see his old home once more, and all the dear familiar scenes of his childhood. He strongly advised Rob to accompany them, seeing that he, too, had been very successful, and was now a comparatively rich man.

Rob demurred at first. But the thought of being left alone when his dear friends were gone was too much for him, and at last he consented to accompany them. He also had a great longing to see his dear old mother and his home again; so it was agreed that they would all return together. Rob was first to go with them to their native place in the south of England; and, when Christmas came round again, he said he should pay a visit to his relatives amongst the Yorkshire hills.

All necessary preparations having been made, Rob and his friends set sail for England, where they arrived safely in the early part of September.

Having secured a pleasant residence in his native village in Essex, Rob's friend settled down, as he said, "for life." In the meantime Rob paid several visits to the great metropolis, and saw all the principal sights of London; always going, when he wished for rest, to his dear friends in Essex, and many a pleasant day he spent in Epping Forest when the autumnal tints were on the trees.

The autumn, with its grand garniture of many-coloured leaves, wore away, and Christmas was near once again, when Rob made arrangements for his journey into Yorkshire. He was to arrive at his mother's house on Christmas Eve; and, if his false love and her husband had left the village, as he hoped they might have done, he would probably remain there for the remainder of his days; but if not, he would return to his friends in Essex, and only visit his Yorkshire home occasionally to see his relations and friends, and enjoy those charming landscapes from the summit of his native hills, which had often presented themselves, as pleasant pictures, in what Shakspere would call his "mind's eye," as he mused by the firelight of a winter's night, when far away across the broad Atlantic.

On the twenty-fourth of December he arrived at the market-town nearest to his for-some-time-forsaken home. But a great storm had arisen; the snow had been laid deeply on the ground for some days; the frost was intense; and the wind, in all its fury, was busy forming those dangerous snow-drifts, beneath which so many lives have been lost; so that he was a bold man indeed who durst attempt to climb the Yorkshire hills on such a tempestuous night as that.

Rob tried hard to tempt the landlord of the principal inn, with great gifts, to allow one of his men to drive him to the farm; but all he could induce him to promise was

that he should be driven to the foot of the hills. Even this, the innkeeper said, was a dangerous undertaking; and he strongly urged his guest not to leave the shelter of his roof that evening, telling him that he little knew what he was about to undertake, as it would be almost certain death for anyone to attempt to go up the hills on such a fearful night. But all his reasoning was in vain. Rob was determined to go; so, according to the promise given, a close carriage, with a pair of the landlord's most powerful post-horses, was brought out, and Rob started on his perilous adventure; for his was an iron will, not easily to be bent or broken.

The storm still raged furiously; and at the foot of the first hill they came to, the driver said that he could not possibly go any further; and he tried hard to persuade his passenger to return with him to the town, telling him that he would be frozen to death if he attempted to finish the journey; but all was of no avail. Rob was determined, if possible, to return home that Christmas Eve.

Having dismissed the driver with a handsome present, Rob set off alone, to do battle with the storm, which seemed to increase its fury every step he took.

They who have never encountered a strong north-easter on the Yorkshire hills, with the snow driving in drifts about them, filling up the deepest ditches and water-courses, burying even the dry stone walls that take the place of hedges, and rendering every trace of roads undiscernible, can have no idea of the dangerous task he had undertaken. The wind and snow, and frost combined, were too great for human strength to bear up against. Slow, very slow, was the progress he made up the first hill, and many times he was on the point of sinking down; but he fought manfully to keep upon his feet, knowing that if ever he sat down, sleep would overpower him, and all would soon be over with him as a living man. He managed to descend on the other side; but, alas! another hill, steeper than the one he had surmounted, remained to be climbed before he could reach his destination.

His clothes were now all frozen upon him, and his hair and beard were filled with a mass of icy snow. Wearily he tried to ascend, but a strange feeling had come over him. He seemed to have lost all interest in life, and the only thing he wished for was —rest! At last he saw a bright light in the distance, and, for a moment, hope revived within him, for he knew that it came from his mother's house.

"Ah!" he thought, "they are keeping their merry Christmas! and I, who hoped to have been with them, must perish here alone. Oh! mother, mother! my life's journey is finished!"

He partly ascended the eminence on which the house stood, but could do no more; and, sinking down upon the ground, he was speedily covered up with a mantle of snow, but for which he must have perished by the intense frost in a single hour.

Mrs. Moorson and Lucy, as usual, were keeping their watch on Christmas Eve for Rob's return; and almost wishing that this night, of all others that they had watched for him, they might be disappointed, as they knew the perils of the mountain road on such a night as that.

As soon as Christmas morning dawned, Rob's elder brother, and one of the men-servants, accompanied by their faithful old dog, went forth to look for some sheep, which, they were afraid, might have perished, or otherwise be drifted up prisoners, during the night.

The storm had now somewhat abated; and, about half-way down the hill, Rover came to a stand, and began snuffing about a large snowdrift at the side of the road. Thinking that some of the poor sheep might be buried in it, they set about removing the snow very carefully with a shovel they had taken with them, fully expecting that they would require it in searching for the sheep.

It is scarcely possible to say how greatly they were alarmed, on removing a portion of the snowdrift, to find a human being, instead of the sheep they were seeking for.

They raised him up gently; and, although he was quite unconscious, they felt that there was still some little warmth about the region of the heart; and, wrapping him up carefully in their own top-coats, they carried him, in all haste, to the farm. In the indistinct light they had not recognised his features; but, in laying him down on the "long settle" by the kitchen fire, his brother called out, in a frantic voice,—

"It is Rob! It is poor Rob!"

Mrs. Moorson and Lucy had both gone, only a short time before, to take a little rest; but hearing the young man's loud cry, they hastened downstairs, to see him whom they had so long and anxiously watched for arrived at last, but lying to all appearance dead.

Mrs. Moorson, in her great agony, cried aloud,—

"My son! my son! to see you like this!—to die at your own mother's door! Oh, God! give me strength to bear this heavy trial!"

"Hush, hush!" said Lucy, in a calm voice; "this is no time for lamentations. We must set about trying to restore animation at once."

Quickly a bed was prepared, and the poor sufferer was placed in it. Hot water was put to his feet, gentle friction applied to the body, and such simple remedies as they could think of were not spared, until the arrival of the doctor, who had been speedily sent for.

For a long time all their efforts seemed to be unavailing, but at last he began to breathe feebly, and then they all hoped for the best.

The struggle was hard between life and death. At last the doctor said that he had hopes that he might live, but he would need to be kept quiet, and require the greatest care. But Rob was in good hands.

Poor Lucy, who had hitherto been the most useful member of the household, now gave way, and had to be carried out of the room in a fainting condition.

For many days Rob's case was a very critical one, as his death might have taken place at any moment; a severe fever being the result of his night's exposure—his feet and legs also being frost-bitten to an alarming extent. All was done for the poor fellow that human skill could devise; but he long remained in an unconscious state. His mother and Lucy, who had somewhat recovered, were his constant attendants; and never was poor invalid more carefully nursed. Sometimes he would mutter, in a low voice, about the dreadful snow, and the light shining in his mother's window. If only he could but once see his mother, then he could die happy. But to die so near, without seeing her, was hard indeed! Mutterings that wrung that mother's heart!

The poor old lady wept bitterly when she heard him talking thus; and Lucy, who was nearly as bad as herself, did all she could to comfort her.

When the fever had reached its height, Rob fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for a considerable time, and his awaking was anxiously looked for, as this was thought to be the turning point in his illness. Well did Shakspere term sleep "Nature's soft nurse!"

His mother was seated beside him when this occurred. He opened his eyes, and looked earnestly at her. Then he held out his hand to her, and smiled. His consciousness had returned at last.

The doctor now ordered more than ordinary quietness to be observed in the room, and told Lucy not to enter it again when he was awake, for the excitement of seeing her might be too much for his feeble strength.

After this, he began gradually to recover; but, alas! he could not move his limbs, they had been so much frost-bitten. For some time there was great fear that several of his toes would have to be amputated; but, by great skill in their treatment, he was spared that infliction, to the great joy of his friends as well as of himself.

He was now able to converse with his mother and friends; but so far Lucy had never been named by any of them. However, one day, when he had been making inquiries about several of the villagers, his mother said to him,—

"How is it, Rob, that you never ask about Lucy?"

He gave a sudden start, and then said,—

"I will tell you, mother, what I dreamt during my illness. I thought that I was stricken down, and could not help myself in any way; and then I thought that Lucy came and ministered to my wants. And then the thought came to me, if I could only die now, what happiness it would be, to have *her* looking upon me to the last! But it was only a dream, mother! I should like you to tell me now if she and her husband

reside in the village? Much depends upon your answer to this: for if it be so, I fear, if ever I get well again, I shall have to leave you once more. For since I have had my dream, I feel that I cannot bear to see her as the wife of another."

"Dear Rob!" said his mother, "I will tell you another day all about Lucy. I fear you will not be able to bear it now, we have talked so much already."

"Nonsense!" said he. "Do tell me at once, so that I may be able to form my plans for the future as I am lying idle here; I think I can bear what you may have to tell me now."

"Well, then," rejoined his mother, "in the first place, whoever told you, dear Rob, that Lucy was married at all?"

"Not married!" he exclaimed. "Did the villain dare to win her from me, and then deceive her? If so, he shall answer for this! I will——"

"Stop, stop, Rob!" broke in his mother. "You are getting excited already. Be calm, for all our sakes. The young man never did any harm to Lucy. There never was any courting between them. And Lucy never loved but one man; and that is —your dear self, Rob!"

"Mother!" replied Rob, "I can hardly believe what you have been telling me! It seems to me that my life has been one great mistake. But I am beginning to see through it now. This has all been brought about by my own hasty temper and mad jealousy. I have been punished; but, it seems to me, not so much as I have deserved, when I think of the suffering I must have caused her and you. Can you forgive me, mother? And if Lucy is still in the village, do you think that she will come and say she forgives me too? This is all I can now hope for at her hands. Me a poor cripple, that may never be able to work for my own living again."

"Yes, my son!" replied Mrs. Moorson; "she will come and see you. But she says that it is *you* that she hopes may forgive *her* for the misery she has caused us all by her own foolish conduct. She will come to-morrow to spend the Sunday with us; then you shall see her, and she will tell you all. And as to your dream, my boy, it was a reality; for Lucy nursed you, as long as you were unconscious; then, by the doctor's orders, she left us, and went to resume her duties at the school; but daily she has come to the farm, to inquire after your health, and also to ask if you had ever named her. The light you saw in the window was placed there by her hands. Every Christmas Eve since you left us, we have put it there; and we two have watched till daylight for your return. And now that you are here, Rob, I hope you may never leave us again. I have told you enough for the present; do not ask me any more, or you will not be able to see Lucy to-morrow."

So saying, she left the room, that he might not overtask himself by continuing the conversation.

On Sunday morning Lucy arrived, and was told by Mrs. Moorson of all that had been said by Rob and her on the preceding day. Great was her joy to think that she would that day be admitted to his presence, and be able to talk with him of the sad mistake which they had both made in the past, which had caused themselves and others so much sorrow.

The meeting took place in the afternoon, and was a most affecting one. Mutual explanations of their past conduct were made; and Lucy left the farm on the following morning in a more cheerful frame of mind than she had enjoyed during the past five years.

Rob began to recover, but the lameness in his legs and feet still continued. He was able to sit up daily, and even to cross the room on crutches. Lucy spent two or three hours every evening with him. During one of her visits he told her that he could never hope for her becoming his wife now, seeing that he was a poor cripple, and that he might never be able to work for his own livelihood again. Lucy burst into tears, and replied,—

"Dear Rob! if that is all that is to stand in the way of our union, let me never hear you name it again. I am young and strong, and as it was all through me that you were brought into this state, surely you will allow me to work for you. I have my

situation as schoolmistress, and my father is not without money; and, being his only child, I am sure he would do much for my happiness: and what greater joy can come to me than to have you to tend and care for?"

Rob was quite overcome by Lucy's devotion; but he would not agree to her proposal. However, it was finally settled before she left the house that, as soon as he was well again, they were to be married, and Lucy was to leave all care for the future to him.

Lucy was much surprised one day to receive a present of a handsome gold watch and chain, with a paper enclosed in the same parcel, containing the following words:—

"To Miss Lucy Fennel, as a small acknowledgment of her many kindnesses to Rob Moorson during his severe illness."

She was very proud of her splendid present, but wished Rob had been more careful of his money when they were about to begin housekeeping.

As soon as her duties were over at the school, she hastened away to the farm, to thank him, also to caution him about being more careful of his money, as much would be needed for their future wants.

Rob waited patiently till she had done talking, and then, calling his mother into the room, he told them both of his altered circumstances; how he had realized a handsome fortune in California; and now that he had found his dear Lucy leal and true, he intended to settle down in or near his native village. There would be no necessity for either Lucy or him to work; and, after her noble offer to him, he had determined not to keep them in suspense any longer as to their future means of living.

Of course his announcement was a great surprise to them all; for Rob well knew that all the kindness that had been bestowed upon him had nothing but love for its basis. He was now recovering his strength very rapidly, and was able to move about by the aid of a walking-stick alone; but the doctor gave it as his opinion that he would always be slightly lame to the end of his life. After all the suffering he had passed through, Rob and his friends looked upon this as a comparatively trifling calamity.

It was now arranged that the marriage was to take place early in September, just a year from the time when Rob returned to England; and Lucy was at once to resign her situation at the school. This latter was done greatly to the regret of both her scholars and their parents, who were sincerely sorry to lose her gentle services.

Pleasantly with them the summer passed; lovingly they wandered together over the green fields and breezy moorlands, ofttimes seeking shelter from the noonday sun among the greenwood trees, that were filled with wildflowers at their feet, and birds on every bough. All nature seemed to them in perfect harmony with their own feelings. Rob became the purchaser of a small estate, not far from his native village, and Beech Tree House was now being fitted up for their future home.

September came at last, and the interesting ceremony was performed by the good old rector, at the village church where Rob had fostered his jealousy above five years before. The day was observed as a general holiday by all the villagers. The school girls, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, were arranged on each side of the footpath, from the lych-gate to the porch, strewing flowers not more beautiful than their own smiling faces,—for Lucy was one of those wise teachers who win the love of their pupils. A white-haired old man among the many there to wish them joy was heard to say,—

"Poor things! they have been treading on thorns long enough, it is time they were among the roses now," a sentiment in which both young and old concurred.

A large party were assembled at the farm to partake of the wedding breakfast; and the festivities were kept up all day. Before starting on their marriage tour to London—and from thence to pay a promised visit to his Californian friends in Essex—Rob said that he wished to say a few words to the young men present, and they were these:—

"Let me warn you never to give way to jealousy; and, above all, never be too hasty in your judgment of the conduct of others, and you will be spared much misery."

After he had finished speaking, Lucy stood up and said that she did not think it

right that Master Rob should have all the moralizing to himself. She also wished to impress it very deeply on the minds of her young female friends, that it was a most dangerous thing to give way to flirtation; and she begged of them all, if they valued their own happiness and that of others, to avoid it; and, above all, she advised them, whatever they did, always to keep their tryst with the man whom they loved.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

PARTED.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Written for the Masonic Magazine.*)

Ah me! I remember the Sabbath bells pealing,
And heard the clear echoes 'midst answering hills;
The babbling brooks their presence revealing
By rippling cascades, and musical rills.

And there was one with me who loved the fair landscape,
The grand rocky cliffs and the brave breezy down;
Who knew the bright colours and forms of the cloud-wraith;
Who wooed the blest country, and hated the town.

And little thought I when the rich blood was mounting,
Suffusing her cheeks with a pure carmine glow,
That the fingers of fate her short days were counting,
And nature of health made a treacherous show.

We loved and we parted, our summer was over,
There only remained to us winter's fierce wind;
For fate was against us, and I, a gay rover,
Wandered disconsolate, seeming unkind.

And then I came back, and the deep bells were tolling
For the bright English maiden I left in her youth;
And I found that when oceans between us were rolling,
Grim Death made her his, and I guessed at the truth.

For slander and calumny had come between us,
They drove me away, and they'd broken her heart;
And false pride prevented what would best beseem us,
The kiss of forgiveness, and so we did part.

And this was the end of our gay walks together,
Listening gladly to wild birds' soft songs;
Wandering foot-deep in rich purple heather,
Little we dreamed of all our cruel wrongs!

Oh! maidens, bethink you, when false friends discover
Some flaw or some fault in the man you love best;
Trust not to their friendship, but trust *him*, your lover,
Believe no ill of him, and leave all the rest.

First learn to respect, and then to defend him,
If worthy of fealty, true to the core;
Let no one have power, not the mother who bore him,
To break plighted troth to him evermore.

Choose well, then be stedfast, resist all endeavour
To separate you from the man whom you love;
Have faith in him always, let naught dissever;
Believe in the power which reigneth above.

Whenever the bells are merrily ringing,
I think of the days when a dear wedded wife
Was coming so surely, joyously singing,
To take her place by me;—alas, came the strife.

A shadow of mystery saddened our story,
Long days of unrest and nights full of gloom;
A treacherous deed from life took the glory,
And carried my sweet bride with grief to the tomb.

Fowey, Cornwall.

THE MAP OF EUROPE IN 1879.

BY PTOLEMY PHILADELPHOS.

I VENTURED in Bro. Kenning's admirable Christmas number of 1877 to give my opinion on the map of Europe as it presented itself to my "optic nerve," or nervous optics, whichever you like; and with the same fraternal permission, and under the same gay and genial auspices, I repeat my little "deliverance" at Christmas, 1878! A year ago, I ventured to speak of the probabilities of the future. Now those probabilities have become realities—events, which nothing can affect, and no one can gainsay. No more momentous treaty ever was signed than the Berlin Treaty, in the history of nations, inasmuch as it begins to deal with that "Crux" for all Europe and all diplomatists, the "Eastern Question." It may be remembered by some of my readers that a year ago I sketched out geographically a settlement of the Oriental Embroglio, which was characterized by two leading points—diminution of the maimed Turkish power, and watching of the great and growing Russian Empire. Such too seems to be the leading idea of the Berlin Treaty, and such no doubt are, in my opinion, both the essence of the whole question and the actual necessity of the case. Though the result has not been achieved in the same manner I ventured to sketch out, "currente calamo," yet it has been brought about almost identically, if in another way. Great Britain watches over the reformed, if diminished, "Ottoman Porte," and is there to "surveiller" the progress and proceedings of the Russian Empire. That fact I regarded, with no special concern for one side or other in the struggle, as the inevitable outcome of diplomatic acuteness, the Nemesis of outraged humanity! I still am of opinion that my idea of a resuscitated Poland would have but met the actual needs of Europe, and advanced most truly the best interests of the East. It would have been a guarantee for the peace of the world, and the tranquil progress of nations. I thought so then—I think so still. And I will tell my readers why.

I do not for one moment blink the delicacy of the situation, or the perplexity of the case. I do not overlook the pride and martial spirit of Germany, the ability of Prince Bismarck, or the abstract and concrete difficulty of "Retrocession." Like the lamented Prince Consort, I feel the intense seriousness of the question—"When you talk of resuscitated Poland, what Poland do you mean?"

I originally alluded to the great principle of compensation, and I adhere to it to-day; it is in that I foresee the possibility of a general pacification of Europe, and the prosperity of the East. I confess that I have very little hope or trust in Turkey. If events are sometimes stronger than men, men still rule events, in my humble opinion, and some great and sagacious ruler may yet start up, capable of revivifying and welding together the still wide but seemingly dissolving Turkish rule. But as far as one can now realize the probable march of events, the apparent contingencies of the future, in that wondrous and yet mysterious East, we cannot hope for vitality or duration in the Ottoman sway. It is permeated by evils of numerous if conflicting kinds, and is to outward appearance wanting in the very first principles of cohesion, unity, harmony, and progress. That its "poor soldiers" have fought well, is an historical fact—that Turkey has able men among its leaders, is perhaps true; but the inherent viciousness of its whole administration seems to be so great, both in its corruption and tyranny, its injustice and its intolerance, that to reform it would appear to be hopeless—to uphold it would appear to be impossible.

And yet who can venture to predict the things that will yet be, in that far-off and wonderful clime? It has passed through scathing trials, and desperate convulsions; it has outlived invasion and insurrection, the loss of a province, the fall of a dynasty; and, weak and disunited as it is, survives, when other seemingly far stronger and more homogeneous States have gone down before it, in the "maelstrom" of eddying and destructive time.

As Lord Salisbury has put it, in one of his able state papers—no clearer or more striking are to be found in the annals or archives of English diplomacy—Turkey has another chance, and is bid to set her house in order. Will she avail herself of it? Will she do it? These are questions which can only be answered as the solemn "Parcæ" decide the fates and destinies of nations, in the "years that are to be." Such questions and answers we must, I fear, leave solemnly, if anxiously, to-day, to that history which always repeats itself, to those marvellous events which display alike the greatness and the littleness of men, which unfold the comedies and tragedies of nations, which illustrate the heroism and yet the wickedness of the world.

But going back to my great principle of compensation, I cannot see why all cannot be settled "à l'aimable." I was perhaps a little indistinct in my last "sketch," giving up Constantinople to Russia, though I rather proposed to place at Constantinople a Christian power agreeable to Russia; and I think it was Mr. Duff who started the idea (not perhaps a bad one) of a Christian Bulgarian Byzantine Empire, with the Duke of Edinburgh at its head.

I cannot see why, if Europe is consenting, and the principle of compensation can be found, Poland might not be resuscitated, and form a mighty wedge as between Russia and Europe.

Of course Germany is greatly interested in this question; but Germany might receive large pecuniary compensation, a large transfer of funded debt, and a good deal of territorial increase, which would give her all she wants, and not indispose her to an ally between Russia and herself. With Luxemburg, Heligoland, Rhodes, a repayment of all Silesian expenditure, and a large transfer of national debt, a "modus vivendi" might be found, one is disposed to fancy. Prussia's administration of Silesia has been admirable, and its people are much happier than under its former haphazard government, and probably a large portion of Silesia might prefer to remain German. I have been asked, What about the seaboard? Well, I do not deny the difficulty; but I am rather looking at a solution of that dreadful "embarras" in which Europe is placed, large increasing standing armies, with a sad waste of moral and material expenditure, as the necessary struggle to be prepared for all eventualities. There is a chronic evil, a

great injustice, an open sore, in Europe, which it behoves all statesmen to remember and to realize, and which, until it is dealt with, constitutes the abiding weakness (be it noted) of three of the most powerful empires in the world—Austria, Germany, and Russia. Does any one doubt but that Austria, Germany, and Russia would be stronger without an absorbed Poland than with it? I fancy no one can or will hold any such view really and truly.

But admitted the evil, where is the remedy? It can only be brought about by a second Treaty of Berlin, which, recognizing the injustice of the past, the inconvenience of the present, and appreciating the true interests of the future, seeks, "timely wise," by a real conservative policy (in no party sense), to simplify, to harmonize, to rearrange, and readjust the now confused map of Europe, which seems too often only to offer a prey to some disturber of the public peace, some "hostis humani generis," some titled pirate, or some communistic freebooter. Still, let us gratefully realize how much has been done, what has been accomplished, alike on sound and just principles. If I still adhere to my little geographical programme, it is because I feel sure the question must come up again, and until it is comfortably settled will constitute a dilemma for Europe and the world.

Austria has practically received an extension in Bosnia, a very good move, inasmuch as then we shall open out neglected regions and fertile countries to commerce, and to civilization. Montenegro has got something, Servia has received a good deal, Roumania even more, and Greece, let us trust, may yet see its fair national inspirations rewarded. But Greece can never expect to be dissociated from Athens. It would be profanation. If a Byzantine empire is to exist, it has nothing to do with Greece, which, in my opinion should alone only seek and wish to be "Greece, and living Greece once more." What has Greece to do with Constantinople?

How far years of trial and emigration, of association with questionable leaders, and secret societies have affected the average Pole of to-day, so as to render him incapable of self-government, is, I fancy, a very debatable proposition indeed. If some thus hotly contend, others as firmly believe, that, warned by the errors and follies of the past, deploring national disunion, and loving national life—imbued by patriotic loyalty and chivalric fervour—a Constitutional Poland might arise, destined to be useful to Europe, and a blessing to its own people. But here I must stop. I have been writing geographically. I am now verging necessarily on the political, and such is forbidden by the unchangingtenets of Freemasonry. Would that all Masonic jurisdictions just now would remember that most important and wholesome truth!

What 1879 may bring for Europe and the world, who can say to-day? I do not profess to be a prophet, but am what some one has called a "suggestive party," who in these comfortable and classic pages dares to propound a long-forgotten maxim, by nations as well as by men, that "injustice is a great wrong socially, politically, nationally, morally," and that no government, be it what it may—autocratic, constitutional, or republican—which forgets this unchanged law of man and nations, but finds sooner or later an avenging "Nemesis," which either "saps its power or lowers its prestige."

I trust that the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* will take these offhand and unpretentious lucubrations of mine at their proper value, which is simply that of a humble contribution by a Freemason, to the geography, the peace, the progress of Europe, the extension of the blessings of civil government and religious liberty, the reintegration of the great family of nations on the lasting principles of justice and legality, social order, and religious toleration.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LODGE OF ANTIQUITY, NO. 146, BOLTON.

BY BRO. JAMES NEWTON, P.M., BOLTON.

THE Warrant of Constitution under which the Lodge meets was granted by the "Ancients" Grand Lodge on the 24th June, 1776, to the Worshipful Charles Walker, as Master, the Worshipful Richard Worthington, his Senior Warden, and the Worshipful James Taylor, his Junior Warden, empowering them "to open and hold a Lodge at the sign of the Fox (or elsewhere), in the Town of Leigh, in the County of Lancaster, upon every Thursday next to each full moon."

Unfortunately the first Minute Book of the Lodge cannot now be found, though it is known to have been in existence a few years ago. The minutes at present extant date back in a complete form to January, 1786.

A few years after the date of the Warrant the Lodge seems to have been removed to Bolton, and the minutes show that the Lodge has continued to meet uninterruptedly at Bolton since 1786, viz.: from 1786 to 1793, at the Crown Inn; from 1793 to 1802, at the Black Horse Inn; from 1802 to 1812, at the Weavers' Arms Inn; from 1812 to 1816, at the Four Horse Shoes Inn; from 1816 to 1855, at the Rising Sun Inn; from 1855 to 1861, at the One Horse Shoe Inn; from 1861 to the present time at the Bull's Head Inn.

The Lodge possesses a code of Byelaws dated 17th January, 1786, certified by Bro. John McCormick, Grand Secretary, in the following terms: "These Rules and Orders are now in practice, and in full force." These Byelaws are printed on large paper, with blanks to be filled up in writing for the No. of the Lodge, and for the amounts of fees, subscriptions, fines, etc., being evidently prepared by the Grand Lodge for such Lodges as were under its jurisdiction, the object being, doubtless, to ensure uniformity in the Byelaws of Lodges.

A few Extracts from the Byelaws are here subjoined:—

"No. 1. If any member be absent one hour after the appointed time of meeting, he shall be fined threepence, and if absent the whole night or time of business, he shall be fined sixpence (except such absentee be sick, lame, in confinement, or upwards of three miles from the place of meeting), and sixpence for neglecting to come to the Lodge in a white handkerchief."

No. 2 provides for the election of the Master and all the inferior officers by ballot at the stated Lodge next before each St. John's day.

No. 4 imposes fines for refusing to serve as officers: Master, 5s.; Wardens and Secretary, 2s. 6d. each; Deacons, 1s. each; Treasurer, "at the discretion of the majority."

No. 7 fixes the subscription of each member at 1s. 6d., every stated Lodge night "of which tenpence shall be spent, and the remainder put into the fund for the relief of indigent brethren."

No. 9 fixes the proposition fee for a candidate for initiation at "not less than one crown," and if the candidate be approved on ballot, "whatsoever sum the Brethren shall think proper, not less than two guineas and a half, and cloathe the Lodge if required."

No. 10 fixes the joining fee at "not less than five shillings."

No. 11 imposes a fine "at the discretion of the majority," in case any Brother "curse, swear, lay or offer to lay wagers, or use any reproachful language in derogation of God's name, or corruption of good manners, or interrupt any officer whilst speaking."

No. 12 provides that "if any Member come disguised in liquor he shall be admonished by the presiding officer for the first offence; for the second of the same

nature he shall be fined one shilling; and for the third he shall be excluded and reported to the Grand Lodge."

No. 20 provides a fee of 1s. each to the Tyler and Secretary for every Mason made in this Lodge and 6d. for every joining member.

No. 24 enacts that "no Brother under the degree of Master Mason shall be admitted to visit this Lodge upon any pretence whatsoever."

The fines for absence and other causes seem to have been regularly enforced for a great number of years, and the Minutes during this period contain the names of those Brethren who rendered themselves liable to such fines.

The officers were elected every six months until the end of 1801, since which time they have been chosen every twelve months.

In the early existence of the Lodge, it was not an unusual occurrence for candidates to be initiated, passed, and raised the same evening.

Although prohibited from countenancing any Lodges under the "Moderns" Grand Lodge, there seems to have always been the greatest cordiality between this Lodge and the Anchor and Hope Lodge (now No. 37), warranted 23rd October, 1732, which was a "Moderns" Lodge, and visits seem to have been regularly interchanged by the Members of both Lodges, and on the occasions of processions to church (which, by the way, seem to have been of annual occurrence), the two Lodges both took part therein. It must, however, be observed that when any Brother joined this Lodge from a Moderns Lodge he had to be re-initiated, passed, and raised, the three ceremonies in these cases being performed the same evening.

The Minutes of the Lodge meetings are generally very explicit, and some of the most interesting of the earlier Minutes are here given.

At a meeting held 14th April, 1786, a lecture was given by Bro. Gilbert Robinson, on the Second Step of Masonry, and it is stated that "Bro. B. was fined 2d. for sleeping whilst the lecture was giving, when a question was put to him," and another Brother was fined 1d. for whispering.

Under date 21st June, 1786, appear the Minutes of a "Grand Lodge held at ye Queen's Head, in Wigan, Lancashire," on which occasion it is stated that "the Right Worshipful Brother John Watson, appointed in pursuance of a deputation sent to him for that purpose, from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England, and ye Masonical jurisdiction thereof, with Gilbert Robinson, his Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, John Parker, his Right Worshipful Senior Warden, William Macavory, his Right Worshipful Junior Warden, and John Barlow, his Grand Secretary, open'd a Grand Lodge in due form upon the 3rd step of Masonry, and proceeded to the Installation (or Constitution) of Lodge No. 235" (now the Lodge of Antiquity, No. 178), and particulars are given of the installation of the Master and officers, etc.

On the 20th July, 1786, a Lodge of Emergency was held for the purpose of attending the funeral of Bro. Jas. Taylor, "late Master of ye Lodge."

On the 28th August, 1786, "a lecture was given by the W. M. Bro. G. Robinson, on the 2nd Step of Masonry so far as the explanation of the pillars."

On the 8th September, 1786, "Received one book of 'Ahiman Rezon' in part of the three paid for, from the Grand Lodge."

At this meeting "Bro. Taylor's widow presented the Lodge with a sword, for which they esteem the gratitude and respect she shews to her late husband's memory, and the craft in general."

At this meeting also "Bro. C. was fined 9d. for refusing to accept the books and perform his duty as Secretary."

At the festival of St. John, held 27th December, 1786, "Bro. Worshipful nominated Bro. G. as Senior Deacon, on account of Bro. T. not attending. Bro. G. being rather dilatory in his duty of Senior Deacon, Bro. Worshipful appointed Bro. M."

Under date 1st March, 1787, appear the Minutes of a "Grand Lodge held at the Swan, Chorley," when "Bro. Charles Aldcroft (Master of this Lodge) Grand Master, appointed by virtue of a deputation sent to him for that purpose from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England, with Bro. P. Bentley, his R.W.D. Grand Master, Bro.

Thomas Walker, of No. 235, Wigan, his R.W. Senior Grand Warden, and Bro. H. Woods, of No. 196, his R.W. Junior G. Warden, and Bro. James Gradwell, his R.W. Grand Secretary, proceeded to constitute the Lodge, No. 238." This Lodge is now extinct.

At the Regular Lodge held 24th January, 1788, "the Worshipful Master was fined 2d. for writing a letter in Lodge hours when at labour, also 2d. for not being cloathed, also 6d. for not appointing a deputy during his absence."

At a meeting held 16th November, 1793, "Agreed by the Lodge to make a contribution for purchasing flannel waistcoats for the brave soldiers serving under the Duke of York. Collected for that purpose, £3 14s. 6d."

Under date 20th April, 1797, appear the Minutes of a "Grand Lodge held at the Hand and Banner, Bolton," on which occasion "Bro. James Abel (Master of this Lodge), Grand Master, appointed by virtue of a deputation sent to him for that purpose from the Ancient Grand Lodge of England with Bro. James Banks, of No. 196, his R.W. Deputy Grand Master, Bro. Thomas Walker, of No. 235, Wigan, his R.W. Senior Warden, Bro. Robert Mansley, of No. 238, Chorley, his R.W. Junior Warden, and Bro. James Gradwell, of No. 196, his Grand Secretary, proceeded to constitute the Lodge, No. 303" (now St. John's Lodge, No. 221).

Under date 1st March, 1798, appear the Minutes of a Grand Lodge held at Blackburn, on the occasion of the Constitution of Lodge No. 310 (now Lodge of Benevolence, No. 226).

On 1st June, 1798, "A present was made by Bro. G., of an excellent warm cap for the Tyler."

On 21st December, 1798, "Bro. R. made a present to the Lodge of 'Ahiman Rezon.'"

This Brother's present appears to have been returned, as it is stated, on 13th September, 1799, "The present made of 'Ahiman Rezon,' by Bro. R. to this Lodge, is agreed on to be return'd to W. W., as being his property."

At the Regular Lodge, held 1st October, 1799, "the W.M. was fined 2s. 6d. for being absent one hour, and, being rather intoxicated, was order'd to sit as a private member."

On 24th April, 1812, "On account of this town and neighbourhood being in a disturbed state, and many of our members being on military and other duty, the absentees to be excused from fines."

On 6th May, 1814, "Proceeded in procession to meet the Bolton Local Militia on returning from garrison duty."

On 18th January, 1816, "Proceeded in procession to St. Peter's Church, accompanied by the Staff of the Bolton Local Militia, to return thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of peace."

On 14th August, 1818, "It is unanimously agreed that Bro. Stanley be presented with a Silver Medal as a reward for drawing a plan of an intended Freemasons' Hall, and that Bro. Bradley get it made."

On 12th February, 1819, "It was unanimously agreed that every member belonging to this Lodge when sick shall receive 6s. per week and 4s. per week when in prison for debt."

On 27th January, 1826, "Agreed by the Brethren present that one volume of Bro. Rev. George Oliver's 12 lectures be purchased."

A Lodge of Emergency was held on 8th September, 1831, to "celebrate the Coronation of His Majesty King William the Fourth."

From this point to the present time the Minutes do not contain much to interest the readers of a Magazine, being confined principally to the ordinary records of a Lodge.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, M.W. Grand Master, has recently been pleased to grant a Warrant authorizing the Members of the Lodge to wear a Centenary Jewel.

The original number of the Lodge was 196, which was changed to 242 at the Union, in 1814; at the re-numbering of Lodges in 1832, the number was again changed to 170; and at the re-numbering in 1863, the number was altered to 146.

At the present time the Lodge is in an exceedingly prosperous condition, and the Master of the Lodge for the time being is a Vice-President of the three Great Masonic Institutions, thus demonstrating the fact that, in its prosperity, the Lodge has not neglected its duty in supporting the Charities of our Order. Indeed, whenever the Lodge is appealed to for the support of any worthy object, the result is invariably successful.

We congratulate the Lodge on its prosperity, and wish for a continuance of the same for many years to come.

AN UNKNOWN WATERING-PLACE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Member of the Durham and Northumberland Archæological and Architectural Society: Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers," "Amabel Vaughan," etc.

(*Written for the Masonic Magazine.*)

ONE of the most interesting and picturesque places in Cornwall (that most picturesque of counties) is the ancient town of Fowey (originally spelt and still pronounced Foy), and yet it is a place which to the general tourist is utterly unknown.

It is true that some of our yachting men have discovered that there is here one of the loveliest and safest land-locked harbours in England, and within the last few years the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Roden, the Earl of Ducie, the Duke of Bedford, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lord Alfred Paget, Sir George Stukeley, Bart., Lord Cremorne, Earl Beauchamp, Lord Penzance, the Marquis of Stafford, Baroness de Rothschild, the Earl of Gosford, and other distinguished people have visited Fowey in their yachts, and gone away well pleased with their discovery of so charming a locality. But though there is the old Ship Inn, with its quaint gables, and deep barge boards, and its quainter rooms, with carved mantelpieces centuries old, near the town quay; and the Commercial Inn, at the head of the town, a modern hostelry of the country sort, of which the landlord, by the way, is a brother Mason, and the accommodation very good though limited;—with these exceptions there is no place where visitors can stay, except two very comfortable though small lodging-houses on the Esplanade. An enterprising builder, with capital at command, might do worse than come to Fowey and build some villa residences for residents and visitors on the hills above the town.

Entering Fowey Harbour from the sea, on your right are the great cliffs above Polruan, rising some four hundred feet out of the sea in perpendicular height, and at the highest point, Black Bottle Head, presenting a bold and precipitous, not to say a pitiless, front to the waves. Woe to the ship that comes ashore on this iron-bound coast—no chance of safety except a lifeboat were near—no sandy shore on which a vessel might be safely grounded, nothing but great boulders and jagged rocks, which, in the rough south-west gales that visit these coasts, would grind a vessel to tinder, and dash its crew to pieces in a very few short minutes.

At the entrance to the harbour, on the Polruan side, is a white cross, known as

Punchey Cross, which marks the limits of the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Burgesses of Lostwithiel, an old town situated six miles up the beautiful river Fowey, and which had, by prescriptive right, jurisdiction over the whole harbour—a right commuted now into a money payment, or tribute, of £40 per annum, paid by the Harbour Commissioners to the authorities at Lostwithiel. It is said that Punchey was originally written Pontius, and that Pontius Pilate landed there, though there is probably no reliable tradition of his ever visiting Britain.

Polruan, which is just opposite to Fowey, as Birkenhead is to Liverpool, is a queer, straggling village, which climbs up the side of a hill, parts of the by-streets being literally carved out of the rock. On the summit of the hill, which dominates the little town or village, are the remains of St. Saviour's Monastery, and further on an old Cornish cross over a holy well, and the view from thence is very fine. On the top of the cliffs you can see, in fine weather, looking eastward, far beyond the Rame Head, round which one goes into Plymouth Sound—to the Bolt Head and Tail, fifty miles off, and on this side of Dartmouth; whilst on the other side you look across westward to Point Neptune, St. Catherine's Head, with the old castle, of the time of Henry VIII., still in fair preservation, beneath it, and the Mausoleum at the top, containing the remains of the Hon. Mrs. Rashleigh (daughter of the 11th Lord Blantyre) and her husband, Bro. Rashleigh, a well-known Mason, and a member of an old Cornish family connected with Fowey for centuries past. Beyond this head is the Gribban, on which is an enormous tower or day-mark, erected by the Trinity House some years since, and which would be more useful than it is if it were converted into a lighthouse, which is greatly wanted at Fowey.

Close beneath the Gribban is the pretty beach of Pridmouth, adjacent to Menabilly, the seat of the Rashleighs, where there is a wonderful little grotto, made by the late Mr. Rashleigh, and containing pieces of the ores of Cornish copper, lead, tin, and iron, and all the various crystals of each, together with other geological and mineralogical specimens of great value, such as agates, jasper, etc., exhibited on the walls and roof of the grotto in picturesque profusion, and well worth seeing. The collection is said to be worth £60,000. But far beyond the Gribban does the eye wander right across St. Austell Bay to the range of coast as far as the Dodman, the limit on this side of the port of Fowey, and containing in its boundary westward the creeks of Par, Charlestown, and Pentewan (near which the famous Pentewan stone, used for church purposes, is found). In fine weather, from Polruan Hill, you can see a low line of coast like a faint cloud on the horizon, which is near to the Lizard, and on the other side of Falmouth. On the summit of the hill above Fowey (which lies along the harbour and river side, nestling for shelter, as it were, from the wild storms under its shadow) is the remains of an old tower, believed to have been a mill, and which is mentioned, we have learned, in deeds of the twelfth century. Some very handsome Board Schools have just been built below here, and a noble grammar school is now in course of erection—both from designs by Bro. Sylvanus Trevail, a rising and very successful Cornish architect; and built by Bro. John Julian (of Julian and Sons, Truro). Who shall say who looks at these buildings that Operative Masonry is no longer practised among us?

The parish church is a very fine structure, built in the reign of Edward IV., on the site of a much older edifice, and recently restored at the cost of £4,000, raised through the indefatigable exertions of the vicar, the Rev. H. N. Purcell, and Bro. the Rev. Dr. Treffry, of Place. The monuments here, to the memory of the Treffrys and Rashleighs, principally Elizabethan, are very fine, and have been restored and painted by Dr. Drake, a descendant of the famous Sir Francis Drake, a well-known Cornish genealogist, who is thought very highly of at Herald's College (if report speaks true), particularly by our distinguished Brother Sir Albert Woods, Garter King at Arms.

Dr. Drake, who is an accomplished scholar and antiquarian, and author as well as artist, has added much interest to the church by painting the shields—supported by carved figures of angels, which decorate the old waggon-headed roof—with the arms of the ancient families connected with Fowey, and has published, amongst other more important works, an interesting little history of St. Fimbarrus Church, containing an

account of the antiquities. St. Fimbarrus, a Cornish bishop of the 6th century, is said to be buried here.

So the genealogist traces the history of Fowey from the heraldic shields containing the arms of the Plantagenets, Bohuns, Courtenays, Carews, Rashleighs, Treffrys, and other less known names of families connected with the place.

In 1347 Fowey sent forty-seven ships and 770 men for the siege of Calais. Looe, now a creek of Fowey, but then an independent port (a very pretty place and well worth visiting, ten miles to the east of Fowey), sent twenty ships and 315 mariners to assist King Edward III. on this occasion; whilst London only furnished twenty-five ships and 662 mariners. This will give some idea of the importance of these western ports in those old days. The streets of Fowey are so narrow that in no place could two carriages pass one another, and in many places in the principal thoroughfares, if one meets a vehicle of any sort, it is necessary to stand in a doorway and trust to Providence not to be run over. There are one or two quaint Elizabethan houses, with queer gables, latticed heavy mullioned windows, and deep carved barge boards, dear to the antiquarian, and one fine old house, said to have been the town residence of the Rashleighs in the 14th or 15th centuries, still retains its beautiful old stone Gothic windows and doorways, and fine carved oak beams across the roof. Part of it is used as a newsroom for the Working Men's Institute, a prosperous body of 250 members (under the genial presidency of the vicar), who have just erected a new and commodious building as an Institute, which is to be opened on the 25th November, by the Lord Bishop of Truro, and, it is hoped, our courteous and courtly Provincial Grand Master, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall.

But the most interesting building in Fowey is Plâce (which is the old British name for palace), a grand Gothic castellated residence of the 15th century, standing on an eminence above the church, in its own beautiful grounds, and the residence of a gentleman of the old school, the Rev. Edward Treffry, D.C.L., a very worthy brother Mason, P.M. of the Fowey Lodge, and a P.E.C. of the Restormel Preceptory of Knights Templar of Tywardreath.

There is a very beautiful porphyry hall at Plâce, itself alone worth coming many miles to see. The roof, walls, and floor are all polished porphyry, and it is said that its value, taking into consideration the labour as well as cost of material, is such that if it were lined instead with the precious metals it could not have cost more. The Queen and Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales visited Fowey, in 1848 we think it was, and were hospitably entertained of course at Plâce. The Prince was very much struck with the porphyry hall, and said he should like to build one like it at Windsor, but he could not afford it. A great carved high-backed chair, which was used by Queen Elizabeth when she visited the then Bishop of Exeter, and which was given to the late owner of Plâce, by Bishop Philpotts, was pointed out to her Majesty, who made a reverence or deep obeisance to it, and declined to sit in it, remarking that it was not Royal etiquette to be seated in the chair of her ancestors.

There are one or two interesting stained glass windows in Plâce—one of the period containing the Black Prince's badge, the ostrich plumes out of a ducal coronet, but with the legend or motto spelt in "old English," "*Hic Dein*," instead of "*Ich Dien*." Perhaps this may be the ancient German mode of spelling the words which are now translated "I serve." Here also is a portrait of Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, who married a Treffry.

In 1457, King John of France sent a squadron of ships to burn down and ravage the town, in revenge for many victories obtained over the French by "the gallant men of Fowey," as they were called in the middle ages. They sailed past the two forts built in the reign of Edward III., and which are still standing, and came secretly in the dead of night and burned the little town, whilst the inhabitants fled in terror from their enemies. They afterwards attacked Plâce, which was not at that time fortified, and the then owner, Thomas Treffry, being absent, his wife Dame Elizabeth Treffry rallied the citizens round her, fought the French, and drove them back to their ships; and her effigy, which was discovered some years since when restoring the castle, is now to be

seen over a granite gateway under the great tower, with a record of her heroism. Warwick, the King Maker, befriended the Fowey people and helped them to rebuild their town, and, as Lord High Admiral, gave them letters of marque, which enabled them to use their ships as privateers and harass the French, and greatly enrich themselves with the prizes they took. In gratitude they placed his badge, the ragged staff, on their church and houses, where it may be seen carved in the enrichments on the tower of St. Fimbarrus and on the walls of Plâce to this day.

It is to be feared that in those days they were rather given to piracy, at least Hals the historian says so, and Edward IV., in 1478, sent a sergeant-at-arms to Fowey to apprehend the principal men concerned, but they cut off his ears and sent him back to the king. "At which affront," Hals says, "the king was so distasted that soon after he sent down commissioners to Lostwithiel under pretence of raising seamen to go to war with the French, and that such amongst them as appeared most fit and able should have command of some of the King's best ships. At this news a great part of the freemen and seamen of Foy were drawn to Lostwithiel, where they no sooner came but they were immediately apprehended and taken into custody for the crimes aforesaid, their ill-gotten goods and chattels seized by the sheriff and King's officers, and one Harrington, a most notorious pirate, executed; and the chain of their harbour removed to Dartmouth." In 1666, when we were at war with Holland, a Dutch man-of-war of seventy guns, doubly manned (sent from their main fleet of eighty sail, that lay at anchor and cruised before the haven in pursuit of our Virginia fleet of eighty sail, which had escaped them, and had sailed right up the harbour into the river, and there grounded) resolved to force its way past the forts and burn the fleet. But she reckoned without her host, for after two hours' hard fighting, the forts being manned by the Fowey men and seamen from the Virginia fleet, she was beaten off and obliged to turn back and bear off to sea. The cargo of the whole fleet, composed of tobacco, was landed at Fowey, and being sold at a very cheap rate in consequence of the cost of transport to London in those days, the people purchased it in large quantities, and on the conclusion of the peace it was sold again in France, Spain, and Holland, very dear, and so enriched the good people of Fowey, who, a friend suggests, were always most prosperous in lawless times—when we were at war.

Fowey, ecclesiastically, was under the Priory of Tywardreath, a little town three miles off, which reminds us that when the Restormel Preceptory of Knights Templar was consecrated and opened there,—some few year since,—the Templar body went in all their regalia to church there,—the Earl of St. German's, then Lord Eliot, Provincial Grand Commander of Cornwall, and Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Chancellor of the Order, and Col. Peard (Garibaldi's Englishman), whose handsome residence, Trenythen, is hard by, being amongst their number; and it is said that this was the first public procession of Templars in England since the Reformation. On a future occasion we may return to the subject and tell more tales of the old Cornish towns.

In concluding this article, we cannot help remarking how many lovely spots there are like Fowey and its neighbourhood, full of interest in every way to the artist, the antiquarian, the botanist, and geologist, and yet tourists pass them by and never think of looking at home for the beauties and historical associations they might find as well here as abroad. The writer took two ladies up the Fowey river this summer. They were enchanted. One remarked: "Dear me, this is quite as beautiful as the Rhine;" and the other said: "They talk of the Dart, why, this is quite as fine." "I know it," was the answer, "but then no one seems to have heard of the river Fowey."

The harbour is enclosed by great hills, and just across the river opposite the north end of the town is Bodinnick, above which is Hall, the ancient residence of the Mohuns. The Lord Mohun of that day was one of the cavaliers, and Charles II., visiting him here, took a great delight in promenading a green lane near the top of the hill which looks down on Fowey harbour and across the bay to the Dodman and Lizard. It is still known as Hall Walk, and is memorable from the fact that the King was shot at here, but without effect, though a peasant near by was struck with the ball. King Charles, it is said, himself remarked on the beauty of the scenery about this

neighbourhood, and thought the wiew from Hall Walk the loveliest of its kind he had ever seen. The climate here is so mild and equable, and the town so sheltered by the hills from the north and east winds, that it is a wonder it has not long ere this been noted as a health resort. To our thinking, it is quite capable of being made as popular as it is certainly as beautiful as Torquay, for nature has done everything, and man but little as yet, in modern times at least, for one of the most picturesque places in all England.

SHAKSPERE, HIS FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.

AN HISTORICAL GOSSIP.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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IT is most marvellous, when one comes to look at it, to find how little the world really knows of many of its greatest benefactors. That much had to be done towards civilization before men could hand down to posterity any record of the lives and deaths of their fellows, or of any remarkable natural phenomena that might have come under their notice, can easily be conceived. Cuneiform inscriptions on Persian or Babylonish terra-cotta, hieroglyphics on Egyptian tombs, and Runic characters in our own or other countries, all speak plainly of a time when the human intellect had in some measure succeeded in bringing rude matter into due form. When the leaves of the papyrus, and skins of goats, sheep, and calves were found capable of being converted into materials on which men could hand down to posterity a written scroll, something more than the first step had been taken on the way to the pedestals of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty. Many of the mythical characters of antiquity, as I take it, originated in vain attempts to chronicle the true actions of real personages by that unreliable, but then only available, method of oral tradition. Thus, for instance, old Bacchus, the original cultivator of the vine, becomes gradually transformed into the god of drunken revelry; and each minstrel and story-teller of the past depicted the dim original in such flaming colours as accorded best with their own unbridled fancy. But that the greatest genius that the world seems yet to have produced, should have been allowed to leave the earth with less record of his life and actions than is frequently inscribed over the pompous tombs of thousands of wealthy Nobodies, does certainly seem, to my poor judgment, not only most remarkable, but pitiful in the extreme. For, as Steevens has remarked, alas! with too much truth: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspere is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon; married, and had children there; went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

And this occurred, not in the dark ages of which we hear so much, but at a time when he was surrounded by bright, though lesser lights, it is true, moving in every orbit of our unequalled English literature!

As my literary friend, the late John Bolton Rogerson, has truly sung:—

> "How shall we speak of him whose cherish'd name
> Is link'd to glorious and undying fame—
> Poet of every clime, and class, and age,
> The worshipp'd wonder of the world's wide stage!

What pen can write, what tongue can speak of him
In terms that seem not lustreless and dim?
Yet turn we ever wondering to the past,
To pierce the shroud round Shakspere's greatness cast.
How look'd he in his mortal life? How spoke
Those lips that passions numberless have woke?
How fashion'd was the temple that enshrined
The fair and matchless jewel of his mind?
What was the seeming of his human form,
Ere it became a dweller with the worm?
What were the sources from whose founts he drew
His draughts of knowledge, ever fresh and true!
What volumes came before his studious sight?
Whose leaves for him bore fruits of wise delight!
Who were the co-mates of that wondrous man,
Who knew alike both prince and artizan?
With equal skill he painted mirth and woe—
What joys were his? what sorrows did he know?
Alike he knew the smallest, greatest things,
The schemes of pedlars, and the plots of kings,
The buoyant hopes of youth, the cares of age,
The quips of jester, and the saws of sage.
With fairy elves he fill'd the mystic green,
Or cast his spells o'er some enchanted scene;
For him the past gave up its mighty dead,
And heroes paced again with mailèd tread;
He waved at will his ever-potent wand,
And forms appear'd from known and unknown land."

They who ignorantly imagine that our great dramatist was unappreciated in his own day and generation, and is never mentioned by contemporary writers, have yet to study our glorious Elizabethan literature. And yet, as Ralph Waldo Emerson well observes:—

"There is somewhat touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckinghams; and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and their minds to receive this and not another bias. A popular player—nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men as from courtiers and frivolous people Bacon, who took the inventory of the human understanding for his time, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, though we have strained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he has conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two."

But despite the want of a Boswell to record for posterity the sayings and doings of him whose name, as Hallam has it, "is the greatest in our literature—is the greatest in all literature"—though the cloud of obscurity hanging about his personal history will, now, in all probability, never be altogether removed (yet one cannot say what documents are yet remaining, lying, like useless lumber, rotting amidst dust and dampness, which only need a Brother Payne Collier's penetration to throw additional light on this important subject), we are able to gather together a few particulars relating to some of those persons with whom he must frequently have come in contact, either as friends or otherwise. Next to knowing a man himself, one always has a pleasure in being familiar with his friends, and even his casual acquaintances—like the man who had seen a man who had seen the king! For they who had met with the player Shakspere, had seen one mightier and nobler than all the crowned sovereigns of the kingdoms of the earth,—

"One of those giant minds, who, from the mass
Of millions, soar aloft, and spurn control.
* * * He was one
Born to ascend superior over all!
A monument of greatness, and—alone!
An intellectual monarch, with the mind his throne."

JOHN WALKER ORD.

Judging from my own experience, and from my closest observation of others, as well as from the accounts I have read of most men who have really distinguished themselves for anything good, I should most unhesitatingly say, that the great bard, in all probability, owed most of that lovable nature, which won for him, from his contemporaries, the highly honourable title of the "gentle Shakspere," almost entirely to his mother, the Mary Arden whom the once substantial John Shakspere had won, from her pleasant Wilmcote home, to be his bride, little thinking that she was to give birth to, and nurture, a son whose fame will last until "the crack of doom." They who feel an interest in the welfare of the human race, as every Freemason professes to do, should look most assiduously to the true education of the future wives and mothers of their country; for on them mainly depends the training of its citizens, when their plastic minds are susceptible of indelible impressions for good or for evil. That Mary Arden must have exercised a beneficent influence over "gentle Willie" is a firm faith of mine, and one may see its reasonableness confirmed through all his productions.

And next in order I would take that Anne Hathaway, of whom he sings so sweetly in his Sonnets; to win whom his footsteps have doubtless often paced that pleasant footpath from Stratford to Shottery: and her house at Shottery, though least visited by my brother Shaksperean pilgrims, is really the most genuine, because least tampered with, relic of the poet, except his monument and the Shakspere graves in the chancel of the fine old church by the willow-fringed Avon. For the birthplace of the poet had been awfully transmogrified—part into a public-house, and part into a butcher's shop—and though now properly enough restored to its former appearance, is necessarily partly new. The wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, and surviving him seven years, during which time the Stratford monument, as we learn from Ben Jonson's verses, had been erected (most probably by her), I look upon it as a piece of downright impertinence for anyone to write and speak, as many have done, and some still do, about Shakspere's being an unhappy marriage, seeing that there is not the shadow of a proof of the assertion, but every reason to believe that they were as dear to each other when Death did them part, as ever they were when the priest made them one. The fact is that, on its being first noticed by some would-be clever writers that the wise bard had only left her, in his will, the second-best bedstead, they immediately jumped to the conclusion that he had been one of the too many fools who have made awful mistakes in their marriage—the most important step in life—not being aware that she was entitled to dower, besides being, for anything we know to the contrary, otherwise provided for. Really, the impudent way in which some writers poke their pens into matters which do not concern them, and which they cannot possibly understand, and their diabolical wish to blacken the characters of their betters by blotting their worse-than-useless ink upon them, is to me a sorrowful sight, seeing that the profession of letters should be a holy one, used to enlighten, not to confuse; to elevate the human race, instead of degrading it to deeper depths of sensualism, by destroying all faith in the good and gifted of the great brotherhood of man. Unfortunately, too many literary men are like spiders, very much given to worrying one another. Those of them who keep scribbling on about the unhappy marriage of William Shakspere and Anne Hathaway are totally unfit for their vocation; and, in the language of the bard they traduce, "Let no such men be trusted." They are just as inane as the wretched drivellers on the very dangerous revolutionary character of Freemasonry in England.

An undoubted friend of Shakspere was Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, grandson of that first Earl who was Harry the Eighth's Lord Chancellor, and whose memory is to be held in eternal detestation for his cruel torturing of poor, gentle Anne Askew, for no other offence than refusing to own the dogma of transubstantiation. Of the wealth of the second Earl, father of the poet's patron, we can form some idea from Gervase Markham's description of him moving about with "a whole troop of at least a hundred well-mounted gentlemen and yeomen," all wearing gold chains and other adornments. As he died in 1581, leaving only two children,—a son, Henry, the third Earl, then only eight years old, and a daughter, Mary,—there must have been an immense accumulation of money during the thirteen years of the non-age, or legal

infancy, of the poet's patron; so that he could well afford to do the very generous act with which he is credited, of having kindly presented him with the then very large sum of a thousand pounds. He was only twenty years old when our bard dedicated to him, in much simpler language than was then the fashion, his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, afterwards followed by that of his *Lucrece*. He was pre-eminently a patron of letters; and we find Nashe and Gervase Markham also dedicating works to him. Rowe, who relates his noble generosity to the great dramatist, says: "There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspere's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

But, as the elder Hood sings,—

"*Alas for the rarity*
Of Christian charity
Under the sun,"

men are so eaten up with worldly selfishness that they are incapable, for the most part, of crediting the possibility of a nobleman rolling in riches doing so generous an act as to freely give, what to him would never be missed, to the greatest genius which the world ever produced. That a later, and, though much humbler, still highly-gifted dramatist, poor Tom Otway, should have literally died of hunger in the wealthiest metropolis, does not tax their credulity in the least; and they will probably readily believe my statement, that I have recently searched the churchyard of St. Clement's Danes in vain to find the graves of Otway and Nat Lee. We *can* easily credit the starving of a hundred good poets, but that a rich patron should give a thousand pounds —even to a Shakspere—alas! is too much for us to believe! Such is poor human nature! Verily, as Wordsworth sings,—

"The world *is* too much with us!"

And greatly do we need the constant iteration of our fine Masonic teaching, that "Charity has the approbation of heaven and of earth, and, like its sister, Mercy, blesses him that gives as well as him that receives." As the ritual is evidently much more modern than *The Merchant of Venice*, I guess this passage has misled those who unhesitatingly assert that Shakspere was a brother Mason,—an assertion which I should rejoice to see proven, but which I cannot find a particle of evidence to support. And Truth, above all things, is an essential Masonic virtue. The same remark will apply to the assertion, which I sometimes see made, that the divine Milton was also a brother of the Craft. Masonic students have "ample room and verge enough" to make known to us the many good and great men, in all departments, who can be proved to have really been "brothers of the mystic tie,"—a labour of love in which I am anxious to do what little comes "within the compass of my cable tow." But to claim every writer who has ever inculcated Masonic virtues as a brother of the Craft, from that simple circumstance alone, is as ridiculous as the attempt, made by a very learned divine, to prove the Oddfellows to have originated in ancient Rome; of the Foresters to claim a descent from the old keepers of the king's deer; of the Druids to claim descent from the ancient priesthood of Great Britain; of the Shepherds to claim David, the royal Psalmist, and the ancient shepherd kings, as belonging to their brotherhood; and of the Free Gardeners to reckon their origin from the time "when Adam delved and Eve span."

As Queen Elizabeth and King James the First were both delighted patrons of the great dramatist, it would be interesting to know, if one could only come at the facts, what they really did for him, and how far they had the true greatness to break through those social barriers that stood between them. That true poet, Edmund Spenser, in his *Thalia*, evidently alludes to Shakspere (though only then twenty-seven years of age) as "our pleasant Willy," from which it is not too much to surmise that the two greatest bards of that, and indeed of any other, era in our history, were familiar friends; Shakspere also having *his* kindly allusion to the author of the *Faery Queen*. Our national

topographical poet, Michael Drayton (who lived within a stone-throw of the office where the *Masonic Magazine* is published, and Izaak Walton, I may state, lived on the very spot!) was his intimate friend until his death; as was also Ben Jonson, whose remark that Shakspere "wrote not for an age, but for all time," like old Samuel Johnson's famous line, that he

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,"

will endure till time shall be no more.

With all his brother players and brother dramatists, too, he must have been familiar, and friendly for the most part, notwithstanding the narrow jealousies which some of the latter could not help showing, that one who had never been to any University but that taught by Dame Nature, should so "take the shine out" of Bachelors and Masters of Arts from Oxford and Cambridge. Not that an University training was to be despised, but, as our gifted Brother, Robert Burns, has forcibly expressed it,—

"Give me a spark of Nature's fire,
'Tis all the learning I desire,"—

a great truth when properly understood; for Bro. Burns knew, as well as any man, that without some little school learning he could never have written his undying poems, just as Shakspere, with his "little Latin, and less Greek," could never have written even a miracle play without some portion of scholastic education.

Shakspere's friend, Michael Drayton, was a Warwickshire man; and several of the players appear to have sprung from Stratford-on-Avon and its immediate vicinage. James Burbage, who horrified some of the narrow-minded folks in the neighbourhood by converting, in the year 1573, certain rooms close to the ruined monastery of Blackfriars into a theatre, in what still bears the name of Playhouse Yard, and who (with "John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wylson," in 1574, when the future player and dramatist who was to immortalise it was only a boy of ten years) procured a patent, under the title of the Earl of Leicester's Servants, is supposed to have been a Stratford man; and our great Shaksperean investigator, Bro. John Payne Collier, F.S.A., has shown that a John Burbage was bailiff of that place in 1555, and that Burbage was a common name in Warwickshire. In 1589, when Shakspere was only twenty-five years old, we find he had become one of sixteen shareholders in the Blackfriars Theatre, old Burbage's name being the first on the list, and that of his more illustrious son, Richard Burbage, being the second: the names running, 1, James Burbage; 2, Richard Burbage; 3, John Laneham; 4, Thomas Greene; 5, Robert Wilson; 6, John Taylor; 7, Anth. Wadeson; 8, Thomas Pope; 9, George Peele; 10, Augustine *Phillips*; 11, Nicholas Towley; 12, William Shakespeare; 13, William Kempe; 14, William Johnson; 15, Baptiste Goodale; 16, Robert Armyn. This list, it will be observed, includes four of the five persons to whom the patent was granted fifteen years before.

Richard Burbage, to whom Shakspere left money to buy a ring in his will, was called the British Roscius; and Sir Richard Baker declares that he was "such an actor as no age must ever look to see the like." He *died in 1619*,—three years after his friend, Shakspere. As Phillpot pithily remarks: "Exit Burbage!"

Thomas Greene is also supposed to have been a native of Stratford, and to have introduced Shakspere to the theatre. He attempted poetry, was a comic actor of great power, and John Cook's popular comedy was printed as *Greene's Tu Quoque*, from his acting in it, with his portrait on the title-page.

Robert Wilson—whom Howes calls "a quick, delicate, refined, extemporal wit"—was a playwright, *The Cobbler's Prophecy* being by him. He seems to have afterwards left the Blackfriars company for that of Henslowe, for whom we find he co-operated in manufacturing plays, from 1597 to 1600, along with Drayton, Chettle, Dekker, Anthony Munday, and others. Meres, in 1598, after mentioning Tarleton's facility in extemporising verse, adds: "And so is now our witty Wilson, who for learning and extemporal wit, in this faculty is without compare or compeer, as to his great and eternal commendations he manifested in his challenge at the Swan on the Bankside,"

But Shakspere was not the man to allow his clowns to speak "more than is set down for them;" and possibly men like Wilson might chafe at the rein.

Of John Taylor, Charles Knight thinks that he was "probably an old actor, and might be the father of the famous Joseph Taylor, of whom tradition says Shakspere taught him to play Hamlet."

Anthony Wadeson was also a dramatic writer, as well as a player, and had left the Blackfriars in 1596, and was writing in 1601 for Henslowe's theatre, for which he wrote, amongst other pieces, *The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloster, with his Conquest of Portugal.*

"Here," says Heywood, "I must needs remember Tarleton, in his time gracious with the Queen, his sovereign, and in the people's general applause; whom succeeded Will. Kempe, as well in the favour of her Majesty as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience." He published an account of his morris-dance from London to Norwich—evidently being a merry blade—and was the original Dogberry and Bottom of Shakspere. Oddly enough, on my first pilgrimage to Stratford, I found the old sexton bore the name of Kempe.

Robert Armin was a comic actor, a pupil of Tarleton's, translated a novel from the Italian, and wrote ballads and other temporary pot-boilers. His *Nest of Ninnies*, which the Shakespeare Society reprinted some years ago, has neither much good nor evil in it. "Armin's stories, however," as Knight remarks, "are told with an absence of offensive ribaldry which was scarcely to be expected from his peculiar talent. He desires to make his readers laugh, but he does not seek to do so by intruding the grossness by which his subject was necessarily surrounded."

George Peele—the great writer of flunkey speeches in pieces for the Court and City—was capable of producing true poetry, though lacking sadly in the real dramatic faculty; and between him and Shakspere there is certainly "a gulf fixed." Yet many passages of his are well worth re-producing in the present day, for their eloquence, elegance, and fancy. But Queen Elizabeth, with all her masculine strength, must have been weaker than most women "who do the meanest chares," to witness Venus, Pallas, and Juno (as in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, performed before her, by the children of her chapel, in 1584), cheerfully resign their pretensions to Diana's golden ball, in favour of her Majesty's superior beauty, wisdom, and princely state!

Kit Marlowe also an actor (called by Greene "the famous gracer of tragedians"), who came to prepare the way before the greater Shakspere, with what Ben Jonson truly calls his "mighty line;" and, as Meres has it, "gorgeously invested with rare ornaments and splendid habiliments the English tongue;" and helped to clear the stage, as he himself expresses it,—

> "From jugging veins of rhyming mother wits,
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay;"

Marlowe, whom Shakspere lovingly alludes to, after his tragic death, as "dead Shepherd," when he quotes his "saw of might;" and whom Peele declared was

> "Fit to write passions for the souls below,"

is a brave pioneer, who, with all his faults, has hitherto had but scant justice done to him; writers like Barry Cornwall having erroneously censured him for what he never wrote. Will the brethren of the great guild of literature ever learn to form a phalanx for mutual support and defence, rather than needlessly tearing each other's reputation to pieces?

Of the sorrowful life of Robert Greene—many of whose lyrics are much better than the average of those palmed upon us in the magazines of our own day, and whose romances were the delight of high and low—my space will not allow me to say more than that I, for one, can in some measure pardon his abuse of Shakspere for his sufferings, and feel convinced that all was not bad in his heart when, at the end of his sadly wasted life, he wrote from his deathbed, at the poor shoemaker's, to his deserted

wife: "Doll, I charge thee, by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid: for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets!" It was from him that Shakspere stole (as *he* at least considered it) the plot of that *Winter's Tale*, first acted apparently at Whitehall, in 1611, and once more, after two hundred and sixty-seven years have passed over our great and growing metropolis, reproduced at old Drury, with the scenery of a Beverly.

Nor must I dilate on the contemporary dramatists, Thomas Nashe, bitterest of controversialists and keenest of satirists; of little John Lyly, whom Meres calls "eloquent and witty," and who Nashe said had "one of the best wits in England;" of Thomas Lodge, who, after graduating at Oxford, became player, dramatist, and afterwards barrister and physician, from whom Shakspere derived the plot of his *As You Like It;* of Thomas Kyd, whose *Jeronimo* Ben Jonson declared to be "the only best and judiciously penned play in Europe;" of Dekker, and Anthony Munday, and the rest; for these alone would supply matter for a chapter themselves. Nor must I pause to imagine Burleigh, and Raleigh, and Sidney, and Bacon, and the other great men of the period, talking familiarly with the popular dramatist, as seems to have been the custom, and how the father of inductive philosophy would have laughed to think there could be fools in a distant age, boasting of its enlightenment, who could really, without one particle of evidence, ascribe to him the authorship of Shakspere's plays! But, though my space is nearly exhausted, "last, but not least," I must briefly express the great gratitude we all ought to feel to the dear "fellows" of the immortal bard, John Heminge (whom Malone supposes to have been also a Stratford man, as the baptismal registers of Stratford church prove that there was a John Heminge at Shottery in 1567, and a Richard Heminge in 1570) and Henry Condell, to both of whom also the sum of twenty-six shillings and eightpence each was left in the poet's will, "to buy them rings" to wear in memory of him whom they would see on earth no more; for to those two sharers with Shakspere in the theatre we owe the first collected edition of the plays in which they had so often acted leading parts; many of them never before published, and the others only surreptitiously. "It had been a thing," they modestly say, "we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

But for those "pious fellows" of the great bard, as Ben Jonson terms them, the plays of Shakspere, like those of the old Greek dramatists, might have been for the most part lost for ever, and the mental legacy he has left us—wisely estimated by Thomas Carlyle as worth much more than our whole Indian Empire—would many of them, and amongst them some of his best, have been totally unknown to us.

In some future numbers of the *Masonic Magazine* I hope to be permitted to have other glances with the readers at Shakspere, from various points of view, and the men who surrounded him; for it is a subject worthy of the study of every Freemason.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

No. I.

MRS. BRULGRUDDERY.

MY heroine does not boast a romantic, or even an harmonious name; "but such as it was, and such as it is," as she used to say, "me ancestors, sor, kept it to the fore, in the days of Brian Boru; and it's myself that's proud of me name intirely." And I hope that my readers may agree with me, when they finish this short contribution of mine, in the excellent pages of the *Masonic Magazine*, that, after all, there is "something in it," despite the dubious query of this inquisitive and restless age.

Mrs. Brulgruddery, when I knew her, was fast getting into the fifties, and was as comely, stout, and personable a person as you would wish to see. She had a good broad face, and a merry pair of eyes, and wonderful hair for her time of life; and she was what someone has called an "axpansive personality fore and aft" (whatever that may mean); and she was as cheery and pleasant an individual as you would wish to meet with on a "rainy" day, or, a fine afternoon, for that. She had a competence, and a country mansion, neat and commodious, and a very pretty *bijou* house in one of our new streets; and I cannot conceive any one person more able or more likely to pass on through the rubs and crosses of life, its wear and tear, its vexations and drawbacks, with comfort to herself, and convenience to mankind, than my unsentimental and excellent heroine. But, as with most of us, she had a grievance, a "skeleton in the closet," if you like, which seemed to throw a jaundiced hue over her vision of things and men, and which, being a grievance, she liked to air continually, to "trot out," *con amore*, on all occasions, nay, in every possible contingency of life; so much so, that some people looked upon the stout-hearted, stout-bodied woman as a bore, and very often gave her the "cold shoulder," and a "wide berth," accordingly. The grievance was a very serious one—very domestic, most domestic—nothing less, and nothing more than Mr. Brulgruddery himself.

Mr. Brulgruddery was a thin, dry, weazen-faced, chirpy sort of a little man, who was always smiling, always loquacious, but never seemed to say anything, and to do even less. He always assented to all you said, and was evidently disposed to be on good terms with everybody, being evidently so with himself. But, as few men are heroes in the eyes of their *valet de chambre*, or even of their own belongings (it must be a rare case, and *he* a *rara avis*, if it be so), so Mr. Brulgruddery was not a hero in the estimation of Mrs. Brulgruddery. Very far from it indeed! On the contrary, he was her standing grievance, the cause of every contretemps, misfortune, mistake, and worry which occurred to her and hers; and, if you could believe her assertion, she never had a moment of "pace or comfort," "becase," as she used to like to emphazise it, "Brulgruddery, my dear sor, is sure to make a mess of it, and, as he has neither sense nor anything else, it is sure to be so, and always will be so."

Poor, dear woman, it was very hard upon her. With all her capacities for enjoyment, which were many, with all her opportunities of happiness, which were frequent, it was too bad that all was to be marred by an intrusive and intruding Mr. Brulgruddery, who interfered with all her plans, antagonized all her views, damped all her expectations, and clouded over all her sunniest days. But so it was. *Sic fata voluere;* and if that amiable individual still lingers in substantial shape among us, I can assure her, as I assured her formerly, of my hearty sympathy and sincere concern. I have often thought that we meet many Mrs. and Mr. Brulgrudderys in life—those who would be happy if they could, and those who interfere with the happiness of others—the Mrs. Brulgrudderys, always cordial, correct, sensible, and successful, were it not for that "scapegoat of scapegoats," on whom all blame is laid, and who, whether he be the most estimable of men, or the greatest of actual nuisances, is certain to be blamed by the world at large, and his own better half in particular. Still, I do not wish you, kind,

reader, to find too much fault with Mrs. Brulgruddery. She is not at all a disagreeable personage to know and confront as we wend our pilgrim life thro' this forest of shadows; only—I will tell you the real and complete truth—I prefer her always, at all times, and in all places, as the French put it, *sous tous les rapports*, to that worthy but hopeless little being, Mr. Brulgruddery. For Mrs. Brulgruddery we may feel some compassion, physiologically and psychologically; but for him—none—no, none. Not an ounce of sentiment need we waste on that little human "armadillo," but for the "sympathetic, ideality" and expansive mind of Mrs. Brulgruddery, let us offer, as Masons and as men, the genuine outcome of emotional sensibility. Let us smile at her jokes, compassionate her grievance, and seek to cheer her sorrows.

SONNET.

"L'ATTENTE."

PATIENCE! my pretty one! Why bewailest thou
The lingering hours that seem to thee so long?
Full soon, methinks that thou wilt murmur—"How
Swiftly the moments pass!—Oh! cruel wrong!"
"Thy heart is deep?" Aye! 'Mignonne,' so is mine!
And bears an image burnt into its core;
Canst guess whose 'tis? Why, maiden, it is thine!
And naught can e'er erase its impress more.
Grieve not, then, maiden! that these truthful eyes
Behold thee not as close as we could wish;—
That which is always present is no prize,
And abstinence imparts a keen relish!
Wait then, my darling! Patiently abide
A few short hours, and I am by thy side.

W. T.

THE VOLITATIONIST.

BY SAVARICUS.

A LOVE for the marvellous, the gift of a lively imagination, and the study of the supernatural have brought about many unforeseen events.

Ambitious youth, with intellectual faculties well developed, when led on by love, will let his mind soar to unbounded heights.

It is well known that education and study beget knowledge, scholarly, scientific, or general. Knowledge begets power, and love is a good incentive to success. Physical education, as well as mental, is a great help to the ingenious, especially when the

superstitious and lop-sided training of ignorant nurses and parents gives place to an evenhanded—ambidextered—culture.

Many, nay, almost every youth builds aspiring castles in the air, very beautiful and fairy-like, but they are etherial, vapory, evaporating. The fall of these magnificent ideal mansions, though noiseless and unseen, is not unfelt. Silent soaring aspirations are totally crushed. Ruin and despair seem inevitable to the builders; but a little sober thinking, a few more years of life and its experience, a further acquaintance with the world's usages soon cure the enthusiast of his chimerical misfortunes, and leave him a wiser and a better man, without being a sadder one.

How to fly—how to float in space—to cleave the blue ether at will—how to breathe and live in and above the clouds—have been and are vexing and perplexing problems for the pseudo-scientific.

Some amount of success has attended the labours of several eminent aeronauts. Balloon ascents have become common events, but aerial navigation, the sailing of balloons from place to place, like ships from port to port, is not at present an accomplished fact. The patent rudder and revolving sails are not invented, nor has the patent inventor made his bow before the public. Some aeronautical students have found that their study has led them to a lunatic asylum, or worse, to a violent—accidental—death. It appears that the engrossing study of one particular subject will often lead the thinking brain to act continually on the same idea, and thought running continuously in one groove is apt to produce monomania.

Then again, men are often led away by their dreams, which are but the sleep thoughts of an over-wrought mind, and are as much caused by real impressions as any of our wide-awake mental calculations, being a reflex action of the mind. This reflex action may lead to strange results, and even to wonderful discoveries.

"Then," the reader may say, "dreams are caused by a reflex action of the mind."

This assumption is not far from being correct, but some physiologists state that dreams are caused by a sudden rush of arterial blood to the brain. This also may be true in some cases. To hold with both causes will be right or best. A sleeper suddenly aroused by a loud noise which gives a shock to the system, and causes an increased heart's action, may have a momentary and violent dream. On the other hand, quiet dreams, wherein the dreamer argues with seemingly real persons, and the dialogue so carried on is often remembered, and thought over again when the person is awake, appear to be caused by the reflex action of the mind. A dream being, in a measure, the remembrance of the past, and not the forerunner, or foreteller of the future, in fact, not prophetic!

Young children and youths dream freely and vigorously. As dreaming is intimately connected with this tale of the Volitationist, this little digression may be excused and pardoned. Boys are fond of anything that has a tendency to float, or fly. Boats, birds, fireworks and balloons are their chief delight. Kite-flying (not commercial ones) is a very simple and yet interesting pastime. But to enable a human being to fly is a much more difficult affair, although more persons than one have practically tried the experiment and signally failed.

The reasons are obvious. There are a few natural difficulties to overcome. The absence of wings, in the first place, and the solidity of bones, in the second. The required mechanical contrivance is a task for the ingenious to invent and to make. For instance—

Wanted a small engine to work two wings, lift itself, and also the animal (? Ass) upon whose back it is fixed. The said engine to be set in motion, and also stopped, by the will of the bearer.

To some erratic mechanician, inventor, or engineer this may appear to be a simple affair, and quite practicable. Anatomists and physiologists know better; nature's laws are true to herself.

To fly as a bird we must be made like a bird. Our bones must be hollow, have air canals and cells in them, and these air channels must communicate with the lungs, so

that they may be filled, inflated, or emptied at will. Add to this arrangement wings made of gauze, feathers, or silk, and a neat pocket battery, or electrical machine to work them with, then away we *might* fly on such wings to the sky.

This digressive dissertation being ended, it is my purpose to describe a journey, oft repeated, without the aid of any unnatural or artificial means. To enable me to do so I must adopt the simple style of story-tellers.

The home of my childhood, or native place, is situated in one of the Isles of Kent, being bounded on the North and East by the German Ocean. A long line of beach stretches eastward for three or four miles, running under picturesque cliffs formed of London Clay, with here and there a glimpse of the Bagshot Sands peeping out near the surface. This part of the island is a much neglected health resort. Seaward there is a grand marine panoramic view, and landward beautiful scenery, charming in summer, with the hills of Kent as a background against a sunny sky. Those persons who are born and live near the sea generally have a great liking for it, some indeed—boys to wit—are nearly amphibious. Their minds, their habits, and their associations are of the sea—sailor-like. As a pastime in summer they enjoy the privilege of swimming in the briny water, and there are but few lads who cannot swim. Those that do, swim well and take to the water naturally, like young ducks.

To the fact of being a tolerably good swimmer, and also of being able to float about in the water in any and every conceivable way, manner, position, and direction, I think I can attribute the cause of my act of mental volitation.

The starting place of one of my journeys has an expansive and limitless view of water on the left, on the right it is fringed by a range of reddish brown undulating clay cliffs, forming miniature bays, promontories, and caves.

On this particular and eventful day the sun is shining brightly over head. Walking along the brow of the cliffs at altitude of about one hundred feet above the sea level, I watch the wild birds as they gracefully cleave the air and swiftly swoop down to the bosom of the gently rippling sea, hovering a second, to dip in their slender beaks, and catch the tiny fish upon which they chiefly live. I gaze and feel an influence creeping over me, and with it comes a powerful desire to project myself from the cliff seaward. I have an intense idea that I can imitate the movements of the birds. I feel an etherial lightness within. I stand still and muse. A thrilling numbing and stiffening sensation passes through me. I feel that *I can* float through the air; I have no other thought or desire. I exert the full power of *my will:* my body becomes rigid, my head falls slightly backward, my feet slowly rise upward, my body is soon horizontal, I am floating, I *will* to go seaward. I go, and whatever *I will* to do, I do.

Moving onward with increasing speed, I float upon the air: sometimes I am close to the surface of the sea, then I rise higher and higher, until I am far above the level of the cliffs. I soar towards the land, descend again, and skim joyfully along feet foremost, going in and out of the bays and broken cliff line, even as a bird might fly. On arriving at the extreme point of the island a slight desire to do so causes me to take a sharp turn to the left, and away I skim fast over the sea, until the land is far behind. The swift motion is most exhilarating: at one time I seem close to the clouds, at another I appear to be in them; but, at *will*, I can always descend or ascend.

Journeying rapidly along with nothing but the clouds and sky to look at, I fancy I am stationary, and, in fact, it appears as if the heavens are rushing past and around me. However, I find that I am still proceeding on my way—whither? Ah whither?

The clouds grow dull and duller, the sky grows dark and darker, the light of day is waning fast, presently it is gone, and darkness supervenes. I feel no dread, the waters beneath sing a soft lullaby, and the wild fowl make responsive cries. The moon soon rises, and the stars come out, the breath of night freshens, and still I go on, forward, forward. The stars at length begin to fade, and streaks of early dawn are thrown upward as the morning of the day is ushered in. The rising sun appears upon the scene all glorious with its dazzling rays; I seem to be skimming along close to the surface of the playful sea right in a roseate track leading directly eastward and to the sun. At a distance I can discern

the outline of some headland peak, and in a short time I behold boldly standing forth the majestic form of a mountain range. The shore draws close and closer, I am soon passing over a lowland of marsh, and field, and dyke. Thinking that I will touch the earth and walk, I *will* it so. In a moment I alight upon my feet, and am walking through green fields intersected by innummerable dykes, and in (to me) an unknown country. Without my power of volitation these dykes would have been obstacles to my progress; but I float over them feet foremost whenever they bar my path. After walking a considerable distance, I see straight before me a quaint looking old town, where gable-roofed, stuccoed, white, and red houses, and church spires seem to be crowded together, intermixed with a plentiful supply of tall poplar trees freely growing round about. On nearing this town I observe coming towards me a posse of men: I halt by the side of a tolerably wide dyke and await their approach. I soon see that they are all dressed alike in suits of dark blue cloth, jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, with muffin-shaped and peaked caps, made of the same material as their clothing; getting face to face with me, they speak one to another, gesticulating with their hands, and are evidently speaking about my appearance. Three of them turn and address themselves to me in a language which seems to beat all the gibberish I have ever heard, it is a complete patter of grunting sounds. I reply to them by saying,—

"Good morning, gentlemen." At the same time I raise my deer-stalker.

They resume their jargon, and are apparently surprised and mystified. They repeatedly point at me in the most pointed way; then they beckon, as if desirous that I should cross the dyke. I *will* to do so, stiffen my legs, and, as a little display of my power, float upwards across the dyke and circle round over their heads; my intention is to alight among them. But, to my surprise, when I again stand on the ground I find that they are running aay as fast as their legs can carry them. I look after them: all at once they stop, stoop, and face about, then running towards me discharge a volley of good sized stones, which rattle close by my head. I *will* that I get out of their reach, and float upwards and away under a salute of stones and grunted groans. Circling, I float along, going inland, and soon approach a vast forest; I skirt, and pass over it, and then come to a well cultivated plain, dotted with tastefully built mansions, set in the middle of carefully kept gardens. I sweep over the tops of some trees of giant growth, and alight in a beautiful meadow, made brilliant by buttercups and sparkling with daisies. Neat hedges surround this meadow, and at the far end of the enclosure there is a long wooden rustic building, too large for a garden summer-house, cottage, or lodge; not only is it of great length, but handsomely built and splendidly decorated, the portico being adorned with climbing and sweet-scented flowers, of unusual growth, colour, and luxuriousness. As I approach this building, I hear a murmur that sounds like the voices of many people; and no wonder, for the place is filled with gentlemen, who, as soon as my presence is known, look out at the open windows, and rush out of the doors. Several of them come to meet me with hands extended, exclaiming, "Welcome! Welcome!" To my astonishment they escort me to the building; when inside, I see that it is a beautifully and luxuriously fitted and furnished saloon, capable of holding three thousand persons. As far as I can make out it is used as a place to lounge and smoke in.

The assembled company appear to be men of all nations, speaking every language. They surround, and tell me that each arrangement is complete for the evening's *fête*, and now that I have arrived they will, after I have refreshed myself, at once proceed with me to the place of rendezvous. We soon leave the building at the end exactly opposite to that by which I entered, and in front, at a short distance, I behold a large piece of table-land, which presents the appearance of a huge mountain with a flattened top and perpendicular sides, thickly covered by choice vegetation, standing bodily out by itself, having a height of eight hundred feet and an area of a quarter of a mile. On nearing this detached piece of earth, by a bend in the road, we arrive at the foot of a broad flight of stone steps which reach spirally to the top of it. I find myself ascending, and in advance of the increasing multitude. When half way up I can hear the shouting of people above me, and the music of a band, gaily playing. I now notice that I am

dressed in a dark grey knickerbocker suit. Arriving at the top of the steps, and walking on the summit of the land, a sight at once animated and exciting meets my view. Hundreds of people in holiday attire are walking about, and wherever I look flags are flying.

I saunter along a splendid roadway, adorned on either side by beds of flowers of brilliant colours and of rare perfume. Passing into the crowd, I go towards a large mansion of many stories, built in the centre of the plateau and standing within its own ornamental grounds, where fountains continually play and splash. In these beautifully kept grounds the band is performing. The mansion, which seems to be a large hotel of palatial proportions, is filled to overflowing with company far superior in looks, dress, and manners to the mass of the people. This gay company is evidently awaiting my arrival, and loudly greet me. I nonchalantly walk on as if I perfectly understood all about it, albeit I am as much surprised as any mortal can be, and wonder what is the aim and end of such proceedings. I pass the hotel and cheering multitude, and proceed to an enclosed space just by, where the band is stationed, and also, as far as I can judge, a select party of the *élite* as well as of *la crême de la crême* of the fashionable world. Maybe Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, Lords and Ladies, autocrats and aristocrats, patricians all, mingled in laughing and talking profusion. They look very grand, very nice. Dame, sire, and off-spring, Aged nobility, Golden youth—the pink of beauty mixed with the drab of fashion and the mould of form. This enclosure ran down to the edge of the high land; apparently I know what is wanted, or expected, from me. Bowing, I pass the distinguished persons of rank and quality, and proceed to the clear space close to the extreme edge of the precipice, and take my stand. A little noise in the rear attracts my attention. I turn, and see a tall venerable man, snow-white with age, and of imposing mien. He advances towards me with hands extended, and gives a friendly greeting, at the same time he asks permission to be allowed to forestall the display of my acts of volitation, and assures me that he knows the secret is only confined to *the power of the will, and courage.* To look at this hale old gentleman, no one would gainsay his courage; but feeling a great responsibility with regard to other people's precious lives, I at once try to dissuade him from his purpose, and beg that he will forego his volitational attempt. In vain is all talk; his mind is made up. As a last resource, I advise him to go down the steps to the saloon, and, as a safe experiment, float up to the top of the table-land. It is of no avail; *his will* is as strong as *my will*, and stronger. So proceed he must. I now learn that my fame as a Volitationist has extended to this country, that I have been announced and expected, and that this grand gathering is entirely on my account.

I do not altogether like the idea of being publicly exhibited; but as I am situated there is no help for it, no way out of it. However, I make up my mind to get away as soon as possible. My venerable acquaintance is getting impatient; he wishes to essay for himself, what to me is only a pleasure, but what I fear to him will be—death!

I offer to go down the steps with him and to float upwards from the low-lying ground.

"No! No!" he and others exclaim.

"Let him try," is shouted by many voices.

I turn and address myself to the assemblage: I beg of them not to facilitate the probable and imminent destruction of this brave old man, by encouraging him to jump off this fatally dangerous height.

The response is,—

"Let him do it, *if he will.*"

I implore, nay, supplicate him, not to try the rash experiment.

He answers proudly,—

"You will do it, and so will I."

At a given signal the band strikes up, salutes are fired, and, with a wave of the hand, the brave old man leaps off the giddy cliff; then, instead of floating, he falls! Over and over he goes, until—thud! He has reached the bottom, and there he lies, a mangled, lifeless heap of clothes, broken bones, and flesh and blood.

"Poor man!" I exclaim.

Many of the spectators venture to peer over the ledge and look at the frightful spectacle. Hundreds of people below shout with horror. The excitement is intense, and myriad voices are raised against me.

"It is your fault," is said.

Those persons nearest threaten me. I stand unmoved. I wish to speak, to exculpate myself. The mob hear not, they are moving *en masse* towards me, with threatening attitude. My intention is speedily resolved upon. *I will* to float, become rigid, and move feet first until I am horizontal, then upward and away. There are loud huzzas, and groans, and hisses.

I circle round to show my power, and, glancing downwards, I see a company of soldiers drawn up in line loading their carbines; the steel ramrods glisten in the sun; and what do I next behold and hear? Why, the soldiers bringing their arms to the "present," and covering me with their aim. I hear the words of command, "Ready," "Fire." I suddenly drop, and the bullets are whistling over and above me. Thank goodness, that is a narrow escape.

To exert the whole strength of my will, to float, or soar upwards, upwards, and away, is only the work of a moment; faster than birds fly I move through space. Very soon I hear more bullets whir past; but this time they are beneath me. I dare not circle or descend, so that I may take a farewell glance and bird's-eye view of the place. A little while hence I do so, and find that I am at an enormous height, for the tall trees beneath and beyond are dwarfed to pigmy shrubs. Forests look like miniature woods. A town in the distance appears to be composed of dolls' houses, and toy churches.

I skim away, and away, the sense of so going is delightful. Fear I have none, and never had, not even whilst I was being shot at.

The fields and dykes that I saw in the morning are soon repassed, the mountain range comes in view, and then the open sea, over which I am soon skimming swiftly and pleasurably. The sun is sinking down in the west, and I am journeying towards it. Soon the familiar cliffs, of reddish brown earth and bluish clay, of my island home greet my gladdened eyes; in a short time I land on their verge, and am walking in the direction of my dwelling-place.

Thinking over the wonderful events which have taken place within the last four-and-twenty hours, I say to myself, "No one will credit the reality of such a journey; people nowadays do not believe in the impossible. Write it down if you like, and you will be told that it is only a dream."

A SIMILE.

FAR in the valley of our hidden thought
A little pool may lie,
Clear and unmarked, as bright unrusted steel.

* * * * * *

Yon shadowy vapour breaking on the hills in drops—
The rills well up, swollen with greedy thirst, to streams,
And onward pour, gathering new strength in union,
Until the surge breaks through its banks, and flooding on,
Rolls in great rivers, lost to all control,
Towards the mighty ocean.

* * * * * *

Gone is the pool!—changed to an eddying force,
Knowing no quiet from the seething turmoil
Of waters, mad with freedom.

M. D.