

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

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

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

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

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

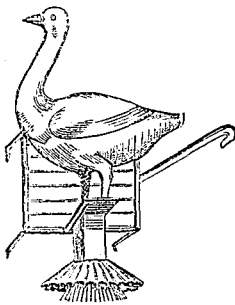
Let us hope that we have seen the last of the Masonic Pamphlet system.

A distinguished Province—to use a common expression—has fraternally "sat upon" the writer of certain pamphlets, and so in future we hope

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

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

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



"THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON,"

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

In the early part of the last century Freemasons almost universally had their Lodge Rooms in the upper part of buildings occupied as taverns. This custom obtains largely to this day in England, we believe, although the Craft there, as in America, are latterly wisely erecting Masonic Temples for the exclusive use of the Lodges. In Philadelphia the first place of meeting of a subordinate Lodge was at "The Hoop" Tavern, in 1730. The origin of this name was as follows: Anciently signs instead of being composed of a painted board, were made of carved figures suspended within a hoop. The Clause

Roll of 43 Edward III. mentions a number of such tavern signs, among which are the following: "George on the Hoop," "Bunch of Grapes on the Hoop," "Hen on the Hoop," "Angel on the Hoop," &c. As late as 1795 a London periodical ("Looker-on," for January, 1795) says: "A sign of this nature is still preserved in Newport Street, and is a carved representation of a Bunch of Grapes within a Hoop." In France the same name was popular. A celebrated French architect named Jacques Androult in 1570 lived at the sign of the Hoop (*le Cerceau*). These sign-boards have often given names to families. The famous Rothschild family derived their name from the Red Shield (*roth-schild*) above the door of an honest old Hebrew in the Juden-gasse (Jew's Alley) at Frankfort.

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

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

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

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

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

St. Paul's Churchyard, where the "Goose and Gridiron" was situated, is a distinguished locality. It is in the shape of a bow and string, and a number of famous booksellers have had their shops there. At the sign of the "White Greyhound," the first editions of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis* were sold by John Harrison; at the "Crown," the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; at the "Fox," *Richard II*; at the "Angel," *Richard III*,—so that as Walter Thornbury, in the first volume of his "Old and New London," says: "In this area the great poet must have paced with the first proofs in his doublet-pocket, wondering whether he should ever rival

Spencer, or become immortal like Chaucer." In St. Paul's Churchyard, there was also Child's Coffee House, where Addison looked in to chat and smoke, and the Queen's Arms, where the "Free and Easy under the Rose," a convivial society met. Timbs, in his *Clubs and Club-life in London*, narrates a number of interesting facts in this connection, which we cannot spare space to give here.

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

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

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

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## DR. RAWLINSON'S MS.

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BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

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

selves have sought to trace the MS. itself, but so far without any success.

The document noted above was printed in the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine" for March and April, 1855, but not verbatim et literatim, as the MSS. have been since from time to time in the "MASONIC MAGAZINE," so we have thought it advisable to furnish for our readers an exact transcript in order that they may add it to their collection of old MSS. now so rapidly increasing year by year, as a consequence of the earnest labours of a few Masonic students.

A note in the "Scrap Book" is to the following effect:—"Copied from an old MS. in the possession of Dr. Rawlinson," so it is quite evident that the document, formerly considered to be the original Dr. Rawlinson's MS. is but a transcript, and so the Roll has yet to be traced.

Much in the "Scrap Book" is worth publishing, and is exceedingly curious and valuable to students of Masonic History. The old numbers of the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine" are especially interesting on account of their containing several capital accounts of this curious collection made by Dr. Rawlinson about 1730-40.

#### THE FREEMASONS' CONSTITUTIONS.

*Copied from an Old MS. in the possession of Dr. Rawlinson.*

The might of the Father of Heaven, with the wisdom of the glorious Son, through the goodness of the Holy Ghost, three Persons in one Godhead, be with us at our beginning, and give us Grace So to Govern our Lives, as that wee may come to the perfect Bliss that never shall have End.

Good Brethren and Fellows, our purpose is to let you Know how and in what Mauner this Craft of Masonry was first begun, and afterwards how it was founded, and very much Esteemed by worthy Kings, Princes, and many other Worthy Men—hurtfull to none.

And to them that be here, wee also declare the Charges that doth belong to every Free Mason to keep, for in good faith, if you take heed thereunto, it is well worthy to be kept for a Worthy Craft and curious Science, being one of the Seven Liberal Sciences, Viz.:—Grammar, Logick, Rhetorick, Arithmetick, Geometry, Musick, and Astronomy.

1. Grammar, that teacheth a Man to Speak, Read, and Write.

2. Logick teacheth the art of reasoning or disputing, and to discern Truth from falsehood.

3. Rhetorick, that teacheth a Man to speak well, and wisely, or fair and in Subtil terms.

4. Arithmetick teacheth the art of Numbering; to reckon and Count all Manner of Numbers.

5. Geometry, that teacheth to Meet and Measure the Earth, and the things of the Earth, of which Science is MASONRY.

6. Musick, that teacheth the art of Song and Voice, as Harp and Organ, &c.

7. Astronomy, that teacheth to know the Course of the Sun, Moon, and other Ornaments of Heaven.

N.B. The Seven Liberrall Sciences are all by one Science, viz.:—Geometry—as it teacheth the Meet, Measure, Ponderation, and Weight of Everything in and upon the face of the whole Earth. There is no man worketh by any Craft but he worketh by Measure; and no Man Buyeth or Selleth, but by Weight and Measure; Husbandmen, Merchants, Navigators, Plantors, and all other Craftsmen use Geometry, (Ergo) *most worthy, laudable, and honourable Science*, that findeth all other Sciences, which proves that all the Sciences in the World are found by Geometry; for neither Grammar, Logick, or any other of the Liberrall Sciences can Subsist without Geometry.

N.B. This Science was found before the general Deluge, commonly called Noah's flood. There was a Man called Lamech, in *Capito Quarto Genesis*, who had two Wives, the one called Addah, and the other Zillah. By Addah, the first wife, Lamech begat two Sons, the one was called Jaball, and the other Tuball; by Zillah, the other wife, Lamech begat a Son, called Tubal-Cain, and a daughter called Naamah; these four children found out the beginning of all Crafts in the World; Jaball found out Geometry; he divided flocks of Sheep and Lambs in the field, and first Built an House of Stone and Timber; his Brother Tuball found out Music, such as Harp and Organ; Tubal Cain found out the Smith's Trade or Craft, and also the working of Gold, Silver, and Copper; their Sister Naamah found out the Craft of Weaving, Spining,

and Knitting. These Children did know that God would take Vengeance for Sin, Either by fire or water, therefore they Wrote the Sciences found by them on two Pillars of Stone, that they might be found after that Almighty God had taken vengeance and reversed his Judgment: the one pillar was Marble, which will not burn; the other Pillar was of *lesteras*, so called, and would not drown with water.

N.B. That after the General deluge, it pleased God that Hermaxenes the Greek, who was the Son of Cus, who was the Son of Ham, who was the Son of Noah, afterwards called Hermes, the Father of wise Men, found the Pillars whereon the Sciences was written, and taught them to other men. At the Building of the Tower of Babell, Masonry was much Esteemed, and Greatly Valued. Nimrod at that time was a Mason, and loved well the Science or Craft of Masonry, insomuch, that when the City of Ninevah, and other Cities of the East were to be builded, Nimrod sent thither Sixty Masons, at the desire of his Cousin the King of Ninevah; When the Masons went forth, Nimrod gave them Charge that they should Love truly together, be true to one another, and that they should Serve their Lord truly for their pay, so that he might have Worship for Sending them: Nimrod also gave his Masons Charge concerning their Science, and this was the first time that Masons had Charge of their Science or Craft.

Also Abraham, and Sarah his Wife, went into Egypt, and taught the Egyptians the Liberrall Sciences; Abraham had one Ingenious Scholar called Euclides, who learned right well, and was Master of all the Seven Liberrall Sciences. In his days it happened that the Lords and States of that Realm had so many Sons, some they Lawfully had Begotten by their one wives, and some they had unlawfully by other men's wives and Ladys of the Realm in somuch that the land was very much burthened with them. Having small means to maintain them withall, the King, understanding thereof, caused a Parliament to be forwith called, and sumon'd for redress, but they being so very many, no good could be done with them. The King then made a Proclamation throughout the Realm, that if any man could find or devise any Course how to maintain them, to

Inform the King thereof, and He Should be well rewarded; whereupon Euclides Came to the King, and sayed: My noble sovereign, If I may have order and government of these Lords' Sons, I will teach the Liberrall Sciences, Whereby wee may live honestly, and like Gentlemen, Provided that you will grant me power over them, by your Commission, to rule them honestly, as the Science ought to be ruled; which was immediately granted by the King and his Council. And then the Master, Euclides took to him the Lords' Sons, and taught them the Worthy Science of Geometry, the Craft and Art of Masonry, and Mistery of all Manner of Building, as Temples, Churches, Courts, and Castles, &c.; and Euclides gave them Charge with these following Admonitions (Viz.):—

1. To be true to the King.
2. To the Master they Serve, to love well together, to be true one to another fellows not Servants, nor Miscall one another, as Knave, &c.
3. To do their work truly, that they may Duly deserve their Wages.
4. To ordain the wisest to be Master of work, whereby their Lord may not be evill Served, nor they ashamed.
5. To call the Governour of their work Master, and have Such Competent and Reasonable Wages that the Workmen may live, and many other Charges too tedious to mention; and to all these Charges he made them Sware the great Oath, as Men in those Days used to Sware.
6. To Come and Assemble once a Year, to take Councill in their Craft, how they may work best to Serve their Lord and Master, for his profit and their own Credit, and to Correct such among them as have trespassed or offended.

N.B. That Masonry heretofore by the worthy Master was termed Geometry, as it was then, and Since that the people of Jerusalem Came to the Land of Bethell, which is now Called Emencin, the Country of Jerusalem. King David began a Temple called Templum Dei, or the Temple of Jerusalem. King David loved Masons well, Cherished them, And gave them good pay, and a Charge as Euclides had given them before in Egypt. After the Death of King David, Solumon, his son, finished the Temple his father began, haveing Masons of divers Lords to the

Number of twenty-four thousand, Elect and Nominated Master and Governor of the work, and Hiram, King of Tyre, who loved well King Solomon, and gave him Timber for his work. This Hiram had a son, called Amnon, who was a Master of Geometry, and Chief Master of the Masons of Carved work, and all other their Works of Masonry, that belonged to the Temple, as appeareth by the Bible, in the fourth Chapter of Kings. King Solomon Confirmed all things Concerning Masons that David his father had given in Charge. These Masons travelled into Divers Countrys to Augment their knowledge in the said Art, and to Instruct others. It so happened that a curious Mason, named Mamon Grecus, that had been at the building of Solomon's Temple, travelled into France, and taught the Science of Masonry to the Freenhmen. *Carrolus Martor*, then King of France, Sent for Mamon Grecus, who had been at the building of Solomon's Temple, and learnt him this Science of Masonry, and became one of the Fraternity; thereupon, he began great works, and liberally paid well his workmen, Confirmed them a Large Charter, and was Yearly present at their assembly, which was a great honour and encouragement to them; England stood void for any Charge of Masonry, until St. Alban came hither, and instructed the King in the Said Science, as also in Divinity, who was before a Pagan. He walled the Town of St. Alban's, and came in favor with the King, insomuch, that he was made a Knight, and also the King's Chief Steward. The realm was Governed by him, under the King, and he greatly Cherished, and loved well, Masons; made their payment right good standing wages; truly payed them 3s. 6d. a week to their double wages; for before that time, throughout the Land, a Mason took but one penny a day; and St. Alban purchased Masons a large Charter, from the King and his Councell, to hold a great Assembly and Council Yearly. He made many Masons, and gave them such Charge as is hereafter declared. It happned pressently, right after the Martyrdome of St. Alban, who is truly termed England's Proto-Martyr, that the Science of true Masonry was much destroyed, through a certain King that invaded the Land, and destroyed most

part of the Natives with fire and sword, untill the reign of King Athelstone, who brought the Land to Peace and rest from the insulting Danes. He began to build Abbies, Monasterys, and religious Houses, as also Castles and Forts for the defence of his Realm, whereby Masonry was revived and exercised. He had a son called Hedvie, that loved Masons much more than his Father did; he greatly Studied Geometry, and sent into other Lands for men Expert in the Same Science; he was made a Mason himself, Communed with Masons, and Learned of their Craft. He got of his Father a Large Charter and Commission, to hold an Assembly Yearly, to Correct offences in the said Science, &c. He caused a general assembly of all Free Masons in the Realm, at *York*, and their Made many Masons, and gave a deep Charge for observation of such articles as belong to True Masonry; he delivered them this said Charter to keep. When this assembly was gathered together, he Caused a Proclamation to be Made, that if any Mason had any writing or understanding Concerning Free Masonry, or could Inform the King in any Matter or thing that was wanted in the Said Science already delivred, that he or they Should deliver or recite it to the King; & there were some in Greek, some in French, Some in English, and some in other Tongues, where upon the King caused a Roll or Book to be made, which declared how this Science was first invented, Afterwards preserved, and Augmented, with the Utility and true intent there of,\* which Roll or Book he Com-manded to be read, and plainly recited, when a man was to be made a Free Mason, that he might fully Understand what Articles, Rules, and orders he laid himself under, well and truly keep and observe to the Utmost of his power; and, from that time to this Day, True Masonry hath been well and truly preserved and much Esteemed; and divers new Articles have been added to the Free Masons' Worthy Charge, by the free Choice, and good Consent, and best advice of the perfect and True Masons, Masters, Brethren, and Fellows, of this Worthy Science:—Tunc

\* "One of these rolls I have seen in the possession of Mr. Baker, a carpenter, in Moorfields"—*Dr. Rawlinson.*

Unus Ex Seniorbus tennit Librum Itlivel  
Ille ponnet vel ponet mamun Super Librum  
el tam Articilee Precepta Debent Legi.

"Saying this by way of Exhortation ;  
my Loving and respectful Brethren and  
Fellows, I humbly beseech you, as you love  
Your Lord's Good Eternall welfare Your  
own credit and your Country's good, be  
very carefull in the observation of these  
Charges, or Articles, that I am about to  
read to this Deponent, if you find your  
Selves guilty of anything therein forbid,  
amend You again, and do so no more ; and  
Especially you that are to bee Charged  
take good heed that you keep your Charge,  
for it is a great perill to forsware yourself  
on a Book, and everyone that is a Free  
Mason, is Obliged to perform his Charge  
as well as you ; So hoping of Your Care  
herein. *Answer.*—I will by God's grace  
Enabling me.

#### THE CHARGE.

1. I am to adminish you to Honour God  
and his Holy Church, and that you use no  
Error, nor Eresie in your Understanding.

2. To be true Leigemen to the King  
without Treason, Misprison of Treason,  
or falsehood ; and if know of any one Com-  
mitting Treason, you shall give notice to  
his Majesty's Privy Councell, or to some  
Magistrate Commissioned to Enquire  
thereof.

3. To be true one to another, and do as  
you would be done unto.

4. To keep Secret the obscure and mis-  
terious part of the Science Abstruse and  
true Councell of that which ought to be  
kept by the way of True Masonry, not dis-  
closing the Same to any but Such as Study  
and use the Same.

5. To do your work truly and faithfully,  
endeavouring the proffit and advantage of  
him that is owner of the work, and to be  
true to the Master and Lord you Serve.

6. To call your Masters, Brethren, or  
Fellows, without the addition of Knave,  
or any other bad or indecent Language.

7. As usual.

8. As usual.

9. That you Shall well and truly pay for  
Your meat and Drink where you are  
Tabled, and do no manner of villany in the  
house, whereby the Craft may be Slandred.

10. That you Shall not take any man's  
work knowing yourself Unable, and un-  
expert to perform and Effect the Same,  
that no aspersion or discredit be Imputed  
to their Science, or the Lord of the work  
any ways prejudiced thereby.

11. That you Shall not take any work  
at any Unreasonable rates, to Deceive the  
owners thereof, but So as he may truly  
and faithfully be Served to his own good,  
and that the Master may live honestly by  
it, and pay his Fellows Truly their pay  
as the Craft directs.

12. That you Shall not Supplant any  
of your Fellows of their work, that is to  
say, if they or any of them have taken  
work upon him, or them, or any of them,  
or Stand Master of any Lord's worke or  
owner's, that you shall not put him or  
them out or from the said Worke, Altho  
you perceive him or them Unable to finish  
the Same.

13. That you Shall not take any Appren-  
tice to Serve in the Science or Craft of  
Masonry under the term of Seven Years,  
or any but Such as are desended of Honest  
parents, and of reputable Birth and life,  
that no Indignity may be layd to the  
Charge of Masonry.

14. That you Shall not take upon you  
to make any one a *Free Mason* without  
the Privy or Concent or five, or Seven,  
Right Fellows ; and shall be assured that  
he who is to be Made a Mason is free born,  
and no bond-man, desended of parents of  
good Name and fame ; hath his right and  
perfect limbs, as a Man should have, and is  
Personable of body to and worthy the  
Science.

15. You Shall not pay any of your  
Fellows more than he, or they deserved,  
that you be not deceived by false or Slight  
Work, and the owner thereof much  
wronged.

16. You Shall not slander any of your  
fellows behind their back, to impair either  
their Temporal Estate or good name.

17. You Shall not without good Cause  
answer any of your Fellows dogedly, or  
unGodly, but as becometh Loving Brethren  
of the Same Science.

18. You Shall Duly reverence your  
bellows, prefer them, put them to Credit,  
that the bond of Charity and mutual Love  
may Augment and Continue, and be Stable  
amongst You.

19. You Shall not use any Games whatsoever, as Cards, Dice, Tables, and the like, Except at Seasonable times for recreation and diversion.

20. You Shall not frequent any bawdy-house, or be aiding to any of your Fellows or others, which will be a great Scandal to the Science. You shall not goe out to Drink by Night; if occasion happen that you must goe, you Shall not stay till past Eight of the Clock at Night, having at least one of your Fellows to bear witness what place you goe to, and of your good behaviour, to avoid Evil.

21. You shall come to the Yearly Meeting or Assembly of Free Masons if you know where its kept (being within Ten Miles of the place of your abode), Submitting to the Award of Masters and Fellows wherein you have Ered, to Embrace Council, and Reproof, and to make Satisfaction, or to defend by order of the King's Laws.

22. You Shall not make any Mould, Square, or Rule, to Mould Stones, but such as are allowed by the Fraternity.

23. You Shall receive, Cherish, and Sett Strange Fellows at work, having Employment for them, at least a fortnight, and truly pay them their wages; and if you want work for them you shall relieve them with money to defray their reasonable Charges unto the Next Lodge.

24. You Shall truly attend your work, mind the Same, and truly make an End thereof, whether it be taken by Journey, or otherwise (if you have your Wages and payment truly), according to your bargain made with the Master and owner thereof.

These Articles and Charges which I have rehearsed, you Shall well, and truly observe, and keep to the Utmost of your power, through the aid of Divine Grace, So help you God, and the holy contents of this Roll.

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### THE CREATION.

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WE take the following poetic account of the "Creation" from our able contemporary the "Masonic Record," of West India, for May :—

### FIRST DAY.

*And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.*

Without form and void, unknown, without name,

In darkness it went, in darkness it came,  
A vapoury mist, there wheeled in its place  
Coldly and calmly, through regions of space;

Slowly it moved on the course which it bore

Lifeless and still from its verge to its core,  
Alone on the waters, moved and abode  
Reflecting, reflected, the spirit of God:

But hark! what voice breaks through the night?

How starts, in space, its every sphere,  
'Tis God's; God said, "Let there be light,"

When light, at once, there did appear.

Yes, even the light of God,  
Whose word is light, as light is life,  
And life, the love that makes our world,  
So darkness fled, nor dared in strife

To hold the place, from whence 'twas hurled

Unto its dark sable abode.

Still formless and void, a mist without name,

Silent and lonely, it went and it came,  
Opaque no longer, nor darken'd its face,  
Sparkling it glittered, through regions of space;

Hark, to the myriad of angels that sing,  
Crying, "Glory to God on High."

This work of thy love, our Maker, our King,  
Shall glorify thee, "Glory" they cry,

Each orb in space

Moved in its place,

With music, 'twere sweet to hear,

When first the light

Broke through the night,

Disclosing this new born sphere;

Still gathering strength like others, the same,

In glory it went, in glory it came;

And God approving smiled

Sweetly and true, as a mother will do

Gazing upon her child.

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### SECOND DAY.

*And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*



Again God's all-creating voice  
Was heard in mighty thunder,  
The waters vast, without a choice  
In twain were rent asunder.  
As ne'er had been before,  
The waters from the waters fled  
Apart with Heaven between ;  
The one of Earth, its cradle-bed  
One had its nurture been  
As will till time's no more.

'Twas then with a shout of rapturous glee  
At the mystic power of God's Majesty,  
In either, where they dwell,  
Did the blissful angels gather and sing,  
Each soaring on sparkling, glittering wing,  
The anthem, now we swell.  
" Hosanna, to the Lord,  
Who bears the spheres along,  
At whose creating word  
Thus part the waters strong ;  
This gem, shall be thy boast,  
Thy glory far and wide,  
Moving all the starry host,  
Thy loved one and thy pride ;  
How beautiful it's sheen,  
How gracefully it wheels,  
No care nor ache is seen  
Its bosom, to reveal,  
The glow upon its face,  
The pulse, now at its core  
Proclaim, through mighty space  
Thy love, for evermore,  
Then, glory to the Lord.  
Hosanna, to the High  
Breathe, and worlds at thy word  
Come," " Glory " do they cry.

Even, we the creatures of this world  
From whence the darkness has been hurled  
Unto its gloomy region,  
Declare alike, from hour to hour  
God's wisdom, goodness, and his power,  
With voices now in legion  
Crying, " Glory to God on High  
Glory, unto thy name  
Who all of earth, would dare to try  
Thy wisdom, cowers in shame."

### THIRD DAY.

*And God said, Let the waters underneath the Heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so.*

What mighty convulsion, now moves the deep,

And the startled waters, that madly leap,  
From calmness and from rest ;  
With an awful rush do they tremble and flee  
Every mountain wave in its majesty,  
Disclosing young Earth, its breast ;  
'Tis the voice of God, in His strength and power  
Who has spoke, and the waters from that hour  
Were gather'd unto the sea.  
And the earth, all sterile upreared its head  
From the parent depth of its ocean bed.  
In grand sublimity  
Thus sea and land  
At God's command  
Embraced, embracing stood ;  
Fair twins they be,  
Both land and sea,  
And God pronounced it good.  
Now, " Let the Earth bring forth " its fruit,  
Its every tree, its every flower  
When noiselessly, began to shoot  
Each bud and blossom, from that hour  
So beautiful and gay ;  
Graceful and stately shady trees  
With each fragrant flower beside ;  
On verdure green, so pleasant to see  
In hues, that would deck a bride  
Or blushing Queen of May.  
Then again was the choral anthem sung  
By angels, all in raptured glee  
On thus their beholding the things that sprung  
At the word of God's Majesty—  
" How beautiful is Earth  
And pleasant 'tis to see,  
How fragrant at its birth  
Just born from the sea ;  
How fair its every flower  
And stately every tree,  
Hail, hail unto thy power  
Lord, our Divinity."

### FOURTH DAY.

*And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of Heaven, to divide the day from the night ; and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years.*

Away, and away through the azure space,  
All fragrant doth it sail,  
With the modest air, and a virgin's grace,  
Who lists a long love tale ;

And the spheres stood still in a shining  
wreath

Such charming orb to see,  
Inhaling afar off the scented breath

In raptured ecstasy ;

When the brief command from God, it  
forth went.

Who loves this jewel bright,  
Saying, "Let there be lights in the firma-  
ment"

To shine by day and night,  
For signs, for seasons, for days, and for  
years

They'll serve, less foot she jars  
When high in the Heavens at once appears  
Sun, moon, and twinkling stars ;

The golden sun he rules by day,  
The silvery moon by night,

With myriads of stars in grand array  
Like sparkling diamonds bright.

The angels shout

And wheel about

Their choral anthem clear,

A joyous song

Both loud and long,

"Twere heard both far and near,  
From east to west, from north to south,

When these lights did appear.

"Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God, of great and small,

To wonder now were folly,

Thy power surpasseth all,

Gabriel cannot near thee,

And Lucifer is weak,

Even they its known fear thee

And thy blest presence seek.

This lovely earth so fair,

Adorned with sun and moon,

Shall know thy future care

And feel thy blessing soon,

'Twill have a glorious end

Since thou work not in vain

But what ? who may pretend ;

Not we, Great Lord, Amen."

#### FIFTH DAY.

*And God said, Let the waters bring forth  
abundantly the moving creatures that  
have life, and the fowl that may fly above  
the earth in the open firmament of  
Heaven.*

What darts through the water beneath the  
wave

With an arrow's speed, or a javelin stave ?

'Tis the great Leviathan of the deep,  
As keen, as if woke from a long, long sleep  
For amour, or, for food.

There are thousands of monsters of lesser  
size

With glittering fin, and lustrous eyes,  
And myriads still less who cleave through  
the tide

With the secret wishes of a fair young bride  
Parting with maidenhood.

And the air is charmed with the song and  
cry

Of the various birds, that soar and fly,  
They're in grove and dell, in wood and  
green,

Wooing and mating, obediently keen.

And God saw it was good

For the young, fresh love in their  
breast,

Near the coral reef, or the nest

Was warm and free,

As it should be,

With birds of the air, or fish of the sea

Since it was the Lord, His behest

Again, again did the joyous song  
Of the angel host, that heavenly throng,

Above the clouds, still swell ;

Thus,—gazing upon the amorous scene  
In the waters deep, and the fairest green

Their admiration tell,

Crying "Glory, Lord of all

Who knoweth what is best,

None but thee could e'er instal

Such feelings in the breast.

No angry passions rise,

While kind cleaves unto kind,

Warm love beams from their eyes

With hope in every mind.

'Be faithful' thou hast said,

Let Earth replenished be ;

So, shall thou be obeyed,

Most joyously and free ;

Then glory, glory, Lord,

Hosanna to thy name,

All hearken to thy word,

Even we, who from Thee came."

#### SIXTH DAY.

*And God said, Let the earth bring forth  
the living creatures after his kind, cattle  
and creeping thing, and the beast of the  
earth after his kind, and it was so.*

So God created man in his own image,  
in the image of God created he him, male  
and female created he them.

Again spoke the Lord, and the earth brought forth  
Of the cattle, the beast, and creeping thing,  
Each suited to clime, south, east, west and north,  
Each mate with its mate, unto whom they cling,  
"Befruitful," "replenish the earth," God said,  
Which scarce was it heard, when 'twas well obeyed,

As is seen, even to this day.  
For, since first appear'd the primal light,  
With a glimmering glow, through darker night,  
Nought dared the great Lord disobey.  
Since nature is law, and the law is right,  
For it is God's, and He'll have His way,  
Again spoke God, and Adam rose,  
Glorious in his station,  
Fair in form, and free he goes  
Lord of the creation.  
Around his head, a halo dwelt,  
Bright as the brightest mid-day sun,  
As on the flowery sward he knelt  
In thanks to God, whose work was done.

Great joy in heaven  
That day was given.  
Rejoicings near the throne of grace,  
E'en unto God,  
Whose spirit trod  
And made, and fills all things in space.  
And God confirmed their jubilant glee  
As hosts around him stood,  
Crying, "Lord, all thy works seem good to be,"

For God pronounced it good.  
'Twas then, to prove his work in hand  
Each living thing, at God's command  
Passed Adam's view before,  
When, whatsoever name he gave  
To each, where-e'er it haunt or live  
It holds, for evermore.  
Yet, rich in knowledge though he be,  
E'en in his Maker's image he  
Was made to adore;  
The world his home,  
All free to roam,  
Yet all alone and single;  
None human there,  
His joys to share,  
Or thoughts compare, and mingle.  
Alone, with God, and that blest train  
Of holy angels bright,  
Who taught him best, how to maintain  
His innocence and light;  
To whom, even in that happy state

With Paradise his own,  
He sighed, "each kind hath got its mate,  
But man is yet alone;  
Each bird and beast, in its degree  
Look happier far, just now, than me,  
Lord of this beauteous sphere;  
And yet, my thanks are none the less  
For all the blessings I possess  
From God, who placed me here."  
Thus, on some want, he seem'd to dwell,  
Till God, who all his thoughts could tell,  
Caused him in sleep to be;  
When from his side a rib was taken  
And breathed upon till it did waken  
Into a woman, fair to see;  
The loveliest star,  
In Heaven afar,  
That shines so bright,  
On summer night,  
Eclipsed not Mother Eve;  
As in that hour  
Within her bower  
She knelt unto  
Her Maker, who  
She thanked, nor thought to leave.  
Again, and with greater joy than before,  
The celestial heaven was heard once more  
To ring with angels' song,  
Crying, "These fair two, this beauteous pair  
Shall rival the spirits of upper air.  
"And praise thee loud and long  
Then, Glory, Lord on High,  
Thrice hoiy be Thy name,  
For power, none comes Thee nigh;  
Like Thee, none work the same.  
The vault of heaven it stands  
A record of thy might,  
And planets, in thy hands  
Revolve by day and night;  
This lovely earth we see  
Teems with thy light and love  
With life, and instinct free,  
In air, and sea, and grove;  
This twain shall pay thy trust,  
They'll fondly thee adore,  
Thou form'd them from the dust,  
They'll praise thee evermore;  
Their seed shall give thee joy  
With fervent faith and prayer,  
And hope, none can destroy  
Not any power of air.  
Rest then, thy labours o'er,  
Whate'er may rise or fall,  
Thou'rt now, and ever more  
Most gracious Lord of all."

C. McM.

## AN OLD, OLD STORY.

## CHAPTER II.

Was rosig einst das Leben ausgebreitet  
 Zertlossen ist's wie nebel vordem Blick,  
 Ist alles denu so schnell so schnell engleitet.  
 Bleib von dem buntem Schmelze nichts zurück?  
 VON ZEDLITZ.

WE left the interesting group I partially attempted to pourtray in the last chapter sitting calmly and comfortably, as they say in Germany, "unter den Linden," but I feel it to be my bounden duty as a worthy chronicler to fill up now more in detail the outline already roughly sketched with a rapid pencil, and, like a skilful limner, to add a little colouring to the foreground and background, the sky and clouds, and figures themselves.

The elderly lady, then, my readers should know, was aunt to the fascinating young woman who formed so conspicuous an object in the "tableau vivant, and rejoiced, as we shall remember, in the pleasant name of Margaret Margerison. Miss Margerison was a good old maid of a bye-gone school, and retained even to the last some of the peculiarities, and a great deal of the not disagreeable dialect of her distant but not unforgetten fatherland.

Some people affect to dislike the Scotch accent, as they do the bagpipes, and other institutions across the border, but I confess, from old Scotch connexions, to have a great liking for the habits and the vernacular of North Britain. No one who has ever sojourned for a longer or a shorter time within its pleasant and hospitable boundaries, but must retain a genuine sympathy for Scotland and Scotch people, a vivid "souvenir" of sincere kindness and unfailing "bonhomie."

Miss Margerison, when our day opens, was no longer young. The census returns would probably declare that she was fifty-six; and in this case that valuable record of the real age of the British female would be perfectly correct, for she prided herself on one great and special characteristic—rigid adherence to truth.

Brought up as a strict and devoted member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, she was a truly religious and high-minded woman trained in those precise habits of thought and speech which distinguished many of those Scotchmen and Scotch-

women of an older generation, whom many of us still affectionately remember. She was somewhat inclined to be hasty and suspicious of others, a little fond of dogmatizing and "testifying," (as other Scotchmen and Scotchwomen have been and are still,) apt to think, moreover, that the duty of the young was quietly to obey, and the privilege of the elder to command, and that there was considerable laxity in this respect at any rate in the present age. Warm-hearted, kind to the poor, a fast friend, and a good hater, Margaret Margerison, with a large fortune, which had been mainly left to her by her brother, the Indian judge, had so far escaped the drawbacks or delights, as you like to consider them, of matrimony, as to "wander on alone" thus far, and to remain, as some one has said, "singularly single."

She was, however, a very useful member of the community, and a very agreeable portion of society; and I have often noticed through life how, despite all our prejudices and all our persiflage, old maids often are some of the kindest and most pleasant of companions you can anywhere stumble upon, the truest friends, and the most disinterested advisers.

She had no doubt her foibles and her infirmities, who has not? but I cannot help thinking and believing that before we bid her farewell, you and I, kind readers, will equally admire her genuine character, and be quite ready to make acquaintance with her.

Her niece, Miss Lucy Longhurst, already alluded to, was the only daughter of Miss Margerison's sister, Mrs. Longhurst, who married at an early age, a good deal against her friends' inclination, an officer in the army—Captain Longhurst—and had died in India, leaving her irreconcilable husband a lonely widower, with the interesting little Lucy. As he succumbed soon after to an attack of Jungle fever, the little orphan, then a pretty prattling child of five, was sent home with an Ayah to the care and guardianship of her aunt, Miss Margerison. And well and duly had she cared for her little ward. The most affectionate and devoted of mothers could not have more conscientiously watched over the life-progress of the fair and promising child.

And now she had grown up—after many years of care and love—and did full justice

to the tender surveillance of her good old aunt.

If her charms have already made a due impression upon some sentimental readers it may add to their favourable opinion of her told, that she was not penniless.

Though she had only inherited the comparatively modest portion of her mother, she had enough, as the French say, "pour tout potage," or, as we say, for "bread and cheese." Scanty, no doubt, her "dot" was in comparison with that of her richer aunt, who having succeeded, as I before said, to the long savings of her brother, the judge, had increased the ample store sevenfold by her careful administration of the same, and had risen proportionately in the good opinion of her banker, the family solicitor, and her fellow citizens generally.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that as many persons considered Lucy Longhurst an heiress, and all admired her good looks, she had as much admiration as is good for any one to receive here.

It is sometimes rather wonderful and amusing to note the difference that "money" often makes in respect of the admiration for the gentler sex of many of our younger men.

If she has "ochre," to use a cant expression, it just makes all the difference, and it is, as they say, "a closer." Indeed, to hear some young men talk, you would suppose that if they meet a young lady with money, or, as they elegantly say, "a pot," they have a right at once to appropriate her, and consider anyone else paying any attention to her, excessively impertinent. Men sometimes forget that women—not excepting heiresses,—have ideas and tastes of their own, and are not likely to be won by that pretentious boldness which seems to say, "here I am, take me." Now Lucy, though the most amiable of creatures, had not been much affected by all this outward admiration. I am inclined to think that she rated it at its proper value, as all sensible young women ought to do; at any rate, she passed through it all smilingly and calmly, not altogether indifferent to it, as what woman is? and thinking it, no doubt, all fair and proper, but steering her own course, and neither turning to the right hand nor the left. Her female friends mostly called her "dear Lucy," if that

phrase means anything; and her male friends declared that she was an "awfully jolly girl," "a stunner," "a clipper," praise so great, and so elegant, and so descriptive, that I should in vain seek to add to its force, or increase its energy and propriety by any of the old-fashioned and more tranquil language of an earlier generation. I ought to have said in my last chapter that during that memorable afternoon when Walter Mainwaring seemed at any rate to have found a sympathetic listener to his merry sallies in the fair Lucy, whose sparkling eye and brightened countenance did you a great deal of good to look upon, a careful observer might have discovered a "nuance" of dissatisfaction pass over, from time to time, the otherwise placid countenance of Miss Margerison.

There are always a great number of people in the world whose eyes seem always open, and those valuable members of society had noticed that for some time past, Mr. Walter Mainwaring, who was a neighbour of the two ladies, living at Apsley Lodge, about one mile distant from the Cedars, as Miss Mackenzie's cottage ornée was termed, had been a most regular visitor at that pleasant retreat. Indeed, some of the young neighbouring ladies had kindly and sweetly observed that there was "no doubt at any rate that Mr. Mainwaring had joined the early closing movement, that he could not have much to do in the City, and that he seemed to live at the Cedars."

And no doubt to some extent these little feminine sarcasms were quite well-founded.

My readers—unless very dull—will have already guessed that constant friendship and neighbourly intercourse, had made both Miss Longhurst and Mr. Mainwaring not at all object to each other's society; on the contrary, it was evident to all that such a condition of affairs was equally appreciated and approved of by them both; and I may say at once that there was no possible objection to Mr. Mainwaring. He was, on the contrary, what mammas would call "an eligible young man," what the designing parent would think a most desirable "parti," one whom the world would smile upon, and pat upon the back, and highly commend, and think very well of; for he was already the junior partner in a well-

known house in the City, the only son of his father, a rich man, and already very well off, would one day inherit undoubtedly, humanly speaking, a large fortune.

Thus then there could be no valid objection to him—none at all; and though Lucy Longhurst said very little, it was plain to her clear-sighted dear friends and neighbours that she was gay when he was present, and silent when he was absent, and apparently very much bored if anything delayed his daily visit. How much of our individual and general happiness here depends, after all, on the presence or absence of some particular person. How great is that magnetic power of human attraction, whose laws would even puzzle, we fancy, Professor Tyndall himself. And so, as often happens, Mr. Mainwaring and Lucy Longhurst, everything being “*couleur de rose*” for them above, below, around, were floating complacently along the river of Life, no cloud to disturb the clear blue sky, and were both daily feeling more and more how wonderfully they got on together, when the Rev. William Williams appeared upon the scene, and became also, for some reason or other, an almost daily visitor at the Cedars. He was the curate of their parish church, and being a young gentleman who considered that there was no reason why he should not get on in the world, if due justice was only accorded to his own undoubted merit, had profited by a social tea meeting of the congregation to make the acquaintance of the aunt and the niece, and received an invitation to the Cedars, and had become a favoured protégé of Miss Margerison.

The ill-natured people of the vicinity (and some are very often very ill-natured to clergymen especially) said that he was making-up to Miss Longhurst, the more ill-natured declared that he was making-up to Miss Margerison, while the most ill-natured unblushingly avowed that he was making-up both to the aunt and the niece. The servants at the Cedars were all on the side of Mr. Mainwaring, and were very indignant when other servants told them that the curate was making-up to their young misses.” “Curate, indeed!” said Mrs. Murray, “my mistress looks a little higher than that. As for Mr. Walters, his remarks were so unbecoming to the “cloth” that I will not repeat them here.

Well, we left the party sitting under the shady limes, and, forgetting the long digression, let us return thither,

Walter Mainwaring has made one of his merry remarks, which has drawn a pleased smile and a silvery laugh from the radiant Lucy, a grim half-smile from Mrs. Margerison, and an “Oh, really now!” from Mr. Williams, when the deep bell at the front door announced a visitor.

“Who can it be?” said Lucy Longhurst, looking towards the house.

Just at that moment the stately form of Mr. Walters, the butler, appeared, preceding with much dignity a tall, well-dressed, grey-haired, erect gentleman, whom the least observant would instantly declare to be an old soldier.

And Colonel Mackintosh was as fine a specimen of that hard-worked, under-paid, much-abused individual, the English officer, as you could well meet.

Though he had joined the famous Light Division in 1810, though the Peninsular, and Waterloo, and the Cape of Good Hope, and India had long since grizzled the flowing locks, and tamed the high spirit of Allan Mackintosh, no more well-preserved and well set-up old gentleman was to be seen in the United Service, or shaken hands with in Pall Mall.

He was, indeed, a thorough good specimen of an English officer and gentleman, and no better comrade, and no faster friend could be found in the whole of her Majesty’s Army List.

As he came up he bowed to the ladies with a wave of his hat, like a “vieux Mousquetaire,” and having saluted his blushing god-daughter Lucy with a hearty kiss—a regular good smack—and having shaken hands warmly with Miss Margerison, held out a finger to Mr. Mainwaring, and bowed somewhat stiffly to the curate, he sank down into the well-cushioned chair which Lucy had placed for him, the moment she saw who the visitor was.

*(To be continued.)*

## BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

THIS life is not all sunshine,  
Nor is it yet all showers,  
But storms and calms alternate  
As thorns among the flowers ;

And while we seek the roses,  
The thorns full oft we scan ;  
Still let us though they wound us,  
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses  
As well as joys to share,  
And griefs and disappointments  
Which you and I must bear ;  
Yet if Misfortune's lava  
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,  
Let us with what is left us  
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment  
Is made of little things,  
As oft the broadest rivers  
Are formed from smaller springs :  
By treasuring small waters  
The rivers reach their span ;  
So we increase our pleasures  
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts  
Through which our feet may go,  
But there are given oases,  
Where pleasant palm-trees grow ;  
And if we may not follow  
The path our hearts would plan,  
Let us make all around us  
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with  
Ambition to its goal,  
Still let us answer "present"  
When Duty calls the roll ;  
And whatever our appointment,  
Be nothing less than man,  
And, cheerful in submission,  
Be happy as we can.

## SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

### IV.—EDUCATION.

"Give instruction to a wise man  
and he will be yet wiser."

THAT every individual member of Society has a duty to discharge to the corporate body of which he is an integral part is a position that we have already firmly established, just as every portion of a

machine, whether it be driving-wheel or regulator, shaft or bearing, or even the humbler bolt or nut which merely serves to tighten it, has its particular part to play in the running of the machinery. Now if the machine is to be of the most efficient working power it must be of the best possible make, and every part of it must be the best finished of its kind. Again it will be apparent at a glance that some portions will be necessarily more highly polished than others, whilst it will be also equally evident that whatever the degree of finish required, the machine will not be perfect unless all its parts are suitably finished to the allotted parts that they have each to play.

Now if we apply our principle to that machine Society, we shall find the same rule hold good, namely that it is requisite to its perfect working, that every individual member of it shall receive such a finish as is suitable to his position in it, and that in every case, this finish must be the best of its kind.

This finish is Education.

Therefore every member of Society must receive, according to his position in life, a suitable education, and in every case this education must be thorough.

That we are thoroughly alive to the former fact, and are earnestly endeavouring to carry out the principle cannot be for a moment denied, but whether we are securing the latter end is a serious matter of doubt.

Now what ought Education to be? Well! what is the meaning of the word? We ought to ascertain, for the wise man's words of old were very true, "There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed;" so too, naturally, was the advice he gave, "Hast thou children? Instruct them!" How? Well! what was the end he had in view? A continuous life long learning—"My son, gather instruction from thy youth up." Surely this precept could not be acted up to if education finished with one's school-days; whence we can clearly see that the school-boy's learning is merely the foundation upon which after knowledge is to be built. If we would know, then, what true education is, we had better go back to the original meaning of the word, and throw aside once and for all the idea that a certain, and the same, amount of knowledge, so-called, is to be crammed into

every little head alike, and then at a given signal—the attaining a certain age—the quasi-scholars are to be foisted upon Society as finished pieces of machinery. No! education is not a cramming-in, but a drawing-out; not a loading of tiny brains with hard disjointed facts, but a developing of innate qualities of metal, the temper of which is to be developed gradually hour by hour, until some day the perfect unit will be fitted into the perfect machine, where there will be no more jar of imperfection, nor any more decay.

But is this so with us to day? Oh! what a perverse world it is! Sometimes this way up, sometimes that. How fickle is fortune! to-day a man is on his head, to-morrow on his heels. Even so it is with our very language; like all the rest it partakes of the contagion: what meant good yesterday, means bad to-day; to-morrow, perchance, may mean either, neither, or both.

*Educare* ..... to draw out!

*Educate* ..... to cram in!

Education, in days gone by—the discovering of the hidden qualities of the embryo man; the drawing them forth; the strengthening and building them up; the filling in of the faulty places; and then the crowning work of the whole, the teaching the member of society how to best use his natural gifts thus matured for the well-being of himself and his fellows.

Education, in these days of ours— a conglomerating of the units of Society into an indefinable mass, a reducing every capacity to an arbitrary standard; a very intellectual bed of Procrustes. What an excellent plan is this to foster! How becoming our age of progress!

Ours is an epoch of purity, and therefore we collect all our filth, material and intellectual alike into nice receptacles, which we carefully whitewash—outside! What beautiful systems of sewage we have, nothing offensive to eye or nose, all refuse carefully put out of sight, and left there—out of mind! After effects?—Nonsense! How nicely, again, our putrid meat is dressed and cooked-up for the hungry, how appetizing it is! how it tickles the palate! After effects?—Nonsense! Our pet vices, again, our moral plague spots, how temptingly are they suggested in the very language of virtue, how beautifully bound

in their covers of green and gold, and then presented to the edifying of our sons and daughters: well-read they are, and well digested too. Yes! and after effects?—Nonsense! Who heeds them now?—truly not now, but alas! alas! for the future!!

Time was when the Peer dined off his plate, the Pauper (we use the term in no ill-natured sense) off his pewter. But there are no Paupers now! all must, forsooth, be Peers! But where is the sterling metal to come from? Sterling metal? We do not want that, "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve after;" ours is the age of cheap beauty! So long as we have stucco and whitewash, lacquer, and varnish, electro-plate, and paste, what do we want with your stone, your gold, your jewels? This age is too fast to delve, it only skims the surface: plating and paste are enough for us. *This is a utilitarian age, and therefore we do not want solid worth, but superficial glitter! We do not want use, but merely appearance!* So, too, with education; we want all to be, to outward appearance, plump and good, and so our cry is—like the poulterer's—*cram!*

What then is the reason given for thus artificially forcing upwards the general standard of education? It is that all are equal: that all, let them be born in whatever station of life they may, should have an equally free and open field for advancement in social position. Granted, without a moment's hesitation, the principle! Yet are the means employed conducive to the end? Equally, without a moment's hesitation, No! In fact the only result that we obtain is the thoroughly unfitting the vast majority of our population for the duties of their position in life.

What does the artisan want with abstruse mathematics, or with a knowledge of languages? Give him a fair start by teaching him to read and write, and, what is still better, by making him feel that to do his duty manfully and contentedly in whatever station of life God has been pleased to place him is true knowledge indeed; thus prepared let him learn his art practically, and follow it up conscientiously, and we shall have an honest man, a good workman, and an estimable member of society. Should the man, beyond this superstructure of practical knowledge built up upon a solid foundation of



useful boyish acquirements, desire an acquaintance with higher branches of learning, rely upon it, that he will make it for himself especially if there be such a thing within his reach as a reading-room, with its useful library ; and of one thing we may be quite certain that the knowledge thus acquired for the very love of learning will be thorough of its kind, whereas the jumbled smattering of things far past the comprehension of the boyish brain into which they were in school-days forced, will at the best remain a smattering to the end of the chapter ; or, what is still more likely, soon be forgotten altogether, leaving the mind not only an empty blank, but a blank so disgusted with the nauseous dose that has been crammed into it, as to always retain a repugnance for any after study whatever.

Of what use, again, are so-called accomplishments to the cottager's child who is to be hereafter the domestic servant or the poor man's wife ? Teach her to make and mend the family clothing ; to turn to the best account the food-supplies that fall to her lot ; train her voice, if you will, to sing the lullaby to the future little ones ; inculcate in her habits of cleanliness and thrift ; and you will produce what is sorely needed, a good servant, an honest woman, a good housewife, a fitting mother of our sturdy English youth. Accomplishments ! It would hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that awhile back a child was taken to task in Sunday-school for a neglected lesson, when the excuse given was "no time, because of home lessons ;" "home lessons," said the teacher, "why you have none from our day-school ;" "No !" said the child, "but 'There's *me Latin and me French* !'" Is any comment necessary ? Are we not right in describing the world as upside down, when we see the poor man's child and future poor man's wife thinking she must know other languages, but cannot speak her own ; who can crochet, but not cook a potato ; can dance, but not darn stockings ; scribble any number of letters, but cannot scrub a floor ; in short, will do anything except make her mistress comfortable when in service ; and can do anything when married, except make her husband a happy home.

Now, on the contrary, take up the other course of training we have pointed out and

see what you will have accomplished ; you will have ready to your hand a poor man's wife that will make her husband's house his home, and who will thus cheat the public-house of its victim and rob the gaol of its prey.

But, one will perhaps object, what about the brilliant genius you may thus cramp and confine by depriving it of obtaining that knowledge which is its very food ? What about the intellect that might do good service to the state, if carefully nurtured and trained ? A question by way of reply : what about Newton, Franklin, Stephenson, Watt, Arkwright, Harrison, Opie, and a host of others too numerous to mention :—

"Look well, look close, look deep, look long,

On the changes ruling earth ;  
And ye'll find God's rarest, holiest throng  
Of mortal wonders—strange and strong—  
Arose from noteless birth" :—

How have these all pushed their way to the front ? By sheer force of intellect, and indomitable energy and perseverance. True genius will always make its way in spite of every obstacle, and it is this very bar to indiscriminate progression that strains out your sage from your smatterers.

The effect, then, of our present plan of education is to push all alike to that dangerous pitch of learning where there exists the overweening conceit engendered by a too superficial knowledge, a knowledge that has stopped just short of that point where its possessor begins to realize how little he really knows ; the consequence of all this being that our population have been, and are still more, becoming practically useless as members of society.

Where then is the remedy ? Simply in restoring to education its true meaning. Train the young in such a way as to fit them for their future lot in life, and whilst giving them a solid foundation on which to build up future acquirements, to this end note carefully the expanding germ of intelligence and watch its gradual development, nurture its growth, mark its bent, and then direct it into its proper channel, and then, and not till then, shall we have no more of the square men in the round holes, or the round men in the square.

Should any scholar show particular ap-

titude in the early stages of this initial process, by all means give to such an one every opportunity of mental improvement which may afford a chance of future advancement in life ; in short, "give instruction to a wise man and he will be yet wiser."

Yet once again, with all this regard to learning, let religion go hand in hand with it. Knowledge without religion is not worthy of the name. Besides, to give the future man instruction, and to foster his cleverness without a sense of moral and religious duty is like setting in motion a steam-engine without governor or safety-valve. We all know how closely now certain ways of getting wealth trench on the border-land of honesty; remove universally the safeguards of morality and religion, and the natural result will be to flood the country with a multitude of clever scoundrels.

Let us pause, then, ere it be too late, and even, if need be, retrace our steps. Let us no longer forget God and our neighbour in self, but let us acknowledge ourselves to be, and act as, members of a vast society, whose aim is mutual good-will and improvement, whose purpose a conscientious and contented fulfilment of every duty social and religious, and whose motto is "God and our country."

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## THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

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BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

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### CHAPTER X.

#### THE REFERENCE TO A LAWGIVER.

(Continued from page 83.)

This Odin or Woden pronounced himself to be the wisest of mortals—to have communion with the celestial gods—to remove from place to place with the rapidity of thought, at his pleasure—to foretell future events—and to perform miracles. With these pretensions amongst an ignorant people, borne out most probably by the possession of eloquence,

and a poetical genius; and by some knowledge of natural philosophy, which enabled him to perform a few extraordinary tricks, he succeeded in establishing his authority, and substantiating his claims to divine honours. He dictated a series of laws, which were afterwards collected in a book called the Edda, which continued to be religiously observed, till the Gothic superstition was superseded by Christianity; and there still exist in Norway and Sweden many rural customs which are remnants of the ceremonies instituted by this successful chief.

It is taught in the Edda that a fabulous personage named Gaugler, being introduced into the lofty palace or hall of the gods, the roof of which "was formed of brilliant gold, beheld three thrones raised one above another, and upon each throne sat a sacred personage. Upon his asking which of these was their king, the guide answered, he who sits on the lowest throne is the king; his name is Har, the lofty one; the second is Jafuhar, or, equal to the lofty one; he who sits on the highest throne is called Thridi, or the third." The immortality of the soul was also inculcated, as well as the eternity of the Supreme Being. Thus, Gaugler asks, "Who is the first among the gods?" And he is answered, "The Father of all." He then enquires, "Where is God, and what has he performed!" The reply is, "He lives evermore, governs his kingdom, and rules over all things great and small." And again, "God has created the heavens, and the earth, and all that is in them; he formed man, and gave him a spirit which shall live and never pass away, even though the body becomes dust, or be burned to ashes.

It will be unnecessary to repeat the process which was successfully practised in the farthest East, and the most extreme West; whether by Mango Capac in Peru, or the more ignorant pretenders in the islands of Polynesia or the Caribbean Sea. The principle was universally disseminated, that the laws and ordinances of religion and morality could not be binding on the people except they were of divine origin; and the more recent attempt of Mahomet is a proof, that, even in a comparatively enlightened era, a bold assumption of superior powers, backed by an untiring zeal, and the reputation for the practice of

an exemplary piety, will not fail to produce the desired result.\*

In the hieroglyphic under our consideration, we have a pictorial description of the process which was adopted by Hermes Trismegistus in the prosecution of his system of reform in Egypt. The principal figure was probably intended for Hermes himself in the act of delivering his laws to the people ; of which the Tablet between its fore claws, is not only a symbol, but actually contains some of the more prominent doctrines.

There is much confusion in the history of this divine personage ; yet it appears highly probable that the first Hermes was the same as Thoth the son of Mizraim or Osiris. Faber thinks, however, that he is erroneously described by Sanchoniatho as the son of Mizraim, and ought to be identified with the patriarch Noah. "Hermes, he says, seems to be a corruption of Hermon, or Ar-Mon, the deity of the Lunari-arkell mountains."†

He is called by Plutarch, Orus ; and by Eusebius, Saturn ; and some writers are inclined to think that he was the same as the Hebrew Patriarch Joseph ; for which these reasons are assigned. Joseph was the cause of great wealth and plenty to the Egyptians, and was accordingly esteemed a great benefactor. They likewise looked upon him as a revealer of hidden mysteries, and a discloser of the will of the gods ; whence he was styled Hermes, which signifies an adept in mysterious knowledge, and an interpreter of oracles. He is said to have deciphered the hieroglyphics which had been inscribed on the pillars of Enoch ; and that he communicated every useful art to the Egyptians. He was accounted a great prophet, and esteemed by some to be equal with the gods.

Others contend that he was Enoch, and existed before the flood ; and consequently

the builder of those mysterious pillars. He was well versed in a knowledge of astronomy and architecture ; and delivered to the people a code of excellent laws, applicable both to their civil and religious polity. In a word he was the most celebrated philosopher that Egypt ever produced.

Plutarch, in his Isis and Osiris, says, that not only men, but towns and cities, as well as nations, had each its presiding divinity. And hence Hermes was considered the tutelary deity of the city of Hermapolis Magna, which was called after his name, and also of Pselcis now called Dakkeh ; and to his honour "a considerable number of Greek ex-votos have been inscribed on the propylon and other parts of the temple in this place, by officers stationed about Elephantine and Philæ, and others who visited Pselcis, but principally in the time of the Cæsars. He is here styled the very great Hermes Pautouphis, or Tautnouphis, a name that may be traced in the hieroglyphics over this deity ; Taut-n-pnubs, the Thoth of Punsbo, the Egyptian name of Pselcis."\*

Dr. Pococke has described a gigantic figure found in the caverns of Thebes, which has been taken for a statue of Hermes. It has a sceptre in its hand and wings to its feet, covering the whole body. This has been pronounced to be a statue of Hermes ; but he was more generally worshipped under the form of a stone pillar, which from hence were called by his name. Strabo, in his travels through Upper Egypt, describes several stone heaps, consisting of three cylindrical stones placed one upon the other, in the form of a pyramid ; which he calls Hermœa, thinking them nearest in resemblance to those pillars which were erected in honour of Mercury.†

This worship extended into Britain ; where were found square or cubical stones, dedicated to the same deity. Borlase says, "the number *three* had respect unto the three primary idols. One of the idols, or symbols of the god Mercury, consisted of three stones ; two large stones were pitched on end, over which, another stone was laid, which covered the rest, bearing

\* Even in our own times, we might notice, were it not invidious, many religious enthusiasts, who were followed by a party admitting their peculiar tenets, and designating themselves by the name of their leader. This is true, not only of Luther and Calvin, Arminius and Wesley, but also of Johanna Southcote, Irving, and other mistaken persons, who fancied they had received a divine commission to change the ordinances of the national religion.

† Fab. Cab. vol. i. p. 283.

\* Wilkinson's Thebes. p. 489.

† Strabo. l. xvii.

with its middle upon the stones underneath."\*

"By Livy, Hermes was called Mercurious Teutates; and adds that in Britain and Gaul, the inhabitants made mounts, on which were placed upright stones, which were consecrated to him. He was the Phenician Tautus; the Egyptians called him Toot, the Alexandrians, Thouth; the Greeks, Hermes or Mercury. Plato calls him Theut, a god or divine person, and the father of letters. Tully calls him Thoyth, Lactantius, Theutus and Thot. And this Theut or Hermes was the god of eloquence."†

He was not only esteemed by the Egyptians the god of eloquence, but is said to have written his system of religion, science, and philosophy, in forty-two books, which form the basis of almost all ancient writings. The contents of these books were of course miscellaneous. In them were found the sciences of astronomy, astrology, hieroglyphics, geography, chorography, doctrines and discipline of religion, geometry, directions for civil government, and psalms and hymns for the services of the gods.

The chief book of Hermes, and that which was in the highest esteem amongst the Egyptians, is embodied in the anaglyph. It related to the energy of the heavens, to the powers of the planets, and the influence of the heavenly bodies; and was properly a treatise concerning horoscopes and astrology, and was full of dark and mysterious learning.‡ Accordingly we find it explained by Bin Washih, a Nabathean by birth, who flourished in the early times of Christianity, and devoted himself to the study of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics and laws; and recorded the result of his observations on four tables of symbols; the first of which, related to mythology and astronomy; the second, to the actions and affections of mankind; the third to botany and its application to physical science; and the last, to mineralogy.

Thus it appears that as in the Jewish and Christian dispensations, the deity is represented as a revealer of laws, to

produce the happiness and salvation of his creatures; for Moses, who received his laws from the hand of God, and acted as the vicegerent of the Most High\* is expressly called a Lawgiver; and so is Christ, to whom the same title is assigned in the prophetic writings; so every popular reformer in each of the grand divisions of Paganism was desirous of persuading the people to believe that his system was derived immediately from the Creator, as an essential preliminary to the success of his scheme. And the device operated successfully, whether amongst the wise and learned population of Egypt, the acute philosophy of Greece and Rome, or amongst the ignorant and half savage inhabitants of less civilized regions. The record, how extraordinary soever it may appear, is founded on evidence too clear and unimpeachable to admit of the slightest doubt; and forms an undeniable confirmation of the truth of sacred writ.

*To be Continued.*

## THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

### OLD MAIDS.

OLD maids have often been made the subject of "persiflage," and even ridicule. I have always thought such a treatment of them most unjust.

We all of us know cases where much of the happiness of the family circle centres in the maiden aunt or sister, who very often is the kindly adviser and benefactor of all the other members of the little domestic clan.

Indeed, I have often thought and felt that old maids deserve to be treated with much regard and respect, especially when they are kind and considerate, gentle, and amiable, pleasant and friendly to all. And we should always remember that everybody more or less has a little history, so to say, of his or her own life here.

The good old maid we know so well, and like so much, so placid and so plump, so cautious and so conversational, so animated and so agreeable, so very true a friend, and so very good a woman, probably could tell you, if you cared to listen, that

\* Borlase. Ant. Cornu. p. 187.

† Sammes. Britain. p. 126.

‡ Iamb. Sect. viii. c. 4.

\* Numb. xxi. 18. James iv. 12.

she, too, once did not intend to remain an old maid. She had, like "Master Shallow" and his "lawsuit," her little "fond expectations" at one time. We all remember that good portrait Sir Walter Scott draws in "Guy Mannering" of the old maid, Miss Bertram, with Ensign Binkie's letters in her escritoire, (cherished souvenir), and his little I.O.U's., and depend upon it many an old maid you or I meet and wot of, has preserved the recollection, though in some altered form and manner, of her Ensign Binkie!

Underneath those grey locks and that calm exterior still exists, believe me, a deal of "sentiment," and many a most pleasant and valuable and friendly "atom," amid the "atoms" with whom we congregate and converse hour by hour, has quietly played that "rôle" of single-blessedness, because, as the Irishman said, "things went contrary," and "it was all mighty disappointing." I say this to defend "old maids" from the charge commonly laid against them of wanting "sentiment," the truth is, they are often the best example of its reality and its intensity! But we must not shut out also another side of the question. There are many ladies whom we all know, and for whom we ought to feel profound respect, who, for some reason or another, for "good and sufficient causes them thereto moving," have remained single through choice, and become old maids by Brevet Rank, in the lapse of time and the flight of years!

Many there are—most noble specimens of womanhood—doing their duty gallantly in all things, who have devoted themselves to a single life, perhaps in a sense of responsibility for others, who have accepted the position God seemed to mark out for them; and without fuss, or affectation, or singularity, or pretension, have become willingly the old maid of their family circle, the old maid of the neighbourhood, the old maid of a large "kith and kin" of troublesome boys and laughing girls.

How many we can recall and remember to-day, pleasant, educated, cultivated, refined, gentle, good, and generous, who were the delight of the society which they graced while they lived, and are tenderly mourned by those whom they have left behind. How many blameless lives, and unselfish aims, and loving words, and gracious works, and

bettering influences, and happy associations can we join still with the term "old maid," as our memory to-day surveys the "years that are past," and recalls those figures which fill, and those fond faces which seem to smile out from, the crowded canvas before us. Now, I feel bound to speak honestly and clearly, and I think that the prejudice against old maids, and the jokes against old maids are very unworthy. I do not mean to deny that here and there you will stumble upon the tattling old maid, and the scandalous old maid, and the flirting old maid, and the bedizened old maid, and the soured old maid, and the cantankerous old maid—you will—but what I do say is, that they are the exceptions to the rule, and that those exceptions prove the rule to be the very contrary.

No doubt when you come across her, a real mischievous old maid is a very disagreeable personality, and a godless old maid is a horror; but such specimens of "old maidendom" are very few and far between, and when we do come across them we should all give them a "clear berth" as fast as we possibly can.

The writer of romances, or of novels, may bring in the vicious and meddlesome, and intriguing old maid, but as a general rule such exist only in novels and romances, and are not to be found in real life. The old maids I have known—and I have met many in my career—have been all the kindest of women and the best of friends.

They have set to all around them a quiet example of being good, and doing good, they have been most useful to man, and most faithful to God in their time and generation. They have excelled in many points and tastes—artistic, literary, benevolent, and humanitarian—they have been self-denying and sedulous in respect of their own lives and means, zealous workers for the good of others; true sisters of Mercy and Charity have they proved themselves to be in their time and generation.

And I would fain hope that we have heard the last words of detraction and disrespect against them! You and I, kind reader, must know many a home, many a village, many a family many a neighbourhood where the old maid is as the "very salt of the earth," shedding light and purity, and

gentleness and goodness, so to say, on all within her reach. How many a youthful impetuous spirit has she wisely, truly, guided, how many an admiring nephew or niece has she affectionately controlled, for her advice is always sound, because unselfish; and her heart is always warm and true, because Religion has made her feel alike her duty and her responsibilities, the sacrifices she has to undertake, and the labour she has to perform for others. I know of no happier or no more peaceful career than that which is animated alike by a perception of efforts to be made, and toils to be undergone for the good of others; which is consecrated simply by a surrender of self and personal ease, and personal comfort; which passes on relying and cheerfully through dark days and treacherous showers to that "other land," which lies beyond the "silent sea," where the everlasting hills rise above the distant horizon, telling to the often weary wayfarer to-day of peace and rest, reunion and happiness one day hereafter. If there are any of my readers who will still talk slightingly of old maids, let them do so, and let them remember that in so doing they commit a very grievous blunder. "Au contraire," I would impress on all who read these pages to treat them and regard them with kindness and respect. They are there before your very eyes, doing their duty nobly to the last; they are firm friends, sound advisers, most true-hearted women, and putting away from you the "small talk and 'badinage' of society," see in them a type very often of all that is tenderest and most precious, and most cultivated and most admirable in woman!

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### "GLAMOUR."

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THE breath of flowers was on the breeze,  
 And all the odours of the spring;—  
 Amid the gently-budding trees  
 We heard the throstle sing.  
 We watched the tender leaflets curl'd,  
 No green seemed half so gay before;—  
 A hundred springs may deck the world,  
 But those green leaves no more;  
 No, never, never more!

The sun drank up the tears of night  
 The happy tears of early dew,  
 Each drop became a globe of light  
 With golden-green shot through.  
 We shook them off the primrose flowers,  
 No dew seemed half so bright before;  
 Now winter rain may fall in showers,  
 But those bright drops no more;  
 No, never, never more!

Within the blue, unblemish'd skies  
 The infant cloudlets cradled lay,  
 Like new-born souls in Paradise,  
 All clad in white array;  
 And in our happy eyes that met  
 There shone a light unknown before;  
 Now suns may rise, and suns may set,  
 But that love-light no more;  
 No, never, never more!

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### ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREEMASONRY.

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(Continued from page 78.)

#### PART III.

A DARVAND, then, is not necessarily a non-Zoroastrian, because the latter may belong to a monotheistic religion, and may have practised all the virtues common to pure Zoroastrians. All the popular aversion to a Darvand at present, through a miscomprehension of the term and its uses in the Avesta, is solely levelled undeservedly to a foreign religionist. This, plainly, should not be. By all means avoid the shadow of a Darvand, but do not by any means identify him wholesale with all non-Zoroastrians. The Farvardin Yashts proclaim loudly against this absolute condemnation of all non-Zoroastrians by in itself invoking the spirits of the Asho of all creeds and castes, climes and countries. To sum up, then, there is nothing inconsistent or derogatory to a follower of Zoroaster in associating, sympathizing, and fraternizing with Freemasons of all countries and beliefs. And yet not a few there are among us Zoroastrians who entertain such vague notions of Freemasonry as to view with great alarm and disapprobation the admission of Zoroastrians into the Masonic Craft. I remember I once proposed a Dustoor as a candidate for initiation. A Dustoor,

you know, has received high sanctification, by undergoing the necessary ablutions and purifications. But, with all that, he is not observing Barshnam. Those who are in the active performance of the higher functions of religious ceremonies—that is, the Barshnamwallas—are, of course, prevented from joining the ordinary affairs of life for the period they have their Barshnams. But Dustoors are supervisors rather than the actual performers of the consecrational ceremonies, and they therefore can move about freely and associate with the rest. And yet I was prepared for a great deal of prejudicial opposition to be made to him, which, indeed, came in volleys from every direction. "What a desecration," clamoured the ignorant and the bigoted, "for a Dustoor to become a Freemason?"—to go to learn what they imagined to be the tenets and principles of Christian religion, and, most horrible of all, to consent to dine with people of other religions, &c. I need not mention that the Mobeds and Dustoors do not dine on the same table with their own fellow-Zoroastrians also, and it was in vain to expect the Dustoor to join our Masonic banquet; but I had hoped in his case to have made dinner no part of his Masonry. Of course, there was no other help, and the initiation did not take place. But really my opinion is that the Dustoor would have gained vastly by his joining our institution. You know very well that nothing in Freemasonry restrains the religious liberties of its initiates. The Dustoor would not have been a bit less Zoroastrian by joining us. On the contrary, he would have gained something from the study of our rites and ceremonies, our signs and symbols. In the following pages I will explain to you how that could have happened. Freemasonry is described to be a moral institution veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. The institution differs from other religious systems in this respect, that, unlike the latter, it has no born members. A Christian or a Zoroastrian, or a Mahomedan or a Hindoo's children take their father's religion by right of birth; not so the children of a Freemason in Masonry. The members in a Masonic body are elected after strict enquiry and a rigid voting by ballot when they are of mature age, and have proved

themselves morally worthy. Hence there is a great probability of much greater percentage of intelligence to be found in a given number of Freemasons than in that of believers of any other institution. Besides, no innovation is permitted in Freemasonry; consequently, the original illustrations and interpretation are transmitted untampered most scrupulously from mouth to mouth, and from generation to generation. This has helped the preservation of a vast deal of original ancient lore, expressed in rites and ceremonies, and explained by constituted lectures. The original design and purposes of outward ceremonials are hence clearly unfolded before us. Not such is the case as regards ancient religions. The ceremonials are extant in them, but the original causes thereof are lost to knowledge. There are good many rites and ceremonies, signs and symbols, to be observed in the Zoroastrian religion, but they are like a skeleton without a soul in them. Their primitive object is not understood, or is very imperfectly understood. Of course, a deep study of the Zoroastrian scriptures would unravel all; but to an ordinary inquirer who has no time to study deep into the Parsee scriptures, much might be found in Freemasonry which would be useful to him in giving the right interpretations to many understood or misunderstood ceremonials. The Dustoor, himself conversant with the Zoroastrian ceremonials and well read in the sacred books, would have very easily found much in Freemasonry to remind him of corresponding matters in his religion; and even he would have profitably found expositions of ceremonies in Freemasonry which would have helped him in his endeavours to get at the right explanations of his own Zoroastrian rituals. In my humble way I have often been much gratified and recompensed at meeting success in instituting similes between Masonic and Zoroastrian rites and ceremonies. It is a very interesting study, and affords me as much delight as I can imagine Dr. Oliver to have found in making comparisons between Christian and Masonic teachings and dogmas. I am tempted to give on this occasion a few specimens of this sort of study; but perhaps it will be easier to adhere to a system, and, taking the tracing board of

an entered apprentice in hand, it will be my endeavour to explain and illustrate the emblems thereupon by the principles of the Zoroastrian religion. The attempt to explain the Zoroastrian ceremonies by the light of Masonry had better be reserved for a future occasion. It can better follow than precede the attempt to explain the Masonic emblems by the light of Zoroastrianism. First of all, let me recall your memory to the discourse delivered on the last Naoroz Festival. It was about the Mithraic mysteries. Therein it was attempted to be shown that a Dari Meher, as the term signified, was a porch or vestibule of the temple of Meher. In the temple itself, that is, in the *sanctum sanctorum*, or the innermost chamber, secret mysteries must have been necessarily practised. The mystic institution was, it might be safely concluded, dedicated to Mithra or Meher. The nature of the rites and ceremonies is indicated in the Roman and Grecian accounts. I failed to trace any indication thereof in any written or monumental records of Persia, but I ventured to conjecture that the subject of them must have been the legend of the soul, or rather the spirit, of Aderbad Marespand taking flight to the upper and the nether worlds, to witness the scenes of reward and punishment in after-life. But this much can be gathered from the Avestaic writings, that there were some mystic words which were to be preserved only among a select few. The Khordad and the Baharam Yashts refer to a certain Manthra, which was to be transmitted only to the closely related or the exalted Athornans. This word Manthra in its simple signification means a sentiment expressed in a word or words. Now, the word mystery itself is closely allied to it etymologically, since it comes from the word 'myth,' which is the Greek form of the Avestaic Manthra. By myth or mystery we understand more than a simple word or sentiment; a certain degree of secrecy is associated with it as with the Avestaic Manthra. Myth, mystery, Manthra, are not vulgarly comprehended; to the common herd they are veiled by and surrounded with secrecy. Hence Manthras are to be communicated to the intelligent few. They are said to be very efficacious. They are used in the Avesta

for good purposes, to promote the welfare and the happiness of the people. Mantras, on the other hand, the Sanscrit equivalent of Zend Manthra, are used to propitiate or scare off the evil geniuses. Mark the diametrically opposite uses of the two. The phrase Khشناothra Ahurahe Mazdao Taroidite Anrahe Manyus indicates the spirit which guides a Zoroastrian, viz., to propitiate Hormuzd and spurn Satan. These Manthras were perhaps communicated in the innermost chamber of a Dari Meher. But what relation, it may be asked, may be supposed to exist between the recitals of Manthras and Meher Yazad? A trace may be detected in the Meher Yasht to connect these two together. Mithra is there represented as presiding over light, over truth, over fidelity, over friendship, and the rest of the cognate virtues. The Yasht begins—"The man guilty of being untrue to his fidelity is guilty of an act tantamount to injuring the whole country, so do not break a plighted contract, be it made with an Asho or a Darvand, for both are vows alike; never mind if they be given to a Darvand or to one of your own ways." Here there is a specific exhortation to be faithful to a vow made, to an oath taken. The greatest wonder in the non-Masonic world is how well Freemasons keep their vows so faithfully. A Freemason is sometimes prevailed upon to betray his other secrets in a moment of inebriety, but no effort can induce him to divulge his Masonic secrets. Instances have been narrated of rich and powerful men having sent their dependent, penniless menials to Masonic Lodges on the promise of their revealing the secrets to their patrons when they came into possession of them, and getting their fabulous rewards; but these have preferred their beggarly state in life to becoming rich by the act of their breaking their Masonic oath. Furdoonjee Murzbau was much impressed in favour of Freemasonry when he learnt that a poor Mason declined an offer of half a lakh of rupees to reveal the Masonic secrets. Bearing this in mind, it can be understood without difficulty why certain mysteries should have been dedicated to Mithra; it was just because he presides over fidelity. There must have been Dari Meher (Masonic temples) all over the country, as



the presiding Yazad Meher is described in the Avesta to have his rule extending to the right and left, above and below, of the Khaniratha Bami continent. In fact, his influence and jurisdiction extended over the then known world, from India in the east to Mesopotamia in the west, and from the ends of the earth (the Persian Gulf) in the south to the river Araxes in the north. A Masonic Lodge is likewise represented in the form of an oblong square in length from east to west, in breadth between north and south. Our Lodges are situated due east and west, because all places of Divine worship, as well as regular Masonic Lodges, are so situated. The reason assigned is that the sun, the glory of Hormuzd, his eye and his body, figuratively speaking, rises in the east and sets in the west, darting within his rays of health, joy, and liveliness on each occasion. The south also permitted the rays to penetrate within when the sun was at high twelve, and so that direction is also one, facing which a Zoroastrian can say his prayers. The course of the sun is followed during the day when at prayers, facing the east in the morning, the south at high noon, and the west in the evening. The north is never faced, because it is a dismal and cold quarter from which neither light nor heat penetrates—at least in the latitudes of Persia, where the Zoroastrian faith took its origin. In all ceremonies, either the north is backed, facing the south, or the east or the west is faced. The eyes of praying mortals are directed always to the eye of Ahura Mazda, the great Creator. This explains why our Masonic Lodges are situated due east and west. Our Lodge is supported by three grand pillars. They are called Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu. Meher reminds us to keep our Masonic obligations inviolate, to cultivate brotherly love, and to strictly observe truth and integrity even in the hours of extreme temptation. The pillar of Meher constantly reminds us that truth-observing men are sure to meet in the end with their due rewards, and that Ahura Mazda will be ever ready to come to the succour and assistance of all those who suffer for the rigid adherence to the principles of truth and righteousness. Serosh serves the purpose to keep us within the bounds of the compass, to cir-

cumscribe our lusts and passions, and to keep us ever watchful against the temptations of Aeshma (Asmodeus), which induces us to transgress the principles of morality and virtue. Serosh, moreover, teaches us to humbly obey the behests of the Almighty God, and to sincerely carry out in daily practice all his commands and precepts. All our inspirations for higher and nobler aims come through the contemplation of him; thus demonstrating that he who learns to control and guide himself on the holy path circumscribed by Serosh, stands a chance of attaining to higher spiritual life. Rashnu teaches us to be upright in our conduct and lives, and just in our behaviour towards our neighbours and fellow-creatures. Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu jointly guard the portals to the entrance on the Chinvat pool. Unless, after Meher, we have kept faithful to our vows, given proofs of our brotherly love, and practised truth; unless, after Serosh, we have displayed our humility and submission in giving strict obedience to the divine commands contained in the volume of the sacred law; unless, after Rashnu, we have strictly observed the principles of justice and righteousness—in short, unless we have satisfied Meher, Serosh, and Rashnu that we have rigidly followed the practices, morality, and virtue indicated and symbolized by them, we do not hope to gain the lower end of the Chinvat pool which takes us across this world to the next. The universe is the temple of the Deity whom we serve. Truth, law, and justice are about his throne as pillars of his work.

(To be continued.)

## OUT WITH THE TIDE.

(Written for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.)

"Farewell! I did not know thy worth,  
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized;  
So angels walked unknown on earth,  
But when they flew were recognised."

MOORE.

I stood on the banks of a beautiful river,  
Perchance it was only a dream;  
I saw a light skiff float hither and thither,  
Of its own wild will it would seem.

I looked and I saw a fair maiden and youth  
 Caressing and thoughtless, ah! well—  
 'Tis not when young only, thought I, in  
 in good sooth,  
 That men will be under the spell.

The little god cometh in youth and in age,  
 He shooteth his arrows afar;  
 The glamour comes o'er us though never  
 so sage,  
 For Love rides in Victory's car.

So I sat idly watching that sweet summer  
 eve,  
 The little boat sailing away,  
 And I saw the sun sinking down to the  
 west,  
 As she sped out into the bay.

I knew those fond lovers, and one was  
 to me  
 Far more than I thought then, but now  
 I see the more clearly,—but yet to God's  
 will  
 Submissively humbly I bow.

One moment the white sails flashed in the  
 sun,  
 When a sudden gust stirred through the  
 trees,  
 Then never more saw I that youth and  
 fair maid,  
 For a storm grew out of the breeze.

But nevermore came they home to the  
 town;  
 And marriage bells never were rung;  
 Ah! me, 'twas Death went out with the  
 tide,  
 And the Passing Bell solemnly swung.

Near a green sloping bank far down  
 towards the sea,  
 On the morrow fair Mildred was found;  
 The sea-weed lay tangled in sweet auburn  
 hair,  
 And grey gulls hovered around.

The little skiff lay on the beach at the  
 haven,  
 All peaceful it might there abide,  
 For never again would it take the young  
 lovers  
 Sailing far out with the tide.

Ah! say 'twas a dream,—I care not to  
 waken;

That fair one who should be a bride,  
 Was dearer to me than aught else on  
 earth,  
 But Death took her out with the tide.

EMMA HOLMES,

Priory Gate, Woodbridge,  
 July, 1876.

### TAKEN BY BRIGANDS.

THE SCOTCH SAILOR'S YARN.

*From the NEW YORK DISPATCH.*

I HAVE seen Constantinople, and Naples  
 and San Francisco, and a dozen more,  
 towns that folk make a grand talk about,  
 but gi'e me Glasgow. Whenever I take a  
 spell ashore, it's there I go; and when  
 this old hulk is nae longer seaworthy, I  
 just hope to drop anchor in Glasgow for  
 guide and a.

If you think this is patriotism, I am  
 free to confess that it's naething o' the  
 sort.

Patriotism is a marvellous fine thing,  
 and I toast the Land o' Cakes every  
 Saturday neet of my life; but when it  
 comes to practice, a man maun live where  
 he is best off; and as the Robert Bruce,  
 Glasgow, is the only house in the world  
 where I am free of the tap, I hope to come  
 to my last moorings within hail of it.

Eh, sirs, it is nae he that I am telling  
 you. I can just gang into the parlour at  
 ony hour of the day or neet, and call for  
 as many glasses of toddy as I like to drink,  
 and never pay a bawbee. And this is not  
 as a favor—I am beholden to nae man for  
 it; it's my right, written doon in the  
 landlord's lease, and considered in the  
 rent.

If sae be you are curious to know how  
 this came aboot, I will tell you, though it  
 is an unco long yarn.

Though my father was but a pair fisher-  
 man, whose lads had to gang to sea with  
 him sae soon as they could haul at a rope  
 a'most, I did not want for education.  
 Lads and lasses, poor and rich, even to the  
 young laird himsel', all were taught at the  
 same school; and when the boat was on  
 shore I went, too.

I learned to read and to write and to cipher—ay, and a bit of mathematics beside. I can take an observation with any captain afloat, and if I am before the mast at this day, my ainsel is to blame for it, and nae one else.

I might have had good help for it if I had been canny and steady, for the young laird took a fancy to me.

It was a lonely country, ye ken, and he had nae companions of his own rank and position in life, so he was obleeged to take up with humble bodies, or go without playmates at all.

But he treated me differently to the others—a'most, as one might say, as a friend. When he was old enough to have a boat of his ain, he made me the keeper of it—his "crew," he used to call me; and my father and brothers seldom had my company out fishing, for gin a boat could live at all, MacKenzie was sure to be cruising about.

My mother was pleased enough. I was her favourite bairn, and she thought I escaped a deal of toil and danger. So far as the toil went, nae doubt she was right enough, but I am not so sure, but what my father's coble was the safest berth of the twa. MacKenzie was reckless when a lad, and never so happy as when he had a good chance of drowning, or of breaking his neck birds'-nesting over the cliffs. The young laird was an orphan, and under the care of his uncle, Archibald MacKenzie, who just let him gang his ain gait. There were foul-tongued loons who said that the guardian would nae break his heart if his nephew did come to a sudden end, and so put him into the lairdship himself. But let alone that there never was a false MacKenzie yet, Archibald had no ambition in him. He cared nae mair for land, or position, or sport, or good living, than I do for the vinegar stuff the French bodies miscall wine.

No one who once saw Archibald MacKenzie ever forgot him. When the laird grew up into a young man he went awa to Edinburgh town, and I helped my father with the fishing for a time; but it happened there was a bit of a lassie wha didna know her own mind exactly, that unsettled me; and when, at last, she took up with another lad, I couldna stop quietly in my ain country at all; and as I got a wee bit

wild and quarrelsome, and, perhaps, too fond of a drap of whisky, neither father nor mother sought to stop me when I said I'd take a cruize.

So I shipped on board a whaler, and cooled my passion in the Arctic circle, and when I came back I engaged in a vessel bound for the Gold Coast, and cauterized my heart in the tropics.

I was pretty well cured of love by then, but not of the taste for roving. I hae got that still, and never can bide in one place for more than a month at a time.

When I had been drifting about the world for seven or eight years, I got a bit of a rise in it, and served as mate on board a blockade-runner, chartered to carry contraband of war into Crete, which was in a state of insurrection.

The captain was a Frenchman, the other mate a Sicilian, and the crew included an Englishman, a Yankee, a nigger, and a Chinaman; the rest were Greeks and Italians. They were the most desperate set of fellows, taking them around, I ever sailed with, and that is saying something; and the first mate, Giacomo, was about the most reckless and quick-tempered of the lot of them. But I kept a civil tongue in my head, and we were always vera gude friends.

Still I wasna sorry, what with the general character of my shipmates, and the great chance of being taken and hanged, when the cruise was over; especially as, for the first time in my life, I had a little sum of money in my pocket, which I hoped would give me a bit of a start on my ain account. And maybe it would, but the brig in which I was coming home was cast away on the coast of Spain, and I lost everything I had in the world, even to my shirt, and was glad, a week or two afterward, to work my passage to Southampton.

Weel, I was standing on the quay of that place, looking down into the water, telling myself it was no use greeting over spilt milk, and thinking whether I would try the Peninsular or Oriental, or gie the royal navy the benefit of my services, when someone clapped me on the shoulder, with an "Eh, Sandy, is that you?" and turning round I saw my laird, the MacKenzie himsel'.

"How are you getting on?" said he. "Not vera weel, I fear."

And I told him my story.

"Then you belong to nae ship at the moment?" said he.

"No," I replied; "I was just considering about the royal navy."

"What do you think of yon schooner?" he asked.

"She is a real bonny one; I have been admiring her," said I.

"Will you take a cruise in her? I am getting a crew together."

"Eh! and she is yours, sir?"

"Nae," said the laird, laughing; "I am na that rich to hae a three hundred ton yacht; she belongs to Laird Goldfinch, who knows nothing about nautical matters, and is grateful to me for managing everything for him. He enjoys a cruise as much as anybody, he says, so long as he is only a passenger; an' if I will take all the trouble, the least he can do is nae to interfere with me in anything. That suits us both well enow."

And then he said that he still wanted a steward, if that berth would suit me. I replied that it would suit me weel, but I doubted whether I should give satisfaction to the company, never having performed any duties of the kind. He told me there would be nae company but their twa selves, and they didna require much attendance; indeed, that Laird Goldfinch principally liked yachting because he escaped from his masters, as he called his valet, and butler, and coachman, and was free to wait on himself.

And sae I undertook to ship, as steward, on board the Hawk. I had often wished to take a cruise in a gentleman's private yacht, and though the offices of a steward are in some respects menial, the food and the drink are in his sole charge, and that offers compensation. Beside which, one of my masters was my ain laird, whom it couldna be derogatory to wait upon.

"You will want a complete kit," said MacKenzie, when I had agreed. "Gang to Jones, the outfitter, in High Street, and mention Laird Goldfinch's name. And when you are rigged out, come on board the Hawk at ance."

In half an hour's time I left Jones' shop smarter than I had e'er been in my life, with "Hawk," in gold letters, on the ribbon of my cap; a shirt-collar half-way down my back; ducks fitting like the skin

round the body, but with all reefs shaken out about the ankles; the lanyard which held my knife as white as snaw, pumps fit to dance at a wedding in, and a big bundle in my hand.

Laird Goldfinch had a generous way of doing things, nae doubt of that! When I next saw the MacKenzie I took the liberty of asking whether his uncle Archibald was well.

"That is just what I want to know, Sandy," he said, "He hasna been heard of for three years, and we are going to Italy to try and find out whether he is dead or alive."

I didna understand all the rights of the story at ance; but, from what the MacKenzie told me then, and afterward, in addition to what he and Laird Goldfinch said upon the matter when I was present in the cabin, I learned that Mr. Archibald had gone abroad four years before, to carry on what they called his antiquarian researches; and, in the last letter the laird had from him, he was bound for Naples.

Since then, there had been no news; and, if he were alive, he must be without money, for he hadna drawn upon his banker. He had a nice little property; and, before ganging abroad, he had insured his life for a large sum; and, as the laird was his heir, he was much interested in discovering his uncle's fate; for it seemed that the young man had been spending siller unco freely, and the bit inheritance would have come in conveniently just then.

The English laird came down in three days, and soon after we weighed anchor. He was a good-humoured little body, fond of poetry, books, and music, and always playing the guitar, and singing die-away songs about the lasses.

What with head-winds in the Channel, a bit of a gale which blew us out of our course when we cleared it, and three days' dead calm in the Bay of Biscay, where we rolled in a way which gave me a world of trouble with the crockery, we did not make a quick run to Gibraltar; though, to my thinking, the hours were shorter than I had e'er kenned minutes before.

Eh, that was a cruise! The Hawk was a real little beauty, fast as the bird she was called after, and sailing as close to

the wind as a lad to his lassie. My ship-mates were all first-class seamen, and as many in each watch as would form the whole crew of a merchantman of twice the tonnage; so there was nae neglect or slovenliness arising frae over-fatigue; and whether you looked below or aloft, nae matter how hard it might be blawing, everything was as neat, and spick and span, as in a model at an exhibition.

Weel, after a time, which was ower soon to my thinking, we came to Naples, and spent a month cruising about, speering here, and inquiring there, but MacKenzie could learn nae tidings of his uncle whatever. Plenty of odd fishes had been up and down that part of the coast, paying men to grub about for them, and we followed up the traces of several.

One was a German, another a Frenchman, and two others were English; but Mr. Archibald wasna among them, and they knew nothing of him. At last the MacKenzie determined to visit Rome, and make inquiries there; and as Laird Goldfinch did not care to gang with him, because there were some folks staying there he wished to keep out of the way of, he said that he would take a cruise to Sicily, and be back at Civita Vecchia by a day agreed upon.

The MacKenzie thought at first of rigging me up in long-shore clothes, and taking me with him; but he met with a courier body, who knew all the ways of the police and the lawyer folk out there; and so he took him, and I sailed with Lord Goldfinch to Palermo.

No sooner had we dropped anchor than I had to land, and leave a lot of letters at different houses, and a fine crap of invitations they brought back. His lairdship didna want for society in his friend's absence, for he was out dining, or dancing, or fiddling, or gambling every night of his life. He was one of those pleasant bodies who must aye chat with somebody; and when he was dressing or getting his breakfast he would talk to me about all the goings-on; and nae doubt, seeing the friendly way me ain laird treated me, made him more easy and familiar.

"I am afraid, Sandy, I shall have to break faith with you," he said, one day.

"How so, my laird?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "you agreed to act as

steward on condition that there was nae company to attend to, and here is a party of ladies and gentlemen who want to have a cruise in my yacht."

I said I must do as weel as I could, and the next day they came, a good dozen of them, and ate and drank of the best; and that was not the last junketing, either. But there were plenty of handy lads on board, ready to help, and I got on vera weel—only I always am a wee shame-faced with ladies, and that makes a mon left-handed.

There was one of them unco bonny—large dark eyes she had, with lang lashes, which gave her look of wanting protection; her skin was as fair as one of those enamel pictures you see on a sneezing box, and her silky black hair made it look all the mair delicate. Anyone could see that Laird Goldfinch was casting sheep's eyes in that direction. He was a vera soft-hearted young mon, and it was nae wonder he grew sentimental under such provocation.

Having nae one else to open his heart to, he talked to me about her, and took me ashore at night with him, to watch at the corner of the street while he played the guitar and sung under her window. You would have thought the puir foreigner folks would have been unco glad to get an English nobleman, and one of the richest of them, into their family, but it seemed nae such thing. Though the lassie herself favoured his attentions, her parents didna approve, for she was betrothed to some Italian prince, whom they daredna offend. And sae they just left Palermo, and went to a villa they had on the coast, about seven miles off.

This was the vera thing to delight a romantic young man like Laird Goldfinch—the mair difficulties that were put in his way, the keener he was; and I strongly suspect that he had been in a vera similar situation mair than once before, for he showed a readiness and a slyness which you would have hardly expected from the innocent expression of his countenance.

The vera next day after the lady had been taken away, he came on deck, dressed like one of his own crew—white ducks, straw hat, with the name of the yacht, Hawk, on the ribbon, and all complete—

astonishing everybody but me, who had helped to rig him out, for he always carefully avoided everything in appearance or speaking which might seem nautical.

When the boat was alongside to take him ashore, he told me to come with him ; and when we reached the landing place he gave some money for the boat's crew to drink, saying that he shouldna be back for a couple of hours, and if anybody asked questions as to whether he was ashore or on board, they had better not understand him. Then he motioned me to follow him, and when we were out of hearing, he said " Now, Sandy, we are two Jack Tars, who have got leave to have a bit of a spree ; so do you go and hire a couple of horses of the man sailors always go to, and we will take a ride in the country."

I did as I was told, and we rode out of the town together, like twa messmates.

" You see, Sandy," said his lairdship, as we went jog-jog along the road, " the first thing I want to know is exactly where the house is, and the way to it from the sea, and it would put our enemies on their guard if they saw me speering about. But none would know me in this dress ; and I am told that there is a wine shop on the coast, not a mile from the house, to which sailors often ride, so our visit will not excite any suspicion. What is the matter, Sandy ?"

" Nothing, my laird," said I ; only I am a wee bit sea-sick. This craft has got a short, chopping sort of motion, such as I never before experienced."

" We will put more sail on, then," said he, laughing ; " and then, perhaps, she will go easier."

And he started off at a tearing rate. My horse gave a lurch, which made me lose my foothold, and followed. I was well-nigh overboard a dozen times—now on the starboard side, now on the port, and again over the bows ; but by letting go of the tiller-ropes, and holding on to the creature's mane, I managed to stick ; and after a bit I grew more accustomed to the motion.

The road ran along the sea-shore, and it wasna lang before we came to just the vera same sort of inn you will often see in a play-house.

There was a verandah round it, and a lot of little arbors, with tables, where you could sit, and eat a bit or drink a

glass, with the grapes hanging over your head.

The inn was sheltered frae the dusty road by an orange grove, which, to my thinking, makes the prettiest picture in the world, with the lumps of gould peering through the dark green leaves. In front there was the bay, about a thousand yards off.

When we had put up the horses, and ordered a bottle of wine, which we drank together just like shipmates, we went out as if for a stroll, and Laird Goldfinch explored the way to the villa where his lady was, telling me to take good note of the landmarks, in case I should have to gang alone with a message.

Not far frae the villa there was a bit of a ruin, maybe an old chapel, frae the look of it. It hadna a roof, and half the walls were gone, but you could trace where the windows had been, and his lairdship counted them.

" One, two, three ! Under that third should be the post-office. Remember that well, Sandy."

Sure enow, under that third window-place there was a loose stane, and when it was picked out, you could see a hollow with a letter in it, which his lairdship took out, putting another in its stead ; and then replacing the stane.

" Now, then," he said, " let us go down to the shore, and find a good landing-place. I leave the choice entirely to you, though, Sandy."

" You might land maist anywhere, my laird," said I, when we had walked about the bay a bit : " but I should take that little cove for choice. A boat would lie there snugly."

" Take note of it, then," said Laird Goldfinch. " Do you think the Hawk could find a good anchorage in the bay, within a mile or so of the shore ?"

" Nae doubt," said I, " gin the wind were as light as it is now."

" And could you row me ashore in the dingey ?"

" Certainly I could, my laird," I replied.

We had another glass of wine (it isna bad, that Sicily wine), and then we rode back to Palermo.

I was looking out this time, and took care to let my feet get a gude grip of the foot-ropes, and sae I wasna in such peril

as on the voyage out. But I had sooner lay out on a yard-arm in a gale of wind than go a-riding ony day.

The next afternoon we went for a bit of a cruise, and at sunset Laird Goldfinch called the mate, who sailed the schooner now the MacKenzie was awa', and told him that he did not want to go back to the old moorings, but to run in as close as he safely could to the little bay we had explored the day before, which was done, and we dropped anchor a couple of miles, may-be, from the shore.

Soon after nightfall, his lairdship came on deck, in his sailor's dress, and got into the dingey, which was already alongside, with me in it, waiting for him; and I rowed him to the little creek I had marked, and lay there for an hour or mair, when he came back, and I took him on board again; but whether he saw the lady or no, I dinna ken. Then the Hawk weighed anchor, and put back to Palermo.

All this happened ower again the next night, and the next; but on the third occasion, as Laird Goldfinch stepped into the boat off a bit of a rock, his foot slipped, and he twisted his ankle badly. In spite of fomentations and bandages, he was in great pain with it all night, and next day he couldna put foot to the ground.

Eh! he was in a rare taking to think that the lassie would be expecting him, and he nae coming that evening; but there was na help for it. So he wrote a letter, which I was to take at the time he would be looked for, and give to her maid if I saw her, which I most likely should. But if I didna, I was to put it in the secret place he called their post-office.

It was nae to be supposed that the yacht should be slipped from her Palermo moorings just to save my legs, so I was landed after nightfall at a place clear of the town, and there the boat was to wait for my return.

It was vera dark; I could distinguish the road before me like a haze, and the rocks showed a faint edge on the sky-line; but the trees on each side made the way unco gloomy. It was a stilly night too; the evening breeze had died awa', and there wasna a sough in the branches or a whisper in the waves on the beach close by.

Once or twice I heard the cry of a wild

creature, and the distant bark of a dog, but nae a sound of a human being, except the tread of my ain feet.

Just before I reached the bay, where the wine-shop stood, the moon rose, and vera glad was I of the light she gave, for I had to leave the road there, and follow a path which I had only been along once before, and then in the daylight; and if the darkness had continued sae black as at first, I might ha'e missed my way.

As it was, I had nae difficulty in keeping the track; and I walked on, thinking whether the maid body would be skeered when she saw that I was the wrang mon, and what I should say to explain how it was, and what queer, contradictory creatures men are.

Here was a rich nobleman, who might pick and choose a wife in his ain country, frae amangst the maist beautiful, and the cleverest, and the maist honourable women in the world, and he must needs gang and set his heart on a foreign lassie, of a different religion, and ways, and manners, whose parents didna wish to have him for a son-in-law.

My reflections were suddenly interrupted by a gleam closely before my nose, and the cry of "Halt!"

I amna easily startled, but when I heard a voice, and saw a figure spring up in my path from nowhere, as it seemed, I started like a bairn at a flash of lightning, and my heart felt like jumping right out of my mouth, for I thought for a second it was something uncanny.

It makes a mon angry to be skeered in that sudden way; and my next impulse was to hit, but I kenned at the moment that the thing which gleamed was a gun-barrel, pointing exactly at the pit of my stomach. Whatever the contents of this gun-barrel might be, it was certain that at the first hostile movement they would be put into my inside, and I didna think they would agree.

So I gave a glance to the right, speculating on the chance of a dive into the bushes, and there I distinguished, another mon with another gun. I looked to the left, and there was a third.

The young lady's parents seemed to have adopted vera vigorous and determined measures to keep the suitor they didna approve of awa', or even to prevent any

message or letter frae reaching her. There seemed naething for it but just to turn round and gang back withoat doing my errand.

Sae I said, "All right, I can take a hint; you needna' shoot," and was going quietly off, when I found a fourth man and gun behind me, and again received the order—"Halt!"

"What do you want?" I asked, in their lingo, sufficiently well to be understood.

"Be silent, and come with us without resistance," said one of them.

"Well, but where are you taking me to?" I inquired.

"Mind your ain business," he replied, speaking, of course, his Sicilian jargon; but the phrase was the same, and it seemed to me pretty cool, too—as if it werena a mon's ain business to be carried off at midnight by four armed ruffians.

However, it's ill arguing with men who hold cocked guns in their hands; so I went quietly uphill with them. Uphill—always uphill. Nae doubt they were taking a regular course; but I couldna trace it. To me, their only rule seemed to be always to turn to the rising ground, and breast it. Through plantations, through vineyards, then up grassy slopes, which grew rocky as we ascended, until, in bout twa hours' time, we came to regular climbing.

*(To be continued.)*

### MAGIC.

BENEATH the shadow of an old oak tree,

I heard a youth express love's grief and pain;

Happy and blest he never more could be,

The loved had parted ne'er to meet again.

"Alas!" he cried, "no hope my grief shall soothe;

The course of true love never did run smooth."

A beauteous presence chanced to pass that way,

And O, the wonder that its magic wrought!

The youth look'd up and all his looks were gay,

And all his words with rapture sweet were fraught,

For reconciliation had removed his pain,  
And true love's course ran smoothly on again.

### FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

#### No. V.—RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

WE shall all of us remember the story of "Riquet," who, when "a poor little baby, was hardly thought human," and who, as he grew up, had both a hump on his shoulder, and was called "Ricquet with the Tuft," because he had a "curious tuft of hair on the top of his head." For all this, he was a Prince and a gentleman.

Well, in process of time, as we shall also call to mind, he met one of the twin daughters of a neighbouring Queen: a very charming young woman indeed, and fell desperately in love with her. Indeed, he seems to have proposed at their very first interview, which rather startled the young and beautiful Princess, who had been particularly well brought up by a very strict Lady-in-Waiting, and she was very much, and very properly, altogether taken aback, and no doubt got slightly nervous, and asked for, and received some sal volatile and water and a lump of sugar, or she might have had just one—only one—teaspoon of French brandy, in a large glass of Apollinais water.

We are told expressly in the veracious *Chronicle of those Fairy times*, that the poor Princess "stood dumb with astonishment. She to marry that little, frightful creature, scarcely a man at all!"

And what do you think was his Highness's reply? It was certainly very cool, and not the least angry—but very cool, indeed! "I see," he said, "that my proposal offends and grieves you. Well, I will give you a year to consider it."

Will it surprise you to be reminded at this lapse of time? that that young woman—and a Princess, to boot—actually then deliberately said that she would marry him in a twelve month. The "*Chronicle*" adds that she was "so stupid that she thought a year's end a long way off; so long, that it seemed as if it might not come at all, or something might happen between whiles."

Well, I don't. I think that she was an excessively prudent and clear-sighted young woman; that she thought "half-a-loaf was



better than no loaf at all," and that therefore looking at all things calmly and sagely she made up her mind to accept Riquet, and his "little estate," his hump, and his tuft, and his town house, and his opera-box. I may be wrong, and do her injustice, and, if so, I am sorry.

We may call to mind that under that fairy regime, if we find the "*varium et mutabile semper fœmina*," we also can trace out a great deal of feminine determination and "*savoir faire*." But what a curious fact it is in our human psychology, this tendency for people to fall in love, and very often with the wrong people? Yet people do so every day, and a very remarkable chapter in the history of our race, is that of our loves and hates, our likes and dislikes, our prejudices and our prepossessions! Here Riquet, who was a plain young man, fell in love with a Princess as beautiful as she was good, and plain young men everyday fall into love with exceedingly handsome young women, highly educated, charming in every sense, and do not seem to perceive the enormity of their offence, or even the impropriety of their conduct. In the history before us, at the expiration of the twelve months, Riquet reminds the fair Princess of her agreement, at which she is at first much agitated! Young ladies always are on such occasions, though the agitation soon passes away, and they become, as old Jorum says, "as cool as cucumbers, sir, and a great deal less nervous, sir, than the men!"

We may remember also that as Riquet could make his lady love clever, so she could make her "fatur" handsome, and that in this case they carried out an "exchange without robbery." They were duly married, and from that moment she became the cleverest of females in her age, having been a very stupid young woman before, and he seemed to her the most elegant of young men, having been before that happy hour the plainest of the plain. And then the chronicler goes on to assert what I cannot understand, can you? "Ill-natured people have said that this was no fairy gift, but that love created the change. They declare that the Princess, when she thought over her lover's perseverance, patience, good-humour, and discretion, and counted his numerous fine qualities of mind and disposition, saw no longer the

deformity of his body, or the plainness of his features; that his hump was merely an exaggerated stoop, and his awkward movements became only an interesting eccentricity. Nay, even his eyes which squinted terribly, seemed always looking on all sides for her, as a token of his ardent love; and his great red nose gave him an air very martial and heroic. However this may be, it is certain that the Princess married him—that further, she retained her good sense, as he never felt the want of it—and he never again became ugly, or at least not in his wife's eyes. "So they both lived very happy together until they died." This is a very remarkable passage, and requires much and serious consideration, first to believe it and next, as Jorum says, "to swallow it." Now I have been deeply affected by this fairy tale of my youth, long forgotten, read over again to-day with pleasure and emotion! What an argument in it there is for matrimony, and for love!

If such a state of things existed now, how many people—indeed, I may say all people—should at once fall in love and marry. It is most satisfactory to think how love and matrimony change everything, and throw a new colouring on everything, and give a new appearance to everything. I am rather inclined to think that the fairy chronicler was seeking to pay a sly but handsome compliment to the ladies! And I, for one, quite agree with him. Men are so captious and hard to please, so very critical, and so very ceremonious, so thoughtless and so fickle, so difficult to catch, to fix, and to retain, and see now the contrast between ungrateful inconsiderate man, and gentle, timid, self-sacrificing woman!

Yes, "Look on this picture and look on that," see Baile's expurgated edition of Shakespeare. A woman makes up her mind to marry her "Riquet with the Tuft," and she means to make him a good wife, and she does her duty manfully to the last.

She bears with his infirmities, overlooks his improprieties, forgets his drawbacks, and pardons his delinquencies! To the eye of the loving wife her Theodore is all perfection. What, though others criticise or condemn, she will not—not she, angelic creature! He is, in her eyes, all that is kind and amiable, good-looking, and agreeable, and she "battles the watch" with him,

and she will fight the whole world for him ! What does not this arid daily life of ours owe to the tenderness and truth, the fairness and forbearance of women ?

When others are loud in blame she is silent (not always, says old Jorum, not she), when others defame she will praise ; when others desert she stands her ground, and still as ever to-day, to-morrow, in the great whirligig of life she is "faithful among the faithless found !" It is that "idealism" of woman which gives often such a charm to existence, lends such a poetry to life, makes such an oasis in the desert for the weary traveller, sheds such brightness on the world itself, and offers such hopes and happiness to dreary and downcast, and desponding man !

The amiable and beautiful Princess is but a type of a reasonable and loving womanhood, always taking a pleasant view of things ; just as "Riquet," is a very good shadow of the free, easy, but not over-scrupulous young man, so talkative, and, we must add, so ill-posted up to-day. Such is my moral, is it good for anything ? I hardly know, myself. And if any of my readers think that they can better explain, or more fairly apply "Riquet and the Tuft," let them do so, as, at any rate, the moral is a good one, and they cannot go very far wrong I think, that my fair readers of every age will agree with me—that the best explanation of this fairy tale is to be found in the following little imperfect illustration. If a young woman has a good offer from an eligible young man, she is to accept it, as in nine cases out of ten, "love, after all, comes after matrimony," and such is the extreme amiability of the woman, that she is always disposed to make every allowance for her own dear "Riquet," even when to the outside world he may sometimes seem the most uncouth, or the least good-looking, or the very worst tempered of men ! What a thing it is for us that we have the women to keep us straight in this very dusty, very dirty, and very unsatisfactory world !

#### THE MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.

Of all the bores I daily meet  
About my end of town,  
Jones—musical enthusiast—  
The biggest I put down.

I never meet him but he stops,  
And making me attend,  
Goes through some lengthy opera,  
From overture to end.

Unconsciously perhaps I hum  
Some popular refrain,  
He spots a fault—and begs that I  
Will whistle it again,  
And then launches forth into  
A declamation long  
On miniums, crochets, semibreves,  
And other parts of song.

He once inveigled me to go  
To the Opera Comique,  
And gave throughout the evening  
An audible critique.  
He hummed the airs with wagging head,  
And beat time with his stick,  
Till even of the "Love-sick Boy"  
I got completely sick.

He's always knowing better than  
The people on the stage,  
And works himself up sometimes to  
A fearful fit of rage.  
He gives at home to bosom friends  
Small musical affairs,  
Where he does all the business, and  
The others snooze on chairs.

A harmless sort of man he is :  
One can't lay at his door  
A graver charge than that he is  
At times a fearful bore.  
Men dive down streets if him they see  
Knowing full well their fate :  
And I—but here he comes ! I must  
Be off, ere 'tis too late.

#### CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PARIS, June 18, 1790.

EVERYTHING I can collect confirms me more and more in the certainty that it is the determination of this country to assist the Court of Spain, in case matters come to an extremity. Last night was the first evening I have been allowed to take an airing, and my friend carried me at a foot's pace to the Palais Royal. I was surprised

to find it filled with people, whose eyes were fixed on a window, and whose profound silence was interrupted by frequent applause. I inquired the cause, and was told it was the anniversary dinner of a club, at whose head are all the Party La Fayette; he himself appeared at the window, and was received with many acclamations. The Captain Morises of the Party also came to the window and sang several songs. I had not been long a spectator, and seated at some distance from the crowd, when the Comte de Lusignan came and joined me, "not with the Tuscan grape." I asked him some questions relative to his dinner, when opposite us passed Barnave, Lameth, D'Aiguillon, and the whole Faction en Corps. He said, "these are our antagonists. They come to see what we are about, and a little while after, with some warmth, added, "Nous sotiendrons l'Espagne en depit de ces Coquins." I answered that it appeared to me impossible they should do otherwise, and there the conversation dropped. A little while after talking of the clergy, I said, "Il faut avouer, vous volez ces pauvres Gens un peu trop." If we have a war, they, as well as those who receive salaries from the State must expect to be still more curtailed, for by diminishing daily those appointments till nothing remains to be taken, will we find the means of fulfilling those engagements to which our interest and our honour oblige us. It is not that we do not feel all the inconveniences that we must suffer, the want of money, the insubordination of our fleet and army, a faction within our walls capable of anything, on whom your money will not be thrown away, and who may at last be more popular than ourselves, and who will at least always find it easy to cause a violent fermentation amongst the people.

I could not avoid touching on the apparent danger in such a situation of the Federation of the troops on the 14th of July. He said that they felt themselves perfectly secure on that head. That the pleasures of the capital, which they were determined should not be spared, would occupy all their thoughts—that it was a step absolutely necessary to prevent the death and total stagnation of the capital, and that they were sure in case of necessity of the

National Militia. It is true they are assured of the militia, but that militia is as obnoxious to the people as any regular troops could be. They call them aloud Aristocrates, and no machinations are wanting amongst the people to overturn M. de la Fayette, and amongst the people I think they begin to succeed.

The decree in regard to the clergy will involve them in more difficulties than they apprehend, unless they come to the avowal of an open schism, for the bishops who remain declare they cannot exercise any jurisdiction over the dioceses of their degraded colleagues, nor will the latter allow that a decree of the Assembly can without a crime alleged against them, (nor even then without the concurrence of the spiritual authority,) suspend or abrogate the sacred function and character they have once received.

## Our Archæological Corner.

THE following letter was sent to our contemporary the "Freemason;" but it has been thought better to publish it in our Archæological Corner. The seal is undoubtedly a Masonic Seal, though as to its exact antiquity it is not at present easy to speak in decisive terms. It is, however, clearly a very interesting relic.—ED. M. M.

Saracen's Head Hotel,

Diss, Norfolk,

July 24th, 1876.

The Editor "FREEMASON,"

Dear Sir and Brother,

I enclose you rough impression of a Steel or Iron Seal, which was dug up in a field, in a village about 3 miles from here which I thought would be interesting. It is to all appearance very old.



Yours fraternally,

FREDERICK W. DOUBLEDAY.

Faithful Lodge, 85.

Brother S. B. ELLIS' Transcript of an "Ancient" Prov. Grand Lodge Warrant. We are much obliged to our friend and Bro. Ellis for the transcript of the Provincial Grand Lodge Warrant, No. 217; issued by the "Ancients" on the fifth day of September, 1781.

It is the first of the kind we have seen published for any part of England, but similar documents have been made public of late years which were issued by the same authority for different parts of the United States, &c.

The number 217 placed the document on the level of an ordinary Lodge Warrant; and on its being no longer required for the purposes mentioned therein, the number was transferred to the Lodge meeting at the

*"Masons' Arms, Whitehaven,"*

which is given in the List of the "Ancient" Lodges, printed in 1813, and which Lodge became 273 at the "Union," soon after which it ceased to exist, as our List of the Lodges at the Union of A.D. 1813, testifies.

There appears to have been very few such Provincial Warrants issued in this country.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

ERRATA.—In Bro. Hughan's fraternal reply to Bro. Holmes respecting the "Notes on the Old Minutes of British Union Lodge, Ipswich," by the latter, a line of the type unfortunately was misplaced.

The first line, second column, page 72—"fact, we are open to prove that there are," should have preceded the last line of the first column, page 73; and should read—"We cannot agree with the statement by Bro. Holmes that '*in the United States a great parade is made of Masonry; not so, however, in England,*' as it is contrary to fact. We are open to prove that there are more public Masonic Processions in England in a year than in all the Grand Lodges of the United States in the same time."

The pagination of the Book of Constitution, 1767-76, was omitted by Bro. Hughan, and has since been kindly supplied by him. First part, 1767, has 366 pages, and the second part (appendix) contains lxxv pages in quarto.

## ISRAEL AND ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."*

Dear Sir and Brother,

As the author of "Links in the Chain of Evidence connecting Israel and England," permit me to thank you for the review of it which appeared in the last number of your Magazine.

I am much gratified by the truly Masonic spirit it evinces, although it is adverse to the theories and opinions I have endeavoured to set forth. You hit hard, certainly, or you think you do; but at the same time you administer your criticism in as palatable a mode as the case will admit. I esteem and honour my adversary, and only wish that I may be able to convert an open foe into a staunch friend and true believer in our Israelitish origin.

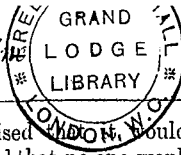
You kindly give me credit for sincerity, and a through belief in the views I endeavour to pourtray. You are right in this, however inadequately I have expressed myself. I do most conscientiously believe in the truth of the general theory, although I frankly admit that the conclusions I have drawn may be wrong. I have therefore endeavoured, in my little book, to give all my authorities, so that any—I trust, the many—interested in this most important subject may be able to search and weigh the matter, each for himself.

As this may be seen by others than brethren of the Mystic tie, I may at times have some difficulty in expressing myself clearly. To you I need scarcely say that I view the question in a Masonic light, in the belief that Masonry was instituted by T. G. A. O. T. U., as one of the means and chief witnesses of His glorious and wonderful workings, and that, with His blessing, it will bring us to the light we require in our research.

What is the subject of that research? It is this. Are we—the British nation—the lineal descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?

Regarding the subject Masonically, we want light. What does the Supreme Grand Master, T. G. A., say?

"Thus saith the Lord God: I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of



Israel, to do it for them." (Ezek. xxxvi. 37.)

It is to our Supreme Grand Master that we are to go. Before He gives an answer to our prayers, He will fully try us and prove us, to show whether we are Masons or cowans.

I take the case of a candidate, who, as you know, must *first* be duly prepared in that particular chamber that should be familiar to every Mason, and next in that convenient apartment, &c. Does not everything connected with this preliminary ceremony suggest every requirement that must be complied with before our eyes are opened to behold the light? Is not the cable of Tow suggestive of a deeper meaning than that usually given to the candidate; say, like the Calais prisoners (*temp.* Richard I.), who came out ready prepared for execution? Is not everything else equally suggestive, now that the key is supplied? Every Mason can apply the test.

To return to the review, in which you say, "We can neither accept his premises nor his conclusions." Oh! For shame! My dear sir and Brother. You should really be cautious, as a Mason, in what you say. Never *admit* that you cannot do a thing. May I ask whether you have ever tried to come at the truth of this question in the way I have pointed out? That, after all, is the main question. The method of my expression, although I try to do my best, is of small moment in comparison with the great object I have in view. I agree with you, nevertheless, that there is much in the book which may appear to come under the head of fable, for it is this very fable that one desires to clear up. Is all that has been commonly classed under that head deserving such a classification? Was there no truth at all events in the origin of these "myths?"

The "Abridged Pedigree," quoted in your review, I did not set forth as other than an abridgement. What else could I furnish in so small a book? I give the general outline, from which I do not think I have left out anything of importance. I may tell you in confidence, as a Brother and a Mason, that it was our old friend—or enemy, as the case may be—L. S. D., who prevented a long list of Irish kings being added as an appendix to the book.

I was advised ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> I should add to the expense, and that no one would read it, and as the expense would therefore have been useless, it was not incurred. The first two kings in this list, Heber and Heremon, ruled jointly in A.M. 2737. The list ends with Rodorick, A.D. 68. This is, however, only a part of the subject, and will of course require examination. I am but trying to gather materials from which the truth may be sifted.

I now come to the "Princess of the House of Judah." Was she the grand-daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah? "Could a Levite marry out of the Tribe of Levi?" I refer to II. Kings xxiii. 31, and xxiv. 17, 18.

"Jehoahaz was twenty-and-three years old when he began to reign, and he reigned three months in Jerusalem, and his mother's name was Hamutal the daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah."

"And the King of Babylon made Mattaniah his father's brother King in his stead, and changed his name to Zedekiah."

"Zedekiah was twenty-and-one years old when he began to reign, and he reigned eleven years in Jerusalem. And his mother's name was Hamutal, the daughter of Jeremiah of Libnah."

Here was evidently a union between Judah and Levi, for Hamutal, the mother of the two preceding Kings, was Jeremiah's daughter, and Jehoahaz and Zedekiah were brothers, and the grandsons of Jeremiah.

"Then Ishmael carried away captive all the residue of the people that were in Mizpah, even the *King's daughters*, and all the people that remained in Mizpah, whom Nebuzar-adan, the captain of the guard, had committed to Gedaliah the son of Ahikam." (Jeremiah, xli., 10.)

The question arises, who were these princesses, and whose daughters were they? If they were the daughters of Zedekiah, or of Jehoahaz, they were Jeremiah's *great-grand-daughters*. If Zedekiah was their father they would most probably have been with him, in which case they would scarcely have escaped captivity in Babylon; but if they were the daughters of Jehoahaz and the nieces of Zedekiah, what was more natural than to find them under the care and guardianship of their grandfather Jeremiah, and thus escaping captivity? Perhaps these princesses may have been

sisters of Jehoahaz and Zedekiah, in which case they would still have been the grand-daughters of Jeremiah of Libnah. I regret that I cannot authoritatively give their names, although I have heard several, *e. g.* Tephy, or Tephi.

You say the book "appears utterly irreconcilable with and antagonistic to all that we ourselves so far have mastered," &c. I agree with you that it may be so, and it was in just such a light that I formerly viewed the subject. I was hard to convince, but one enquiry led to another, one piece of evidence fitted into another, until at last I ceased to doubt. I know that my faith is not sufficient of itself to bring conviction to the mind of another, but my book, which is the fruit of it, may at least induce others to turn to so interesting a research. Ventilation of the subject cannot possibly do any harm, and it may benefit others as it has benefited me. May T.G.A.O.T.U. send down and more abundantly pour out His Holy Spirit on all who ask it, and give them light to see in darkness!

If I have not quite exhausted your patience, I wish to allude to a subject you omitted to notice, namely, the four-fold cords of Israel. It was a difficult subject with the materials I had to work upon, but I believe I have hit the right nail on the head. I have since received a copy of "Philitis," and from it I find that the Great Pyramid of Jeezeh fully corroborates my views. I quote from pp. 11 and 30.

"We next discover that this huge pile of solid masonry, covering an area of *thirteen English acres*, and having a substance of five million tons of stone, rising to a height of 486 feet," &c.

"Its four Faces incline to the central axis at equal angles of  $51^{\circ} 51' 14.3''$ ."

I gather from this that the Thirteen Tribes, Levi included, are here symbolised by the thirteen acres. They are represented as based on a solid foundation, the Rock of Ages, CHRIST. They ascend in four folds or divisions on the four sides at equal angles of  $51^{\circ} 51' 14.3''$ , which is the latitude of Greenwich. If we take the perpendicular height of the pyramid at 486 feet and reduce it to pyramid inches we get to the number 5832 A.M., or 1832 A.D., as the year in which all the

four folds of Israel were united in Britian. If this was the case, we have now been here 44 years—over a generation—in which time these four divisions have had time to amalgamate and reunite as one people under one head, Judah, the sceptre being held by our Queen—as I have imperfectly endeavoured to show in my book.

At p. 39 of "Philitis" it is said that the parties who went out discovered nothing on the outside, and on referring to Professor Smyth he tells them to search within, &c. Therefore, if there is anything in this theory I think I may fairly claim to having pointed it out.

It would be most singular if the three names—"Shem—Philitis—Melchizedek"—should be proved to belong to one and the same individual. Shem must in that case have been our first post-deluvian Grand Master, under the *immediate* appointment of the Supreme Architect of our Order, and erected the Pyramid Masonically under Divine guidance.

Now, tell me honestly, do you not think there may be something besides theoretical nonsense in all this? Is it not the duty of everyone—especially of Masons—to sift these matters to the bottom? Doubtless many mistakes may arise, but these will be corrected in time, and each discovery, no matter how trifling it may seem, may lead to the proof of something essential.

With reference to your allusion to my connection with the Order, I say try me and prove me. My maternal ancestor was named Unanimity, a good old-fashioned name, which I would recommend more than in name only. She was of an advanced age—130—when I first saw the light in the year 5843 A.L., on the 2nd of August. Entered at Grand Lodge at London, 8th of June A.L. 5844, A.D. 1844. No. in red ink 943. Signed by a much and greatly respected departed Brother, W. H. White, G. Sec. I am entitled to write P.M. after my name. I also obtained the higher degree of R.A. Chapter attached to the same Lodge afterwards.

I regret to say that my respected parent lost many of her, at one time, numerous and highly respected sons, and, when some seven only were left to her, she, instead

of dying of a broken heart, by the Grand Master's command received a new number, 113, still retaining her old and much revered name. Before this happened I went abroad, but after my return from Africa in 1857, I became, and still am, a subscribing member of Townley Parker 1032, Whittle Springs, Co. Palatine of Lancaster.

I fear I have sadly taxed both your time and patience, but I have a deep and earnest interest in the subject which sometimes makes me forgetful of everything else. Pray accept my best thanks and apologies.

Yours very sincerely and fraternally,

J. LEYLAND FEILDEN,

Roppynden, Burwash, August 1876.

## REVIEWS.

*Facsimile of the Original Domesday Book, or the Great Survey of England, A.D. 180, in the reign of William the Conqueror, with a Translation.* By G. P. HARRISON, Esq. (Head and Meek, 15, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street.)

We have received the first number of this new publication, and we have received it and looked through it with much pleasure and admiration. It is excessively well-printed, and, being in exact facsimile, is very interesting indeed to every archaeological student.

There have been, as we know, previous issues of "Domesday," but this is an attempt to place the work within the reach of many whom the expense of obtaining the whole work has so far deterred from thinking of purchasing it. Even now it cannot be termed exactly a cheap book per se, though cheap, we think, at the price. Such a work must needs be expensive. But as this work is in 2s. 6d. parts, it enables many readers to purchase who might otherwise shrink from a large outlay at first.

We now give the English of that interesting facsimile of the Latin, which by the ready kindness of Mr. Meek, decorates our MAGAZINE as an illustration before the title-page.

### 3.—THE LAND OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

IN OSSULTON HUNDRED, the Bishop of London holds/ STEPNEY for 32 hides. The land is 25 carucates. To the/ demesne belong 14 hides, and there are 3 ploughs there, and the villans have 22/ ploughs. There are 44 villans each with 1 virgate, and 7 villans each/ with half a hide, and 9 villans each with half a virgate, and 46 cottagers/ with 1 hide pay yearly 30s. There are 4 mills/ worth £4 16s. less 4d. Meadow for 25 ploughs' teams./ Pasture for the cattle of the town, and 15s. rent. Wood for 500 pigs/ and 40s. rent. In all its profits value £48, and when/ received the same. In the time of King Edward £50. This manor was, and is, of the Bishopric.

In the same township Hugh de Berneres holds under the Bishop 5 hides/ and 1 virgate of land. The land is 4 carucates. In demesne 1 plough, and villans have 3 ploughs./ There is one villan with half a hied, and 6 villans with 3 virgates, and 2 borders/ with half a virgate, and 3 cottagers with 2½ acres, and 1 mill/ worth 66s. 8d. Meadow for 4 ploughs' teams. Wood for 150 pigs/ and 3½s. rent. The whole is worth £6, when received the same./ In the time of King Edward £7. Of this manor, Sired held 2½ hides./ He was a Canon of St. Paul's. He could give or sell the same to whom he pleased/ without the Bishop's leave. In the time of King Edward the Canons of St. Paul's held/ 2½ hides of this demesne for their food; and Doding held 1 virgate,/ and 1 mill of the Bishop's own manor. He could neither give nor sell/ the same without his licence.

In the same township the wife of Brien holds 5 hides of the Bishop. The land is/ 2½ carucates (or ploughlands). In demesne there is 1 plough, and another plough might be made by the villans. There is 1 villan with half a hide, paying yearly 4s. for his house,/ and another villan with half a hide paying 8s. Roger the Sheriff,/ holds half a hide, and 15 borders with 10 acres paying 9s./ Wood for 60 pigs. Pasture for the cattle of the town, and 8s. rent./ The whole is worth 60s., when received the same. In the time of King Edward 100s.

This land William the Bishop held in demesne on the day in which King Edward

was alive/ and dead in the manor of Stepney.

In the same township Ranulph Flam-bard holds of the Bishop 3 hides and a half/ . . . . .

"Domesday Book" is not a record of all the land in England, as some often seem to think, but simply the lands of the "King's Gold," or lands which paid a special tax to the King, the origin apparently of the Land Tax. We commend this new edition of Domesday Book to the notice of all who are forming libraries, and to all new Lodge libraries, or collection of books happily now beginning in Masonic halls.

The taste for Masonic literature and archaeology is on the increase amongst us, at least let us hope so, and in order to render our Masonic libraries useful, so we must also have an admixture of the non-masonic element, in works of general literature, and of antiquarian research.

We trust that this new literary venture will be quite successful.

We need hardly add that the work is most ably edited, and that the explanatory notes are simple and short, but useful and clear.

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"Joan of Arc." *A Poem not awarded the Vice Chancellor's Prize.* Kerby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

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This Poem—believed to have been registered at Dublin University—whether it was so or no we have no means of ascertaining, or whether such a prefatory statement is only a little allowable "fraus pia" of the modest writer.

But, as the author tells us, that "this is the first appearance before the public of a young writer who will highly value encouragement and advice, or even censure if kindly bestowed," we feel, that in so resigned and philosophical a frame of mind, we need not fear lest our remarks should be misconstrued or our criticism ill taken.

Let us listen to Joan's introduction of herself—

She raised her head, cast one reproachful glance,  
And spake : 'Tis said a Maiden shall save France,

And I am she ; and in each limb I thrill  
With power and purpose my great work to fill !

Think not that shame, dishonour are my fate ;

My maidenhood to God is consecrate :

And, Pierre, I know no fear. There is, 'tis true,

A horror, dim to my prophetic view,  
Beyond the triumph ; but I shall not fail,  
For God will strengthen what in me is frail.'

'Joan !' he said, and his face paler grew,  
And through her limbs a sudden coldness flew,

'In dreams last night I saw thy dear form clasped

Unto a stake, and '——' Tell it not,' she gasped ;

And shuddering looked around. Pierre, let us on,

For Chinon must be reached ere set of sun,  
And by such dreams will Orleans ne'er be won.'

She spake, and spurred her horse down the hill-side ;

He followed pensive, nor a word replied.

We next have her introduction to the weak and vacillating King—

The morn arose, and from the court came forth

All that was best of learning and of birth,  
Grave bishops and high lords, to view the Maid,

And weigh her promises of heavenly aid.  
The Prince, they said, desired to try her truth,

To hear the story of her early youth ;  
For he would fain be sure she were no spy  
By England bribed, or hostile Burgundy.  
Thus asked, while Pierre stood silent by her side,

Glaring upon their pedantry and pride,  
In simple words, yet dignified withal,  
She told the tale of her mysterious call.  
She told how vague desires her childhood filled,

How amid children she was ne'er a child ;  
How oft to dark Chenu she would repair,  
And linger 'neath the old beech spreading there,

The fairie beech, if haply she might find

Some sorceress, or fairy princess kind,



Whose wondrous skill might all her doubts  
 dispel,  
 And read the thoughts that in her soul did  
 swell ;  
 And how she writhed when France crouched  
 to defeat,  
 How her blood boiled, and wildly her heart  
 beat,  
 When Henry wore, in Paris, France's crown,  
 And the weak babe assumed his sire's  
 renown.  
 And how at last ! 'mid all her doubts and  
 fears,  
 Those voices broke upon her startled ears.  
 'Oh ! sirs !' she said 'I still recall that day,  
 How through the fields I took my pensive  
 way,  
 My soul filled with strange thoughts ; how  
 by a stream,  
 Which wandered nigh, I sat me down to  
 dream ;  
 And how the evening bells, that called to  
 prayer,  
 Flowed solemn out upon the perfumed  
 air,—  
 And sudden in their peal I heard a tone,  
 Which said that France might rise by me  
 alone.  
 Oh then, like waves, o'er my enraptured  
 soul  
 Dim shades of my great destiny did roll,  
 And by that stream I knelt, and weeping  
 prayed  
 To God's blessed Mother for support and  
 aid.  
 And from that day those visions often  
 came,  
 Voices like distant bells, and forms of  
 flame  
 That bade me bide my time, for that this  
 hand  
 Should crown my King, and save my  
 native land !'  
 And as she spake, it seemed she'd taller  
 grown,  
 And in her eyes the light of battle shone.  
 She raised one stately arm with gesture  
 proud,  
 While o'er her shoulders her dark tresses  
 flowed.  
 'To Orleans !' she cried ; 'for lean Des-  
 pair,  
 Hunger, and Horror, have their dwelling  
 there !  
 To Orleans ! and should you doubt me yet,  
 Go to the church to Catharine dedicate

Of Fierbois ; there, in an ancient grave,  
 Where weeps a sculptured form the fallen  
 brave,  
 Whose head is on her breast, whose once  
 proud eyes  
 Are closed in death, the destined weapon  
 lies.'  
 She ceased, and they, submissive, as she  
 bade,  
 Impressed, yet doubtful, to the church  
 proceed ;  
 And Joan sank exhausted on the bed,  
 Her limbs relaxed, her inspiration fled.

And we almost see her go out from  
 Chinon—

'Twas noon, ere from the gate of Chinon  
 rode  
 The Maid, all armed, 'mid acclamations  
 loud ;  
 And with her Boussac, De Coulant, La-  
 Hire,  
 And hundreds who had flocked from far  
 and near  
 To join the sacred standard,—a rude  
 throng,  
 But fierce in hate, in desperation strong—  
 They formed in line of march upon the  
 plain—  
 Nor was Pierre absent from the martial  
 train—  
 And started on the road to Blois, for there  
 The Maid had summoned all who held  
 France dear  
 To meet her. As they wound across the hill,  
 Many an eye with silent tears was full :  
 Many a heart beat high with hope for  
 France,  
 To see their helmets flash, their bright  
 swords glance.

We have a vivid account of the battle—

Then Joan led the way,—her banner  
 spread,  
 And soaring angel-like above her head ;  
 And in her hand the fated sword, whose  
 might  
 Seemed to have power to pierce the pitchy  
 night ;  
 For every flash across the sky displayed,  
 Reflected shone from the uplifted blade.  
 And as the English from their forts  
 descried

Her, whose still distant power they dared deride,  
 Their courage sank, their arms were raised in vain,  
 No longer strong the stubborn bow to strain.  
 And, by some horrid fascination bound,  
 They peered through the dim night, and feared each sound.  
 High beat the heart of Orleans, when at last,  
 Untouched by enemy, unharmed by blast,  
 Through the huge gates the midnight army passed,  
 And thousands flocked the holy Maid to meet,  
 To kiss the ground made sacred by her feet!—  
 The Maid, before whom Hope and Plenty flew,  
 While Want and Death fled cowering from her view,—  
 The Maid announced by thunder, borne by storm,  
 Who came their late deliverance to perform.  
 And now 'twere long to hear, and long to tell  
 How Joan fought, and how the English fell;  
 How to proud Gladsdale a swift arrow bore  
 Another summons, warning as before;  
 And how a second convoy passed unharmed  
 Through lines, whose guards by terror seemed disharmed;  
 How the first sally issued forth that night,  
 And the Maid by dreams was summoned to the fight!  
 How round St. Loup three hours the war was waged,  
 And Joan 'gainst the foe resistless raged;  
 And how at length she started to attack  
 Tournelles, and cautious Gaucour warned her back,  
 Sternly refusing the great gate to unbar,  
 Or send his soldiers forth to hopeless war;  
 How then the city rose with one consent  
 Against their chief and his firm purpose bent;  
 And how at length the intrepid Gladsdale fell,  
 And Talbot saw the flames of proud Tournelles!  
 Let this suffice that, from the fatal hour  
 Of Joan's entrance, some mysterious power  
 Seemed to have paralysed the invading host;

That fort on fort, and fight on fight was lost;  
 Till, last, the English generals agree  
 To beat retreat—and Orleans is free!  
 Thus, spite of doubting friend and powerful foe,  
 The Maid had kept the first part of her vow;  
 Thus she had roused in all new hope and zeal,  
 And France at last awoke her strength to feel.

We slip over intervening portions and draw near the sad finale—

Thus strove the fierce Burgundians 'gainst the foe;  
 Thus on their steps the French retreated slow;  
 Thus o'er the narrow bridge they streamed again,  
 And crowded through the gates of sad Compiègne.  
 Now all are safe, save those behind, who wait  
 Around the Maid to cover the retreat.  
 Now Pierre has entered, with the banner white  
 All stained with blood and dragged in the fight;  
 Now Joan, close pursued, draws near the gate,  
 Where pale, yet firm, the anxious warders wait;  
 Now in the very entrance seems to stand,—  
 When it is sudden closed by secret hand.  
 Who did that cursed deed God saw alone:  
 The hideous secret ne'er to man was known.  
 'Tis true that Flavis' widow, when arraigned  
 For midnight murder of her husband, feigned  
 That he had shut out Joan from the town,  
 Through jealousy of his eclipsed renown;  
 And that the Maid oft came in night's still hour,  
 And showed the sleeping traitor in her power.  
 But who can credence give to injured wife,  
 Or frantic woman pleading for dear life?  
 Then Joan cast one glance to Heaven for aid,  
 And turned upon the foe, who shrank dismayed;

For her strong arm was raised on high to  
smite,  
And from her eyes gleamed forth a deadly  
light ;  
And as enflamed with rage divine she stood,  
The setting sun poured forth a golden  
flood  
Of light around her, which reflected shone  
From sword, and helmet, and habergeon ;  
And as a lowering cloud, whose edges shine  
With crimson light, from kindled fires  
within,  
Moves forth, 'mid thunder, on its gloomy  
way,  
While the quick bolts of Death strike wide  
dismay,—  
Thus to the cowering foe appeared the  
Maid ;  
Thus frequent flashed the ever-fatal blade.  
Thrice were the foremost on her fury thrust  
By those behind, and thrice they bit the  
dust ;  
And long she might have stood the unequal  
fight,  
Long baffled all that host's collected might,  
Had not some archer fitted to the string  
A bitter dart, which sped on whirling  
wing,  
Pierced through her armour, and soon  
drank the tide  
Which ebbed out crimson from her panting  
side.  
She fell, and as to veil his loathing eyes,  
The red sun sank, and night crept on the  
skies.

We feel to-day that no sadder deed of  
wrong was ever done than that which the  
following lines seek to pourtray—

See how her gaze is fixed above the pyre,  
As though her soul already fluttered there,  
Eager to break the last reluctant tie  
That curbs its flight to happier realms on  
high.  
See ! how she felt not, when that tongue  
of flame  
Crept, like a venomed snake, around her  
frame.  
Surely she is sustained by heavenly power ;  
The Son of God supports this dreadful  
hour.  
See ! through that cloud of smoke how  
shines her form,  
Like some lone sea-gull white against the  
storm

See ! now that momentary eclipse is o'er,  
And she is seen, but not—not as before.  
Some fearful change has passed, her eyes  
are glazed,  
No longer bright, though still to heaven  
raised.  
Ah ! Pierre ! deserted Pierre ! those eyes  
are blind—  
For Joan's soul no longer dwells behind.

The extracts we have given will, perhaps,  
interest our readers sufficiently to send  
them to the Poem itself, and, we think,  
that their perusal of it will serve to justify  
our commendation of it, and to gratify  
their own taste for simple, natural, true-  
toned poetry, both of much promise, and a  
good school.

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ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON.  
RICHARD VAUX, AT CEN-  
TENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION  
LODGE.

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*Most Worshipful Grand Master, Officers  
and Members of American Union Lodge  
No. 1, and Brethren :*

Having been invited by the constituted  
authorities of American Union Lodge, F.  
and A.M., No. 1, to address you at this  
time, and in this place, and the M.W.  
Grand Master of Masons of this jurisdic-  
tion according his permission ; permit me  
to offer you my earnest and fraternal  
acknowledgments for this evidence of your  
Masonic regard.

The occasion is one of deep interest.  
The Centennial Celebration of the Con-  
stitution of your Lodge, its origin, history  
and character, the great and good men who  
have been initiated at its altar or have  
been associated as its members and officers,  
the hallowed memories that are connected  
with its century of life, will be fully  
described by the distinguished and eloquent  
brethren to whom this duty has been most  
appropriately assigned.

For me has been reserved some  
considerations applicable to Freemasonry.  
A century has passed since your Lodge  
was lawfully warranted and duly con-  
stituted. A century ! Those who seek to  
measure time by the sands as they run, or

distance by perspective, fail to appreciate the real, in the delusions of the apparent. But, in the chronology of Jehovah, a century expresses no definite period, for with him, "a thousand years are but as yesterday." By human computation a century marks the boundary of human life, for it comprises within its circumference generations of men, "passing through nature to eternity."

Time in its progress from the past to the future, is joined by thousands of companions, who, excited by enthusiastic energy, yet lag at last, and fall by the way, into oblivion. Of all who began the journey, there is but one who will hold out to the end, and this is Truth. Time and Truth will go together from the unfathomable to the illimitable.

If it were possible to stand on the mountain peaks of Centuries and behold the progress of Time, the grand spectacle would present to the soul of man the conviction, that Truth only of the pilgrims, was side by side with Time—while all along the pathway of progress are skeletons of errors, stark and bare, witnesses of combats for triumph ended in failure, or defeat. As time is beyond the control of mortals, it is fortunate for humanity that Truth can be made potent for the great interests of mankind. It can be the subject of study, may be known, is to be guarded, should not be despoiled while imparting its benefactions to the generations, and continuing its journey with Time.

The student who seeks to learn the laws of the sciences which teach of the organisms of the universe, to know the history of Races, understand the structure of languages, comprehend the relations between the earliest of days and epochs which have followed them, has to delve among the accumulations of the probable, the possible, and the reasonable, and the layers, strata, and deposits with which Time has incrustated them, to discover Truth, and to separate it from the errors which have fastened themselves to it, as the virgin gold is blended with the earths and other compounds, needing careful effort to disengage it from these alloys.

When Time has made its record there will also be formed the evidence of the existence of Truth. It is not unfrequently

that both are now beyond the reach of discovery, or that if found, they can be translated for the understanding of the intelligent investigator. Yet it is among the encouragements which Hope gives to Faith for persistent labour, that researches are bringing to the light of day what has been entombed for ages in the darkness of the aforesaid.

It is, therefore, the high duty, as well as responsibility of the teacher, he who has the opportunity of addressing the thinker, the learner, the seeker, the doubter, and the believer, ever to remember, that the most lasting impressions, the real value of his lessons, the enlightenment of instruction and the benefits he hopes to impart, must be founded in the conscientious determination to declare the Truth.

Human institutions which comprise in their scope political organisms, government, either federal or state, monarchical, republican, or imperial, or those which have a lesser circumference, restricted to the social needs of mankind, are the outcomes of the lessons Time has written on the page of history. But those human institutions on which has been imposed the sublime mission of guarding and transmitting Truth to the coming time, have their foundations in the Divine Sanction.

These thoughts are suggested by the occasion which brings together this earnest, thoughtful, intelligent assemblage of men, who are uniting in a ceremony which dedicated to Time, dignifies Truth. Out of the ages come to us its teachings, else they would not have remained unto us till this day.

The proceedings in which we now participate, the ceremonies we are now performing, the purpose which both aid in perfecting, and the character of the organization which makes them peculiar and exceptional, are exclusively within the province of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. This institution has for centuries attracted the attention of the world. When it originated, how it was developed, by what process it was organized into a power among men, are subjects which have excited the deepest interest. We have now no purpose which renders an exhaustive investigation of either, needful or pertinent.

We know that among nearly every civilized people is to be found the Lodge of the Freemason. Dedicated to the Great Architect of the Heavens and the Earth—warranted by the Sovereign and Supreme Masonic authority, constituted by a solemn and sublime ceremonial, the Masonic Lodge is a shrine before which, in every known language of educated, civilized or nomadic men, adoration is offered, virtue taught, the noblest precepts are inculcated, Faith, is made steadfast, and Truth is guarded by a sleepless devotion, symbolized by the Sword of the Cherubim, "which turneth every way," that Truth may continue with Time, from now to the hereafter. It is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable facts, history, sacred or profane, traditions in every known tongue attest, that Truth has been taught and transmitted to each generation of mankind either in Allegory, Mythology, or Symbology. It would appear as though it was essential to guard it in a depository, till the minds of men were able to comprehend its exoteric development.

*To be continued.*

## A CONFESSION.

*From the WHITEHALL REVIEW.*

### I.

'Tis over! I told her last night, "Sweet,  
I love you!"  
And then, as she blushing hung down  
her head,  
I whispered, "The stars and the moon,  
love, above you,  
Are not brighter or purer." Now list  
what she said:  
"Have you never before told to others this  
story?  
I've heard you once worshipp'd at some-  
body's shrine!  
That you thought Mirabel a saint halo'd  
with glory,  
And May a Madonna—do you hear,  
sweetheart mine?"

### II.

I heard, and I answer'd, the while the gay  
dancers  
Caree'd round the room, ev'ry brain in a  
whirl—  
But nor waltz, Caledonians, galop, nor  
Lancers  
Did I heed; all I saw was a flow'r and  
a girl!  
I picked up the rosebud that fell from her  
fingers,  
I kissed it and plac'd it amid her brown  
hair.  
(E'en now its perfume in my memory  
lingers),  
And I bade her, for answer, that token  
to wear!

### III.

Yes, she promis'd to wear it, and now I  
am waiting,  
With quickening pulse near the Ladies'  
own Mile,  
Expectant, although with a heart palpi-  
tating,  
Of a bright face, a soft-spoken word,  
and a smile.  
They pass by the hundred equestrians  
pretty,  
The walk is aflame with pedestrians fair;  
Margherita, Belinda, and Gussy and Hetty,  
But where is the girl with the rose in  
her hair?

### IV.

Although I can't see her, she's coming,  
believe me—  
The very birds chirrup, "She's not far  
away!"  
Already I see, if my eyes don't deceive  
me,  
Amid all this glittering, gallant array,  
A lithe form well mounted, a face with  
love beaming,  
And I think that I never saw vision so  
fair;  
I cannot escape it, or waking, or dreaming,  
The face of my love with the rose in her  
hair!

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE  
AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

*Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.*

I AM such an enthusiastic admirer of fine old Warwickshire, with all its sylvan scenery and historical associations, that any good book connected with that county is sure to give me pleasure. For the same reason, a bad book—literary work slovenly done—about “the Heart of England” and the land of her greatest son, might be reasonably expected to produce in me equal disgust. My various visits to the land of Shakspeare, and the unassuming hospitality of that dear friend whose hospitable doors at Snitterfield Park and Welcombe House will open for me no more, have been such red-letter days in the calendar of a care-worn life, that Warwickshire is to me as a fairy land. Not a whit less interesting to me are its historic sites because remote, dimly remote progenitors of my own, (such as the Beauchamps, for so many generations among its mightiest Earls,) have shone most conspicuously, for good or ill, in its long-gone-by transactions. But, above all, it is dear to my heart, as it must be to that of every true Englishman, as the birthplace and home of our greatest poet; and wherever I wandered—whether by the quiet Avon,—

“Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
It overtaketh in its pilgrimage,”

or in pleasant pastures, or in woods where the warbling of birds were heard in the self-same songs as those they sang to Shakspeare, all seemed part and parcel of the mighty bard, and sank deeply into my soul. And at times the spirit of good old Michael Drayton too would seem to favour me with his company, even as he did his friend the poet of all humanity when in the flesh; and I felt as though I looked into their eyes and listened to their elevating conversations. Imagination is a good gift of God, which only needs to be reined by sober reason to give us pleasures

gold can never buy: and I know of no part of England where I can indulge in what my friend, the late John Bolton Rogerson, would have called “Rhyme, Romance, and Revery,” better than by the bosky banks of the Avon, the ruined castle of Kenilworth, the walls of Coventry, the ancient city of Warwick, the quiet glades of Snitterfield Bushes, the green hills of Welcombe, the cottage at Stratford where Shakspeare was born, that at Shottery where he wooed and won his Anne Hathaway, or that at Wilmecote from which his father brought away the gentle-blooded Mary Arden, the church where their ashes repose in peace, or even beneath the flamboyant chancel window of “hungry Grafton,” to say nothing of such historic places as Charlecote Park and Clopton House, and scores of others well known to English readers. He would be a poor author indeed who failed to make a good book with Warwickshire for his theme.

Those who know Mr. J. Tom Burgess—whether by his very popular book on “Old English Wildflowers,” his little work on “The Last Battle of the Roses,” or his collection of “Legends of the Dalcassians,” or have heard him discourse, as he did to the Warwickshire Field Club and to the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society, in one day, on the natural history and antiquities of Kenilworth, Gny’s Cliffe, and Warwick, pointing out the objects of interest on the various spots—will not be surprised to learn that his newly published work on “Historic Warwickshire, its Legendary Lore, Traditional Stories, and Romantic Episodes,” is as interesting in the reading as it is showily got up. Of “Legends and Mythical Lore” he says:—

“The bards of the Gaels—the fathers of the land—sang in forest and in temple the glories of the past. The young were incited to emulate the deeds of heroes, and receive their reward in the land of the blest. The gleemen of Woden and of Thor, the scalds of the north, took up the strain, and in the famed days of chivalry the romancer and the troubadour threw a poetic glamour over the glories of the knightly deeds of baron and squire. In song, in story, and in legend, many of these remnants of mythical lore have come down to us, and have been preserved in

the memories of the people. \* \* \* Still the old instinct survives, and we do not cease to love the lore which our fathers loved, mythical and fabulous though it may be. The mind easily grasps what it cannot see, and when ideas are wedded to familiar objects they are easily retained, and we unconsciously clothe our hero-Guys with all the attributes of heroism, and our Godiva's with the perfection of goodness and of charity. Give these embodiments of love, of valour, and of beauty a local habitation, and we have a key to the charm which the novelist and the poet throw round the objects they describe." And "old names," he tells us, "frequently guide the etymologist to some long forgotten battle-field, ancient temple, or lonely tomb. Hartshill and Yarningale have been pointed out as instances of this. Brailles indicates an outwork, and here are fortifications, the outwork of the greater fortifications on Edge-hills. Donnilee, the ancient name of Baudesert, would imply the place of the fort. The Roman station of Bennones evidently alludes to its site at the top of the hill, as Manduesedum shows that it was the seat of the stone; and in its modern name, Mancetter, we have literally the stone camp, the British prefix being added to the Saxon castra. There is scarcely a parish in Warwickshire which does not possess a field or hillock known as the Castle Hill or field, though we know that no castle in the mediæval sense of the term ever stood there. The name points to the older tongue, when the *cesail* stone fort, or fortified dwelling of the old inhabitants, stood on the spot. There is one of these fields close to the scene of the legend of the bell at Whitnash. There are two castle sites at Fillongley, one of the modern moated, fortified dwelling, the other belonging to the older time and people, and is a good example of these ancient dwellings. Frequently, however, as at Allesley, the older mound has been adapted to the more modern purpose. Warwick and Tamworth mounds are probably other instances."

I could take Mr. Burgess to a Castle Hill within four miles of my study, remarkably perfect, "though we know that no castle in the mediæval sense of the term ever stood there,"—it being simply a camp on an eminence above the Leven,

which washes one side of it. My friend, Mr. Thomas Cail, kindly accompanied me to the place some years ago, and sketched it very accurately for my "History of Cleveland," the engraving in Graves, being poor, and Ord passing it by without an illustration. The site is remarkably well-chosen, as signals could be seen at once from all the Cleveland hills, which were one chain of defences in the days of the Brigantes. At Northallerton too, was a Castle Hill, really a camp on an eminence, which was destroyed in making the railway, of which Ingledew has given us an illustration. It would be interesting to examine and report on all the Castle Hills in the country, before they are obliterated from the land.

We will return to Mr. Burgess's book in other numbers of the Magazine, that pleasure and profit may be the result. I will only say now, that I am glad to learn the Society of Antiquaries in London have done themselves honour by electing him a Fellow. Although perhaps the best antiquary in Warwickshire, I am told that he would not have been eligible for election had he been engaged in any retail trade. This is a piece of flunkeyism which (if I am correctly informed) said society would do well to "reform it altogether," as Hamlet would say. They remind me of the snob who inquired for "the *gentlemen's* lodge of Freemasons,"—just as though the practice of genuine Freemasonry would not make the poorest brother a true gentleman, as the study of antiquities would make even a retail dealer a true antiquary. I am glad of the recognition, though it is really such men as Mr. Burgess who are honouring the Society of Antiquaries, and not the society who is honouring them.

Mr. D. Stewart, of Warwick Chambers, Paternoster Row, has commenced a reprint of Old English Newspapers, which will be acceptable to the student of history, especially of the reign of the first Charles, and the struggle between him and the Parliament. Part 1, now before me, gives for a shilling, the "Diurnall Occurrences from 27. December to the 3. of January, 1641," telling how the London apprentices, then a formidable body for mischief, broke into Westminster Abbey, and were repulsed for the time by the servants of the Arch-

