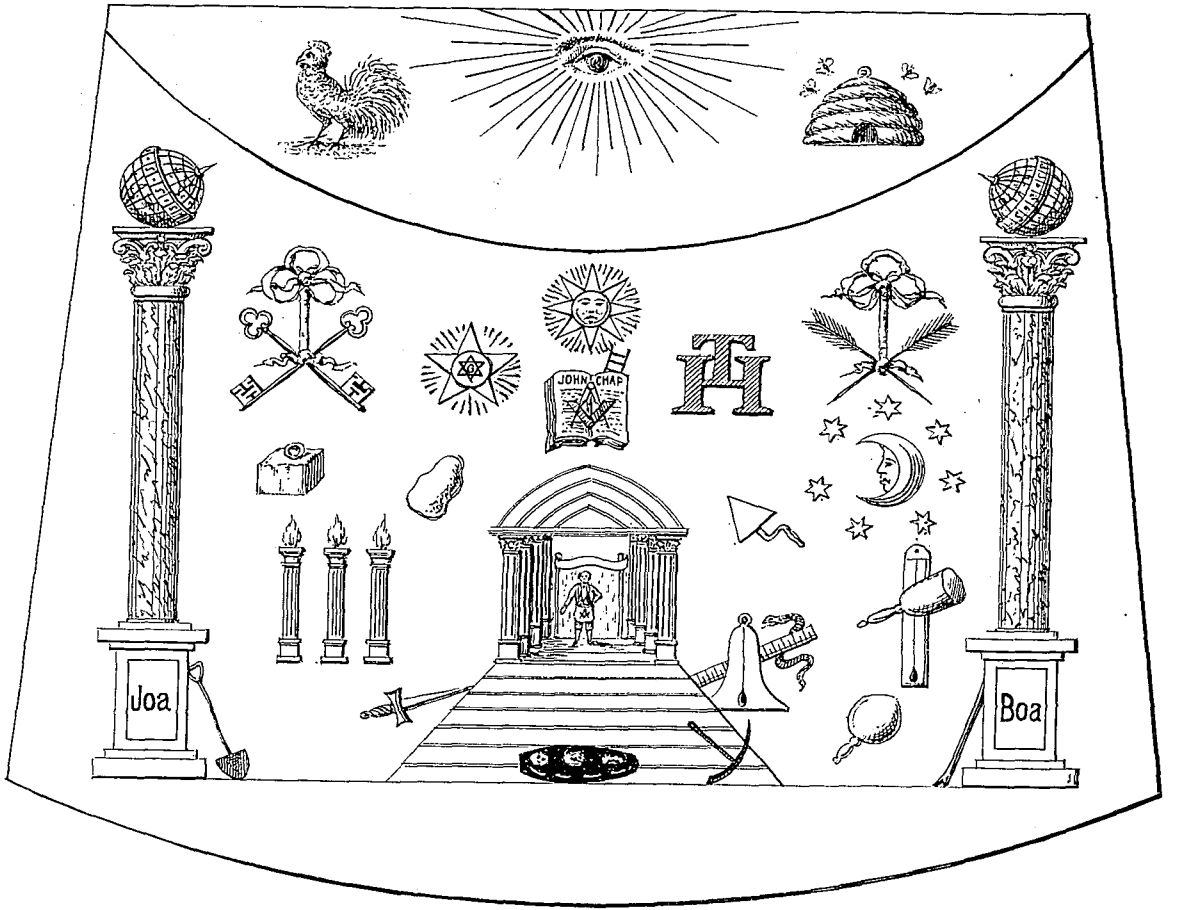

Fac Simile of an Old Apron which is hanging in the Shakespeare Lodge
No 1426 Spilsby Lincolnshire

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The year of 1876 is drawing to a close, and with this number we wish our kind readers farewell for the Old Year. When we next greet them a New Year will have dawned upon us, and for what it will bring us all of good or evil, peace or war, joy or sorrow, success or failure, we must leave humbly to the Great Disposer of all events, as it is in vain for us poor mortals to seek to penetrate the veil which hangs over the mystic hours of futurity.

But with the closing year we wish to all our friendly patrons and zealous contributors, every happiness for their families and themselves in their home circles, in their public duties, and we trust that theirs may be, in every good sense of the words, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

At the close of 1876 we also, publisher and editor, beg to tender our heartfelt thanks to all who have cheered us by their support, or aided us by their pens in the past twelve months.

We hope that each succeeding month will see the "Masonic Magazine" progressing in its true literary position, and obtaining the approval of all educated Masons.

No efforts on our part will be spared to render the Magazine worthy of our great craft; but we hope our friends will not be angry if we remind them that the surest way to make the "Masonic Magazine" successful and A 1 in its literary prestige, is to enable the publisher, by a largely increased list of subscribers, to make this Magazine a paying concern, and not a mere monthly charge on his own resources alone.

With an increased subscription list, the staple of the articles would be sensibly increased, as gratuitous contributions, however good, do not rise to the level, artistically, of those for which the morket price of literary labour is fully paid.

But "verbum sat sapienti;" we have no wish to complain or depreciate our own good wares, which are offered to the open market of thought and study, without fear and without misgiving, month by month. Yet we do not think that it is ever wrong to speak the truth, and so we have spoken to-day in all sincerity and without offence, we hope, to any.

The onward progress of Freemasonry continues, and new Lodges are continually added to the long roll of the English Grand Lodge.

A case has occurred before a County Court Judge, about an initiate refusing to pay his fees of initiation, and the County Court Judge refused to enforce the payment on the plea that the Society was not incorporated.

This fact speaks volumes, as the want of caution of the Lodge, which such a "fiasco" has occurred, and is in itself a disgrace to Freemasonry. We are a little in doubt as to whether the decision of the County Court Judge will hold good, and fancy that, on appeal such judgment will be somewhat reversed; at any rate the point ought to be looked into.

The Ultramontanes have still nothing better to do but to revile us poor Freemasons. Amid the darkening signs of the times one would have thought that the Church of Rome might be more judiciously employed in setting her own house in order and restraining the violence of her more turbulent members; but there are some bodies which never will be wise in time, until the handwriting is on the wall, until all that is left for them is, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

SOME FURTHER REMARKS ON THE EXTRACTS FROM THE SHEFFIELD CHAPTER OF PARADISE MINUTE BOOKS.*

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

THE thanks of the Craft are due to Bro. Ellis for his exertions in bringing to the light these interesting records of the doings of Brethren and Companions of a bye-gone age, as well as for the courteous and fraternal way in which he has received the suggestions of several brethren who are anxious to extract somewhat of the valuable material that they seem to yield.

The first noteworthy fact that strikes us, in this instalment, is that in this Chapter were occasionally† given lectures which, though not contained within the limits of the ritual proper, yet tend to illustrate subjects dear to Masons. This plan has been adopted recently in different Lodges and, as we have experienced, with good result; many Brethren to whom the mere routine business of the Lodge presents but little attraction, being thereby led to resume their active working in the Craft's behalf.

We now ‡ come to a resumption of the title of "Superexcellent" but with the addition of the words "Master in ye chair," and find that "raising" to this degree was used as a preliminary step to exaltation. About three years later, as well as twice in the following year,§ we find the same thing done, but here described as "passing the superlative chair." In this latter year also we find the Mark degree conferred. In his interesting notes on the former portion of extracts Brother Hughan calls attention to this fact, remarking that these Mark Masons could not have been advanced by the R. A. Warrant, but that "from about 1770 lodges worked the Mark Masters frequently by their *own* authority, any legitimate number of Mark Masons apparently doing so under the adopted wing of a Craft warrant." Now it seems to us that such could hardly have been the case here, for we find that it is *Companions* that were advanced, and that in Chapter and not in Lodge; for, although this degree might not have been given *by virtue of the R. A. Warrant*, it appears to have been Companions who conferred it on Companions, and not Brethren on Brethren.

The next thing that strikes us is the mode of election of Officers which was by show of hands* and not ballot although we read † that Brother Fouque was elected into the Chapter by the latter mode. Other business was done by show of hands as when the recommendation to Grand Chapter for the holding a Chapter at Longnor was carried.‡ The usual rule, too, as to the previous choice of Principals (to whom the warrant for forming a Chapter is addressed) seems to have been departed from in the case of the opening of the Chapter at Doncaster,§ where, after the Chapter had been constituted, Brethren exalted, and a lecture given, "Officers were chose for their *own* chapter." Brother Hughan has already pointed out that the Officers of the Paradise Chapter were chosen twice instead of once a year. One other point is here worthy of notice, namely, that owing to a difference a first Principal resigned‖ when the Chapter forthwith proceeded to an election of Officers; why Officers we cannot see; any more than we can the propriety of the step at all.

It is not until late¶ that we read of the election of a serving brother here called "Tiler," unless the "Ninetor" ** of the former extracts be taken to mean, as we have before suggested, "Janitor."

Public processions were as yet in existence and that apparently without dispensation, for we find one arranged between this Chapter, and the two Sheffield Lodges (the "Brittannia" and the "Brunswick") in

*See *Freemason* of May 20th, 1876; and *Masonic Magazine* for May and June, 1876.
† April 19th, 1812, and Feb. 21st, 1813.
‡ May 10, 1812.
§ Dec. 18, 1814; Jan. 15, and Oct. 22, 1815.

* December 20, 1812.
† January 17, 1813.
‡ November 15, 1812.
§ May 10, 1812.
‖ October 8, 1815.
¶ March 17, 1816.
** See *Freemason*, May 20, 1876, p. 234, column 1

honour of the Union of the Ancient and Modern Masons.*

One rather odd proceeding seems to have been the "humble request in open chapter" for the R. A. Certificate, followed, on the petitioner's being found worthy, by the recommendation of the Chapter to the three M. E. Principals of Grand Chapter that they should grant the same.

The last point is the continued use of the word "Encampment;"† and this long subsequent to the Chapter's acknowledgement of and by the Grand Chapter.‡ When we consider that the Chapter seemed invariably to confer a degree, or degrees, preliminary to exaltation into the Holy Royal Arch, it would seem as though the Chapter, although under the Grand Chapter, were yet worked according to some other Constitutions than our own, possibly Scotch or Irish. In our remarks on the former portion of the extracts we suggested the latter, at all events, subsequent to May of the year 1788; with which suggestion Brother Hughan agreed in his notes on the same portion. To this opinion we were inclined by the practise of conferring the Excellent and Super-Excellent degrees previous to the exaltation. On reconsideration, however, especially now that the extracts from the second minute-book speak of this preliminary step as the degree of "Super-Excellent Masters *in ye Chair*" and in another place speak of the preliminary degree of "Mark Masons," and also that the meetings of the Chapter are headed "Encampments" we should feel disposed to regard the working as Scotch, for the Scotch Masons contend that the Royal Arch with its subsidiary degrees, constitutes a part of Templar Masonry.§ Were we to have found an allusion of this kind but a short time back it might have struck us with no especial force; but, since the recent publication of the Dedication to the "Long Livers" of Eugenius Philalethes‖ with the more than suspicion therein contained of some higher grades before the date of Ramsay's supposed innovations, it certainly seems as if this early quasi-evidence of the existence of Templary is worth at least a passing notice; we say *early* because, although it is true that the minutes date back only to the year 1783, from the very opening entry itself with its list of 83 "Belongin" and its proportion of "Left" and "Dead," it is apparent that it was no new thing. In addition to all this we find (from the former extracts) that "Brother Macel Roy, of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, was *farther initiated* in this Sublime Degree by Brother Michl. James Boyle."* It is, of course, within the bounds of possibility that this Bro. Boyle might have himself introduced all these novelties on his visiting the Lodge on May 22nd, 1788, but it is hardly within the bounds of probability that an old-establisbed Chapter, apparently well versed in working, would allow, at all events without debate, an entire stranger to completely overturn the existing state of things, and of such debate, and on so momentous a topic, if there had been one, surely the minutes would have borne some witness: but there is nothing of the kind, merely a difference in the subsequent entries which may be sufficiently explained by the supposition that Brother Boyle found things ready to his hand and merely altered some few details.

We may perhaps be pardoned for returning for an instant, in conclusion, to the former extracts:—We must still demur to the "Z" after "B.O.A." as being very unlikely to be so found, and indeed meaningless if there at all; we much rather incline either to our formerly expressed view of its being "Boarders" occupying the room, or else that a meeting of some "Board" was then being held.

With regard to the prayer we had overlooked Brother Ellis' suggested correction of the word "strait"—"strait," (i.e. narrow) is, doubtless, the word intended to be used here—compare the text "Enter ye in at the *strait* gate;" as well as our own word "strait," still in use for a narrow strip of water joining two larger portions of sea.

* September 24, 1815.
† January 19, 1812, and following dates.
‡ 1800 to 1807.
§ *Gen. Reg. for the Government of the Order of R. A. Masons in Scotland, Edinburgh*, 1845, quoted by Mackey in voc. "R. A."
‖ *Masonic Magazine*, October, 1876.

* May 22, 1788.

FATHER FOY ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

We publish this extraordinary harangue of a Roman Catholic Preacher in a church "on the steps of the altar." Let us note it, because we think that Freemasons should know what it is that our accusers are really not ashamed to say of our inoffensive and beneficent order.

"Secret Societies: their base plots against God and man," was the subject of an eloquent and powerful address, delivered in the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Hastings, by the Rev. Father Foy, on Tuesday evening, October 10th, in the presence of a numerous and interested audience. The proceedings having been opened with a short service, the Rev. gentleman proceeded to the altar steps, from whence he delivered his address, which was extemporaneous. It was, he said, a matter of notoriety, not only in this country, but throughout the world, that a great statesman, whose words must be allowed to have considerable weight in the world, had uttered things about secret societies full of portentous and deep meaning; and when a man like that spoke on such a subject he was not to be put aside. He was not arguing now in a political sense, as he had not come here to speak politics, nor about the Turkish atrocities any more than he should about the barbarities the Russians had been enacting for 100 years against the Poles, numbering 16,000,000 people; but he was dealing with the question of secret societies. There was another preparatory remark which he also wished to make. He was aware that in this country there were various estimable, high-minded, noble persons who belonged to societies which were secret, and who belonged to them as they looked on them more as a pastime, and who did not for a moment suppose that there was in them any of the execrable nature that belonged to various societies found in other parts of the world. If he said anything about such things, it was not in condemnation of certain estimable persons in England, because he knew of such persons that they would sooner have their hands cut off than do anything ignoble. There had been persons, however, who had made enquiries respecting these secret societies, and amongst others no less a personage than the Marquis of Ripon, a Grand Master, took the matter in hand. After having prosecuted his enquiry, the noble Marquis wrote a letter to say that he had resigned the Grand Mastership of the Society, and had entered the Catholic Church. He could not be a member of a secret society and of the Catholic Church at the same time, but that was not all. At one time he thought the judgment and condemnation of secret societies by the various Popes as unjust, and he therefore proceeded himself to read up all the authors he could come across to show that this had been unfair and unjust towards these societies. The course of reading, however, brought him to the opposite conclusion from which he started, and he found the position of secret societies untenable, and the accusations made against them by the Popes perfectly justifiable. He therefore made up his mind to leave them, and to take a further step, and that was to join the Church in Communion with the Holy See. Now, this evening he should have to divide his subject into three parts, and speak firstly of these societies from a period of several hundred years back, till the period of starting of Illuminism in 1748. The second period would be from 1748 until these societies arrived at the climax of their horrors in the French revolution, whilst thirdly he should treat of these societies from the period of the French revolution, up till the present time. He would suppose a general proposition for this purpose. No one could deny that there were such things as secret societies. The words of a distinguished man like the Prime Minister of this country could not be ignored. Lord Beaconsfield had spoken of secret societies which had power through their agents to declare war against any state, and not only to bring about war, but assassinations and general massacres. First, then, it was clear to the world that there were secret societies, and secondly, that these societies aimed completely at insulting God, to throw Him down from the throne on which He was adored, and they also plotted against man and his future welfare. With reference to the first period there was a great uncertainty

when such societies began to show themselves. If they conversed with those who belonged to various secret societies they would tell them about these bodies that they were conspicuous at the time Solomon built his temple, and that one of their members—a mason—was remarkable for his skill, and that he was killed from envy. Then they claimed a descent through various periods until they came to the time of the Gnostics and Manichæns, in the first five centuries, and ultimately through the Knights Templars. When that order was broken up by a Pope and General Council, it was alleged that certain Knights Templars establised themselves at Aberdeen, in Scotland, and secretly retained in certain caves, those, the odious practises for which they had been condemned. In course of time, it was asserted they grew in numbers, and were called Scottish Knights or Masons. When the Stuarts left England for France, they began to have rapid propagation throughout the world. This was the account given about these societies in the first period. He would not dwell much on this, as when these societies were rapidly spreading themselves there came to be certain great doubts as to what was really done in those caves near Aberdeen, where these Knights Templars first hid themselves. Members were sent from France to investigate the question, and the end of it was that no one in Aberdeen could throw any light upon these questions. That he quoted from Robison, a Scotch writer of great ability. In some way or other it was possible that there was some connection between some of these secret societies of the present time and those of Aberdeen. There was the Grand Master, and the custom of guarding the Temple, as a meeting or lodge was termed, and persons were also put on the roof to guard the place, in accordance with the practices of the former Knights Templars. In many such ways there was a similiarity between the Freemasons and the Knights Templars. The first of the three branches of secret societies of the earlier period was called the Hermetic or Scottish Rite; the second was that of the Cabalistic, or of a Manichæan type, which rested on the same theory as that of the Manichæans; and the third was that of the Eclectics or Philosophers, who merged, at the time of the French Revolution, all these former secret societies into their own peculiar shape, resulting in the wickedness of the French Revolution. The distinguishing badge of the first, or Scottish Rite, was distinctly that of Pantheism. It said there was a God who governed the world, but who was no more than the soul of this world, and that the whole of this world was a part of this God, and that if you destroyed a grain of sand you destroyed a part of the Deity. Thus they destroyed the personality of God. Good men and bad men were all of them part of this creative principle, or God, thus making God bad as well as good. By this principle a person thus raised himself to be God, and they said frequently "We are gods, as we are part of God, and owe no responsibility to anyone, as we are gods ourselves, and there is no one higher than ourselves to whom we are responsible." This was the main principle of the first division of the early secret societies. The second was the Cabalistic Societies, as they were termed, and their principles were equally bad, as being those of the Manichæns, who taught that there was a good God and an evil one; further, that the flesh of man was made by the evil God, and therefore that it could not be called to account for any wickedness on its part—principles which aimed at the destruction of mankind. In 1748, the so called Eclectics worked together the kindred secret societies into a far worse shape, which, for infamous principles, then exceeded anything that had been in existence before that. Coming to this second period of secret societies founded, as we might say by the Eclectic sect of philosophers—for they called themselves by that name—that movement began in 1748, and had for its founder Dr. Adam Weishaulpt, of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, who was described as the most infamous of mankind. This was the starting of Illuminism, which spread throughout Germany in six months to an incredible extent, and in a short time its tenets found their way all over Europe, and had more to do with the evils of the French Revolution than any other cause whatever. This principle was called that of Illuminati, or that of Illuminism, or Illumination, and the persons believing

in it were called "Enlightenment." Why were they more enlightened than any other people? They put it down that up to that time the whole of the world had been in darkness; that it had been in darkness under kings and princes and creatures who had ministered to them; and that the time had come when they were to throw off the cloak that had been on them for centuries. On anyone joining the movement, the question was asked, "What hour is it?" and the reply came "The hour of darkness outside and of light inside." And what was the hour of light? It was the dispelling of darkness. And what was darkness? The belief in any unseen being and superstition. And what was superstition? The belief in any future punishment. This doctrine was spread about by means of books, which exercised great power, and which induced the belief to be taken up by vast bodies of men. After some years the princes of Germany became terrified, for they saw that the system had for its express purpose the throwing down of orders, and also the intention of hurling to ruin the palaces of the earth, and hence the maxim that became bruited about in connection with the society, "Up with the cottage, and down with the palace." In this way they tried to turn mens' minds by promising them a false liberty, which could scarcely exist if the world was not a fallen world, in which the inhabitants of it were subject to various passions. The princes became terrified, and in various ways endeavoured by the public laws to put these Eclectics down. They were not, however, altogether enabled to do so. It was during the time of the persecution of these societies that another project, the German Union, was started. The main object of the German Union was to corrupt the world. Books were to be spread about in every direction; books of atheism were to be foisted upon the world, and especially books of immortality, and at this moment they were fortunate or unfortunate in obtaining the services of a great German bookseller, named Nicolai, who went about the country attending fairs. This was of great advantage to them in issuing these books which had the pernicious object of destroying altogether the belief of men in another world, and also their morality. Thus, in an exceedingly brief and precise manner he had endeavoured to sum up what was the object of the secret societies, as they all banded together under the system of Illumination and the German Union, in order to corrupt and destroy all that which was noble in the world. This accumulated and came to a crisis in the savage horrors of the French Revolution of 1793, and of the Commune of 1870. At that time, a character well known in history—viz, Mirabeau, the revolutionist, spendthrift, and traitor—had been in Berlin, and brought the new system to Paris. The lodges in France at once proceeded to adopt all that was bad in the German Union. Their headquarters were at a club in the neighbourhood of Versailles, but when the Revolution broke out they removed their headquarters to the Church of St. James, and hence the name of the Jacobin Club. Those who had read the able and voluminous history of Sir A. Alison would be acquainted with all this, but he might be permitted to sum it up. Up to that time, in every Christian country the Ten Commandants were obeyed, and a man might not blaspheme and tread on the Scriptures. The first step of these secret societies—who became from that moment the rulers of France, for the very departments in which France is mapped out are only in accordance with the divisions of the country by the Freemason lodges—was to shut up every church in France; and it was even a penal crime to believe in the existence of God. They set up in the place of God the goddess of Reason to be adored; and he hardly knew whether he could trust himself to tell them of some of the abominations they practised in many of the churches. In the Cathedral of Notre Dame on one occasion, when one of these philosophers was lecturing before a body of impious people, there was seen on the altar a nude female, and there was a cry "Behold your goddess!" and the people, intoxicated with delight, shouted out, "This is our goddess—we will have no other God but the God of Nature!" They also abolished every system of religious education; and wherever the doctrine had spread to other countries, there were these godless schools, which had turned out the men who had fought over barricades and called out for

blood. Wherever these societies had spread, there had been this dissolution, this destruction of principle, and uprooting of government. He might go much farther than this, but he would cease, and briefly allude to his third point—and that was the consideration of these societies from the period of the French Revolution down to the present time. When the government became tranquil again, after having been oppressed by the wars and revolutions, and the armies which invaded the country, they kept somewhat of a sharp eye on members belonging to the secret societies. Notwithstanding this they appeared to have grown more imperious even than they were before, and he would quote from a distinguished work, that had more than a world-wide circulation, from the pen of an orator, the greatest in the world, viz. the Bishop of Orleans. Bishop Dupanloup had collected the documents that had appeared in the *Journal Masonique*, in order to show that they were aiming at the destruction both of God, Society, and Mankind, and he would read a few extracts:—Christianity, it is said incessantly in the Lodges, is a lying, bastard religion, repudiated by common sense; brutalising, and which must be annihilated. It is a heap of fables, a worm-eaten fabric, which must fall to make way for a Masonic Temple. There are some of their formal assertions, chosen out of some thousands. Catholicism is a used-up formula, and repudiated by every sensible person: a worm-eaten fabric! At the end of eighteen centuries the human conscience finds itself still face to face with this bastard religion, propounded by the successors of the Apostles! It is not the lying religion of the false priests of a Christ which will guide our steps. Thus spoke, at the installation of the Lodge of "Hope," the great orator of the Lodge, the Brother Lacomblé. According to this orator, the ministers of the Gospel are a party which has undertaken to enchain all progress, stifle all light, and destroy all liberty, in or to reign quietly over a brutalized population of ignorant slaves. Further on he continues: To-day, that the light is beginning to shine through the clouds, we must have the courage to make short work of all this rubbish of fables, even should the torch of reason reduce to cinders all that still remains standing of these vestiges of ignorance and superstition. This is the way Freemasonry speaks; this is what it calls not troubling its head about Christianity, and how it respects it when it does occupy its attention. The theme is precisely the same with every species of impiety; for example, the same sentiments are expressed in all those books with which the revolution and Freemasonry are deluging Rome at this moment, and which I have read with my own eyes. Its theme, its word of command, is precisely that of Voltaire: "Let us crush the infamous one (*Ecrasons l'infame*)." These are the very words, in fact, used by the venerable member of the Lodge called "La Fidélité," at Ghent, on the occasion of his installation. "In vain with the eighteenth century, we flattered ourselves to have crushed the Infamous One; he only takes fresh and more vigorous root." . . . Every one knows that Freemasonry received Voltaire in its Lodges, and associated itself with his work. And as a further proof that, faithful to these ill-omened traditions, it has never ceased to fight with Voltaire, either privately or publicly, but with an indefatigable perseverance against Catholic institutions and all Christian influences, we may quote the words of Brother Jean Macé, one of the most eminent of the Freemason body, who at a great Masonic dinner at Strasbourg proposed the toast of Voltaire in the following words: "To the memory of Brother Voltaire, that indefatigable soldier. All the battles he fought he gained, my brethren, on our behalf, and for our profit." According to Brother Jean Macé, revealed religion is a log which humanity drags after it; but "happily," he adds, "Freemasonry is at hand to replace the faith in revelation, which is rapidly disappearing." Next, let us listen to the words of the Grand Master of the French Freemasons, the Bro. Baband-Laribière, nominated three years ago Prefect of the Pyreness Orientals, in which post he died:—"Freemasonry," he says, "is superior to all dogmas." . . . "Anterior and superior to all religions," writes another brother, "Freemasonry is to give a new impulse to the world." And, in fact, in another speech, this very Baband-Laribière exclaims, "All dogmas

are perishing fatally." He therefore declares Catholic dogma dead; Rome, its capital, a dead town; and clearly puts Freemasonry as the irreconcilable adversary of Catholicism. What *is the fundamental* doctrine of our adversaries? An immutable dogma. What is their capital? A dead town. And after this insolent assertion he goes on to say, "Paris to be the capital of Freemasonry, and the Vatican of the human race. Freemasonry, on the contrary, has established its Vatican here in this parish, where ideas boil and purify themselves as in a furnace." This was spoken and applauded in a general assembly of the Grand Orient. It is Freemasonry, then, which is to replace Christianity. *And it can do so if it will.* "With her wonderful organizations," says F. Felix Pyat, "Freemasonry may, if she will, replace the Christian Church." Such are the declarations of these gentlemen. But we must proceed further. The hatred of Christianity becomes more and more pronounced, and arrives, if I may so speak, at its paroxysm. "It wants energy to carry the scalpel into the very sanctuary of that blind faith which we have sucked from our mothers' breasts. No, the revealed God does not exist." And at *Ghent, the Venerable Brother of La Fidélité* exclaims: "We must raise altar against altar, teaching against teaching. . . We must fight, but fight with the certainty of victory." Then he adds: "To them (the ministers of Christ) we leave their easy and perverse morality, their gross fanaticism. To us, pure morals, disinterestedness self-devotion. Freemasonry rejects these idolatrous phantasmagoria. . . . Lastly: "We are our own gods." And the Vente Suprême of the Carbonarists, which has intimate affinities with Freemasonry, says frankly: "*Our final object* and aim is that of Voltaire in the French Revolution, —the total annihilation for ever of Catholicity, and of all ideas of Christianity." Those who fancy they can be at the same time Christians and Freemasons, must begin to see that this is somewhat difficult. But Freemasonry does not restrict itself to the speeches made in its lodges; and the warfare which it carries on against religion outside its walls is as rabid as its hatred. And now what are we to say to those Masonic confraternities in which they enter into a formal engagement to have neither baptism nor religious marriage, nor priest at the sick bed; where they go so far as to issue orders to the *members of the confraternity to intervene*, in the most odious manner, at the last hour, between the dying man and his family, where the adept of Freemasonry thus deprives himself, by these sacrilegious engagements, of all possible return of conscience, or repentance at the hour of death. From whence sprung this horrible sect, which seems to have given itself the mission to immolate all hope between what they call the "eternal unknown," which precedes birth, and the "eternal nothingness," which follows death? From *the Masonic Lodges in Belgium*, whence it passed quickly to the Masonic Lodges in France. Very soon, in fact, one of the Paris Lodges (*L'avenir*), in imitation of the Belgian Freemasons, created in its bosom a committee or confraternity of this kind. The following is the 10th Article in its statutes:—"Art. 10. Lest the free-thinker should be prevented, at the moment of death, by strange influences, (those of his own family!) from fulfilling his obligations towards the committee, he will remit to three of the brothers (*to facilitate their mission in such a case*) a mandate, of which there shall be at least three official copies, giving full authority to these brothers to protest loudly, if, for any reason whatever, his formal will and resolution should be disregarded, to be buried without any kind of religious rite." And they call this the rite to die in freedom (*le libre mourir*)! They thus bind the will of their members. They institute of their own free will this revolting intrusion in the very heart of their own families, so that these Freemasons, armed with a three-folded copy of the mandate, may come into a house, and say to the father, mother, wife, or children of the dying victim;—"This dying man, this corpse, belongs to us. Be so good as to leave us alone, and retire." It is, then, the member of the Freemasons' committee, and he alone, who will watch by the dying bed; and when his last hour is at hand there will be for the unhappy Freemason neither father, mother, wife, nor child; neither brother nor sister, nor any link of family or friendship, or religion; nothing

but the committee and its tyranny! It is true that in France the official organ of Freemasonry has been somewhat shocked at the publicity given to this monstrous abuse, which had been but too long tolerated. *From reasons of order* and prudence, the Grand Master pretended that this extreme measure was a reflection on Masonic principles, and in consequence he suspended the Lodge called "L'Avenir," for six months. But how often, and in how many other lodges and Masonic newspapers have not the principles of the "Avenir" and the confraternity been proclaimed? That which the Masonic journals such as the *Monde Maconnique*, set up above everything is Atheism by the dying bed. These deaths without God, these departures for eternity without any religious consolations, these funerals without prayers, these are what this newspaper calls "dying without weakness." For one single number I see related and carefully chronicled five deaths and five burials of this sort, two of which are of women! and they are described in these terms: "He died without the assistance of a minister of any religion." "He died faithful to his principles, and was buried without a priest." "Useless to mention that the Induce F. was a purely civil ceremony." And again, "Upwards of two thousand Masons followed the hearse of Induce S.C." Elsewhere in the same review, I read: "Ever since 1868 Brother Bremond, treasurer of the Lodge called 'L'Echo du Grand Orient,' and entrusted to the 'Venerable' of the Lodge a letter, in which he declared 'I wish to be buried civilly and masonically.'" So that I am not surprised to read in this *Monde Maconnique* that the R. Lodge "L'Ecole Mutuelle," which has for first Sur (Inspector) Brother Tirard, placed among the "orders of the day" for discussion the following subject: "On the Organization of Civil and Masonic Burials." And, alas, what impieties, and I must add, what miserable *stupidities these lodge Orators* indulge in on these occasions! Thus at the funeral of Brother Bremond, of whom we spoke just now, Brother Pinchenat exclaimed "Man dies, but his ideas do not die with him. . . . Poor dear brother, thou wilt revive in us." What a consolation for this poor Brother Bremond thus to revive in the dear Brother Pinchenat! Do not then talk to me any more of this toleration and respect for religion, inscribed, must one say, so hypocritically, on the frontispiece of the Masonic Constitution. He would now show some of the means whereby these societies had endeavoured to carry out the objects they had in view. He had spoken of the bad literature of the German Union being the main instrument in the hands of these secret societies in foreign countries. They also effected their purposes by means of secret assassinations. The words of the oath as taken by the members in some of the societies was a terrible one, and he would give it. This was the oath the violation of which condemned them to assassination on the part of the society. It was as follows:—"I swear, in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the passwords, the doctrines, or the customs of the Freemasons; and to preserve with respect to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them, either by writing, by word, or gesture; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word. They may burn my lips with a red-hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a lodge till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and His Holy Gospel. Amen." That was the oath that was taken. Thus they saw how unscrupulous these men were. Mazzini was the chief of one of the Italian lodges, the Carbonari, and he told them that if any one broke this oath there was death declared against him, not by any public tribunal, but by a tribunal of these secret societies; and, notwithstanding how far the culprit might flee, even if it were to

the ends of the earth, steps would be taken to carry out this sentence against him. He would read them an extract from the "Life of Mazzini," written by himself.

"I was desired," he says, "to be on the Ponte della Mercansi at midnight. There I found some of the young men I had enrolled. They had been ordered there, like me, without knowing wherefore. After we had waited there a long time, Doria appeared, accompanied by two others, whom he did not know, and who remained wrapped up to the eyes in their cloaks, and as mute as spectres. Our hearts bounded within us at the thought and hope of action. Having arranged us in a circle, Doria began a discourse directed at me, about the culpability of certain words of blame of the order, uttered by inexpert and imprudent young men, and, pointing to the two cloaked individuals, he told us that they were about to start on the morrow for Bologna, in order to stab a Carbonaro there for having spoken against the chiefs; for that the order no sooner discovered rebels than it crushed them." A similar incident is related by Ruffini. About twenty of the Carbonari were assembled at midnight, in one of the smaller squares of Genoa, and there one of the leaders told them to pray for the soul of a comrade condemned to death by the Alta Vendita, and who would die by the dagger as the clock struck twelve. That was taken from a translation of his life by Mr. O'Clery, a soldier and a member of the Parliament of this country, and a gentleman to whose honour he could trust. He would now give them a quotation from an article on the proceedings of secret societies which appeared in that great Italian review, the "Civilla Cattoica," from the pen of Bresciani. "They whose position made it a duty to form the conflagration which would follow at the first gleamings of those furnaces, fed by the secret societies, were stupified at the result. Then they exclaimed, 'Ah, the felons! Ah, the assassins! Ah, the worst, depraved of men!' Yet it is well known those men only follow their natural trade, and they follow it with profound artfulness and the utmost refinement of subtlety. They deceive none but the inattentive, for they proclaim in a thousand ways that they will have no Christ, no Church, no Kings, no Governments, but that they will pursue their designs until they have overturned the thrones of kings and the altar of God. And when they had accomplished their threats we hear exclamations!" Even after the triumph of Drucy and his partisans in the overthrow of the legitimate Government of Lausanne, they stupidly continued to wonder, after they had heard their yells of "Down with God! Death to Christ! Death to all that pray! Death to the Methodist pastors, to the Momiers, to the ministers of the Reformed Church!" At Echallens the doors of the Protestant deaconesses were burst open, their furniture broken and reduced to fragments, all that was precious plundered, and the Bible was torn up and trampled under foot. The Protestant ministers were hunted as Jesuits, and took refuge among the Catholics of the Vallese. The rabble shouted through the streets, "Death to the rich! Death to all that have domestics!" Treichler, Fournier and Considerant preached in Lausanne the Communism of the Phalanx, which Proudhon himself pronounced "bestial" and "infamous," such is its ferocity and and the horrible deformity of its villainy. Berne, in the Constitution of July, 1846, threw down the impious Neauhaus to replace him with the impious and still more inhuman Ochsenbein, who called to the theological chair of Berne the Atheist Zeller, of Tubingen, which even the journals of Berne styled, "Antichrist descended in disguise into the University of Berne under the mask of the disciple of Strauss." But the great den of every iniquity was behind the Lungara. There, in those concealed and solitary vaults, they held mighty conventicles, they hatched plots and planned revolts and assassinations; there they cast lots to determine their murderer of their next victim, there it was said to the incendiaries, "Go you and set fire to such a hayloft, you set fire to this granary, or that warehouse, which belongs to the infamous wretches whom our brethren of Switzerland have enjoined us to punish." Some were appointed to poison those females of their society whom they feared as being too communicative, others to drop a dose of morphia into the wine of certain poor unfortunate girls, who, rendered insensible

by the effects of the poison, were removed to the hospitals, where, in delirious paroxysms, they miserably breathed their last. There were the presses on which were printed the infernal productions which, to the surprise of the good, appeared in the morning on every post and wall in Rome, and which stirred the populace to every act of villainy. There was the depository of creasote and vitrol which they used in accomplishing their nefarious ends. This den was the seat of every depth of depravity and sacrilegious impiety. Here the very altar of Satan (by the permission of the Omnipotent and All-merciful God, for the ineffable ends of His infinite wisdom) was erected to the rival of the Almighty! Here actual adoration was paid to the devil as to a supreme deity; here he received incenses, tremendous vows, obscene sacrifices, and execrable offerings. Round this altar twelve infamous females danced every night, and, as its priestesses, offered the execrable sacrifice." He would say but one word more—they should be on their guard against those touting about secret societies. They might not be Catholics all of them, they might not altogether heed the prohibition of the Church against every one belonging to any secret society, but they should remember that if they joined any such secret society they took an oath whereby they bound themselves hand and foot, body and soul, to obey some person unknown, or body of persons, in England, France, Italy, Turkey, Hindostan, wherever might be the central power, and the day might come even in England when they might be so powerful as to be able to perform the deeds of which Mazzini had told them. Therefore, they should be on their guard, and think not lightly of secret societies. There must be something that required their attention when an author like Lord Beaconsfield said they were a power that could create a massacre. Therefore, it was a matter that they should not treat with levity and forget in a moment or two. When such personages as Lord Beaconsfield, the Bishop of Orleans, and Pope Pius IX. expressed themselves in the manner they had done, it was an imperative duty on their part to do all in their power to dissuade persons from ever binding themselves down to belong to such societies, or at all events, countenancing such evil principles as had been spread about the world through them. These societies arranged themselves against Christianity and against God, and though at the present time they made use of the gold of the rich members of the secret societies in England for their own base purposes in other places. Let them remember what had occurred in other countries—the godless education, the destructive revolutions, the throwing down of the altars of God, and the breaking of every commandment, and be on their guard that such was not the case in England.

PRINCE BOLTIKOFF:

A STORY.

BY the kind and special permission of Bro. Charles Dickens, we re-publish this amusing story from the pages of "All the Year Round."

There are posts more important, perhaps, than Fort Needham on the South Coast, but it is at all times so strictly garrisoned that the integrity of the empire might depend upon its tenure. I was once its garrison—I, Randal de Loutherberg Carruthers, lieutenant in her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Fencibles—that is to say, I, with a handful of soldiers, held it against all comers. My men were better off than I was, for they took it in turn to mount guard upon the honeycombed ordnance and the tumble-down gates of the fortress. They had employment, I had none. I bathed, breakfasted, and walked upon the shore; to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke made up the sum total of my diversions. But that I was gifted with powers of progression, I might have been an oyster.

One day as usual I strolled upon the beach. The season was spring-time, the sky bright, the sea like a mirror. Nothing ever broke the stillness that reigned around Fort Needham; it lay off the high-road, no one came to it, even the fishing-boats avoided the bay because of the shoal water. With my glass I swept the horizon, now and again examining the sea-gulls or a far-off sail.

What is that black thing bobbling up and down in the water? a hen-coop or a whale? or a new rock shot up suddenly from beneath the waves?

No, it is a boat of some sort; very low in the water, not unlike a raft, and there is a figure on it, a man paddling. He is making for the shore; slowly and surely he approaches. Closer and closer. His face is plainly visible now, and his breast through his open shirt. He handles his little oar with skill and vigour—nearer and nearer he comes. At length—grate, squeeze, thud, his raft has run aground, and he jumps on to the shingle.

The stranger's first act was to throw himself upon his knees and exclaim fervently in French, "Thank God! Safe at last!"

Then he rose and came to greet me with the bow of a finished courtier. He was in rags, he wore only a dilapidated shirt of coarse calico, and a pair of tattered trousers reaching just beyond his knees, made apparently from an old gray blanket; yet, in spite of all, he seemed a gentleman. His manner was perfect, the English in which he addressed me, though tinged with a foreign accent, pure, and in intonation decidedly well-bred.

"This is a sorry plight in which I find myself, monsieur. I am a waif cast up by the sea. I have been shipwrecked. I never dreamt I should reach the land alive!"

"Shipwrecked?" I asked. "When? Where? How?"

"Yesterday I was on board my own yacht, the Feodorowna—I am Prince Boltikoff—you know my name perhaps?" he said, seeing that I bowed at this introduction of himself. "No? I am a Russian. I was en route for Cowes. Last night the yacht lay becalmed off the Needles, I was in my berth—half reading, half dozing, when—crack!—something crashed into the side of the yacht. I jumped from bed and rushed, as I was, on deck. It was a collision. Death stared us one and all in the face. I snatched up the first garments I could find—you see them," he pointed smiling, to his rags—"and jumped overboard. I am a good swimmer. At dawn I was still afloat. Then I got together a few floating spars from the wreck, made that little raft—good friend, it has done its duty,"—and as he spoke he pushed it back into the tide—"Adieu; go, mon ami, go."

"May I ask," continued the stranger, as soon as the raft had drifted away, "may I ask where I am? Would you have the extreme complaisance to direct me to the nearest town?"

"This is Fort Needham," I said. "Yarchester is the nearest place—some dozen miles distant."

"So far! I am hardly in walking trim, I fear, but I must make shift to push on."

"Impossible. I cannot permit it. You need rest, food. My quarters are close at hand. I am the commandant of the fort——"

"You are then an English officer. I might have guessed it! You are all generous as you are brave. I was with Menschikoff in Sebastopol, and I learnt to respect you then."

"If you are yourself a soldier, prince, it is the more incumbent upon me to be your host."

With this I led the way into the fort. The admission of such a tatterdemalion rather surprised the decorous sentry, but my servant, who was called in to assist at the prince's toilette, soon spread the real story throughout the barracks.

A bath, my razors, and a complete rig-out of my clothes, made a wonderful change in the prince's appearance. He was evidently a person of the highest distinction, not exactly handsome, his smoothly-shaven face was too sallow, and his cheek-bones too high, but he had good features and dark penetrating eyes. He made the mistake also of wearing his hair too short; it was clipped so close that his head looked like a round shot.

"Your clothes fit me to the marvel, mon cher M. Curruthers. It would not be indiscreet to ask your tailor's name? He is an artist."

I was flattered, and replied readily:

"Mr. Schneider will be glad to get an order from you, prince."

"He shall have it. His cut is superb."

Then we sat down to lunch. The prince, although aristocratic to the finger-tips, had the most plebeian appetite; within a few minutes he had cleared the table.

"I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," he said apologetically.

After lunch I produced cigars. He looked at the tobacco ravenously.

"It is my passion. I did not think I could have existed so long without it."

He lay back in an arm-chair and smoked half a-dozen cigars one after the other, apparently with the most intense gratification. Meanwhile we talked. The prince was a most agreeable companion, his experiences were varied; he had travelled far and wide, had seen many cities, and knew men and manners. It was delightful to listen to him. But he was far too well-bred to monopolise the conversation. He also could listen, and did so with courteous, unflagging interest as I enlarged upon the subjects I had most at heart—he even led me on to talk quite familiarly and freely of my regiment; my comrades; my life and prospects; everything, in short, which interested me.

In this way the hours passed, till suddenly the prince jumped up.

"You have been most good, M. Carruthers. I can never repay your kindness. But now, the day is advancing, I must be moving on."

"Pray do not think of it. You will surely stay and dine? To-morrow or next day will be time enough to travel; by then you will be refreshed and recruited in strength."

"I hardly dare take advantage of your good nature. I know not what to say. But your pleasant society draws me towards you; I will stay. Suffer me only to write a few letters. I must communicate with the Russian Embassy; I should send to my bankers, and to my London hotel for clothes and necessaries."

I sat him down at once to my writing-desk, a piece of portable barrack furniture limited in dimensions, very much littered with old letters, books, and stray papers; tradesmen's bills, an army list, Bradshaw, officials' reports and returns, some in my own handwriting and bearing my signature. But from among these I cleared sufficient space, and left the prince to write his letters alone.

It was quite an hour before I returned. He started rather as I re-entered the room, but explained that his recent narrow escape had shaken his nerves. He had been busy: several letters were lying on the table, their addresses uppermost, and, for the life of me, I could not help seeing that one was to a secretary of the Russian Embassy, another to someone at Claridge's Hotel, a third to Messrs. Coutts; of a fourth I read only a part. It looked like "Jemmy Haw—— Seven Di——." But the moment my somewhat surprised and curious eyes had read thus far, the prince took up all his correspondence, put the letters in his pocket, and rose to greet me with a pleasant smile.

"There! So much for business. This contretemps will alter all my plans. But what matter? I am still alive. Shall we take a breath of air?

Outside, after a few turns upon the shore, he said:

"Is your post-office far? We might drop these in as we passed."

I said I sent an orderly with the letter-bag as far as Silverburn, the nearest village and railway station: three miles or so. He would start in an hour.

"Now confess—you are sending on purpose? I should be truly grieved to derange you. Your soldier would hate me. What say you; shall we walk to the post ourselves? I should like it, and it would do you good too; you are lazy, mon lieutenant, you will grow fat. Say then, shall we walk to Silverburn?"

I excused myself. The fact was I wished to stay at the fort to attend to household affairs. I did not often entertain a prince, and I was somewhat anxious about the dinner which was being prepared by my inexperienced soldier cook.

"You will not? You are wrong. You should walk more. It is excellent exercise. I find the benefit and need it much always, as now. But I see you will not be persuaded. Au revoir then—till——?"

"Dinner at half-past six. That will give us a nice long evening."

"Yes; a nice long evening," he repeated after me in a strange mocking tone. If he had not been a prince I might have considered his conduct rude.

We parted. He walked on at a very brisk pace; I returned slowly to the fort.

For the next few hours I was busy superintending the operations in the kitchen, assisting to lay the table, drawing wine, and making ready for the feast. About six P.M. I dressed in mess uniform to do honour to my foreign guest, and

walked down the road to meet him on his return.

He had had three hours to do the journey there and back, but half-past six came, and with it no prince. Seven—still he did not appear.

What had happened? He must have lost his way. It was quite dark, and rather cold. At half-past seven I sent off two non-commissioned officers in search of him; at eight I went myself, and, growing more and more concerned, walked on to Silverburn.

Yes; a person answering to the description of the prince had been seen there. He had taken the train to Yarchester. An extraordinary proceeding: still it accounted for his absence, so somewhat relieved I went home, dined by myself, and went to bed.

I slept late next morning. It was close on ten when I was roused by a familiar voice in the outer room.

"What, Randal! Still in bed!"

It was Bob Finch, a brother lieutenant from head-quarters.

"You are to return at once to the regiment," he said. "I have come to relieve you."

"Hurrah!"

"Steady, boy, steady. Read this. Don't sing out too soon."

It was an official letter from the adjutant, desiring me to hand over my detachment, and report myself forthwith at head-quarters—under arrest.

"Bless me! What's up?"

"The colonel's furious. He declares he'll prefer charges, and have you tried by court-martial."

"But why, man? why?"

"What on earth induced you to give that sharper letters of introduction to the regiment? Where, in heaven's name, did you pick him up?"

"The Prince——?"

"Ot Darkness. He made nice fools of us all."

I told Bob Finch the story of the raft, at which he laughed a little, adding soon:

"But its no joke, Randal. He was asked to mess on the strength of your letter to Greycliffe."

"I gave him none."

"He produced one—on paper with your monogram, and in your writing."

"A forgery."

"But how could he have done it!"

"I left him alone here for an hour or more to write letters. There was one for Messrs. Coutts, and another for somebody 'offski,' and one"——for Seven Dials, of course, but I would not confess to this.

"Well, he dined at mess, en bourgeois. He was travelling, and had left his mails at another stage; after dinner he got us to baccarat, which he played to a nicety. We were cleaned out, every one of us. The prince, however, promised us our revenge. Only the same night—it could have been no one else—he broke into the mess-house, stole three dozen silver forks, a heap of teaspoons, several snuff-boxes, one or two racing-cups—in fact, all the light portable articles on which he could lay his hands."

I was utterly ashamed of myself for being so easily imposed upon, and was preparing, in pain and humiliation, to proceed to head-quarters, when my sergeant came in and said two warders had arrived from Talkham Convict Prison! would I see them?

One came in.

"Might I make so bold as to claim your assistance sir? We have been in pursuit of a convict who escaped from our establishment the day before yesterday."

He produced a large placard headed with the royal arms. Under them, in flaming capitals, were the words:

"Convict just Escaped! Five Pounds Reward!"

Then followed the discription.

"Thomas Twoshoes, alias Polish Ned, alias the Swaggering Sumph, alias Harry Highflyer; complexion sallow, dark eyes, high cheek-bones, black hair. Speaks with a foreign accent. Was dressed in trousers of patched blanketing and an old check shirt."

"Well, what can I do?" I asked a little nervously. Was I suspected of complicity? Doubtless I had lain myself open to the charge of aiding and abetting in the convict's escape. "If I can assist you in your search——"

"That isn't necessary, sir, for we've caught him."

"Caught him!" cried both Finch and myself in a breath.

"He is outside in the custody of Assist-

ant-warder Tightlock. We captured him seven miles the other side of Yarchester. A boy saw him about daylight hiding behind a hedge changing his shirt—that he had on was marked with the Broad Arrow. We were informed, gave chase, and, after a sharp tussle, took him. Will you allow me to lodge him in your guard-room till the prison-van arrives?

I consented, and went out with Finch to see the culprit, who was handcuffed and still in my clothes.

"Well, prince," I began.

"Pardon me," he said, gravely, "I am incog.; travelling under the name of Two-shoes. My equerry here Mr. Tightlock, will explain."

"Always was a rum'un to patter. Flash as you like, and artful," said Mr. Tightlock.

"How he got away was marvellous; like magic," said the senior warder. "He was here to-day——"

"And will be gone again to-morrow," put in the incorrigible rogue. "But, while I have the opportunity, allow me to thank M. Carruthers for his generous hospitality; and perhaps you, sir," he went on to Bob Finch, "will convey to your brother officers an invitation to visit me at Talkham? The place is rough, but I am compelled to make it my residence for the present, and if any care to come over I shall be happy to give them their revenge."

"And the mess plate, Twoshoes?"

"Made into white soup hours ago."

"Melted down that is," remarked Tightlock, by way of explanation.

And that was all we ever heard of it.

A VOICE IN NATURE.

BY REV. M. GORDON, M.A.

"'A Voice in Nature,' intended as a brief Poetical Exposition of Psalm XIX, 1, was written several years ago when the Author was a Student in the University of Dublin, where he obtained a Vice-Chancellor's Prize for it; the theme, which was originally in Latin—'*Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei*'—having been proposed to all Undergraduates in the usual form as a subject for composition, whether in Greek, Latin, or English verse."

THERE is a Voice in Nature—heard, indeed,
Not by an ear of flesh, but sweeter far
In reason's ear, than all the varied tones
Of finest modulation, or the chords
Of earthly music; plain alike to all,
To all extended, and by most confest.
No clime so rude that hath not own'd its pow'r:
Ev'n the old Briton, who, engirt with rocks
And deafen'd by the all-surrounding main,
Cast his blue eye upon the scowling heav'ns,
For ever darken'd with a waste of clouds:
E'en he felt rapture, when by fits the moon
Now lit their edges, and now bursting forth
Shed her broad splendour o'er the rugged scene.
What, then, must they of eastern climes have felt,
Whose skies are ever clear and ever bright,
And ever open to th' enquiring eye;
Whose soul partakes the nature of those climes,
Which light their black eyes with a triple fire?
Hence the Chaldean shepherd, who kept watch
Among the mountains, leaning on his crook,
Stretch'd on a bank on which the moon-light slept,
For ages look'd out for Messiah's star;
Or wand'ring by the solitary stream
Of broad Euphrates, view'd th' invert'd heav'ns
Reflected in the wave; or from the walls
Of hundred-gated Babylon, while all
The City slept, with philosophic eye
Mark'd out, and nam'd, each constellation bright,
The lunar course and planetary fire.

But modern days God's wonders more disclos'd.
For this each night in some star-gazing tow'r
That overlook'd the subject city wide,
The sleepless sage beheld each distant taper
Fade one by one, and in the gloom expire;
Except his own, which, like the stars he view'd,
Burn'd, while the rest were in oblivion sunk.
He, wraped in mantle of loose-folding lawn,

With night-cap pyramidical, drawn tight
O'er care-worn brow, and hanging loose behind
With silken tassel, look'd through optic tube;
Now here, now there, slow guiding with his hands.
By this the radiant image of the moon
Dilated, pictur'd to his wond'ring eye
A new-discover'd world; nor did there want
Ocean and land and solid continent,
And mountains pregant with volcanic fire.
Some planets circular appear'd and full;
And some with crescent horns, by other moons
Attended; now emerging, and now hid.
Th' eternal constellations—they alone
Defied his utmost pow'r; they, distant, far,
Wrapt in the dark immensity of space,
Unalter'd blaz'd; nor deign'd a clear survey
Of parts explain'd by computation nice.
Nor did they not excite some thoughts sublime.
What if each gem that decks the brow of night
Be in itself a sun as large as ours,
Danc'd round by other systems great as ours;
What if the star-bespangled vault display
An infinite diversity of suns;
What if the glass can multiply these suns,
Thick as the sands that strew the ocean's shore;
What if superior glasses can display
Unnumber'd more, beyond the reach of these;
And what if these be but a little part
Of the great mass that fills eternal space?
Oh, how doth this exalt our thoughts of Him,
Who rules, directs, and agitates the whole.
The heav'ns upsend one shout of praise to Him!
Oh, in the gen'ral chorus let us join;
And let us call upon these sons of heav'n
To swell the Anthem with their Maker's praise.

And thou, oh Sun—upon thee first I call;
Best image of thy great Creator's pow'r,
He, who, like thee, beams only in those rays,
In which from Nature he reflected shines,
Himself inscrutable to mortal gaze;
Or image of his image—his Son's type,
That intellectual Sun of Righteousness,
Who rose upon a world in darkness lost.
Oh thou, along whose path the seasons dance,
Scatt'ring the varied treasures of the year.
Thou mover motionless—thou fix'd erratic;
Thou glorious contradiction in the sky;
Thou cheater and delighter of our senses;
Who seemest now to rise, and now to set
In ocean's bed, firm and unchang'd the while.
By thee we measure our ideal lives;
Thyself the great idea, by whose course
We mete the flight of all ideas else
Which float, successive, in the mind of man.
Thou hast outliv'd the nations of mankind,
Their generations and their centuries,
From the first signal of created time,
Which has begun, and yet shall end with thee,
When both are swallow'd in eternity!
Thou everlasting beacon to direct us,
Amid the dull routine of mortal cares,
To heav'nly things;—for who, beholding thee,
Feels not the goodness of that hand which gave
So fair a lamp to us ungrateful worms?
All hail, thou queller of the hostile storms,
O'er which thou rarest thy triumphal arch,
The rainbow, wreath'd with many-colour'd hues.
Thou spirit, that dost animate the clouds
That brighten into beauty as thou dost
Paint their pale cheeks with blushes that suffuse
Thy evening chariot.—Oh, thou mystic fountain
Of the sev'n colours, which do brighten nature
With their immortal hues, all mix'd in thee.
Thou Giver of ideas to the eye;
Thyself the eye of heav'n that looks through all.
Shout, shout, Oh Sun,—thou king of many worlds,
Thron'd in the centre;—shout the praise of Him,
Who first array'd thee in a robe of fire;
Who crown'd thee with a diadem of rays;
And bade the circling worlds, obedient, wheel

Beneath thy viewless sceptre's wide control.

And thou, Oh Moon,—nocturnal mirror fair,
In which the unseen sun, reflected, shows
His image bright;—fair handmaid of this earth,
Circling thy mistress' path, and pouring from
Thy silver urn the tribute of thy beams;
Thou delegated queen,—thou lesser pow'r,
Cast down thy borrow'd crescent, and adore.

Ye sisterhood of Planets,—who inhale,
In common with our earth, the vital stream
From one great fountain in the centre plac'd;
Acknowledge Him, whose hand that fount supplies.

Ye distant Suns,—to us how passing small.
Ye anchors, fix'd in the deep sands of space;
To which the else erratic worlds are tied,
And ride secure amidst the boundless gulf.
Isles of Eternity!—space-girded shores
Of an illimitable sea, which knows
No continent, nor possibly can know!
Echo his praises to creation's bound.

Oh Heav'n!—of which this earth is but a star,
Compos'd of suns, and circumvolant worlds;
Dost thou not audibly proclaim a God,
And laugh to scorn the atheist's puny sneer?
Oh, thou celestial revelation!
Writ by God's finger with a pen of fire!
Laid open to the race of all mankind!
Which need'st no missionaries to proclaim
Thy wonders, wherein the Almighty pow'r,
His wisdom, and his goodness, stand display'd
In shining characters indelible!
Whose prophets are astronomers, who foretell
Thy seasons, months, and days, and rolling years;
Whose priests are poets, ministers divine
Of thy celestial mysteries, and preach
Abroad thy wonders to a list'ning world!

Thus, while the whole creation speaks God's praise,
Th' eternal Father, is there nought to shout
The Hallelujahs of the risen God;
Ah, 'mid the varied glories of the sky,
Is there no picture of redeeming grace;
No kindling image of the Spirit's pow'r?

Yes; for while, oft, at evening's solemn hour,
Reclin'd beneath some oak's fantastic shade,
I've view'd declining sunset, has a thought
Struck me, which thus unconciously I poured.
Ye clouds of many dyes!—immortal streaks
Of coloured radiance that invest the red
Descending sun that breathes his spirit in you,
And dyes you with the glory of his beams!
Are ye not emblems of the souls of men,
Dark in themselves, unlovely, and but clouds
Staining the moral hemisphere?—but when
The Holy Spirit takes his dwelling there,
They glow; they brighten; ev'ry inward thought
Is purified; all, all is moral beauty,
And mortals shine with glories not their own.

"THE ALBURY MS."—AN ANALYSIS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

"*The Albury MS.: The Amalgamated Guild of Freemasons and Masons,*" is the title of a pamphlet published by Messrs. Clayton & Co., London, in 1875, and which apparently has been but little noticed by the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. In fact, we do not remember seeing any reference to it at any time, save an advertisement of its advent in the "Freemason."

We have carefully perused the work, but fail to discover why it has been called "The Albury MS.;" and the Preface by the editor, as also the "Prefatory Note of the Author" are silent on the question. The former is dated Aug. 15, 1875, and states that the editor, "In sorting some MS. papers which it had become his duty to arrange, happened upon the following

notes. Finding them, on examination, to be of a purely archæological and historical nature, and judging they might be not only interesting but instructive, and calculated to rectify many misconceptions and extravagant mythical ideas, with which view they were doubtless prepared—it would appear as the basis of some more extended work—he has printed them, suppressing, for obvious reasons, some few but immaterial expressions, so that it might be indifferent into whose hands they might fall." From internal evidence it is quite clear that the essay was *written within the last ten years*, so that to say the least the title is a most misleading one—as one would naturally expect from its name to see some old account of the Masons, instead of a very modern production.

The author declares in his preface that "the great mistake into which writers on this subject (*i. e.*, Freemasonry) have fallen, lies principally in their ignorance of history, and still more in taking vulgar error for fact, and worse still, in pandering to that which they know their readers wish to believe. They allege that symbolical Masonry, as we now have it, existed before the historic period, whereas the question really is, at what period Freemasonry ceased to be operative, and became purely symbolical and speculative?"

After this peculiar deliverance we should anticipate the writer would be most anxious to avoid accepting *fiction* for *fact*, and be well versed in Masonic as well as in general history. Accepting the basis of the inquiry as he places it, we have failed to see any light thrown on the subject in the so-called "Albury MS.;" and the absence of any allusion to the works of late years, and the numerous discoveries of MSS. and important facts verified during this century, all go clearly to show the author has attempted a task much beyond his knowledge and capabilities. What he states "as new is not true, and what is true is not new"—so that for all practical purposes it would have been as well unwritten and unprinted.

The introduction deals with "Solomon's Policy and Temple," and retails another hash of the Biblical account of his times and acts, which formerly prefaced all old Masonic works. Then the reader is referred to the Guilds: "At a time far anterior to Solomon the system of castes existed in India, and still exists, and trades descend from father to son in the *ensnafs* of the Indian population—the country whence the Jewish tribes derived their origin; it is therefore presumable that Solomon did little more than improve the organization he found in existence by a *quasi* military system, and on a large scale. The bodies of men we call Lodges were presided over by master-workers; the Lodges themselves consisted of journeymen, and perhaps and probably, also apprentices."

We should gather from the following extract from the pamphlet, and another to which reference will be made subsequently, as to the prefix "Masonic" to the Knights Templars of England, that the "Albury MS." has been written in the interest of those who favour the recent unpopular alterations, three of the chief of which are, to substitute Preceptor for Commander, Preceptory for Encampment, and to abolish the prefix *Masonic*—formerly a portion of the title.

"The great employers of labour in the middle ages were the territorial nobility, who, by their tenure, belonged exclusively to the profession of arms, the ecclesiastics, who held territorial possessions, and, in the cities, the mercantile class. To the former two categories belonged the two chivalric orders of the Temple and Hospital, who, noble by birth or profession, and as lay monks—*quasi* ecclesiastical—partook of the characteristics of both, and rapidly increasing in territorial wealth, necessarily employed large numbers of skilled workmen and artisans for the construction and repair of the various farm and other buildings of their estates, and the erection of chapels and conventual buildings—termed preceptory houses—in which were placed veterans, or persons possessed of commercial knowledge, for the management of the estates and collection of the revenues—as implied by the term preceptor." [*Præceptor*, receiver—*percervoir les revenus.*] After mentioning that in the forty-ninth year of Edward, the franchise, or right to elect city deputaries and members of Parliament, was transferred from the ward aldermen to the masters of the city companies, . . . "Subsequently (we are told), the elective franchise was extended to all liverymen, and some of the

companies were merged in others—for instance, the Freemasons in the Masons."

For the latter no evidence is vouchsafed, nor any particulars given, so we must leave it where we find it—though as it is the object of the author (according to the editor) to "trace the origin of the Freemasonic Guild, or society, from the trade associations existing previously to Edward III—when many became partially, and subsequently fully, incorporated by charter—and of the more modern societies, based on, initiated from or arising out of the amalgamated Guild of Freemasons and Masons," surely a little information about the amalgamation mentioned would not have been amiss, especially as it is opposed to all the published facts.

The next chapter is headed "English Lodges," and commences with the startling assertion, "James I, who was Grand Master of Masons and Patron of Inigo Jones between 1603 and 1625, encouraged architecture." Whatever may have been the object of the writer of this "Albury MS.," it is clear that the one professed to be the motive actuating him is a signal failure, for his great mistake, as with, some other writers on the subject, "is *an ignorance of history.*"

In 1673 Lord Rivers is spoken of as Grand Master, and Christopher Wren as Deputy Grand Master, and in the few lines before, Lord St. Albans is declared to have been the President at a general meeting, at which certain laws were passed—which are given in the "Harleian MSS., No. 1942" (British Museum) though their origin is not noted in the pamphlet. We know that similar random statements have been made in times gone by, and which are now looked upon as the essentially credulous period of the craft, but we were not anticipating their reproduction in a professedly historical work on the Masonic Guilds.

But to continue the narrative (which would be interesting if not calaulated to delude the neophyte), at page 32 we are informed that "George I. made his solemn entry into London on September 20, 1714," which, as a disconnected paragraph, may pass muster. The next sentence, however, with respect to the Grand Master, is open to question—and in fact is, according to all particulars known, contrary to the evidence accumulated; "Wren, born in 1631, was then in his eighty-fourth year, and opportunity was then seized to render the Grand Master the centre of combination and harmony." Not a particle of evidence has been presented in proof of the foregoing, and yet it is given as authentic On the next page an unfortunate typographical error occurs, which we mention not by way of complaint, but simply of correction—1825 being evidently intended for 1725, up to which period it is said, "*Grand Lodge could alone make Masons,*" By the latter we presume *Master* Masons is meant—and which, though generally believed to be true, is not in reality, as records exist before that year of the degree being worked by a Lodge.

An incorrect sketch of the secession of 1738-1813 is given at page 38, and the different questions involved in the consideration of so important a subject are so jumbled together that even a "Philadelphia lawyer," with all his keenness, could not manage to make sense out of the confusion. We present a portion of the sketch in confirmation of our statement.

"*The feud continued until* 1790, *when, by arrangement, the Duke of Kent became Grand Master of the excommunicate Masons and the Duke of Sussex of the legitimate branch. Articles of union were drawn up, the two royal Grand Masters sitting on either side of the throne. The articles were then signed by either, on behalf of the bodies they respectively represented, and being received by acclamation, the Duke of Kent resigned the Grand Mastership of the Ancient Masons, and the Duke of Sussex was installed Grand Master of the united body. This was termed the Lodge of Reconciliation.*"

To remodel and correct the foregoing would require a similar transformation to the Highlander's gun—which needed "a new lock, a new stock, and a new barrel."

The Earl of Antrim was Grand Master of the "Ancients" A.D. 1790, having occupied that post from 1782. He died in 1791, and was succeeded by the Duke of Athol, who was re-elected annually until Nov. 8, 1813, when a letter being read from His Grace resigning the office, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was elected in his place, and installed as Grand Master on

Dec. 1 of the same year. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was installed the Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England on St. John's Day, 27th of December, 1813. The "Lodge of Reconciliation" was composed of "*nine* worthy and expert Past Masters or Master Masons" from each Grand Lodge, making *eighteen* members in all, and was not founded until after December 1, 1813, but before St. John's Day, and had nothing whatever to do with the proceedings narrated in the "Albury M.S.," their duty having simply to do with the "work." The meeting of the two Grand Masters took place at the "Athol" Grand Lodge on Dec. 1, when the Duke of Sussex was made an "*Ancient* Mason," and also on the 27th, at the Festival of St. John the Evangelist.

The writer of the "Albury MS." also notices the "*Articles of Union*" with respect to the Chivalric Masonic Degrees, stating that they are antagonistic to the assumption of the title or prefix "Masonic" which is confined to the three above mentioned degrees (*i. e.*, the craft); at the same time it implies that a Masonic qualification is required for such orders." We think this is written in the interests of the new body of Templars, which, under the recent rules, drops the *prefix* Masonic, contrary to the custom for many years of the previous society of the Masonic Knights Templars. *If this society is not a Masonic body, it is nothing*; and hence many complain of the shortened title, which disconnects it from its adopted parent."

As the clause in question ('*But this article is not intended to prevent any Lodge or Chapter from holding a meeting in any of the degrees of the orders of Chivalry, according to the Constitution of the said orders*') does not appear in the printed book of Constitutions of Grand Lodge," we are gravely told by the same writer, "it is said to have been omitted by the influence of the Grand Master, who, being a Unitarian, was, anxious to ignore the Trinitarian element of the Temple and the Rose Croix degrees, and, having become the head of all the degrees, used his position to suppress all but the craft degrees, which were purely deistic!" A more unfounded and unfair charge could not have been made, and certainly a more insulting attempt to misrepresent the motives of the revered Duke of Sussex could not have been imagined by the most rabid of anti-Masons. None of the clauses of the "Articles of Union" were printed in the editions of the Book of Constitutions, save of *late years*, when the first part of the 2d Article (of which the concluding portion is the *foregoing*) has been inserted, viz., "It is declared and pronounced that pure Ancient Masonry consists of three degrees, and no more, viz.; those of Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master Mason — including the Supreme Order of the Holy Royal Arch." There were XXI Articles, and as only a part of the 2d has been published in the authorized Books of Constitutions, it seems quite inexplicable why H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex has thus been singled out for attack, when during his lifetime, not one of the "Articles of Union" were ever printed in the Regulations, though they were issued separately, and also to all Lodges with the *Quarterly Communication* papers.

Next, we are assured that "The Royal Arch degree, dating only from 1790, was composed and put together out of several of these so-called higher degrees—the Knights of the Sword, the Knights of the East and West, the Red Cross of Babylon, and others, eliminating the Christian element, so as to bring it within the building allegory and deistic principle. It is, however, not the old Royal Arch, but a new invention of very recent date, founded on ignorance and an error of the meaning of the French word *ach*, or $H(\overset{\top}{\mathrm{H}})$, or triple *crux ansata*—a symbol of life and Trinitarianism." The astounding intelligence that the Royal Arch dates "only from 1790," when we have it referred to in print A.D. 1744, and in the Records of the "Ancients" A.D., 1752, as well as in many other works and MSS. about the middle of the last century, makes the fact palpable that the "Albury MS." was written by a novice in Masonic history, and renders it quite unnecessary for us to exhibit any more erroneous references to that degree which disfigure pages 40 and 41.

The chapter on "French Lodges" is an epitome of Rebold's *Historie des Trois Grande Loges en France*, and so acknow-

ledged. The writer's opinion of Masonry in France is a most severe one: "It may be said that the simple principles of modern Freemasonry have been so prostituted by the French that it is by no means advisable for British Masons to enter their Lodges." As to the *hautes grades*, we are told that "in no case can the craft tolerate the arrogation by these degrees of the designation 'Masonic,' which is its exclusive right, and which neither historically nor logically applies to any other society." It is doubtless true that all degrees other than those of the craft are Masonic only by adoption; but if their Masonic source or origin be ignored, it is difficult to see any reason for their continuance, or any plea for their existence; the "Articles of Union," as well as the Act of Parliament respecting secret societies, having clearly to do simply with veritable or so-called Masonic degrees. Some of the "hautes grades" are nearly as old apparently as the craft degrees of the Grand Lodge—and so a few years cannot make all the difference claimed by the writer.

The chapter on "Scottish Lodges" is occasionally fairly written, but when we read that "it is clear that up to 1753, at least, the Lodges in Scotland were purely Guilds of operative workmen, with a very small admixture of non-operatives elected *honoris causa*," we must emphatically object to such a false statement of the matter, for, since the institution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland in 1736, the operative basis of the society was to all intents and purposes changed for a combination of the operative with the speculative. Equally untrue is the statement that the antiquity of "symbolical Masonry in Scotland . . is reduced to a century," for we have records in existence of a purely speculative Lodge meeting in Scotland during the *first* decade of the last century, and certainly the numerous Lodges constituted by the speculative Grand Lodge of Scotland from 1736 were not generally of an operative character.

The author of the "Albury MS." goes out of his way to abuse the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," which can well afford to smile at the puny weapons turned against its invulnerable fortifications, as also at the charter of "Frederick the Great," being designated "*a bare-faced forgery*!" The writer is not singular in holding such an opinion, but we doubt if he, or any other brother, has carefully studied General Albert Pike's grand work, "A Historical Inquiry," before arriving at such a decision, for that learned brother establishes the probability, to say the least, of such constitutions having been granted.

The following proposition concludes the pamphlet: "that an antiquity of one hundred and fifty-eight years is the greatest that can possibly be attributed to speculative or purely symbolical Masonry," which conclusion is as incorrect as much that precedes it—for such a limit has been proved to be too restricted "over and over again."—*Masonic Jewel.*

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER V.

"Und hauft sich noch so trübe
Um's herz der nebeldunst,
Das herz sei voll von Liebe,
Und frölich sei die Kunst!"
MORITZ GRAF STRACHWITZ.

Miss Margerison and Lucy Longhurst were sitting occupied with what somebody has called irreverently that "eternal crochet," in the little oval morning-room at the Cedars, two days after the events recorded in the last chapter, when a ring at the bell announced a visitor. "Who can it be?" said Lucy to her aunt.

"I cannot think," Miss Margerison replied a little hastily; "it is only just half-past twelve.

But all doubt and speculation were soon at an end when Mr. Walters opened the door and announced Mr. Williams. There was a ring in Mr. Walters sonorous voice which did not sound over pleased, or rather somewhat dissatisfied; and, by the way, have you ever observed what a deal of satisfaction or the reverse may often be represented by that flexible organ the voice? There is a way of saying everything; and what a volume of thoughts and fancies, fears and feelings, likes and dislikes is conveyed by an inflexion, represented by the subtleties of the "vox humana." But Mr. Williams did not

perceive anything in Mr. Walters' voice, and advanced, hat in hand, as usual quite at his ease, to pay his respects to the two ladies.

Miss Margerison greeted him warmly, Lucy was as her wont most kind, but clearly a little constrained in her reception of the smiling and somewhat free and easy young man. There was, to say the truth, reason to believe that she was a little bored by his arrival, as she was expecting her godfather and Mr. Mainwaring to luncheon, and they had all agreed to drive over, and dine quietly at Richmond, and return in the cool of the evening. What was to be done? What was to become of this inevitable curate? Such reflections, however, did not affect Miss Margerison, who for some reason or other, appeared pleased with the advent of this at any rate conversational youth!

Much to Lucy's distress, ere a few minutes had elapsed, she heard her aunt asking Mr. Williams to luncheon, and even telling him of the expedition to Richmond. And then, as she had to leave the room to give her orders, "on hospitable thoughts intent," poor Lucy found herself condemned to a tête-a-tête with the curate. I have said before that Mr. Williams always flattered himself that he knew how to improve the occasion; and so with this unexpected good luck, no sooner did he see that the coast was clear, than he endeavoured—I do not say that he was to blame—to profit by his opportunity.

But Lucy was, like young ladies often, not very easy to get on with, especially if it was not the "right man!"

How often have I laughed in life, amid pleasant parties and festive scenes, alas, all things of the past! "tiempi passati" of one's sojourning never to return, at the huge adroitness with which the female "athlete" as it were gets rid of the wrong man, or gives the cold shoulder to the bore, and "tackles," as old Jorum puts it, "an unsuspecting fellow," the real hero, however, of her own little life drama. The difference between the right man and the wrong man in a woman's eyes is very great, and always most important.

Now, as my readers will have guessed, unless they are very dense, that for poor Lucy the right man was Mr. Mainwaring, the wrong man Mr. Williams, and so she accordingly, like a wide-awake British maiden as she was, set herself calmly to work to meet the blushing Mr. Williams on his own ground, and if possible to give him his "coup-de-grace" before that Miss Margerison could come upon the scene.

And so when our friend the interesting and energetic curate began in dulcet tones to speak confidingly and pleasantly to that goddess in blue and white, who sat before him in all her grace of "golden youth," he soon felt as all men feel, as if by intuition, that for some reason or other his words fell flat on, and his special confidences were not reciprocated by the sympathies or attention of his graceful companion. Her eyes would not meet his.

Lucy clearly cared nothing for his views and wants, his ideas or opinions, his words or his ways, and as she was a resolute young woman, and clear and decided in her enunciation of what she thought and what she wished, and what she disliked, poor Mr. Williams with a sigh gave up the struggle, and resigned himself gracefully to the consolation of a coming luncheon, and the conversation of that "superior woman" Miss Margerison, when she kindly reappeared!

Sensible man! And must we not say that Lucy behaved very well? There is in her, we note, no weakness, as a friend of mine says, of "hand or mouth;" she is not a flirt—she does not think it right to profess an interest she does not feel, or to avow a liking which is too surely unreal! What an example to some fair young friends of mine!

They seem to look upon man, as the law-books say, "feræ naturæ," fair game, for that most dangerous of pastimes, the little innocent, harmless, tender flirtation! They forget often, in these gay flirtations of theirs, that what is sport to them is often a deadly wound to the trusting and true-hearted, and that what seems to them a legitimate amusement for the space of half-an-hour, may become the saddening "reverie" of a whole life!

Minnie Compton met Harry Higheover at a pleasant dance. Minnie was a blonde with bewitching blue eyes, golden hair, good hands, good teeth, good feet, and all that sort of thing. Harry Higheover was a reckless youth, who thought more of horses

than ladies, and was gven rather to ride, across country than, as he said himself, to "potter about in a ballroom, amongst a lot of petticoats."

But all heroes have their weakness, and their hour!

And Harry had his. He saw Minnie, did sad to his friend Jenkinson, commonly called "old Jinks," "she is a very fine stepper, Jinks!" and Jinks assenting, remarked in addition, that she seemed to be sound in "wind and limb."

So Harry got presented, danced away with the joyous Minnie, got interested, got animated, got spooney. That evening was the precursor of many happy evenings, parties, meetings, rides, drives &c., until Harry became "very bad indeed." His friends were severely alarmed; his maiden aunts were quite excited; his sisters laughed, and his father and mother shook their heads.

And then on the other side Mrs. Compton said "there was nothing in it." "Minnie was young, artless, inexperienced, but it could not be thought of," and old Papa Compton said decisively "There's not enough money."

And soon after Harry saw his "own Minnie," his "darling Minnie," the "Minnie of his heart and his affection," desperately civil, "sweet," as he remarked to old Jinks, bitterly, to a thin, sandy-faced young man, with what Tennyson calls an "educated whisker," who turned out to be the eldest son of Sir Parkson Judson, a great Manchester millionare.

Poor Harry Higheover! it's all over with him. His Minnie was married by the Bishop of Connemara (an Irish cousin of Mrs. Compton,) and three other officiating clergymen, and the "Morning Post," gave a full description of the dresses of the bridesmaids, and the magnificent trousseau and presents of the bride, and Minnie talks of "poor Harry Higheover," and says it was "only a flirtation!" Luckily for Harry Higheover he did not like the Frenchmen say—

"Ah c'en est fait, je cede a la rigueur du sort,
Je vais mourir je me meurs, je suis mort."

No, he went on calmly smoking his cigar, but has "a very low opinion of women."

Oh, you young ladies, who will have "only a flirtation," remember, if you please, that on that which you reck so little of, the "Harry Higheover's" of society have often, as it were, made the "cast," so to say, of their very life.

I do not say that people don't recover from these "illusions of young days;" I for one, do not wish to seek to exaggerate or extenuate anything; on the contrary, I firmly believe that it is "never too late to mend" and "to marry," and that there are as "good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught."

Nay, even more than this, I am inclined to believe, despite the charge of heresy which some may bring against me in respect of "first love," "love's young dream," &c., &c., that "second thoughts," in love, like in most other things, are "best."

But, bless me, how I have run on until I have to leave Lucy and Mr. Williams, still in their tête-a-tête, until our next number.

"Ah," says a young friend of mine, confidentially, "what a pleasant thing, old fellow, a tête-a-tête is!"

"So it is, my boy," is my curt but sedate reply; "especially if your 'vis-a-vis' is pleasant and patronizing, good-looking and conformable, and ready to please and be pleased, and not unwilling to make herself generally agreeable under the circumstances."

(To be continued.)

TWO SIDES.

There is very much that is loveable, much that is praiseworthy, much that is laudable, and much to emulate in Freemasonry, in short, the percentage is very much in its favour. There is no society ever founded, beyond the bounds of contradiction, that has an order bonded together for benevolent purposes and for breaking down the frontiers of nationalities; there is no society that has done more real good in charity, neither is there any society in existance that has such widespread ramifications over the face of the world for peaceable and benignant intentions *as ours*. The fraternity commends itself to the heart of every honest man; there is within its bosom all that can improve, and instruct, and make a good

man, even better—this is why it is so universal—through its hidden self, and so supremely excellent, that, with all its guarded cautiousness, its light breaks forth and beams with the truthfulness of its righteous actions. There is so much that is so beautiful in it, that it is to be regretted there is a reverse side to it, and all such communities and systems. Freemasonry is no exception, and this, by way of parenthesis, is a grand reason why the older heads should carefully watch her bulwarks. My experience teaches me that the more pure a "doctrina" is the more likely is it to be abused, and under its mantle evil is easier and sooner practised. This is the sorrowful side of it, but with careful watchfulness these excrescencies can both be modified and ameliorated and such stumbling blocks removed. Only let the fathers of the craft observe more caution, more prudence in whom we introduce. The rigour of introduction is certainly not so strict as it was years gone by; it was then considered a very high privilege and honour to be made a freemason. I do not say it is not so now. I hold that it is most honourable, but still it appears to me that there is much surface character about it, both inside a lodge and outside of it too. Somehow or other there is not the solid geniality of former times. This comes in my opinion from growing too fast, and is this growth and increase of that sort of stuff we may be proud of? Not altogether so, I think. It is said young blood vitalises, strengthens perhaps. But suppose erysipelas is current in this stream of life, and it makes itself apparent. I think more watchfulness is necessary. I do not believe in the induction of too much juniorism, it is neither politic nor acceptable for many reasons. For instance, here is one. An observation of the following nature is not calculated to give sterlingness to the sacred rites of our order—"There is a good chance of your going into office and soon arriving at the chair." I hold that such a remark takes away both the solemnity and dignity of Freemasonry, when it is made a stalking horse to get to Power. The fact of becoming the Master of a Lodge causes many young M.Ms. to learn off by rote our holy rituals, in parrot fashion, without the true knowledge necessary to practise the principles upon which the Craft is built. Such knowledge is as the sapling to the sturdy oak, but this sapling knowledge becomes presumption, and oak presumptive. I have witnessed this and regretted it. Once more little coteries are formed and small cliques, which are injurious to the firm solidity of Lodge and Craft rights. I hold the order in higher veneration, and do not believe in alphabetic Masonry or Masons. I do not wish to see it overrun by types of this kind, or to see the elder Mason under the dictation of inexperienced novices. Such proceedure is not Freemasonry, neither does it form any part of her glorious principles. Good men leave her ranks from such causes. If good working means per se, the learning of our ritual, and implies that it is the substance upon which the order is held together, then it is froth and schoolboyish. If it means the helping hand and fulfilling the divine law, then there are thousands of laudable Masons who never arrive at the dignity of the chair, and these, in my humble opinion, are as superior to an attainer of the chair as the sun is to Saturn. I think very much of the grandeur of our themes. They are lost when the ritual is stumblingly spoken, and I would rather at any time hear it read as from a lecturn, with right punctuation. All men cannot be "actors," neither is it necessary to the well-being of the order. In foreign Lodges I believe much of the oft-repeated ritual is dispensed with, and the Brethren are entertained by Lectures upon some of the numberless and beautiful subjects there are to be found in the rites and ceremonies of our mighty fraternity. For my own part I would sooner listen to a sound speech than so much repetition. Let me plainly ask why do so many brethren retire when raising and passing takes place? It arises from the "ennui" created by the constantly repeated same ritual. Oft repetition creates weariness.

'Tis not in the power of all to be preceptors, neither are all men blessed with capacious memories, neither do I think it of such vital importance, either for the well-being or stability of the Craft; surely it is not the essential of Freemasonry. Business men, of whom ninety per cent. are its members, and the blood and soul of it, have not the time to acquire with per-

fection the whole of the ritual, but you find these very men liberal supporters of all our charities, most probably serving the office of steward to each of them. I therefore hold that such men ought not to be withheld from honours because he simply cannot wade through with perfection the ceremonies of Craft Masonry. I hold that a giving Mason is a preferable type to one fighting for the chair, through mastering the ritual, and then sliding into inactivity and inertness, one who perhaps never subscribed a five-pound note for twice five years. There are many and noble exceptions admitted, but ..... My face has often been suffused with blushes on seeing Brethren retire and leave the W.M. and his officers, save the initiates. Such absenteeism is not honourable under such circumstances,

"Inclarissima luce versare." Anon.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VII.—Adulteration, &c.

"*Just balances, just weights, . . . will I have,—*
Ye shall do no unrighteousness in weight or in measure."

"This is the will of God, that no man defraud his brother in any matter."

"A merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong; and an huckster shall not be freed from sin."

"Many have sinned for a small matter; and he that seeketh for abundance will turn his eyes away.

"As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones; so doth sin stick close between buying and selling.

"Unless a man hold himself diligently in the fear of the Lord."

There is a manifest repugnance to consume the whole of the proverbial peck of dirt that everybody must perforce get through during the term of his natural life, at one sitting; but when this foulness of feeding becomes indefinitely multiplied, so that the peck becomes a bushel, the bushel a sack, we are compelled, however reluctantly, to feel that "there are limits" beyond which human forbearance, long suffering though it be, must not be taxed, and we are fain to cry "hold, enough!"

Many of us have thus cried "hold!" until we have been well-nigh tired out, and become pretty-well resigned to "endure what can't be cured." But still this resignation seems hardly demanded of us, and surely, if we seek it, there must be some remedy for this one of the crying evils of the day.

Far be it from us—and let this reservation be throughly understood at the outset—to impute the nefarious practices, of which we complain, to all alike: for there is, probably, no more honourable body of men, as a whole, than our British merchants and traders, indeed their reputation is proverbial and world-wide; but as "there are black sheep in every fold" so are there unscrupulous men in every profession and trade, and it is against these that our warfare is to be mainly directed; and we are nerved for the conflict by the thought that the nefarious practices of which we complain, press the hardest upon our poorer brethren, in whose behalf we thus try to carry out the divine behest to "help those to right that suffer wrong."

Supposing then that our former efforts have been successful, and that paucity of food has been replaced by plenty, there next arises the question of its purity. Finding, perhaps, a defect in the quality of our purchase, we come also to the question of quantity, that is to say the question as to whether this is in proper proportion to the money expended. We know, of course, that the proportionate quality and quantity of an article with regard to its cost, must depend upon its marketable value at the time of purchase; but what we mean by our question now is whether when we purchase a certain quantity of any particular article, we get what we buy for our money—and if not, why not?

Now none can deny that this negative answer is but too often arrived at, that, in short, faults both in quality and quantity of provisions are rife. Whence do they arise?, and how rectify them?, are questions that naturally force themselves upon our consideration. To the second question we must seek an answer later on; meanwhile, to the first three reasons present themselves by way of reply. In certain cases the greed, and consequent rapacity of the trader, but in far more the undue proportion of sellers to buyers, is the

cause ; whilst in very great measure the folly of the purchaser himself it is that is at the root of the evil.

This folly of the purchaser himself we will discuss presently, just now let us look at the other two reasons. The dishonesty of the trader, caused either by the keen competition in the present overwhelming number of those who would earn their bread by becoming sellers, or by the over-reaching of those who desire to make money fast by any means in their power.

The first of these causes of mischief would probably be reached, and eliminated by a free competition in every trade, that is by the removal of all licenses whatever, when "the weakest would go to the wall," and only "the fittest survive ;" but a more effectual check would be given by a rigorous system of universally licensing every public salesman of any article whatever. In either case a rigorous system of inspection, not only of weights and measures, but also of quality, must be instituted and enforced on all alike.

Any loss of revenue that might accrue to the national exchequer by the abolition of licenses might be amply made up for, either by a slight increase of taxation upon the article purchased, and, if any objection should be raised to this plan, as laying a burden upon those we wish to benefit, we should simply reply that the small increase of outlay would be fully compensated by the increase of both quantity and excellence of the purchase in question.

An alternative mode of making up this deficit in the revenue would be to impose a special income-tax upon the profits of all articles publicly sold ; but as this system would be almost an equivalent, in a monetary point of view, to our second or universal licensing plan, without its advantages, we will pass directly to a consideration of this latter system, which seems to us to be the best.

This licensing system, then, should be in the hands of some perfectly impartial Board of Government Commissioners, the members of which should be so well paid as to be willing to give a guarantee that they would enter into no financial operations—that is as a matter of business or speculation—whatever, and thus be, and remain, "above suspicion."

By this Board, holders of suitable premises on due proof of respectability, and on payment of a fee calculated upon the amount of capital to be employed, should be duly licensed for a limited period, such license to be renewable at stated times on payment of like fees, unless a valid objection should be raised and substantiated, or a third conviction should have been made against the holder as hereunder mentioned. It might, perhaps, here be urged that a fee calculated upon capital would act unfairly as pressing hardly upon those who, from having limited means, were working with borrowed money. This objection hardly needs a further answer than the counter-question as to whether many traders, holding and paying for excise-licenses, are not even now working with borrowed capital ; but beyond this, we have a reply, and it is this : —that this very pressure would be ultimately beneficial to trade in general, as capitalists would naturally test more carefully the worth of any scheme towards the promotion of which they were lending, and thus extort beforehand, by its capacity of bearing a double burden, the guarantee of the stability of the projected enterprise.

The respectability of the trader having been established, and guaranteed by the license thus obtained, there would remain of course, the necessity of a supervision that the details of the business were honestly carried on, and for this purpose the powers of the present Inspectors of Weights and Measures should be extended to the quality of all articles prepared for sale. More rigorous and definite inspection, too, would be necessary than is now the case, for although the scalebeam may balance to a hair and the weights be perfection itself, what guarantee is there yet that the purchaser gets even his proper quantity. Such tricks as the lump of suet stuck to the bottom of the scale, it is not our province here to discuss, further than to say that they must be detected where possible, and punished one by one, and further that in a case like this, no excuse of accidental adhesion should be for a moment entertained, for it is as much a tradesman's bounden duty to see before every sale that his weighing apparatus and its surroundings are honestly true, as it is for him to ascertain that the amount tendered in payment is not short of the stipulated price.

That with which we have to do more particularly just now is those practices which are in trade considered perfectly legitimate, and which, indeed, are in continual use, but which rob the purchaser of a portion of that which he buys and pays for. As an example of what we mean, it is only necessary to mention the custom of selling the wrapping-paper at the same rate as the substance being purchased, which result is brought about by the paper being placed and weighed together with it in the scale. To show the injury done to the purchaser by this mode of weighing, we might just suggest that if a man buys tea at half-a-crown a pound, he does not care to pay the same price for the paper in which it is wrapped, however highly ornamented the covering may be; still less would he care to buy paper at the price of quinine; why, we might just as well pay the jeweller for the box, in which he puts the trinket, at the rate of eighteen-carat gold. Against putting an end to this trade custom, we know that two seemingly plausible arguments are raised, but neither when investigated are worthy a moment's consideration. One is that the paper makes up for the "turn of the scale," and that if this practice were not acquiesced in, the vendor must slightly increase the price. If this be so, why not "call a spade a spade," and increase the price? better make a definite bargain than an indefinite one, if even it be, at first sight, seemingly rather more adverse to us; but where, after all, is the necessity of the "turn of the scale" at all? We buy a certain quantity, and when the beam is even there is our weight! If we seek more, we are as bad as the seller who would seek to give it us in appearance, and yet save it in reality, indeed by our own persistance in greed we drive him to overreach in turn. The other objection is, at the first glance, a more feasible one, but is just as capable of being met. Certain substances *must* be weighed in or upon paper, or a certain loss or deterioration to the purchaser by sticking to the scale would be the inevitable result. Granted that such is the case, but what is to hinder the weigher putting a piece of paper into *each* scale?

Let, then, the matter of quantity be once for all disposed of, by laying down the rule that wherever possible, all goods shall be bought and sold by *net* weight.

Just a word may be well inserted here as to the varying quantity really obtained in buying some natural products, for example potatoes, by measure—so much depends upon the size of the tubers as well as upon their variable density, that all such things—corn, fruit, and the like—should be compulsorily sold by weight.

Having disposed of the question of weights and measures, or quantity, we have next to consider the quality of the commodities purchased. Putting aside for the present, the grosser form of loss to the purchaser by adulteration, we had better first seek a remedy for the loss that may accrue by the natural variation in quality of the object itself. Now to meet this difficulty, we would propose the appointment of an Analyst to each Inspectorship, who should report upon the deviation of the quality of all articles offered for sale from some recognized standard, which might be as accurately fixed by law as is that of the precious metals. All goods might thus be classed by the trader as being of certain standards of quality, (just as gold is 22, 18, 15, or 12 carat, or Spirits Over, Full, or Under proof,) and sold by him at proportionate prices; these prices could be very well left to him, as they would be sufficiently regulated by competition. This system, then, might be briefly stated thus: The quality of all goods to be declared according to some legal standard, leaving traders to compete in open market as to price. If anyone should object that the labour of classifying the goods exposed for sale in so many shops would be enormous, we would simply point out that the classifying would be done in bulk, just as spirits are now—the wholesale dealer merely delivering to the retailer a copy of the government declaration of the standard of quality. Besides, which if slightly increased trouble is the result to the trader of this system of vouching, surely, if he is capable of so much exertion as is necessary to convince him that the purchaser's coin is the genuine product of the Mint, he may be expected to satisfy, at such a trifling cost to himself, the purchaser of the absolute genuineness of his bargain.

As to adulteration, whether it consisted

in selling goods under false names, goods made poorer in quality by the admixture of foreign substances, or the making articles look presentable by colouring or other processes, upon such a system of fraudulent and, in many cases, murderous crime, we would have no mercy. To put a stop to this evil we would make the sale of any article described, as different in any respect to its real nature or character illegal, and carrying with it entire forfeiture of the whole bulk of the goods, as well as condign punishment. To this end we would enact that any infringement of these regulations, duly proved before a bench of magistrates, should entail, besides, as we have already said, forfeiture of the goods, a heavy fine and endorsement of the license for the first offence; imprisonment without option of fine, and a lengthened suspension of the license for the second; and for the third, imprisonment with hard labour and total revocation of the license, preventing the offender from ever entering into trade again. One might say here, perhaps, that we were putting such restrictions upon it that trading would be well-nigh impossible, or at least, would prevent its being entered into by any man of self-respect; to which objection we would say that we believe the very reverse would be the case, for the reputation of every individual trader, being thus vouched for, the whole body would be above suspicion. Surely no reasonable person with any regard for his own or his family's health would resent the visit of a sanitary inspector, and by parity of reasoning every respectable trader would gladly welcome a system of inspection by which disreputable and noxious members of the fraternity would be effectually weeded out; besides, if they did object, no man is allowed by the law to rob his neighbours or poison them by keeping a nuisance upon his premises, surely society at large has as great a right to protect itself from robbery and poisoning in its food-supply, its very life. Just one qualification, and that a reasonable one, must be made on the point of the admixture of goods with foreign ingredients: some articles in common use are preferred so mixed, some *must* be manipulated with other things, coffee with chicory affords an instance of the former; mustard of the latter—well, let the admixture be made, but let it also be declared, and let the declaration embody not only the quality, but the proportionate quantity of each ingedient, and then, and not till then, will people have a guarantee of the real worth of their purchases. We press these points especially in the interests of our less well-to-do brethren; for, whilst the rich enjoy, either from the character of those with whom they can afford to deal, or from their own indifference to price, at least a comparative immunity from this system of pilfering and slow poisoning combined, it is a melancholy fact that the poor are but too often shamefully defrauded, both in quantity and quality on every hand.

With regard to the preparation for sale of articles of food unfit for human consumption, but little need here be said, certainly not more than this:—that there can be no possible difference in guilt between the poisoner who commits his crime to realize the policy of insurance, and the purveyor of poison wholesale in the shape of unsound food; the latter, probably, is the more mischievous of the two, as warring against numbers instead of individuals, and ought to be dealt with accordingly.

And now as to our third reason of all this mischief—the folly of the purchaser himself. We call it all folly, although the mischief may be brought about through ignorance as well as through prejudice, but from whichever source it spring, the evil can only be remedied by ignorance and obstinacy giving way to education and reason. A word as to what we mean: now we all know that any natural product does not always present the same appearance as to colour, &c., as for instance, barley, one of our own home-grown products; why, then, look for a sameness of appearance which is absolutely unattainable, at least in a *genuine* way? If, however, it is looked for and, what is more, demanded, adulteration *must* ensue. If a man *will* have his cayenne of such a startling red as pepper never grew, and his pickles of such a vivid green as is to Dame Nature quite unknown, what must he expect but that the deficiencies in these respects of the vegetable kingdom, must be made up for by the products of the mineral world? If he will have the eye delighted as well as the taste gratified, whence must he look for these "improvements," save from those in-

gredients which would better become the palette than the palate? Besides, one step leads to another, and a fictitious standard of appearance being thus got up and the good article dressed in its artificial coat, what is to hinder the bad from finding a ready market when presented under the same deceptive garb, and thus whilst satisfying the buyer yield the seller a still more handsome profit than he could otherwise obtain?

One other fault of purchasers may here be fitly commented on, which is that one man sees another using an article, and he must forthwith, whether he can afford it or not, possess himself of the same; but he sticks at the price of the genuine article and so one must be manufactured to meet his demand; who is here the most to blame? Yet, once again, in these days of cutting-out and contracts, the purchaser, grasping to get more than his money's-worth for his money, encourages a class of reckless and unscrupulous traders, to whom honesty is a laughing-stock and bankruptcy a fortune.

If, then, in conclusion, we desire a really good article, let us remember that as price is regulated by supply and demand, every article has a definite worth, and that we must therefore pay a proper price for what we need.

Do we want to be dealt with fairly? Let us deal fairly ourselves!

We do not want to be cheated? then let us not ourselves be over-reaching!

Let us, in short, always remember that money's worth is worth money! and let us never forget that, in all things, the best is, in the long-run, the cheapest!

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Concluding Chapter.

I AM come to the last of my essays on this interesting subject, and I am like the traveller at the end of his journey looking back on the road he has traversed; and I feel strongly how imperfect these lucubations of mine are after all—how scant justice they do to a most important subject; for what can be so important as that portion of society, which so contributes to the general happiness and domestic welfare of humankind?

Therefore as one who has a deep regard and respect for the woman, as contra-distinguished from the man, I think it right to point out what her many virtues are, and what her great value to us all alike is; and where we often, in my opinion, are very hard on women,—how, in short, we often appear to overlook their intense importance and prevailing blessedness in the social arrangements of the world.

If, indeed, you were to judge by the contemptuous language in which some foolish men like sometimes to indulge, as regards women generally, you would have to suppose that woman was an altogether inferior creature, hardly endowed with the same capacities, and certainly not equal in intellect with man. Some have actually contended that women have "no souls," and often have liked to treat them as if there was a marked difference in every respect between them and the "Lords of the Creation."

We need not go into, to-day, the old sarcasms of other days, of the heavy wit of would-be facetious writers, because I, for one, hold that all such attacks on women are as puerile as they are pitiful. A good deal must be allowed for fair fun, for innocent chaff, as regards the weaknesses and failings of our "dear sisters," for even they have weaknesses and failings it must be admitted; but the habitual abuse of the ignorant, or the frivolous sneer of empty-headed coxcombs, are neither subjects for laughter or approval. He is either radically bad or habitually profligate who seriously assails either the character or the goodness of woman.

I do not even think we need notice such amusing incriminations as those which aver that "There's nothing true they say; there's nothing good they do." Neither need we deal now with the charge, that "their principal concerns are dress and fashion;" that a woman can't "hold her tongue, can't keep a secret, can't understand business;" that, as Lord Beaconsfield pictures so well in "Lothair," the only season when they are really veracious in the twenty-four hours when they have "let down their back hair and are in dressing

gown and slippers." Neither, though we remember and laugh at Moliere's caustic words to-day, need we either subscribe to them fully, or agree with them entirely:

"Tout le monde connoit leur imperfection,
Ce n'est qu'extravagance et qu'indiscretion,
Leur esprit est méchant, et leur ame fragile,
Il n'est rien de plus faible et de plus imbecile,
Rien de plus infidele, et malgré tout cela
Dans le monde on fait tout pour ces animaux la."*

Surely we may pass over these old and modern attacks against the poor "Sheemale," and confine our attention to woman as she really is.

Now I, for one, do not believe that there is anything which betokens either an inferior creation, or inferior intellect in woman.

On the contrary, not only is woman on a complete par with man in all these respects, but she often excels—she often surpasses man.

In somethings, especially, she is clearly superior to man; that is to say in her intuition into the moral aspects of life,—her adherence to principle, her distinct and often noble avowal of right and truth.

When men are very weak and wavering, shallow and self-sufficient, nay credulous and very easily satisfied, always ready to compromise, not particularly strong in morals, or "the eternal fitness of things," a woman will pierce at once through the clouds of sophistry and subtlety, and openly assert "first principles," and gallantly do battle for the right!

We owe, in fact, a great debt to woman for her resolute and rigid attention to the laws of morality, virtue, decency, and decorum, when society is apt to run riot, and man is inclined to take a lax and easy view of things and persons.

It is to the warm faith, and clear convictions of woman that the various surges of doubt and unbelief have after all rolled back, leaving only happily a thin line of unhealthy sediment behind.

It is to woman that even now society owes its most redeeming graces, and its most hopeful hours; in that though some times the votary of fashion, and sometimes the captive of some childish phantasy of the moment, her great good sense ere long strikes a balance, and keeps the vessel trim.

What must we not admit, of gratitude is due from us all for that grace which gladdens, those smiles which enliven, the troubled pathway of man? for that goodness of heart which never wearies, for that unselfishness of which shines so brightly in life's darkest hours? for that cool, calm courage and animating trust which are often man's best props and mainstays amid the turbulent ocean of existence, through the troubles which harass, through the griefs which depress?

It is very noteworthy how woman seems to rise superior to fear and danger; and still, as of old, the old song is quite true,—

"When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

If we are to sum up then all that woman is to life and to man, we must say that she is ever true when men often desert us,—"faithful among the faithless found,"—always ready to sacrifice herself for the sake of one whom she truly loves; and while she is the ornament and pride of the society which she graces, she is the bright genius who consecrates the household hearth, the angel of peace, and purity, and gentleness, who lightens up the inner shrine!

Now it appears to me that we are often very hard on women, in society and in the world? We condemn too hastily, we judge too partially! We seem to make no allowance often for the peculiar trials difficulties, temptations, dangers, which are a woman's lot and inheritance, and we frame a moral code of our own, by which we pass sentence upon woman, and from which we allow no appeal, as the French wife says in "Pour et Contre":—

Ah! a loi joli!
Et laissez moi donc avec vos lois,

* The Printer's Devil of "Our Chapel," being a rising and poetic youth, has translated these verses for all who "don't understand," as he says, "the French lingo":—

The whole world knows their imperfection,
Their extravagance and their indiscretion;
Their soul is fragile, and their spirit vile;
There is nothing more weak and more imbecile;
Nothing more faithless, and notwithstanding all I say
In the world, theydo every thing for these hanimals day by day.

Ne sait en pas bien que c'est vous qui les faites?"

And yet when I remember to-day the idle, profitless, baneful lives of many men, the open and the secret vices which deform civilization, the want of consideration for others, the selfishness, the sybaritism, the evil tone, the worse example, which seem to be conspicuous amongst us just now, I often ask myself by what right have we to pass judgment on women, those whom our own habits mislead, those whom our own heartlessness betrays?

No, let us learn to be more careful more just, in fact, in our ethics, and in our disquisitions as regards women. When all is said and done, they will compare with us all well in any department of life—in the powers which adorn, in the gifts which dominate our poor human nature.

After the false teaching of ages, after the shallow philosophy of the intolerant, amid idle schemes, and garish shows, and painted shadows, as we move on through the puppets of Vanity Fair, let us make that fair allowance for woman, which she has a right to demand at our hands.

Too often, alas, woman is but the slave and plaything of man, the companion of idle or leisure hours, the purchased possession, the hired ornament, the being of inferior nature and lower sensiblilities who is our admiration and our jest, and our privileged property, or our scorn, our contumely and our ill usage!

But, like everything else on earth, the great axiom of Divine Revelation is stamped on all the true teaching which relates to man's social condition, and to woman's normal state. She is a "help-meet" for man; his companion, his friend, his adviser, his consoler, his support—not the painted toy of unholy hours, not the passing show, the gew-gaw of fashion and frivolity, not the bedizened doll, not the hurtful idol, but a true woman, mother, wife, sister, friend!

We have tried to forget her real status, her true mission, and we have suffered accordingly. Let us be wise in time; let us retrace our steps. To her we are indebted for all that is graceful in life, for all that is benevolent in effort, for all that is fascinating in society, for all that is ennobling in aim!

And while we turn from her little errors with a smile of sympathy, and are "to her virtues very kind, and to her failings very blind," I think we may fairly say, that without her the world would be a wilderness, life a desolation, civilization an idle name, and Hope, and Love, and Trust, and Truth but the "baseless fabric of a dream."

GERARD MONTAGU;

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES.

Author of "The Lady Muriel," "Waiting for Her," etc:

(*Continued from page* 231.)

CHAPTER III.

A MARVELLOUS day for the 5th November, a quiet, warm, lovely autumn day, and but for its shortness it might be taken for the month of September.

Some one suggested that the weather was so fine we might all have a sail, and as Montagu's stay would be short, and we ought to take advantage of every fine day, I gave myself a holiday, and we went with the party from the crescent over to Brean Down, and roamed about the part where the new fortifications are being constructed. Gerard attached himself to Lady Muriel, who seemed pleased with his attentions.

"Do you despise trade?" he asked her.

"Despise trade? Oh, dear no; why should I? Uncle's kindest friend, Mr. Beverley, is in trade. I think his firm are large brokers and exporters in Bristol."

"Well, you know that some people in your Ladyship's class do affect to despise it."

"I daresay they do; but I don't know any one in my class, as you call it; and I am sure I don't want to if they are all as cold and unkind as my father was to poor Mamma!" and her little Ladyship dashed a tear away with a haughty effort at self-control and attempted concealment, as painful recollections rose up in her mind.

"You do not despise business, do you?" she presently enquired.

"No; I like it well enough when one has an object."

"And your's is a noble ambition, I think."

"Mine?"

"Yes; I think it is noble to strive to win back the old estates, which have been in your family for centuries, and which have left you through no fault of your own."

"Do you?" Gerard said, and the colour mounted his cheek with mingled pride and pleasure, as he looked at the sweet maiden walking by his side, and thought that for her sake it would be a worthy ambition to strive and to succeed.

"Mr. Beverley said you had some communication with a London lawyer about those estates?"

"Yes, I saw Mr. Grainger, and he seemed to think he could prove my claims; but of course I had to authorise him to proceed, and equally of course there were preliminary expenses. I don't know what to think about it. I ran down to Ipswich whilst in town, and took a trap and drove over to see the place, saw the church and the old hall, and took an impression of one or two of the brasses of my ancestors, one of Queen Elizabeth's and one of Charles' 1st reign; he added."

"Is it a pretty place?"

"Very, for Suffolk; but you know nothing to compare with Somersetshire. The country about is undulating in some parts, but mostly very flat. The village of Montagu is much scattered, but the old church stands very well near the high road. The churchyard is bounded on two sides by the park, and the great avenue is close to the old grey flint embattled tower, which looks very pretty seen through the vista of trees. The old hall was originally built by my family about the 14th century, though little remains of the original structure but the foundations I suspect. The present edifice is decidedly Tudor in character, and was erected in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign."

"Well, I hope you will be successful," Muriel says, looking up in her frank winning way into his face. "You have my best wishes I am sure."

"Thank you, Lady Muriel; there is nothing I should prize higher than your good wishes," Gerard replies earnestly.

"Indeed you are too kind," Muriel says quickly, and with woman's instinct changes the subject, as if feeling she was getting on dangerous ground.

Gerard had seen a good deal of Lady Muriel the last few days. We were so intimate with the Falconbridge household that scarcely a day passed but we were either at *their's*, or they at *our's*.

(That's pure Suffolk, the last phrase I take it.)

When we got home they must needs make a day of it, and we all went in to tea at the Crescent, and Falconbridge, to please the young people—my cousins were there—let off a lot of fireworks, and Gerard must needs pursuade Lady Muriel, who was fond of fun, and like all pretty maidens disposed to be a little flirt, to go outside to see them better. We left early, and I persuaded Falconbridge to walk down with us and have a smoke, and Mildred having seen we were properly provided with the nicotian weed and the necessary pipes, left us to our fate.

"Well, Mr. Montagu," Falconbridge said, "Beverley has been telling us about you being advertised for the other day in the papers. I hope something is likely to come of it."

"Thanks; I don't know I'm sure. I am beginning to disbelieve in old estates and old families."

"Indeed! rather hard I think in the face of facts; but there is no doubt that the aristocracy of to-day are in too many cases the *parvenus* of yesterday, and the working man of the 19th century boasts in some instances the blood of the Plantagenets."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure of it. Why isn't it Burke in his Vicissitudes of Families who tells us that there is living at this moment at Beaulieu, in Hants, a woodman who is a lineal descendant of one of the Plantagenet kings? Is not the present representative of the great northern family of Conyers a postman or postmaster at Hexham, or somewhere thereabouts? I knew an Irish Baronet myself, a pauper in a Hospital in the North, and his next heir was in the Irish Constabulary. Then look back at the history of many of our Aristocracy, One man's great grandfather was a grocer, became Lord Mayor of London, and got made a Baronet. His son gets into Parliament and is made a Peer when a new

batch is wanted to swamp the Lords on some Liberal question. The present Lord is twice as proud and haughty as a De Courcy, a Stanley, a Howard, or a Percy. Another noble Lord's grandfather was a lawyer, and becomes Lord Chancellor, he marries his cook, and his grandson figures in the Divorce Court. Or, perhaps, the descendant of twenty Earls, an *effete* gentleman, who boasts of his blue blood obtained through marrying in and in for ten generations, until it has become, shall I say *ichor*, falls in love and marries a pretty actress, and the result is the azure becomes more like crimson, and the brains of the new generation are improved in quality, whilst the physical man is improved in tone. I have had some experience, and I say this, that in these days money is everything, blood and birth nothing. A man with money can aspire to anyone!"

"By the bye, Gerard, I think you said you knew Lord Chelmondiston, Lady Muriel's relative?" I put in.

"Well, I don't know much of him. The first time I met him it was a queer business."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes I do. I was then in business at South Wrington, and was going home to Barton, where I lodged, about two miles off. Abbot Wrington is an old town in the north of England, standing out on a peninsula, and jutting out into the sea. South Wrington, the new town, lies more back and stretches away to the South, rather towards Barton, which is a little watering place, you know. There are large iron works at South Wrington, and at the time I speak of the men were out on strike. Some of them were desperate looking fellows, and I thought I would rather not meet any of them on a dark night.

Well, I had been on drill (I was a full private in our Artillery Corps) and we strolled into the principal hotel afterwards to have a smoke and a glass of grog before going home, for it was a cold night in December. Lord Chelmondiston had been on drill too; but to tell the truth he was rather a fast fellow at that time. Its now four years ago he was only—19 or 20—and I daresay he's altered now. At any rate he went off to the Theatre with Menzies, one of our Captains, and a regular tuft hunter by the way. Where they went afterwards I don't know; but I left the hotel a little before 12 (it was before Bruce's act you see) and was on my way home when I heard the sound of some one riding furiously behind me. The tide was up, and I could'nt get by the sands, which were always covered at high water, and there was nothing for it but to go over the sand hills—or bents as they call them in the North, which in the darkness was not pleasant, they are so full of pit falls. Well, I thought this fellow must be either mad or a fool, or he would not come pounding along at this pace such a night as this and in such a place. However, he passed me at a galop, yelling out as he went by a drunken "Tally ho." Fearing something would be sure to happen, I hurried after him as fast as I could, and I don't suppose I had gone another hundred yards before I heard a cry of 'Help!' Sure enough his Lordship is down, I thought, lucky for him its soft sand and not hard boulder. I ran on as fast as I could as I heard another cry, and by Jove, there he was pitched off the horse on to his head, and two fellows trying to rob him. I recognised one of them as a man I had seen at the Iron Works, and before he could say Jack Robinson, I had given him a crack with the flat of my sword-bayonet, which sent him down like a shot. The other fellow was off in quick sticks, and luckily we were not far from a lonely farm, known as Carr House, which stands midway between Barton and West Wrington, and I was able to call assistance and get him in. His collar bone was out, but we got him removed in a few days to the Castle, and my dear old friend, Dr. Evans, (a first class fellow) attended him, and soon pulled him through. I think it did him good, you know; I don't believe he's been drunk since."

"Sharp lesson, certainly. Lucky you were in the way it strikes me;" Falconbridge remarks.

"Was he going home?" I asked.

"Well, he thought he was I suppose; but the fact is if he had gone much farther he would have found himself in the German Ocean I suspect."

"What became of the fellow you knocked down?" said Falconbridge.

"Oh, him?" James Beard, I remem-

ber the fellow's name was. Oh, we picked him up, he was stunned, you know, and we took him in, and then sent off for a policeman. I had to appear against him at the Assizes, and he got two years."

"*He says he owes me one, and means to pay me some day*," he added.

"Did Lord Chelmondiston express himself as grateful to you?" Falconbridge asked.

"Oh, yes, he behaved like a brick, and has been very civil to me since then. Of course the papers got hold of the story, but they told a lot of lies, praised me up no end, and said nothing about his Lordship's being drunk. They headed it 'Daring Highway Robbery,' and there was an illustration, of course, in the *Police News*, and didn't they make me handsome! Oh no, not at all!"

As Gerard went back to his hotel that night, he thought a great deal about what Falconbridge had said about birth, and blood, and money, and he resolved to himself this task—to win back the Montagu Estates, and if successful to offer Lady Muriel his hand.

"*She* will not despise me because I am a corn merchant, he said, "and Falconbridge is too much a man of the world to oppose it if I can only make her love me. *At any rate if I ever marry at all Muriel shall be my wife.*

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

Upon a summer's day,
Along the sea-girt shore,
A little child at play
Was aged nine—no more;
Bright sunlit auburn hair,
Crowned the darlings head,
By it, an halo there,
Was radiantly shed;
Her smiling angel face,
And beautiful blue eyes,
Combined with every grace
We see beneath the skies:
The patter of her feet,
And accents of her tongue
Keep time in union sweet
As thus she softly sung:—

"Under the sea, under the sea,
The mermaids live sportive and free;
My heart it doth tell,
That I love them well,
And their home I am wishing to see;
Under the sea, under the sea,
The fairies are singing to me."

And then communing with herself,
The child addressed an unseen elf:—

"I listen and hear in tones that are clear,
Fairy-like music so sweet to the ear;
Each ravishing sound appears to wind round
The chords of my heart, and there to be bound.
The whole of my frame,
Doth thrill with the same,
The songs and the voices surely,
Are part of a plan
Of your fairy clan,
And way they have to allure me,
By day and by night,
I dream that some sprite,
For ever doth say, in fond loving way,—
'From under the sea,
We watch over thee,
Delighted to think that we may.'
Oh, if it were true,
I ever could view,
The fairies, their sea-homes, and all?
My heart, how it bounds,
To singular sounds,
In fancy I hear some one call,
And often thus I hear a sweet voice,
Arise as it were from the sea;
The tones that then come bid me rejoice,
And trill like a fairy to me."

The rippling waves upon the pebly shore,
That softly fell with laughter's mimic roar,
Unto the child, that watched the feath'ry spray,
With winning voice and words, thus seem'd to say:—

"Be of good cheer, no mortal here,
Except yourself dare I go near;
And I am sent, with good intent,
To serve your oft repeated bent,
But you must say, you will obey,
The pleasing message I convey;

'Tis from my Queen,
Fair and serene,
That I am sent to thee;
To-day we hold,
For spirits bold,
High court beneath the sea:
A gift I bring,—
A magic ring,
When e'er the charm you wear,
A guard unseen,
Will come between,
Yourself and every snare:
My Queen hath smil'd,
On you dear child,
When near the sea you've played;
By her command,
I've come to land,
To fetch you dearest maid.
And to decoy
From earth's annoy,
Amid the waves of late,
I sang to thee,
With symphony—
A song, 'For thee we wait:'
Then let's away,
For 'tis to day,
We majesty beguile,
With song and dance,
And rare romance,
On our Enchanted Isle.
At our review,
King Neptune's due,
His sons their homage bring,
And with a kiss,
This monarch is,
A tributary King.
Now let me hear,
You'll leave this sphere,
And willing with me come;
If it is so?
My form I'll show,
And guide thee to my home."

The voice that pleased,
With this speech ceased.
In ecstacies the happy maid,
Abashed, thus to the fairy said:—

"When I have gazed upon the sea,
And wished that fairies would guard me,
Soft zephyrs kissed my cheek;
'Tis then sincerely I have longed,
To know, if syrens 'round me thronged,
A child so young and meek?

Oh! tell me fairy, if you may,
Do ye with song and roundelay,
Us mortals ever cheer?
The sweetest songs to me were sung,
And these around my heart have clung,
And grown to be so dear.

Oh! speak again, and only say,
You sang the soft delightful lay,
That gently thrill'd through me;
My throbbing heart, is full of joy,
Sweet fancies now my senses cloy;
Yes! I will go with thee."

Then from the wave arose a form,
O'erpowering to behold;
A nymph, fair, bright and beautiful,
Stood ready to enfold
The child within her syren arms,
And spirit her away:

"Now come, dear maid," the fairy said,
To where our Queen doth sway;
The Court itself impatient is.
At this prolonged delay."

The wond'ring child filled with delight,
Was anxious to be gone,
And readily her hand she gave
The ring to have placed on.
When, lo! A fairy boat approach'd
Swift sailing to the shore;
A gem of rearest workmanship,
Its like ne'er seen before.
A boat of choicest iv'ry made,
Inlaid with precious pearl,
And silver'd sail, transparent, like
The Nautilii unfurl.
A boat (not of the common mould)
In model as the swan,
Surpassing for its gracefulness,
The rude attempts of man;
The cordage trim in every line,
Of richest silk, held fast
The flowing sail that swung about,
Dependent from the mast;
And from its gem-wrought bird-like head,
Suspended by a chain,
The scintillating anchor hung,
Above the dancing main.
The rudder—an automaton—
The vessel safely steered,
Nor wind, nor storm, could her affect,
Or cause her to be veered.
Soft cushions filled with finest down,
Lined her around inside,
And formed a cozy resting place,
For guileless child and guide.

Tho fairy transport touched the strand,
The voyagers embarked,
And gliding on with greatest glee,
The child each wonder marked.
The land soon faded from the view,
Save water nought was seen,
'Till straight ahead a speck appear'd,
Upon the tranquil scene.
The speck grew large, and larger still,
Sweet music floated round,
As they drew nigh their eyes beheld.
What proved enchanted ground.
The pilot nymph then took the boat,
To Admiration Bay,
Where shining sands, and silver'd shells,
In vast profusion lay.
On sportive crest of curling wave,
The boat was borne to shore;
The gentle breaker, dext'rous made,
Appeared to laugh and roar.
The boat now thus left high and dry,
Fresh wonders soon revealed,
A car, of beauty, instantly
All trace of boat concealed.
A steed was yoked by fairy hands,
Fast to the glitt'ring car,
'Twas Neptune's own famed *Arion*
The mythic horse of war.
Along a road they travelled now,
Were stately trees and flowers
Of strange and supernatural growth.
Devised by sorcerys powers.
Endowed with long-lost magic gifts,
Each tree and flower could sing,
And wak'ning plants melodiously,
Oft made the welkin ring.
The sun resplendent shone on high,
Its golden rays of light,
Illum'd the scene so mystical,
But beautiful and bright.
Enraptured and enchanted with
The everchanging view,
The trusting traveller journeyed on
Surprised, and pleased too.
Thick hung the rare enclustering fruit,
On every ripening bough;
With lusciousness to tempt an Eve,
If one were living now.
Far down the road, and at the end,
Towering to the sky,
A rock with many peaks was seen,
Imposing to the eye;
In verdure clad, with rugged paths
Designed by faultless hand,
Where natural steps and terraces,
Led to the table land.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, July 2nd, 1790.

THE decrees to which you allude in your last letter as being likely to produce confusion are I suppose those relative to the Church and the nobility, but they have not nor are they likely to excite anything more than that animosity which began to subside. The joy with which the real great families — the Montmorencies, Rohans, etc. — whose names stood conspicuous amongst the low and vulgar appellations which others are forced to adopt, and whose titles had hitherto seemed to put them on a level, the anger of many of the Democrates, the ridicule of all, and the ruin of many trades, induced the party to agree and even wish for the royal refusal or modification of the decree, but the king, to the great joy of the aristocrates, insisted upon sanctioning it in its full extent.

I see but one inference to be drawn from so extraordinary a conduct, which is that he is not sincere in the sacrifices he has made, and that he looks forward to other times; if so, he stands on a precipice, and the scene of Charles the First may again be renewed.

He is at present rather beloved, but certainly not respected. That love is grounded on the supposed idea of his firm adherence to the Assembly and the Constitution, and that the Democratic party, to deprive their adversaries of the advantage, however feeble, of being supported bp the good wishes of the king or of fighting his personal cause, have been obliged to trumpet forth his virtues and declare his sincere attachment to the popular cause.

But the attachment of the people is founded only on that idea; they avow a regard they do not feel because if would be the height of ingratitude not to pretend affection for one who has sacrificed so much. But if at any time his fidelity is suspected, his person troublesome, or his death advantageous, another forged letter to his queen, another escape induced by fears of personal safety, will produce the same fate.

The confidence he has placed in M. de la Fayette and the preference which he

has so avowedly given him over his opponents will make at least his chains heavier, if not his safety more precarious!

There is now no doubt that the Party la Fayette have lost their superiority in the Assembly and in the kingdom, and if as yet, he possesses authority, it is only within the walls and in the militia of Paris. How long he will be able to maintain his situation against the efforts of his enemies is uncertain, but I think he will see it expire on the fourteenth. Whenever that crisis arrives all that this kingdom has hitherto suffered will be but a faint picture of what they are to expect. Enthusiastic as this country is in all its pursuits, what will be its fate when governed by a set of men whose principles of Republicanism equal that of the Levellers and who have seriously debated in their club the proposal of reducing every fortune to 20,000 livres a year. We certainly have nothing to fear. Their principles, or at least their interest is diametrically opposite to the affording any assistance to Spain. Castellane said that the family compact would certainly be annulled, but that he was convinced they would adopt a defensive treaty. The face of affairs is changed; his party is overturned, and the letter of M. Montmorency sleeps in his portfolio.

I was present the other evening at the first representation of a tragedy named "Bamorvelt," where the cause of dispute between him and Maurice is the continuation or infraction of the truce with Spain. In Maurice it was not difficult to trace M. de la Fayette, in his desire of war, the assistance to be given to Spain, and in Bamorvelt the friend of peace. During four acts the play was received with unbounded applause, particularly the part of Bamorvelt, and all those sentiments which treated war and its supporters as the curse of human nature.

M. de la Meth has nearly been chosen commander of the militia of Versailles, but for the present that evil—though with every effort of royal, aristocratic, and la Fayette interest—is avoided, yet have I little doubt his success is not far distant. Deputies even are quitting Paris previous to the 14th, and never was any spectacle of public rejoicing which seemed so universally to inspire terror and dismay. The presence of the Duke of Orleans, whose return is now no longer a doubt, will certainly add to the public tranquility. M. Nekar was insulted last Sunday as he was walking in the garden of the Tuilleries with his wife.

Paris, July 9th, 1790.

The return of the Duke of Orleans has occasioned a general alarm amongst the aristocratic party and the friends of M. de la Fayette. To the latter the bourgeoisie still hold firm, and of course look with an evil eye, nay many with indignation, on his arrival, but with the lower orders of people the case is far different. The militia and its chief have long passed with them for aristocrates, far more despotic than their former enemies, because their influence is more immediately felt. In the course of last week the 10,000 workmen employed to prepare le Champ de Mars insisted on an augmentation of their pay, and cannon were pointed and cavalry employed to oblige them to complete their daily labour.

Would you imagine that in a moment when the fear of popular commotion drives from the capital the larger portion of its wealthiest inhabitants, when a faction are secretly undermining his influence, and a rival, whose purse if not his popularity may command all those who occasioned the Revolution, is on his return, would you imagine in that moment M. de la Fayette should himself afford a pretext for every species of riotous assembly.

The idleness or mutinous disposition of the labourers made doubtful the finishing the preparations for the 14th inst., M. de la Fayette insisted on the inhabitants of the different districts to prove their patriotism by contributing their labour.

At first it seemed ridiculous, but, prompted by curiosity, the number of spectators was immense. From spectators they became labourers, and with the enthusiasm peculiar to this country, every order, every age, nay even women of the superior class affected to find in their patriotism the recompense of their fatigue.

The hairdressers, the tailors, the butchers, and the gardiners went en corps. The two latter had banners; on the one was inscribed "Tremblez Aristocrates! Nous

sommes les Bouchers"; on the other, "Allons creuser le Tombeau de l'Aristocratie!"

The Democratic party have given the best turn they could to the manner in which the king sanctioned the decree that abolished titles and arms, by reporting that a moment of humour against the queen, who accused him of abandoning those who were faithfully attached to him determined him to sign the Act.

Outwardly the king himself favours their views by an appearance of content which he is far from feeling. I know for certain that he said on the 1st inst., "I have received advice I shall be assassinated in fifteen days. I shall not avoid what will deliver me from a life that is become odious and insupportable." I cannot be more sure of anything I have not heard with my own ears than I am of the truth of the above speech.

The Dauphin appeared yesterday at his window in the uniform of the Paris Militia.

Were the aristocrates sincere in their coalition with M. de la Fayette and did not those who have not relinquished the hopes that a continuation of troubles would assist their cause strive to miss him, the two parties would be too strong for their adversaries. But D'Epremeuil avowed to me that although their personal safety would be endangered and the public tranquility destroyed by the success of the party Bamave, yet that the violence, ingratitude and incapacity of M. de la Meth would make him a far less dangerous opponent than those real or pretended virtues by which only the other still maintains his ground in the capital.

M. de Menou, one of the chiefs of the Enragés, moved yesterday that the king should be declared by the Assembly chief of the Confederacy. The Aseembly was not ripe for the proposition, and therefore passed to the order of the day. You may be assured it will be renewed and most likely successfully within this day or two.

It will be a hard struggle. The Democrates mean it as a precedent for the power of the Assembly to name on future occasions a chief of the united army or, in other terms, a Lieutenant General of the kingdom. Yesterday they spread with great alacrity that peace was certainly signed, but although this was mentioned in the Assembly, I do not find they had any better authority than a letter from a merchant at Bilbao, who wrote that they had been informed *officially* that they might in safety continue their commercial arrangements with England. Excuse me if I look upon it merely as a stock jobbing trick of l'Evique D'Autun and M. de Lusignan.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER.

"Love your neighbour as yourself,"
So the parson preaches;
"That's one-half of the Decalogue—
So the Prayer-book teaches.
Half my duty I can do
With but little labour,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbour.

Mighty little credit that
To my self-denial;
Not to love her, though might be
Something of a trial,
Why, the rosy light that peeps
Through the glass above her,
Lingers round her lips; you see
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So, to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter—
Love my neighbour as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.
For sh's sweeter than the breath
Of the spring, that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word, I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labour,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbour.

RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

ALL Freemasons will be glad to hear of the return of the Arctic Expedition in safety, and we shall all be pleased to think that our gallant countrymen will spend their well-earned Christmas holiday amid those who specially love and care for them.

Captain Nares, with the Alert, arrived at Valentia on the 27th, and the Discovery, Captain Stephenson, reached Queenstown (where both vessels met) on the Sunday following.

The Expedition has been very successful in many points, and its reports are most interesting and important. They have lost their good interpreter, Neil Peterser, by frost-bite; Gunner, George Porter, Alert; and James Hand and Charles Paul, seamen of the Discovery, through scurvy. We may well recollect amid our rejoicing, the many who will mourn for some who come not back, whose faces they will no more see.

It is stated that the approach to the North Pole is impracticable. The Expedition which sailed on the 20th of May last, wintered in 82.87 deg. N.L., and the sledging parties reached 83° 20 min. N.L., where they planted the British flag, a degree of N. latitude further than has ever been achieved.

The gallant little Austrian Expedition, we are reminded, reached 82 degrees N.L., and sighted 83, and the present Expedition passed Sir Edward Parry's and Sir James Ross's furthest point in 1827, using the Union flag they then left. Sir Edward Parry's furthest point was 82.45. The "Times" well sums up the actual facts established by this latest Expedition of our gallant sailors:—

"The Expedition is said to have experienced a temperature of no less than 104 degrees below freezing point, and the ice at the point where the Alert wintered reached a thickness of 150 or even 200 feet. It was hoped the sledges might have advanced as much as about ten miles a day, but the ice proved so rough that it cost a terrible struggle to advance even one mile a day. The Pole, it would thus seem, is surrounded by ice of such thickness and roughness, and of such extent, that the hope of reaching it must be finally abandoned. A journey of 400 miles in these regions at the rate of a mile a day, and that only at the cost of a 'terrible struggle,' is, of course, not to be dreamt of. Whether or not, as has been supposed, a Central Polar Sea exists, it is at least inaccessible, and if there is "no land to Northward," we must conclude that a monstrous barrier of ice bars all further advance. This, of itself, is a great discovery."

And we quite agree with the "Times," that the first impulse of the public will be, to render due honour to the endurance, and at the same time the skill and prudence, which have conducted the Expedition to so satisfactory an issue. More severe work, and more trying to the moral as well as to the physical qualities of the crews, could hardly be conceived. It tells well for commanders and crews alike, that both officers and men are said to speak in unmeasured praise of Captain Nares. When the Commander of such an Expedition returns with the unqualified confidence of his officers and crews, we may be sure that good work has been done on all hands. There seems every reason to believe that this last Arctic Expedition will sustain the renown hitherto acquired by English seaman in the Polar Seas, and it will not be the least of its merits if it has rendered any further adventure of the same kind unnecessary.

The following paragraphs taken from the notes, are both very interesting and very affecting:—

"When at Polaris Bay Captain Stephenson hoisted the American ensign and fired a salute, as a brass tablet which he and Captain Nares had prepared in England, was fixed on Hall's grave. The plate bore the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Captain C. F. Hall, of the U.S. ship Polaris, who sacrificed his life in the advancement of science on November 8, 1871." This tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience.

The return journeys were therefore a prolonged struggle homewards of gradually

weakening men, the available force to pull the sledge constantly decreasing, and the weight to be dragged as steadily increasing, as one after another the invalids were stricken down and had to be carried by their weakened comrades. Lieutenant Parr setting out for a lonely heroic walk of 35 miles, over soft snow and the heavy broken-up ice, guiding himself in the mist by the fresh track of a roaming wolf, brought intelligence to the Alert of the prostration of the Northern division. Relief was immediately sent out, officers and men alike dragging the sledges; but, unfortunately, the parties did not meet in time to save the life of the man who died, and who had been buried by the roadside in the thick ice only a few hours previously.

The Greenland and Western divisions not returning on the day appointed, relief was sent to meet them, and on each occasion it arrived just in the nick of time. In the Western party, Lieutenant Aldrich and one man, Adam Ayles, out of a crew of seven, remained at the drag ropes.

In the Greenland division, when met by Lieutenant Rawson and Dr. Coppinger, Lieutenant Beaumont, Alexander Grey, ice quartermaster, and Frank Jones, stoker, were dragging forward their helpless comrades, two at a time, thankful if they advanced only half-a-mile a day. Before arrival at the Polaris depôt, Grey and Jones were obliged to fall out, leaving the three officers alone at the drag ropes; the dog sledge, under Hans, the Eskimo, who has been of the utmost service to the Expedition, helping to advance the invalids onward two at a time. The two who died, just succeeded in reaching Polaris Bay and sighting the hills above their Arctic home, on the opposite side of the channel, before their spirits were called away. They were buried near Hall's grave.

On arriving on board, out of the original 17 men, five only—the two officers and three men, Radmore, Joliffe, and Maskell—were able to work; three others, Laurence, Harley, and Winston, cheerfully but painfully struggled on with alpenstocks, and were just able to walk on board; the remainder, being perfectly helpless, were carried on sledges.

However vivid the description may be, it is difficult to a stranger to the surrounding circumstances and scenery to realize the condition and appearance of these prostrated bands of men. Separated by long distances, their sufferings were totally unknown to each other or at head-quarters on board their respective ships; and yet one and all displayed the same courageous pluck, and, in spite of their general collapse, remained faithful to their duty, resolutely struggling onwards, determined to hold to each other to the last, their ardour in no way checked as the difficulties of the journey increased, and their manful determination increasing as greater sacrifices were demanded."

As Freemasons we congratulate Captains Nares and Stephenson (we have many brethren in the Expedition) and their officers and crews on their noble valour, their high discipline, their brave endurance, and above all, on their safe and happy return to Old England.

A MEMORY.

FROM CLAUDE DE HAVEN'S "LEGEND OF BATHURST."

If he had come in the early dawn,
When the sunrise flushed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever the heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late—
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the after-glow,
In the peace of the even-tide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

If he comes now—the sun is set,
And the light has died away—
I will not give him a broken life,
But will turn and say him "Nay."

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

We propose from time to time to give an account of all our English cathedrals. and foreign cathedrals of interest, and we take from the "Guardian" of October 11th a very admirable paper on Durham Cathedral, which we know very well, and so feel how thoroughly true the words of the writer are. We shall be obliged by any of our brethren who will give us a sketch of the history and architectural features of the cathedral or minster in their vicinity. If this appeal should find favour, we may extend the series afterwards to parochial churches.

The Cathedral of Durham stands absolutely supreme among English cathedrals for grandeur of situation. Lincoln comes the nearest to it. Some, indeed, may doubt to which the palm is to be accorded. But the two are so unlike in position and character as hardly to admit of a comparison. Each is peerless in its way, but the way is different; and Durham certainly presents greater elements of grandeur than her southern sister. Lincoln, as she reposes on her "sovereign hill," calmly looking out over the great Mercian plain, is characterised by queenly grace and dignity. Durham, planted aloft on its precipitous rock, side by side with the fortress home of its Prince-Bishops, breathes a stern, we had almost said, a savage majesty. Each is in strict keeping with its destiny. The peaceful dignity of Lincoln bespeaks the seat of a Christian Bishop. The frowning pile that crowns the rocky hill at Durham, "half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," is the fitting home of warlike prelates reigning in the strictest sense as sovereigns over their rugged palatinate. Nowhere has the *genius loci* stamped itself more unmistakeably on the outward form of the buildings.

We doubt whether a more impressive view can anywhere be seen than that which presents itself to the traveller from the south as he emerges from the railway cutting and, crossing the lofty viaduct, nears the Durham Station. We think Mr. Ruskin has somewhere called it "the finest thing in Europe." Whether he has said so or not, the fact is unquestionable. Equalled perhaps it may be, surpassed it cannot be. The moment when that wondrous group of "mixed and massive piles," whose grey walls seem almost to grow up out of the native rock from which their huge buttressed slopes, grasping the crag with tenacious grip, bidding defiance to time and violence, can hardly be distinguished, and whose towers rise proudly to the sky with a strength that seems eternal, bursts first upon the sight, is simply overwhelming. The windings of the rushing Wear below, its steep banks clothed with luxuriant foliage, half hiding, half revealing the graceful arches of the Prebends' and Framwell Gate Bridges, the confused mass of houses clustering in the valley and climbing the steep sides of the hill, broken by the taper spire of St. Nicholas, the Castle perched on the very edge of the precipice, soaring high above the river, whose passage it absolutely commands, with its wide *enceinte*—

"Where tower and buttress rise in martial rank,
And girdle in the massive donjon-keep,"

now happily rescued from ruin and devoted to the peaceful duties of a University, and as the one central object to which all else are mere accessories, "the vast mass of the cathedral," to use Montalembert's words, stretching right across the lofty peninsula, with its huge truncated central tower and western towers soaring into the sky, its arcaded west front and rude projecting Galilee, and its transeptal east front—that almost unique feature—with its four spirelets (*oreilles du lapin* some irreverantly term them), only divided from the Wear by a steep slope of terrace gardens, with a blue background of distant hill and moorland—all combine to form a picture of picturesqueness and majesty which no lapse of time can efface from the memory.

We have spoken of some of the points in which we consider that Durham surpasses Lincoln. *En revanche*, there can be no question that in architectural detail St. Cuthbert's minster, externally at least, is greatly inferior to the minster of Remigius and St. Hugh. It is in its mass and general effect that the cathedral of Durham is so striking. The nearer we approach the more disappointing does it become. Indeed, we are not sure whether it would not be better to shut one's eyes when one begins

to climb the hill, after having filled oneself with the view from the Framwell Gate or Prebend's Bridge, and not open them again till one is fairly within the church. They may be opened then without fear of disappointment.

The meagre effect of the outside of Durham is partly due to the plainness of its Norman architecture, unrelieved by projecting buttresses, and with its length but little broken by the transept and Chapel of Nine Altars, but chiefly to the havoc made when, at the end of the last century, Wyatt, "the Destructive," was called in to "restore" the cathedral. No cathedral, not even the misused Salisbury, has suffered such irreparable damage in the name of improvement. It is an oft-told tale how, in old John Carter's words, and in spite of his earnest remonstrances, about 1780, "a great repair of the cathedral was made," and that of so destructive a character that "every house in the neighbourhood bore testimony to the wreck of the smaller decorations suffered by the church in that repair." The whole of the outside stonework was pared down several inches to a clean, smooth surface, the mouldings were rechiselled, all decayed members boldly removed, to the grievous loss of the play of light and shade, and tameness and flatness substituted for the bold grandeur of the original design, which was improved upon new decorations, the greater part being "run in compo." The grand north porch —the sanctuary door—lost its watching-chamber, and its sturdy Norman arch was bedizened with a vulgar perdendicular canopy and pinnacles; the turrets of the Nine Altars were finished with ill-proportioned spires, while, by way of compensation, the pyramidal capping of the transept turrets gave place to flimsy quatrefoil parapets with classical mouldings. The light tracery was torn from the lancets of the Nine Altars, except at the south end, and the eastern circle received tracery described by Carter as "not much resembling the work of any period of our ancient architecture, but totally discordant from the style of the chapel in which it is inserted." The stately central tower was liberally coated with Roman cement, while—the foulest deed of barbarism committed even by Wyatt—the Chapter-house, a grand apsidal Norman vaulted apartment, absolutely without a parallel in England, was wilfully demolished, and a comfortable parlour patched up out of its ruins, in which the cathedral dignitaries might meet without fear of catching cold. Even, as most of our readers know, the destruction of the Galilee, that unique and most characteristic feature of the cathedral, was not only resolved upon, to form a new and more convenient drive to the prebendal houses, but the lead had been actually removed from its roof and the demolition commenced, when the opportune arrival of a member of the Chapter with more reverence for antiquity than his brethren saved the burial-place of the Venerable Bede and "the Saracenic grace of Hugh of Puiset's Chapel." We can well conceive that the rude grandeur of this chapel, with its cavernous buttressed front growing out of the living rock, was offensive to the refined taste of the architect of Fonthill and Ashridge, and that he regarded it as an ugly excrescence the cathedral would be well rid of, but its loss would have been simply irreparable. More remains to be told. It is not generally known how sweeping Wyatt's plans for "beautifying" Durham Cathedral were. A volume of architectural drawings exists in the Chapter Library, from which we learn that what this irreverent meddler carried out forms but a small portion of what he proposed, and we are led almost to admire the frank audacity with which he set to work to polish and refine the barbarous pile committed to his hands, and render it more in harmony with the enlightened century which had had the honour of producing so distinguished an artist. It almost takes one's breath away to find Wyatt coolly proposing the destruction of the three towers and the erection of new ones designed by himself "in a more elegant Gothic taste," the central tower being crowned with a metricious spire. The vulgar cresting which he inflicted on the western towers makes us shudder at what Wyatt's substitutes for these grand old works would have been. Much as this noble pile has suffered, this volume makes us thankful it did not suffer more.

The best point to approach Durham Cathedral from is the Prebends' Bridge to the S.W. The view of the west front and towers perched on the brink of the precipitous rocky slope, set in a framework of noble trees, with the Wear winding below, is singularly beautiful. The cathedral, too,

reveals itself gradually as one mounts the walks, and the first complete view of it is obtained on the side on which, protected by the cloisters and the monastic buildings, its somewhat gaunt length is less apparent, and Wyatt's misdeeds are not so painfully conspicuous. The Abbey-yard of Durham which we have now entered, wants the calm loveliness of the Close of Salisbury or the dignified repose of that of Wells, and the houses surrounding it are for the most part singularly plain and ugly; but it has a stern grandeur of its own in keeping with the locality. Some fine trees shade the area, which is broken by a picturesque ivy-clad conduit of an octagonal shape. To our left rises, huge and bare, the conventual kitchen, in shape and dimensions recalling one of our polygonal Chapter-houses. Beyond stretches the long, mullioned front of the refectory, now the library, containing unrivalled manuscript treasures, which presents in its modernised garb and its plate-glass windows but few features of the monastic dining-hall. Further still is the deanery, a large and not unpicturesque pile, in which the Dean has simply taken the Prior's place, using the same rooms, for the most part, for the same purposes to which they were assigned four or five centuries back, and displaying the liberal and refined hospitality for which his monastic and decanal predecessors have ever been famous. The Prior's chapel, we must remark, has been unhappily secularised, and its Early English walls contain two stories of bedrooms—a fireplace taking the place of the altar, the chimney of which obliterates the central lancet of its eastern triplet.

Passing into the Cloister Court, a spacious but decidedly common-place quadrangle, from which Wyatt has most successfully wiped out the traces of those curious traditional customs which that unique little record, "The Rites of Durham," sets so vividly before us, we have to the west the massive walls of the monastic Dormitory—here, as at Worcester, contrary to usual custom, occupying the western instead of the eastern side of the cloister court—now "the New Library," bookcases having, to the regret of all lovers of antiquity, been substituted for the cubicles of the monks, which, Mr. J. H. Parker tells us, existed till a comparatively recent period—and we enter the nave of the cathedral by the Monk's Door. Here all criticism is at once stopped. We can only gaze and in silence admire that which Mr. E. A. Freeman has so truly styled "the perfection of northern Romanesque," "the church which, above all others, is all glorious within, presbytery, lantern, and nave unequalled in their stately and solemn majesty, and notice how "the faultless proportions of the mighty channelled piers avoid" alike "a mere massiveness which seems to grovel on the earth," and "the vain attempt at a soaring height"—as at Gloucester and Tewkesbury —"consistent only with pillars of either an earlier or a later form." The works of restoration being now happily completed, and the temporary screen which has long cut the building in two removed, the eye is once more at liberty to roam unchecked through every part of the vast and harmonious pile, and delightedly to pursue the long perspective which the perfect adjustment of the proportions — length, breadth and height exactly of the right measure—saves so effectually from the long, low, tunnel-like aspect presented by some of our cathedrals. We notice also with satisfaction how during the restoration—the close of which was marked by special services—much of Dean Waddington's well-intentioned but mischievous work has been undone—the choir, till lately so perfectly open, being decorously divided from the nave and transepts by a light open screen protecting, but not, like Cosen's black oak barrier, concealing the sacred enclosure beyond—Cosin's canopied stalls, so remarkable an effort of Gothic art, rising with a convulsive effort after the long sleep of the Protectorate before it expired altogether, which Dean Waddington had cut up and placed back within the choir arches, once more ranged in dignified order in their accustomed place—the font again standing at the west end of the nave, with its tabernacle of coarse but gorgeous elaboration soaring almost to the vault—the organ placed on one side, so as not to break the vista, and the whole church rearranged with admirable taste and judgment for the due celebration of our Anglican ceremonial in its stateliest form, "to the glory of God and the edification of His people." We are

glad to remark the wise arrangement by which the nave and transepts have become once more "the preaching place"; a pulpit worthy of its position having been erected just outside the choir screen, so that the sermon may be audible to the clergy and ministers remaining in their stalls, as well as to the larger congregation assembled outside. We notice with pleasure every such evidence of a reversion to the old plan, which puts each division of a cathedral to its proper purpose, instead of packing the laity within the narrow limits of the eastern limb, the presbytery, and even the aisles being seated for their accomodation. It will naturally take some time to unlearn the old improper habit and to get accustomed to the still older and more decorous usage, but every year sees an advance in the right direction, and every fresh restoration on the true plan makes the work easier for those that come after. Among the minor, but not less conspicuous, features of this very successful restoration—which we must not forget to mention has been carried on under the direction of Sir G. G. Scott—are a marble pavement to the choir of intricate and harmonious design, the filling the eastern and transeptal windows with stained glass, excellent both in drawing and colour, and the cleaning of the tabernacle work of the altar-screen, which now awaits in calm confidence the filling of its niches with the statues and the decoration of its stonework with the colour, for which they were originally designed. We are slowly coming to understand that an empty niche is as meaningless an ornament as a vacant picture-frame, and that the purpose of a niche is lost as long as it remains destitute of the image its shape and construction show it was formed to contain. It will not be very long we trust before this elaborately beautiful altar-screen once more receives its proper furniture, which can alone redeem it from an air of nakedness and incompleteness.

TRIFLES.

"Only a trifle!"
Oh maiden beware!
These trifles may build you
A mountain of care!

"Only a trifle!"
Young man pray reflect,
Ere you aim that sure blow
To your own self-respect!

A trifle too young,
Or a trifle too old;
A trifle too warm,
Or a trifle too cold;
A trifle too soon,
Or a trifle too late—
All or any of these,
May decide your own fate!

OLD GREGORY'S GHOST:

OR,

HOW MR. PLAYFAIR SPENT CHRISTMAS EVE AT BUFFING HALL.

BY OLIVER LOUIS TWEDDELL.

IT was a cold, snowy Christmas Eve when Mr. Playfair and Mr. Puggings arrived at the old manor house of their mutual friend, Mr. Buffings, whither they had gone by invitation to spend the Christmas of 1801.

Mr. Buffings stood on the doorstep to receive them as they drove up; the open door behind him letting out a flood of light, and making his jolly red face and bald head shine by its very brightness.

"Welcome to Liberty Hall, my dear friends, welcome, welcome! Glad to see you, glad to see you!" exclaimed that gentleman, as he shook them by the hands with a heartiness not to be mistaken. "Welcome to Liberty Hall," he repeated, as he led them inside, and the old butler closed the door behind them. "But you will be cold and hungry, having been riding through the darkness and snow for two hours, so come to the fire, and let's have a bowl of good hot punch."

And truly they did seem welcome. Every one and everything seemed to welcome them, the great mastiff dog excepted, which growled and smelled about their legs until really Mr. Puggings began to look frightened, and Mr. Playfair to feel uncomfortable, and Keeper was turned out of the room in consequence.

After a substantial Christmas Eve feast

had been served, the old butler entered the apartment, bearing in his arms a huge bowl of steaming punch.

He was an old-fashioned, eccentric looking fellow, this butler, wearing an antique white wig, breeches "with silver buckles at his knees," like Bobby Shafty in the song, and silk stockings, with a smiling face, pleasant to look upon, and he served out the punch in such a genial way that it seemed better for his touching it. He then took his place behind his master's chair, and stood smiling on the company, which consisted of Mr. Buffings (who, as far as smiling went, was the very counterpart of his butler), Mrs. Buffings, two sons and their wives, three daughters and their husbands, and a perfect flock of grandsons and granddaughters, Mr. Playfair, Mr. Puggings, and the butler in question—for, so far as geniality went, our old serving man seemed to keep the party going. Not that they needed much to do it, for a livelier party never met together, as Hall Stevenson would say, "neither before nor since the flood." The young ones played games, the old ones sitting watching and drinking punch, until the butler said:

"I wonder if old Gregory's Ghost will walk to-night. Rather a cold night for him, I fancy, and sprites are never very thickly clad, by all accounts."

"What Ghost is that?" asked Mr. Playfair.

"One that is said to haunt this house," replied Mr. Buffings.

"Ha! pray tell us the legend," requested Mr. Playfair.

"Why, it's all a pack of nonsense," rejoined his host. "However, if you like to hear it, I've no objection to tell it."

Now it was a queer thing, but just at this juncture the young ones seemed to grow tired of playing, and drew up to the old ones, whilst the old ones suddenly felt the cold stronger just then, so that all drew their chairs near to the fire. The wind, which for some time had been growing stronger, began to howl more dismally, and Mr. Buffings began his story:

"All that I know about old Gregory," said he, "is that he was the owner of this mansion a great many years ago. Besides this estate he had acquired much money, no one knew how. He was a bachelor, and lived in a very retired and eccentric manner, with an old housekeeper and an old valet or butler as his only attendants. He occasionally went to London, where he had an office in some part of the city, but what he did there was as much a mystery as the rest of his proceedings. He kept no society, and no one about here knew him except by name. Towards the latter end of his life his visits to London became more frequent, and he appeared unsettled in his manner, and, after one of his visits to the great metropolis, he came back quite agitated, sat drinking alone until midnight, then went up to bed, and was heard by his man-servant to lock himself in his room, a thing which he had never before been in the habit of doing."

At this point of the story the company seemed to feel the cold more keenly than ever, maugre the punch within them, and with one accord all drew nearer the fire; while the old butler came from behind his master's chair, where he had hitherto kept his position, like Corporal Tim with Uncle Toby, and stirred and replenished the fire with fuel, but remained standing at the end of the mantelpiece, doubtless to be ready to attend to the fire when it needed it again, as he kept looking thoughtfully into it, as many other men have done both before and since.

"Next morning," said Mr. Buffings, continuing his story, "old Gregory did not appear at his usual time. Hour after hour passed by, and still he never came. Though forbid to ever call him when he did not rise as usual, the old couple began to be afraid that illness had overtaken him, and therefore mustered courage to break his strict injunctions by knocking at his bedroom door. There was no reply. Again they knocked, and again, but with the same result.

"Old Margery, the housekeeper, who durst not be left alone in the house, put on her bonnet and pattens, and, wrapping herself well up in her scarlet cloak, proceeded to the village, told her story to the doctor and constable, and soon raised a force, some going with a sincere desire to be useful to their fellow-creatures, others merely to see what was the matter at old Gregory's. Arrived at the mansion, the door of old Gregory's bedchamber was soon forced open, and——"

Here the wind shrieked more fiercely

than ever, and the company felt it even colder than before, and the butler gave the fire an extra stir.

"They found him on the floor," continued the host, "in a pool of blood. *He had cut his throat—there was a gash from ear to ear.* The doctor said that life had been extinct for some time.

"They searched his papers, and found out the address of his solicitor in London, for neither of his old servants knew it, nor where any of his friends or relations were to be found. The solicitor at once saw to the burial of the body; but ever since then old Gregory's Ghost is said to walk here on Christmas Eve, that being the night on which he destroyed himself."

Here the company felt it extremely cold, and drew so near to the fire that their chairs formed a tight semicircle. The wind howled louder than before. The faces of all assembled were by this time quite white,—doubtless from the cold. For some time no one spoke. At last Mr. Puggings broke the solemn silence by asking:

"Was there no reason assigned for the rash act?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Buffings. "It was always said (though how it came out I don't know) that he had a brother who had been abroad for some years and had turned up again in London, whom Gregory had thought or hoped was dead; that a large sum of money, which was let to be equally divided between them, had been monopolised by Gregory alone, who wickedly made out that his brother had died without wife or issue, although on leaving England he had left a motherless infant daughter in his charge, whom he had almost driven to madness by his brutal usage, and then incarcerated by a false name in a private lunatic asylum, having never revealed to her that she was of his own kith and kin. But the wronged brother had managed to find out his still greater wronged daughter, whose liberation he first obtained, and then commenced proceedings to bring his unnatural brother to justice: and hence old Gregory's rash act. But as it is getting late, and most of you have been travelling and will be tired, I propose that we all go to bed, without waiting for the Christmas Waits, as we had intended doing."

This proposition being agreed to, they were provided with candles by the butler, and retired to their several beds.

Mr. Playfair's room was an ancient apartment, wainscotted with oak carved in a great variety of curious patterns, the furniture being of the same material, all black with age, the hands that fashioned them having rested for centuries in their graves. The massive bedstead alone contained more timber than a modern contract builder could afford in the erection of "a capital messuage or dwelling house," between the foundation and chimney.

Now, Mr. Playfair had been turning the story he had heard over in his mind, as he sat in the great old arm-chair by the side of his bedroom fire. He had got a nightcap on his head, the tassel on the top sticking up in the air about a foot above his brow, and giving him a Punch-like appearance; a piece of red flannel round his throat, to prevent him taking cold; and a long white nightgown covered the remainder of his body, from his neck to his feet.

As it was rather dismal to sit thinking of old Gregory's Ghost alone, in such a place, and at such a time, Mr. Playfair got into bed; but alas! not to sleep as he desired. For the very life of him, he could not help thinking of the story he had just heard. The man, he thought, made away with himself, and in this house too, and if in this house, why not in this very room?

His blood ran chill at the thought, and he was soon in a cold sweat. It was a a likely room, he thought, for such a deed —weird and spectral in appearance, though all was so massive in the construction.

The more Mr. Playfair studied the matter, the more he persuaded himself that the fatal deed was done in the room of which he was now the solitary inmate, nor was he re-assured when his ears caught the sound of some mysterious scratching, for which he could not otherwise account, directly under the bed which he was then occupying.

Scratch—scratch—scratch!

Mr. Playfair began to shake and shiver between the sheets.

Scratch—scratch—scratch!

Mr. P. trembled until the ponderous oak bedstead shook under him, and its massive wooden canopy, with the Devil

and St. Dunstan carved upon it, seemed as though the Evil Spirit would at once liberate his proboscis from the tongs of the saintly smith, and the whole fabric was about to fall upon him, and crush him beneath its ponderous weight.

Scratch—scratch—scratch! again came the mysterious sound, louder than ever; and then the noise suddenly changed to—

"Mew! mew!"

Mr. Playfair began to breath freely again. It was the cat, he thought—yes, it must be the cat.

He listened again, and, screwing up his courage—which took a vast of doing, but there was no help for it—he got out of bed, lit the candle, stooped down, and looked under the bedstead.

Yes, there she was, sure enough, but showing no intention of turning out. Mr. Playfair, seeing he was likely to have a hunt, and the fire having died out, took the white coverlet off his bed, and wrapped it round him like a Red Indian's blanket. Stooping down again, he first flung one of his slippers, and then the other, at the cat, which now flew out from beneath upon the bed, snarling savagely at him, as if it were the model for the crest of the Macpherson clan.

He then opened the door, and taking the poker from the fireplace, gave the cat a poke with it, upon which it took a jump, and was out of the room in a moment.

Mr. P. went and put down the poker, and stood to take breath. Happening to look in a more distant corner, he saw a sight that made his "hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." For there, standing in that very room before him, stood the Ghost he so much feared to meet with.

The figure was entirely draped in white, on its head was a great white cap, an awful red gash extended across its throat from ear to ear, and its eyes, the largest that ever mortal saw, seemed to flicker slightly about, though it never moved from the spot it first appeared on.

Mr. P. stood transfixed, too paralysed for a time to move a foot, but shaking and trembling in every limb like an aspen leaf.

He was spell-bound, and stood gazing in unutterable agony at the Ghost, while the Ghost stood gazing at him.

Suddenly the wind gave a loud howl, the casement rattled as though a thousand furies were coming in, and it broke Mr. P.'s spell. Giving a terrific shriek in his terror, he turned and fled in haste from the room.

Now, it happened that the cook and several more of the servants, unlike to Mr. Buffings and his guests, had sat up to hear the Christmas Waits, who invariably visited them during "the wee small hours ayont the twal" on "Christmas Day in the morning." They too, had been beguiling the time in telling all manner of Ghost stories, as was too common in those superstitious days. The Waits had been, sung their Christmas carol, had refreshments, and departed, unheard by Mr. Playfair, and the servants were retiring to their beds.

Unfortunately, the cook had to pass by Mr. Playfair's room, and her nerves being just then in a state of great excitement, she was not a little alarmed to see a figure clothed all in white, with a scarlet gash across its throat, rush out of Mr. Playfair's bedroom, just as she was about to pass the door. Certainly it could be no other than old Gregory's Ghost. Setting up a fearful scream, she dropped the candle she was carrying, and fainted on the spot.

Here was another surprise for Mr. Playfair, who had never heard her footsteps, nor seen her coming, until the mischief was done. But it was not to be the last; for hearing something rushing upon him from behind, which he felt sure was old Gregory's Ghost in full pursuit, he felt very much relieved to hear a loud bark, and feel a sudden jerk at the coverlet, which convinced him that his pursuer was only the dog which had annoyed him on his arrival.

Now this, under ordinary circumstances, would have been quite bad enough; but it was much better than the ghost.

Yet poor Mr. Playfair was still in a dreadful state of mind, and his heart beat like goodness knows what; for here was the dog tearing at his night-gown and coverlet—the cook laid on the landing as still and deathlike as any corpse—and, for anything that he knew to the contrary, the ghost might pursue him at any moment.

Great was his relief when he heard mortal footsteps approaching, and saw lights that were not weird-like appear. He now heard voices that, it comforted him to know, came from human bodies. However much a man at times may court solitude, most assuredly it is not at a moment like that.

His friends were quickly on the spot, and stood amazed, as well they might, at the sight they now saw. Foremost were Mr. Buffings, Mr. Puggings, and the smiling old butler, while a host of others brought up the rear.

Mr. Buffings at once called off the dog; and some of the servants, who now had mustered in full force, set about restoring the cook to consciousness, while Mr. Playfair began to tell in gasps his dreadful tale of the Ghost.

Mr. Buffings burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and exclaimed :—

"Why, the fact is, my dear Playfair, you have been frightened by your own reflection !"

"Frightened by my own reflection !" ejaculated the bewildered Mr. Playfair; "how could that be, when I distinctly saw the ghost entirely clothed in white, as if in its grave-clothes, and the deadly scarlet gash plainly extending across its throat, as if the suicide was but newly done ?"

"Pooh, pooh," said his host; "I see it all. There is a large mirror in your room, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; you have seen your own reflection in that, and mistaken it for old Gregory's Ghost."

And so it proved. Mr. Playfair's white nightcap and coverlet had appeared to his frightened mind as the clothes of the ghost; the red flannel around his throat had been mistaken for the deadly gash from ear to ear; and his spectacled eyes had been reflected back to him as the fiery eyes of the spectre; whilst his own trembling at what he deemed the unearthly apparition, accounted for the flickering motion of the dread presence before him. It was but his own reflection that he had seen in the glass.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily explained, there followed a good long and loud laugh, in which all the company joined, louder than the howling storm without, and all once more subsided and went to their own beds; all but Mr. Puggings, who very considerately went with Mr. Playfair to keep him company.

They kept a merry Christmas and a happy New Year's Day at the old manor house together; though Mr. Playfair never heard the last of OLD GREGORY'S GHOST.

Well Close Square, Whitby.

FURNESS ABBEY.

From the "KEYSTONE."

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE famous monastic ruin of Furness Abbey is situated in Lancashire, about a mile south of Dalton, and was founded A.D. 1127, by King Stephen, while he was Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, who also endowed it with princely wealth. It is one of the most interesting ruins in England. The deep retirement of its situation, the grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the ancient trees that shadow it, all fill the mind of the beholder with solemn yet delightful emotion. It is only equalled in interest by Fountains Abbey near Ripon in Yorkshire.

On Norman cloister and on Gothic isle,
The fading sunset lingers for awhile :
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms—
Then night's slow rising tide the scene o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crowns and palms decay with humbler things.
All works built up by toil of mortal breath,
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone;
The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done;
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine—
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

O Earth in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls;

In the broad world one God we seek and find.
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.
Yet spare, for tender thought, for beauty spare
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;
Yon ivied archway, fit for Poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for writer's theme!

Save! for our modern hurry rush and strife,
Needs much the lesson that thought, too, is life!
Work is not prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine.

THE DAYS TO COME.

From the "NEW YORK HERALD."

THE fine weather which marks the Summer time has come to an end; and though the days we are now passing are beautiful for the season of the year, yet we must all admit that they bring with them the premonition of bitter times to come in the near future, and that they remind us how transitory are all the joys of earthly existence; how like the falling leaves of to-day, the brightest hopes and anticipations of human existence. "Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down," he looks forward through a pleasing vista of promise to many years of enjoyment, but at the moment when he least expects it, comes the reaper Death, whose call may not be denied, or the almost equally unwelcome guest Poverty, in whose train follow all the ills that flesh is heir to, and who makes of what might be a paradise a realm, including every tribulation men would most desire to avoid. The provident man now looks to see that the larder is well garnished, and the coal-bin furnished for the chilling days so near. Happy, indeed, is he who finds both basket and store well filled, and who can look upon the well filled stove or grate, and know that, "There is more where this came from." But, ah! how many are there among us who know not where the means of filling the bin, or increasing the store are to come from; who look upon their little ones, and writhe in anguish of spirit lest in the days when the Frost King rules there be not the wherewith to keep hunger away from the door or heat within it. These will have a right to look to us for succour and encouragement in the bitter days when the sun is but a myth so far as the warmth of his rays are concerned, and comfort but a reminiscence, among many who have a right to stand by our fires and claim the relations of fraternity with their more fortunate brethren.

Knowing that these things stand in front of us, and that we shall surely meet them, may we be pardoned if we invite the brethren to pause a moment and scan the horizon of events so near them? The time is at hand when we shall be called to measure our professions by deeds; when the world will know whether, when we speak of the benevolent system of Freemasonry, we mean reality, deeds, gifts, money or only their semblance; only that word of promise which reaches but the ear and leaves the heart sick. We believe that the great mass of the brethren are entirely sound, and that whenever a heart is presented, sick and sore with the disappointments and ill-fortune of the world, it will find in our lodges

"Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands."

But it must be remembered that we do not hold the keys of Fortunatus; that the mines of Golconda are not at our disposition nor even the meagre returns of the Black Hills, but only such means as may have been given for the purpose by men who as a general principle, have no dollars to put by; who, in fact, never come into possession of any means but such as have been earned by the sweat of the brow in honest labour.

It should likewise be kept in remembrance, that your case or mine, are not the only ones having a claim on the bounty and benevolence of the craftsmen—a circumstance quite generally overlooked, perhaps naturally enough, since each one's misery is quite enough for his own contemplation; but nevertheless we may be reminded that however desperate our own circumstances, there are others quite

as unfortunately placed, and having quite as just a claim to sympathy as ourselves.

Generally speaking it may be said that never was the outlook more discouraging for rich and poor alike than just now, and yet it will be found that somehow we manage to get along from one day to the other and to make Saturday night find Monday morning just as was the case in more prosperous days. There may be—there is closer shaving, a more persistent holding on to the last quarter, but somehow it comes about that when that is gone another takes its place, and proves that the Father has not forgotten us, and is still a strong tower and defence to those who trust in Him.

Trust there brethren, but at the same time forget not that there is a work for you to do, and that each of you may unconsciously be an instrument to do the work of benevelence assigned to us, and to make straight the way for those who are to come after us. Gird up your loins to do this work and he who is faithful to the end shall not only receive the reward, but have the consciousness of due preparation for the days to come.

GRUMBLE NOT, BROTHER.

GRUMBLE not, brother, though dark be the night,
Gloomy the shadows of life to the sight;
Others have braved them, and scaled with a cheer,
The hill that divides us from sunnier sphere.
Over the hill! Over the hill!
Sunlight is glowing for ever—be still!

Grumble not, brother though stormy the way
Others have travelled it many a day;
Foot sore and weary they journeyed along,
List'ning each day to the echoing song:
Over the hill! Over the hill!
Sunlight is glowing for ever—be still!

Grumble not, brother, the journey is short,
Flitting the seasons that over us sport;
Autumn and winter bring shadows that stay
Summer undying lies over the way.
Over the hill! Over the hill!
Sunlight is glowing for ever—be still!

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REFERENCE TO A TRIAD OF DEITY.

(*Continued from page* 242.)

"JAMBLICHUS, in his celebrated book, De Mysterüs, professing to give a genuine account of thetheological opinions propagated by Hermes," writes as follows: "Hermes places the god Emeph as the prince and ruler over all the celestial gods. Now, Emeph is no other than Cneph, who produced in the manner before mentioned, the deity Ptha, whence the famous word Emp-Pha, denoting their relation and indissoluble union; before which Emeph however he tells us the same Hermes placed one primordial source of all being; him whom he calls Eicton, in whom is the first intelligences, and the first intelligible, and who is adored only in silence." After these two, Hermes places the Demiurgic mind, which, in the Egyptian language, he says is called "Ammon, but is sometimes denominated Ptah, the Vulcan of the Greeks, and at other times Osiris, according to its various operations and energies. But what is very remarkable, as being entirely consonant with the Hebraic notions on this subject, Jamblichus adds, as comparisons to the Demiurgic Mind, and the guardian of Truth and Wisdom, the Cochma of the Hebrews, which he supposes forms the triad of Egypt."*

"According to Jablouski, the good genius of Egypt was called, in the language of that country, Ich, or Ikhnouphi, from *ich*, demon, and *nouphi*, good. Such is the interpretation which this learned writer gives of the name which the Greeks wrote Cneph and Knouphis. Again, Jablouski contends that Phtha was the same with Cneph. Strictly speaking there was a distinction between these deities; Phtha

* Maus. Ind. Aut. vol. iv. p. 691.

being the material Demiurgus, while the nature of Cneph was entirely spiritual; but it may easily be believed that this distinction was not always attentively observed that Cneph and Phtha were often considered as the same, and that both were denominated the good genius by the Egyptians, or, perhaps, rather the guardian genius."* The above triad was frequently designated by a compound symbol which forms a part of the figure before us in its perfect state on the Bembim Table, consisting of a winged serpent bearing a globe or circle, which, in the Hermesian writings is thus interpreted: "Una sola LUX fuit intellectualis ante lucem intellectualem, et fuit semper MEUS mentis lucida; et nihil aliud fuit hujus unio, quam SPIRITUS omnia connecteus." Mr. Maurice is inclined to think that there is some mistake in this appropriation, which he attributes to the imperfect knowledge which the Egyptians possessed respecting the trinity; for he says "they manifestly confounded the order of the hypostases, because the Demiurgic Phtha is made to proceed from Cneph, yet, by the latter, they doubtless meant to typify the sacred person to whom we apply it, the incumbent Spirit that moved upon the face of the waters."† M. Portal says "that in Egypt the candidate was regenerated by the two-fold baptism of the Spirit and of Fire; or the union of truth and love. Neith espoused to the god of Fire, the Memphite Phtha, brought forth the Sun, a symbol of eternal light and divine revelation."

Other triads are figured on the monuments of Egypt, as the Theban triad, Amunre-Maut-Khonso; the triad of the Nile, Re-Phtha-Hapimoon, &c. In fact, according to the discoveries of Champollion in the temple of Kalabski in Nubia, it was a whole series of triads of Gods that the Egyptians worshipped. The first link of these triads was Amon-ras-Muth-Chous; or the genitor, the genitrix, and the son of the production; a super terrestrial triad, which was converted into the more earthly one of Osiris-Isis-Orus, with the usual symbols.

The persons in the first mentioned triad did not receive an equal degree of adoration in every part of the country; for while at Heliopolis Phre or Re was esteemed the superior divinity, the Thebans preferred Cneph, whom they represented as a winged serpent; the Memphites, Phtha, and the Saitans, the female Isis, or Neith, whose tears annually shed in grief for the parched soil of the country in its unproductive state, caused the Nile to overflow its banks.* Her boat was held in such estimation as to be honoured with a yearly festival; and, as Plutarch informs us, was elevated into a constellation under the name of the "Ship of Osiris."†

"Considered in her two-fold capacity, she is called in the upper world, Neith the great mother; in the lower world, mistress of Sais; and as the mother goddesses in the abode of accouchment, considered as Amour, she was entitled the great chief resident in Thebes. Her chief titles are, mistress of the country of the upper region; the great cow, engenderer of the sun;—of the gods, mother of the sun; regent of the region of the abode of paternity."‡ The individual preference given to the several members of the triad was frequently the cause of furiously religious wars. Juvenal was very severe upon these zealots; and his words would be an useful lesson to other nations besides the ancient Egyptians.

A cureless enmity and a bigot hate,
Foster'd by ancient feuds, and dire debate,
The men of Tentyra and Ropt engage,
Filling their bosoms with religious rage.
Each views his neighbour's idol beast with spite,
For rival deities the block heads fight,
You'll scarce believe it, 'tis so wond'rous odd,
They hate each other for the love of God.||

They also varied considerably in the ceremonial of initiation, and the time of their annual commemorations, some using the autumn and others the spring.

The Marquis Spineto, in his lectures, has the following judicious observations on this

* Drummond. *Origines*, vol. ii. p. 53.
† Maus. ut Supra, p. 694.

* Pausan l.x. query, whether the Egyptian Neith was not the prototype of the Greek Athena or Minerva?
† Plut. Is. et Osis. p. 359.
‡ Egypt Mon. p. 12.
|| Juo. Sat. xv.

triad. "Phtha governed and presided over the intellectual world, and the world above; but of the material, or physical world, the government belonged to another god, not less ancient than the other two. He was considered as the soul of nature, the eye of the world, and the son of Phtha, the active intelligence which had originated the universe. He was no less a personage than the sun, the of the Greeks, and in Egyptian language, is called Re;" whence the name of Osiris appears to have been derived. Thus Sir William Drummond says: "if by Sirius both the Sun and the dogstar were originally understood, I should think that the Ethopians and the Egyptians had obtained the word *seir*, or *sari*, or *sira*, from the Arabians. In Egypt the appellation of *soth*, or *seth*, was more commonly given to the dogstar than *sira*; but the Sun, called in the vulgar dialect Re, or with the definite article phre, was personified and adored under the name of *osh-sira*; *osh-seir* which signified *magnus ignis*, or *magnus sol*."*

The priests described him as one of the earliest kings, and the successor of his father in the government of Egypt, and like him, the special protector of the sovereigns whom adulation regarded as members belonging to the family of this god. The name of Egypt, as a country, is attributed by the above writer to the Greeks; and he explains his meaning by the following process: "A vulture was one of the principal symbols of Ikh-Ptah. A vulture was named *noshe* in Egyptian. They would put this into Greek *gups*, or *aigupios*. The Greek mariners would soon confound the names of the genius of the river, and of the symbol of the god. They would remember that a vulture was the symbol of the deity, from whom the great river was denominated; and they might recollect the name of Ptah, though they would, and indeed could, not have distinctly articulated a word which terminates with an aspirate. Thus the *Ikh-Ptah*, demon Ptah of the Egyptians may have been corrupted into Aigupios, Gups-Pta, perhaps Aigups-Ptas, and, finally, into Aiguptos. That the Greeks corrupted Ikh-Ptah into Aiguptos seems sufficiently probable. From a passage in Diodorus we may infer that Sethosis, who took the name of Aiguptois, considered Ptah as his patron god. The Greeks gave the name of Hephaistia to Egypt. Whence came this name, if not from an Egyptian appellation, according to which Egypt was so called from Ptah? Cicero says that Ptah was born in the Nile; and the same deity, according to M. Champollion, was symbolized by a Nilometer."*

In correspondence with the triad doctrines, it was held that the angelic intelligencies are divided into three orders, in essence, virtue, and action. There are also three heavens, which are equally divisible into three; corresponding to which in the material world, are the spheres of fire, air, and water. The same design is pursued by the Jewish cabalists, who deduce from a passage in the book of Wisdom,† that this divine quality is recognised under three several denominations, viz.: Light, Power, and Goodness, which continually emanate from the throne of God. And, indeed, in the sacred writings, the Divine Being is represented as seated on this azure throne, surrounded by a red or fiery sphere, in the centre of an emerald rainbow; blue being the symbol of Wisdom, Queen of Power, and red of Goodness or Love. Mr. Townley was of opinion that "in arranging the symbolical works of ancient art we must follow the mystic system of emanations, which was regularly formed upon one general principle, and not suffer ourselves to be misled by the wild theogonies and fanciful genealogies of the poets, which are all vague, irregular, and incoherent. According to this ancient system, the first place is to be given to the Supreme Triad, or three great local personifications of the universal spirit, or active principle pervading the elements of Æther, Earth, and Water, and acting distinctly on each. These are the three brother deities, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune, who were represented under various forms, and distinguished by various attributes or modes of action. In each of these was found a female personification of the material or passive principle, which was still more variously named and distinguished. Latona, Athene, and Astarle,

* Drummond, Orig. vol. ii. p. 68.

* Drummond, Origines, vol. ii. p. 56.
† Wis. vii. 26.

being different names and forms for one personification; Juno, Ceres, and Rhea, for another; and Proserpine and Isis for the third. Each of these general personifications, whether male or female, was endowed with three great attributes, the powers of generation, preservation, and distinction, which, being separately personified in all their different modes of acting and existing, became distinct and subordinate deities."*

In consequence of the above theory, all the Egyptian Kings, from the earliest Pharaoh to the last of the Roman Emperors, adopted, in the legends consecrated to their honour, the pompous titles of "Offspring of the Sun, son of the Sun, king, like the Sun, of all inferior and superior regions;" and the like. They had, besides, consecrated to the Sun, the city of Heliopolis, and thus each of the four principal cities of the empire, Thebes, Memphis, Sais, and Heliopolis was under the especial protection of one of these great deities.† It may, however, be conceived that these deities were in reality the tauric emblem of the Sun under different appellations. Thus "Muevis, the bull of Heliopolis, was said to be sacred to the Sun, and Apis, the bull of Memphis, to the moon. But Macrobius has more accurately referred all the sacred bulls of Egypt to the Sun, in the sign of Taurus. Strabo says that Apis was the same with Osiris; and, according to Plutarch, the priests of Egypt considered this bull as a fair image of the soul of Osiris. Hence, no doubt, Lucian has called Apis the greatest god of the Egyptians."‡

For these reasons, and others, which might be adduced, the hieroglyphic of the principal deity in the triad, viz., the point within a circle, is inserted in the Tracing Board which the crowned or winged beetle, or Hermes, as the above mentioned Re, holds between its two fore legs, in conformity with that sublime description of the deity which was contained in the Hermetic writings; Deus circulus est, cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nusquam.

* Townley Gallery, Brit. Mus. vol. i. p. 6.
† Spineto. Hies. p. 133.
‡ Drummond, Origines, vol. ii. p. 98.

A Review.

Life of the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin, C.B. (Vol. II.)

After a lapse of two years, the second volume of this most interesting life appears, and Mr. Martin seems to be able to finish it in one more.

Mr. Martin has had the most abundant stores of public papers and private memoranda submitted to his notice for his important task, and thus alludes to his most valuable sources of information:—

"In going through the volumes of State and other papers compiled by the Prince for the use of your Majesty and himself, nothing has impressed or touched me more than the indications on which I everywhere came of how the minds and hands of your Majesty and the Prince had worked together upon the multiform and difficult questions which were constantly presenting themselves for consideration. It cannot but be well that your Majesty's subjects should learn something of the noble activity which reigned within the Palace—how not a day, scarcely an hour, passed which did not leave its record of some good work done, some sagacious counsel tendered, some worthy enterprise encouraged, some measure to make men wiser or better devised or helped forward, some problem of grave, social, or political moment meditated to its depth and advanced towards a solution."

The period over which this volume extends is from 1848 to 1854, a very important epoch in the history of Europe, and which many of us remember with vivid emotions.

It is thus that, writing to the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg, Prince Albert takes leave of 1848:—

"One is heartily glad to say goodbye to it (the old year), and deeply grateful ought we to be that we have managed to come out of it with a whole skin. Still I fear that mankind has not grown much wiser or better, and I see symptoms in the German sovereigns of an inclination to to repeat all the old faults, which have been within an ace of losing them their heads."

We cannot go through the whole history of the six years which are dealt with by Vol. II. We must all admire the clear and epigrammatic manner in which Mr. Martin deals with the history of this very eventful and exciting period. It is sufficient to say that these six years saw the Continental Revolutions of 1848, the rise of the second Empire in France, the Austro Hungarian War, and the first International Exhibition. It was a time of ferment and political chaos on the Continent—and at home, when this country, believing itself menaced by the new Napoleon, set itself to reorganise its military forces. It was during this period, also, that the national jealousy of the influence which the Prince Consort was supposed to have in councils of the Queen made him for a short time the object of suspicion and unpopularity. This volume dealing, therefore, more with political matters than the first, has less domestic interest. It opens with a review of the state of Europe after the fall of Louis Philippe, and the events which led to the flight of the bourgeois king to England. The friendship between the Queen and the Orleans family has been impaired by the Guizot intrigues, which led to the Spanish marriages, but in their misfortune the duplicity which had undoubtedly characterised the conduct of Louis Philippe was forgotten, and they were received by the Royal Family of England as if no misfortune had occurred. The Queen at this time writes :—

"Little did I dream that this would be the way we should meet again and see *each other all in the most friendly* way.

That the Duchess of Montpensier, about whom we have been quarrelling for the last year and a half, should be here as a fugitive, and dressed in the clothes I sent her, and should come to thank me for my kindness, is a reverse of fortune which no novelist could devise, and upon which one could moralise for ever."

Passing over the Chartist fiasco, we come to this little and historical fact—that it was in 1848 that the Queen first visited that "Highland Home," which has always been so cherished by herself and the Royal Family. The following are the facts of the acquisition of Balmoral, as communicated to Mr. Martin by her Majesty, and are told in the following extracts :—

"The attention of the royal physician, Sir James Clark, had been called by his son, Mr. (now Sir) John Clark, to the fine air and other attractions of this part of Deeside as a summer and autumn residence. Having satisfied himself on these points, he had urged the Queen and Prince to acquire the lease of the Balmoral estate from the Earl of Aberdeen, into whose hands it had come upon the death of Sir Robert Gordon in 1847. The lease was only 38 years from the year 1836, but the property was found to possess so completely the good qualities which had led to its being selected that the Prince purchased the fee simple of it in 1852 from the trustees of the Earl of Fife. Apart from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the dry, bracing character of the air was precisely what, in Sir James Clark's opinion, was most essential for the peculiar constitutions of the Queen and Prince. The whole of Deeside, from Charleston to Aboyne to Castleton of Braemar, he held to be one of the driest districts of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, and no spot along the valley to be more favoured in this respect than Balmoral. The causes of this were two-fold—first, the sandy, gravelly nature both of the lowlands and of the greater part of the surrounding hills; and, next, the fact that the rain-clouds from the sea break and discharge themselves upon the range of mountains which lies between Braemar and the Atlantic before they reach Deeside."

On the 16th of September, Sir James Clark writes :—

"We have been here a week. The weather is beautiful, and the place, as regards healthiness of site and beauty of scenery, exceeding my expectations, great as they were."

The first impressions made by the place upon the Queen and Prince have been graphically described in the "Leaves from Her Majesty's Journal." Writing on the 11th September to the Dowager-Duchess of Cobourg, the Prince says :—

"We have withdrawn for a short time into a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face, where the snow already covers the mountain tops,

and the wild deer come creeping stealthily round the house. I, naughty man, have also been creeping stealthily after the harmless stags, and to-day I shot two red deer—at least, I hope so, for they are not yet found, but I have brought home a fine roebuck with me. This place belonged to poor Sir Robert Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, and the little castle was built by him. It is of granite, with numerous small turrets, and whitewashed (*Scottice*, harled), and is situated upon a rising ground, surrounded by birchwood, and close to the river Dee. The air is glorious and clear, but very cold."

The Prince's needful attention to cosmopolitan and English political life did not divert his attention from home matters. On the contrary, it was in this spring of 1848 that he may be said to have first put himself forward in a public capacity. He had become President of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, and he was persuaded by Lord Shaftesbury and other leading philanthropists to take the chair at a great meeting. In matter, as well as manner of delivery, his speech was a great success. Mr. Martin remarks very justly that we are inclined to forget that what reads now as commonplaces, after nearly thirty years' *ventilation in Social Science Congresses* and elsewhere, might be at that time the original germ of the ideas that able minds have been since developing. Such passages as the following came home to many with the force of novelty, and they produced a striking effect on the hearers :—

"Depend upon it, the interests of classes too often contrasted are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting for each other's advantage. To dispel that ignorance, to show how man can help man, nowithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person : but it is more particularly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. Let them be careful, however, to avoid any dictatorial interference with labour and employment, which frightens away capital, destroys that freedom of thought and independence of action which must remain to every one if he is to work out his own happiness, and impairs that confidence under which alone engagements for mutual benefit are possible."

We pass over the incidents connected with changes at Cambridge University and even with all his many cares alike in respect to domestic matters and public affairs.

With regard to the Princess Royal we find the Queen touchingly saying, in 1849 : "It is already a hard case for me that my occupations prevent my being with her when she says her prayers." And a little later we have another example of the Prince's feelings in the letter addressed to his stepmother, which prompted him to invoke God's blessing on the important step of placing the Prince of Wales in the hands of one (Mr. Birch) on whose instruction and influence much might depend. And all this time mid multifarious details of public and private business, this most remarkable man had gained, by unceasing application to work, a mastery of details for which he had gained extraordinary credit from the chiefs of the various departments, and which mastery of detail "could only be gained by great and systematic labour, in itself quite sufficient to absorb the energies of a busy man."

Accordingly, by the Easter of 1850, the strain arising out of the interest of England in the Continental disturbances had told severely on the Prince. The Queen writes from Windsor to Baron Stockmar :—

"My dearest Prince has, thank God ! been giving himself a rest, and was himself astonished at his disinclination to work, which Sir James Clark was delighted at. It is absolutely necessary to give the brain rest to enable it to work again with advantage, and I am always uneasy lest he should overstrain his powers."

We have now the episode of the offer of *the command of the Army*, made to the Prince by the Duke of Wellington, in succession to himself, which the Prince as we know refused with the most exalted greatness. When the great Duke's death did come, as we know, Lord Hardinge succeeded to his high command, and though it is never well we know to be wise "après coup," yet it might be a fair matter

for speculation whether, if Lord Raglan had been in command of the army at home, and Lord Hardinge in command of the army abroad, things might not have turned out somewhat better than they did.

In the great war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, if Field-Marshal von Benedek had been in Italy and the Archduke Albert and Field-Marshal Johns in Bohemia, the struggle would have been more equal, though we do not think that anything could have compensated for the overpowering superiority of the needle guns.

The great secret of public life, and we may say private, is to get "the right man into the right place," and none can doubt who read these lifelike pages how gracefully Prince Albert always sought to make public appointments on public grounds alone.

We well remember Sir Robert Peel's death, and we find this tribute to him in a letter to the Duchess-Dowager of Saxe Cobourg from Prince Albert:—

"Sir Robert Peel is to be buried to-day. The feeling in the country is absolutely not to be described. We have lost our truest friend and trustiest counsellor, the Throne its most valiant defender, the country its most open-minded and greatest statesman."

It is well known that the Queen had to complain of Lord Palmerston's way of doing business, and the following note of Prince Albert relates to one of those incidents which, to say the least, did not display Lord Palmerston's character in the most favourable light, as his conduct is alike petty and unworthy of a great statesman, and unwarrantable towards a lady and a Queen:—

"My dear Lord John,—Both the Queen and myself are *exceedingly sorry* at the news your letter contained. We are not surprised, however, that Lord Palmerston's mode of doing business should not be borne by the susceptible French Government with the same good humour and forbearance as by his colleagues.—Ever yours truly, ALBERT."

We are happy, however, to state that in the latter years of his great political career, Lord Palmerston changed materially his estimate of the Prince Consort, as the following narrative attests. Mr. Martin quotes from a letter addressed to him by Colonel Kemeys Tynte, an intimate personal friend of Lord Palmerston:—

"Shortly after the return of Her Majesty and his Royal Highness from their visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French, I called one morning upon Lord Palmerston at Cambridge House. I congratulated him upon the, in every respect, very successful visit of Her Majesty and the Prince to France, remarking, 'What an extraordinary man the Emperor was.' 'Yes,' replied Lord Palmerston, 'he is; but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home.' Lord Palmerston paused; and I said, 'the Prince Consort?' 'Certainly,' he replied; 'the Prince would not have considered it right to have obtained a throne as the Emperor has done; but, in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the Emperor. Till my present position"—he was then Premier—"gave me so many opportunities of seeing his Royal Highness, I had no idea of his possessing such eminent qualities as he has; and how fortunate it has been for the country that the Queen married such a Prince."

The latter part of the volume deals with the period just preceding the Crimean War, and gives a glimpse of the course of diplomacy prior to the actual declaration of war. A comparison of the position of affairs then and now is full of suggestion. Writing in September, 1853, the Prince says:—

"The Divan has become fanatically warlike and headstrong. The worst symptom of all is the danger to which Turkish fanaticism has already given rise in Constantinople. Our fleet is under orders to run in there should the lives of the Christian population or of the Sultan himself be in danger. The greater the tumult the better are the Russians pleased."

It was at this period, while war with Russia was pending, that the Prince became the object of persistent attack through the columns of certain journals that accused him of unconstitutional intermeddling in foreign affairs. It was said that "our foreign policy was mainly directed by the Prince Consort," and that

the resignation of Lord Palmerston, which had just occurred, was due to an influence behind the throne." How the Queen and the Prince felt under these attacks is indicated in a letter which the Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar, in which he says:—

"Victoria has taken the whole affair greatly to heart, and was excessively indignant at the attacks. Finally, if our courage and cheerfulness have not suffered our stomachs and digestions have, as they commonly do where the feelings are kept long upon the stretch. Since yesterday I have been quite miserable. To-day I have had to keep to the house, and this is why you get this long letter."

When Parliament met the Prince was vindicated by the benches both of Minister and Opposition, and the Queen, writing to Baron Stockmar subsequently, says:—

"I write to you in the fulness of joy at the triumphant refutation of all the calumnies in the two Houses of Parliament last night. The position of my beloved lord and master had been defined for once and all, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly. There was an immense concourse of people assembled when we went to the House of Lords, and the people were very friendly."

The Prince wrote a memorandum to Lord Aberdeen in October, 1843, when the Eastern Question was engaging the attention of England and all Europe, and which contained truths which statesmen and others may well ponder over to-day.

"The question is involved in the Oriental dispute and the motives which have guided and ought to guide the conduct of the European Powers, and of England in particular, are so complicated and interwoven that it is very desirable to separate and define them before we can judge of what will be the future line of action on our part. When Prince Menschakoff had obtained the concessions which, in our opinion, Russia was entitled to demand, and made new demands not borne out by any treaty, we declared these demands unjust and untenable, and Turkey in the right in refusing compliance with them. When Russia invaded the Principalities, for the avowed purpose of holding a pledge in hand by which to coerce Turkey into compliance, we declared this an infraction of international law and an act of unjustifiable aggression upon Turkey, and justifying the latter in going to war. We advised her, however, at the same time, to remain at peace. We took upon ourselves the task of obtaining from Russia by our negotiations a diplomatic settlement of the dispute, not involving the concessions which we had said Turkey ought not to make, and securing the evacuation of the Principalities. These negotiations have hitherto been unattended with success. We have in the meantime sent orders to our fleet to protect and defend the Turkish territory from any Russian attack. Throughout the transaction there we have taken distinctly the part of Turkey as against Russia. The motives which have guided us have been mainly three:—

1. We considered Turkey in the right and Russia in the wrong, and could not see without indignation that unprovoked attempt of a strong Power to oppress a weak one.

2. We felt the paramount importance of not allowing Russia to obtain in an underhand way or by a legal form, a hold over Turkey which she would not have ventured to seek by open conquest.

3. We were most anxious for the preservation of the peace of Europe, which could not fail to be endangered by open hostilities between Turkey and Russia.

These motives must be pronounced just and laudable, and ought still to guide our conduct. By the order to our fleet, however, to protect the Turkish territory, and by the declaration of war now issued by the Turks, the third, and perhaps most important object of our policy has been decidedly placed in jeopardy. In acting as auxiliaries to the Turks we ought to be quite sure that they have no object in view foreign to our duty and interests, that they do not drive at war whilst we aim at peace, that they do not, instead of merely resisting the attempt of Russia to obtain a protectorate over the Greek population incompatible with their own independence, seek to obtain themselves the power of imposing a more oppressive rule of two millions of fanatic Mussulmans over twelve millions of Christians, that they do

not try to turn the tables upon the weaker Power now that, backed by England and France, they have themselves become the stronger. There can be little doubt, and it is very natural, that the fanatical party at Constantinople should have such views, but to engage our fleet as an auxiliary force for such purposes would be fighting against our own interests, policy, and feelings. From this it would result that if our forces are to be employed for any purpose, however defensive, as an auxiliary to Turkey, we *must insist* upon keeping not only the conduct of the negotiation, but also the power of peace and war in our own hands, and that Turkey refusing this we can no longer take part *for her*. It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting all Turkish considerations aside, that Constantinople and the Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but merely for the interests of the European Powers and of civilisation. It ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead, in the peace which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilisation, than the reimposition of the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favoured portion of Europe.

And here we stop to-day, feeling deeply how well the writer has fulfilled his task, and how admirably the volume put forth represents to us the lamented Prince Consort as he was and what he was to his Queen and adopted country!

We owe to him, in fact, a debt of gratitude for all he planned and did, even when misunderstood and calumniated, which can never be blotted out from the tenacious memories of the English people.

We have never read a work which more interested us in every line.

FREEMASONRY!

THE "Masonic Journal" says that the following effusion is from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an earnest Mason, and the classical author of Pompeii and Zanoni:—

The world may rail at Masonry,
And scoff the square and line;
We'll follow with complacency
The Master's great design.
And though our sisters frown, and though
We're by our mothers chided,
Could they our works and hearts but know,
We would not be derided?

And though the kings of earth unite,
Our temple to assail—
While armed with truth and love and light,
O'er them we shall prevail.
A cloud may veil the face of day,
But nature smiles at one
That should adventure, bold essay!
To quench the glorious sun!

A King can make a gartered knight,
And breathe away another;
But he with all his skill and might,
Can never make a BROTHER!
This power alone, thou Mystic Art,
Freemasonry, is thine!
The power to tame the savage heart
With brother love divine.

POETS' CORNER.

Continued from Page 250.

ABOVE these, and against the wall, is the monument of *George Frederick Handel*, the celebrated composer. The book of his own great work, the "Messiah," lies open upon this monument at the place where that fine air "I know that my Redeemer liveth,' occurs. Music and poetry have been called sister arts; and it is quite fitting that he who carried the one to so great a height of excellence should have his memorial erected amongst the monuments of those who so successfully cultivated the other.

There is a monument here which we must notice because of its size and magnificence,

though we shall find that it does not interest us so much, nor awaken such strong emotions in our breasts, as the mere name upon some of the simple tablets around, Yet this is the memorial of a great man no less famous a personage than the great and good *John, Duke of Argyle.*

But let us pass on. Yet tread not heedlesly. Look upon the floor at that black marble slab. It looks new, and, indeed, it is only five years old. You read the name engraved upon it in letters of gold. Ah! this was the magician of our times to whom we before alluded. There rests the body of him who touched our hearts with a skill we could not understand nor resist. "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Chimes"—those charming prose idylls—were the work of his hand and brain. Such different and such vital characters as Sam Weller, Little Em'ly, and Rose Dartle were his creations. He was a great man, and well did he earn the *honour which kings might envy*, of a tomb in this glorious spot. And what noble company he keeps here! Near to him are the remains of *Handel*, of *Cumberland*, the dramatist, of *Macaulay*, of *Garrick*, of *Sheridan*, and *Johnson*. These are his companions in dust, until the last trump shall sound, and all these moulder-ing forms shall be raised again.

Some distance to the left of the Duke of Argyle's monument we see a small door in the wall which leads into the little chapel of St. Faith. We need not enter, for it is bare and plain. Over the door of this chapel there is a monument which will at once fix our attention. It is a marble slab fixed in the wall, ornamented with a curtain, olive branches, and books, and bearing in the centre a finely sculptured medallion, in which we recognize the well-known portrait of *Oliver Goldsmith*—the genial, generous, but thoughtless Goldsmith, whom his great associates made the butt of their jests, while they could not deny him their admiration and their love. We have all read some of Goldsmith's charming writings, and we have also read or heard of some of the amusing anecdotes related of him. Who has not heard the often-told story of his tour of Europe on foot, and without any means of subsistence? The story of his wanderings may be gathered from his beautiful poem, "The Traveller," and from several passages in the "Vicar of Wakefield." We are told how for this great undertaking he was furnished with "one guinea in his pocket, a shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand." He was not dismayed by his situation, however, but wandered on enjoying the present as much as he could, and quite unconcerned for the morrow. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall," he beautifully says, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a *lodging*, but subsistence for the next day." The happiness which he produced and shared on such occasions is finely described in "The Traveller." Of course he did not make money in this way, and when he came to England he was really destitute. Then commenced his literary life, for many years a life of drudgery, poverty and privation, during which he worked industriously, and wrote the sweetest verse and prose in English literature. He was, perhaps, the hardest worked drudge that ever a printer or publisher employed, and we think we may also say that he was the most miserable—that is, as regards his want of the comforts, sometimes even the necessaries of life. He worked without ceasing, and he wrote upon nearly all subjects. He lived in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, "in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair," and here he compiled histories, biographies, his elaborate account of "Animated Nature;" composed inimitable essays, and scraps of poetry. It is believed that the popular nursery history of "Goody Two Shoes" was composed by him. In his thirty-sixth year he published "The Traveller," and this beautiful poem at once secured him the friendship of some of the most distinguished men of the day. In the next year appeared his delightful "Vicar of Wakefield," in which by the way, is inserted, like a diamond in gold, the most perfect ballad in the language, "The Hermit." When he was forty-two years of age he published "The Deserted Village," with the opening verses of which, at least, every school-boy and school-girl is familiar. He apostrophises his native village in Longford, Ireland, in the well-known lines:

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,

Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed."

Of course we could not expect that a person of Goldsmith's fine sensibility would forget the scenes of his youthful joys; and, accordingly, when he was in the height of his popularity and success we find him writing these pathetic lines:

"In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst those humble bow'rs to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from which at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

This hope, however, was not to be fulfilled, for the gifted poet, philosopher, and historian died in London in his forty-sixth year, and his friend Dr. Johnson wrote the epitaph which is inscribed upon his monument.

Here is the monument of *John Gay*, known to old and young by his fables, and who was also the author of the celebrated "Beggars' Opera." A very pleasing character of him is given in the epitaph inscribed upon his monument, and which was written by Alexander Pope. It tells us that he was

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Near this we find the monument of *Nicholas Rowe*, the dramatist. He was the Poet Laureate, and the author of several fine tragedies, and just before his death he completed a translation of Lucian's "Pharsalia."

But here we come to a memorial which will, perhaps, possess more interest for us. It is a fine piece of work, and worthy to perpetuate the memory of so sweet a poet as *James Thompson*, the author of "The Seasons." The figure of the poet leans its left arm upon a pedestal, holding a book in one hand and the Cap of Liberty in the other. Upon the pedestal are sculptured in bas-relief representations of the Seasons, and to these a boy is pointing, at the same time offering the poet a laurel crown as a reward for his genius in describing their beauties. He has received a praise which cannot be rated too highly when applied to one who wrote so much as he did, for Lord Lyttelton, an elegant scholar and critic, has said that his works contained

"No line which, dying, he would wish to blot."

Now we have come to the monument of a man whose name and fame is known all over the civilized world. It is that of the great *William Shakespeare*. So much has been written and spoken of this astonishing genius, that we do not think it necessary to dwell at any length on his works or his life in this place, nor, indeed, have we space to touch upon such a boundless theme.

Near this is a bust of *Robert Southey*, a very voluminous writer, whose life affords one of the most striking examples of unremitting industry—of positive labour—to be found in the whole range of biography. He composed many very long poems, but we daresay he will be better known to our young friends by his shorter pieces, such as "The Inchcape Rock"—a favourite piece for recitation—"The Battle of Blenheim," and "Eugene Aram." He was another eminently pure and harmless writer.

We have now reached the fine statue of *Thomas Campbell*, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in which occurs that fine reading on the downfall of Poland, which, we are sure, you have often read with interest and delight. You know how it begins:

"When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered Pandours and her fierce hussars, &c."

"The Battle of the Baltic," that soul-stirring lyric, is also a familiar example of

his power. The fire and impetuosity of his patriotic songs are well contrasted with the tender pathos of that exquisite lyric "The Exile of Erin," which has been called the queen of songs, and the plaintive verses "Poor Dog Tray." But perhaps there is not one of his poems so well known to youthful readers as "The Battle of Hohenlinden." What a fine piece that is for recitation. The poet witnessed the sanguinary battle he describes :

"On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly."

But Linden showed another sight, which he goes on to describe in the succeeding verses.

Not far from the grave of Campbell we came to a bust of *Matthew Prior*, which was done by order of the King of France, who had a great respect for his talents. His poems are not much read in these days, but they are lively and elegant compositions.

A bust of *William Mason*, a poet who is now but little regarded, is the next object of interest; but our attention is at once diverted from it to a group of monuments which stand near. The most important of these is that of *John Milton*, the famous author of the greatest epic poem in existence. Of course you will know that we allude to the sublime work entitled "Paradise lost." Now, we do not suppose that many of our young friends have read this great poem, nor do we think that you could perceive or appreciate its beauties even if you had, so we must ask you to believe that it is the greatest of all epic poems upon the authority of others until you are old and learned enough to form an opinion of its merits for yourselves. But there is one circumstance in connection with John Milton's great poem, which we may particularly remark for the benefit of our young friends, and especially for those amongst them who are so apt to be disheartened at every little difficulty they encounter. The manner in which this astonishing work was produced presents a very remarkable illustration of the power of a determined will to overcome all difficulties. The poet had lost his sight, and was the object of some persecution on account of his political principles. But for many years he had determined to compose a great poem, and though blind, and compelled to hide himself from his enemies in Bartholomew Close, he never for a moment faltered in his determination. It was under these trying circumstances that his wonderful work was begun and completed. Some say that his daughters wrote for him; but Dr. Johnson says his daughters did not know how to write, and that the blind poet was obliged to request any friend who visited him to write down from his dictation such lines as he had composed and kept in his memory. In this manner the work was carried on for many years and finally completed, and surely there cannot be any more glorious example of the struggles and the triumph of genius and resolution. Milton wrote many other poems and many prose works. He was, indeed, one of the greatest scholars that England has ever produced, but the extent of his learning and the eloquence of his prose writings are apt to be overlooked in our admiration for the grandeur of his poetic genius.

Under Milton is an elegant monument to *Thomas Gray*. Our young friends will look with pleasure upon this pretty memorial of the author of a poem that is universally known and admired. He did not write much, but if he had not written anything beside the tender "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," his name would not pass away. You know the verses :

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

It is in this poem so full of beauties that the often-quoted lines occur :

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

(*To be continued.*)

PARIS RESTAURANTS.

We take the following interesting account from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

For once or twice that one has spent at week or ten days in Paris, how often is one not assailed with the question, "Which do you consider to be the best restaurant ?" or, "Where do you advise us to breakfast ?" or dine, as the case may be. These are questions easier asked than answered ; and the larger is one's experience of Paris restaurants, the more diffidence one must feel in making reply. Not because there is any lack of places to which the average Englishman may be recommended in the full belief that his wants will be supplied, but because it is so difficult to decide between their conflicting claims. To a friend, whose idiosyncrasies are familiar to one and to whose tastes one has already ministered, it is easy to say, go to this restaurant or to that ; but when one does not know whether the questioners' special fancy lies in the direction of fish, made dishes, game or sweets, so far as solids are concerned, or in the direction of claret, burgundy, or champagne, in regard to wines, the responsibility becomes almost oppressive. But a few general rules may nevertheless be laid down, adherence to which will ensure any visitor to Paris a good dinner at a *minimum* of say 20f. Let him go to the Café Anglais, upon the Boulevard des Italiens ; to the Café Riche, almost opposite to it ; to the Café Foy, commonly called " Bignon's," also upon the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin ; to Durand's, opposite the Madeleine ; to the Café Voisin, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de Luxembourg ; or to Brébant's, otherwise known as Vachette's, on the Boulevard Montmarte. With the most elementary knowledge of the art of dining and with the merest smattering of French, it will go hard with him if he does not emerge from either of these restaurants with the firm determination to come there again. Each of them of course, has, its speciality, and those who are aware of the fact are not slow to avail themselves of their knowledge. The Café Anglais, for instance, justly prides itself upon its cellar ; and those who are fortunate enough to possess the friendship of "Ernest" have doubtless been conducted by that functionary into the spacious vaults where repose vintages which are not to be gotten for gold at the greatest of wine merchants. Another speciality of the Café Anglais is the " pomme de terre à l'ananas, " a dish which can only be appreciated to perfection when it succeeds or accompanies a " filet de bœuf Châteaubriand." A Russian salad is also one of the dishes to be eaten at the Café Anglais. At the Café Riche the wines are also very excellent, for the proprietor is himself a large grower of Burgundy, and he caters for the Société des Agriculteurs de France, whose monthly dinners are not by any means to be despised. Members of this society enjoy the privilege of breakfasting at the Café Riche for 3f., and of dining there for twice that sum, and they are not slow to avail themselves of it—for they would pay for the some meal elsewhere more than three times that price. It is said that the French do not know how to cook game; but assuredly the "perdrix aux choux" has a charm all its own, and nowhere is better cooked than at the Café Riche, which always has a reserved celebrity for its " spoume " a sort of ice pudding in layers, with a centre of apricot-kernels and pistachio nuts. At Voisin's, as at the Café Anglais, the wine is of peculiar excellence. This is one of the few places at which Château-Margaux of 1848 can be drank—one may order it almost anywhere—and the same restaurant also possesses the best growths of Pontet Canet, a wine which, though only ranked in the fifth class is one of the most improved of clarets since the vinyards where it is grown changed hands some 15 years ago. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of dry champagne can ask for the " Bellenger Sec " which is sold at this establishment ; and among the dishes in which Voisin's *chef* excels may be noted red mullet à la bordelaise and roast saddle of lamb or of mutton. In the opinion of many good judges, Bignon's and Durand's are better as breakfasting than as dinner places ; though for the matter of that, he would be a fortunate man who was condemned to dine at either of them for the term of his natural life. At the same time it must be said that their breakfasts are by mere force of fashion in most demand. Durand with his " œufs à la cocotte " and his Château d'Yquem, and Bignon with

his "cotelette double," his tomato omelette and his Léoville-Lascazes, enjoy a celebrity which has in both cases a very solid foundation; and both restaurants are specially favoured by such English visitors to Paris as are not obliged to count the cost. Brébant's has the disadvantage or the advantage, whichever it may be, of receiving the patronage of the Paris Press, of the friends of the stage, and of actors and actresses. These "liberal" professions are apparently very remunerative in Paris, for Brébant's restaurant is not the place for persons with a light purse. But after a dinner there in which a vol-au-vent of carp's roe and a salmi of woodcock holds prominent places, there is something ungrateful in adding up the bill; especially if the Pomard has circulated freely. It will, no doubt, have been noticed that the Maison d'Or has not been referred to; but if its popularity as a dinner restaurant has declined, it is still an easy first for its suppers, especially as since the war, the Café Anglais does not keep its doors open all night. The Restaurant du Helder and "Peters" are open at all hours, but they are frequented by a different class of people, and the Maison d'Or has little to fear from their competition. Nor are the summer restaurants in the Champs Elysées, such, for instance as Ledoyen's or the Moulin Rouge, included in the above category; for it is only during a short period that they receive any patronage, though while the fun does last it is fast and furious. Both of them are very good; but it is not until the leaves again appear on the chestnut trees in which they are embowered that it will be of any use thinking of them. To the above list should be added a new, but very excellent establishment, the Café de l'Opera, close, as the name implies, to the home of national song. It must not be imagined, however, that because this restaurant is new that its proprietors are novices in the art of charging; *au contraire*, as the wife of a medical man observed when somebody remarked that it was unreasonable to expect that her husband could cure all his patients. The tide of prosperity has ebbed away from the Palais-Royal, and the famous Frères Provençaux Restaurant has been converted into a ready made clothes shop. Vefour still has two establishments, and the Café Corrazza and the Café d'Orléans are frequented, the former almost altogether by English and Americans, the latter by French visitors from the provinces; but this is not enough to give thom the *éclat* which they had thirty years ago. The Restaurant Philippe, in the Rue Montorguiel, has also suffered from the same cause which has proved fatal to the Palais-Royal; it is too far from the boulevards. Yet it is impossible to forget the excellence of the oysters and of "les œufs brouillés aux truffes," which formed the foundation of many a good breakfast in this favourite restaurant of the Orleans Princes. It would be hopeless to attempt giving a list of the many restaurants which, without aspiring to the renown possessed by Voisin's or the Café Anglais, enjoy a solid and deserved popularity among the Parisians, and which merit to be better known by foreigners who are, except in a few cases, led by the nose and given no chance of picking and choosing for themselves. The Restaurant Maire, at the corner of the Boulevard Sebastopol, and not far from the Eastern Railway Station, is one of these; and though the original proprietor, whose pride it was to preserve the zinc counter at which wine and spirits were retailed, is dead, his successor has not allowed the kitchen or cellar to decline. The same may be said of several restaurants on the left bank of the Seine—of Magny's, in the Rue Dauphine; of Foyot's, close to the Odéon Theatre; and of the Café Caron, at the corner of the Rue des Saints-Pères and the Rue de l'Université. The last named restaurant has long been famous for its black puddings—a dish which may not be everybody's taste—and for its fruit. Visitors to the left bank may also be recommended in all confidence to a small dingy-looking restaurant upon the Quai des Grands Augustins, not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It is true that they will not pay half the price at the Restaurant Perouse, as it is called, that they would be charged for the same dishes, no better cooked, upon the boulevard; but that will not be considered a drawback by everybody, and the excellence of the cuisine is best proved by the fact that many members of the clergy give it their patronage. Coming back to the right bank, there is the Restaurant Champeaux, in the Place de la Bourse, with its spacious garden and pleasant fountains; and for those whose an-

tipathy of Russia does not extend to hes cuisine, there is a very excellent establishment—hotel and restaurant combined—in the Rue de Marivaux, two doors from the Café Anglais. This is the hotel Richelieu, at which may be had "Borsch," "Stschy," and other soups which can only be pronounced by sneezing, together with "Bitoks," "Zrazy-Kascha," and various dishes imported from the banks of the Neva. But here, too, may be had French cooking of a very excellent but unpretending kind; and when one reflects upon the nnmber of restaurants such as these to be found in Paris and the principal towns of France it is impossible to avoid the wish that some of them could be wafted to us from over the sea.

MASONIC CENTENNIAL SONG.

From the "HEBREW LEADER."

(*Dedicated to Golden Rule Lodge, No. 345, Free and Accepted Masons, Covington, Ky.*)

MRS. SARAH B. RANKIN.

AIR.—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

How sweet, when brothers' hearts are bound
By Friendship's silken chain,
Which lengthens, as the years roll round,
Weaving them up again;
Leaving no age however remote,
Out of the sacred coil,
Linked by the *Mystic Hand* that wrote,
The Earth in *corn* and *oil.*

Chorus—Hail, then, all hail the Master; who
Bears the *trowel* above,
His plastic Masonry to show,
Which binds all hearts in love.

Linked to us, by the *Eye* that saw
The old foundations laid,
The First *Apprentices*, and far,
Each *Grand Exalted Grade*;
Each guiding each by some small link,
Which binds the past and present,
Until we all begin to think
The dead are omnipresent

One reared a column toward the sky
And named it *Wisdom's* pillar;
Next *Strength*, was needed to supply
Some *Master Overseer*;
Another raised a graceful shaft,
And gazed on *Beauty*, ever,
And thus we found the Holy Craft
That binds all men together.

And by the *square*, too, we shall lay
The Lodge we build together;
And by the *plummet*, too shall stay
Up every Arch and Chapter;
Then when our *hour-glass* has run down,
And times swift *scythe* is flying,
We'll look for our Grand Master's crown,
His *charity*—when dying.

The first *rough Ashlars* of our land,
Set by the Mason's *level*,
Her brighest valour did command
To make use of the *gavel*;
And where the crude unchis'led edge
Of faction interferes,
His workmanship should be the pledge
For her Centennial Years.

PEORIA, ILL.

THE MASONIC PHILOSOPHY.

From the "MASONIC ADVOCATE."

BUT few men fully understand the moral system of Masonry. The masses think it only a secret order of brotherhood, a sort of fraternal association, gotten up and perpetuated for the purposes of social life and of fraternal guardianship.

They do not recognize the fact that it is a broad system of liberal and philosophic principles, comprehending in its moral outlines all that is just and true, fraternal or charitable, in any of the religions of the world. This it is, in its spirit, obligations and moral purposes.

True, it has no creed of religious faith no standard of theological doctrines, but it teaches the being of God, it believes in the

doctrine that man is immortal. Aside from these two principles it makes no demands upon the credulity of its membership of faith in anything belonging to speculative philosophy. Its aims are practical and conservative, having more particular reference to personal duties and relative obligations than to any of the theological theories of ancient or modern times. It knows no church and ignores none. Its members are gathered from all communions, from all religious faiths, and from all grades of men of good report. It constitutionally declares in favour of the most liberal forms of moral government, as well as for the most liberal recognition of man's universal brotherhood.

What it is in faith it aims to be in practice, a society of human reliance, of brotherly love, relief and truth. It knows no nationality, claims no sectionality, and never for a moment disdains any man on account of his religious or theological notions.

And yet it always looks at the *man*, and if he is honourable in life, guarding his integrity, walking in the line of his obligations, and useful among his fellow-men, he is set down as being worthy of the brotherhood and counted a true Mason.

The fact that he is a Hebrew does not unchristianize him, and the fact that he is a Christian does not in any sense militate against his character. Once made a Mason by the mystic rites of his obligations, he is ever afterwards the vice-regent of his own life, and the obligated brother of every true Mason.

He then belongs to the family of man in a sense he never did before.

A believer in God, he is man's friend as well as the obligated guardian of himself. He knows no divisions in the human family and no good reasons why he should proscribe any man for his faith, his religion, his politics, or his nationality.

He worships God by serving his fellowmen, and glorifies his Maker by being true to his creatures. Honest in life, gentle in spirit, faithful in his relationships, and full of the spirit of toleration and charity; he is the peer of the best, the full equal of all brothers, and the true representative of the ancient and honourable body.

This, and all this, we say of him, not because he has been initiated into the rites of the fraternity in some lodge room, but because he is made acquainted with the true theory of personal and moral government.

That which is his duty he performs, and that which the sectarian too often condemns he tolerates, for he asks no man his faith, or his religion, or his politics.

Trained in this school, man becomes conservative, liberal and humane. They fear God as the son fears his father, and they know that they cannot do otherwise and be true to themselves or their fellowmen.

Devotion to to the Great Father of l is manifested by them not in creeds or in ceremonies or relationships, but in the exercise of true charity to their fellow-men. They are too well educated to believe that mere songs, or prayers, or lodge ceremonies can answer the place of liberality or charity, and they know from the teachings of the simplest Masonic lessons that God only is worshipped in grace and truth, where man is served in sympathy and love. This, indeed, is the order of the divine government, as it is plainly made known in the Holy Writings, and it is this that gives to the craft the divine authority to act as the conservators of suffering humanity in every country and clime under the whole heavens.

On this basis its philosophy is built, and on it rests its prestige, with all that it proposes for the benefit and blessing of men. It pretends to no moral monopoly and lays no claims to any superiority over any other institution.

What it has done belongs to the history of our race, and what it is, in its genius, its labours and humane influences, it leaves without fear or favour to the ultimate judgment of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The divine government is the only rule of its principles, as it is also of its appeals for the right.

With these broad and liberal views it has erected its lodges among the nations of the earth, and silently worked its way alongside of all other organisms, without jealousy or the spirit of competitiveness or a single instance of persecution of any contemporary power. Thus founded and thus governed, it has kept its march amid the melancholy ruins of ages — the grandest mystic body the world has ever known.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

Continued from page 249.

PART II.—PERIOD OF ACTIVITY.

Section I.—Of the Right of the Grand Orient of France to govern all the Rites, and especially the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

THE union having been accomplished, the Grand Orient could legitimately claim to be the sole administrator and legislator of the Masonic Order in France, but the Institution no sooner assumed the position to which it was entitled when new dissensions occurred to arrest its development.

Two years after the festival which celebrated the treaty of union between the two Masonic Powers which shared the reins of authority, in France, and as if to destroy its effect, the Lodge "Saint Alexandre d'Ecosse," of the Philosophic Scottish Rite, assumed on its own account the pretensions of the Old Lodge known by the name of the "Contrat social." On the 24th June, 1801, says Thory, the Lodge of "Saint Alexandre," under the title of the Mother Lodge of the Philosophical Scottish Rite in France, resumed its work, which had been in abeyance during the dispersion of the old members of the Lodge "Contrat social," and according to the rights granted to it by the general regulations of the Rite as the most ancient lodge of the capital.*

It is beyond our present purpose to investigate the claims of the Mother Lodge "St. Alexandre," which seem more than doubtful; we shall be content to say that in taking up in continuity the position of the Lodge "Contrat social," the Lodge "Saint Alexandre" should have respected the treaty which the latter had entered into with the Grand Orient.

There were still in Paris at this period some discontented brethren who had witnessed with little pleasure the fusion effected in 1799. These for the most part were members of the ancient Scottish body, who renounced with regret their titles and their decorations. Soon the secret insinuations of these brethren and some imprudent steps forced the Grand Orient to declare by a decree of the 12th November, 1802, that it should exclude from correspondence every Lodge, every Chapter and all Masons who those foreign Rites not acknowledged by the legal power of the Masonic order in France.*

On this account the Lodge "La Réunion des Etrangers" was excluded from the Grand Orient of France for having added to its title that of the "Loge de Saint Jean d'Ecosse," which it is said it took from the "Loge écossaise de Zorobabel," Orient of Denmark, and for having demanded new constitutions from the Mother Scottish Lodge of Marseilles, which the Grand Orient had never recognised.

Repulsed by all the lodges, the brethren of the Scottish Rite occupied a subterranean apartment attached to a house formerly occupied by Mandit, a hotel-keeper on the Boulevard Poissonnière, where they held their meetings.

At this period, in the commencement of the year 1804, Bro. Haguet, as if to increase the dissensions, arrived in Paris from America, and expounded the ancient Rite of Heredom, of twenty-five degrees, which was practised in New York. This brother established a Council of Scottish High Grades in the Lodge rooms of the "Triple Unité" and the "Phénix," and a Grand Consistory of Prince Masons for the whole of France.

Three months afterwards there arrived from Saint Domingo Bro. Grasse-Tilly, bearing a diploma of Grand Inspector-General, 33 degrees, which had been delivered to him by the Supreme Council held at Charlestown, who gave him power in the terms of the Constitution granted to Scottish Masonry in 1786, by King Frederick of Prussia, to establish Supreme Councils in all states and kingdoms where none already existed.

In support of his pretensions, Bro. De Grasse-Tilly produced a book, entitled "Livre d'or," which contained:—1st. The power and diploma delivered in 1761 to Bro. Stephen Morins; 2nd, His own

* "Acta Latomorum," Vol. I., p. 208.

* Thory.—"Acta Latomorum," Vol. I., p. 211.

diploma, emanating from the Supreme Council of Charlestown; 3rd. The Constitution of Bordeaux of 1762 and that of 1786.

Bros. Haguet and De Grasse-Tilly soon were in league, and the Lodge "Saint Alexandre" complaisantly granted them the use of its Lodge room; they thereupon decreed the establishment of—

(1) A General Grand Lodge for the United Rites.

(2) A Grand and Sovereign Consistory of Prime Masons for the Scottish Rite of Heredom.

(3) A Supreme Council 33 degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Thus, within four years after the proclamation of the unity of French Freemasonry, the Grand Orient witnessed the reappearance of the Philosophic Scottish Rite and the Rite of Perfection, and it witnessed also the creation of a new Order called the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Were we writing a critical history of French Freemasonry, we should have little trouble to prove that the Lodge "Contrat social," having entered into treaty with the Grand Orient, all the lodges which held from that lodge their constitutions, including the Lodge "Saint Alexandre," should have respected the treaty, we should be able to prove that Bro. Hacquet had no right to establish for his own ends the Rite of Heredom, of 25 degrees, which was merged into the Grand Orient of France in 1786, when the "Council of Emperors of the East and West," uniting with the "Grand Chapter General" effected the fusion which was noticed in the previous article.

It will be still more easy to demonstrate that the order calling itself the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite could never have been founded by Frederick King of Prussia, but that it was the work of some masons who had unskilfully resuscitated the Rite of Heredom and added to it eight new degrees, and in giving to the 33rd degree the title that the Sovereign Council had in 1761 attached to the functions conferred on Stephen Morin. But such is not our end; the aim of the present writing being only to prove that the Philosophic Rite had, in 1814, ceased its independent existence, and that it was accepted by the Grand College of Rites of the Grand Orient of France, no one has ever dared to contest; that the Rite of Heredom or Rite of Perfection of 25 degrees resumed its allegiance to the Grand Orient in 1804, remained faithfully attached to it as the Rite of Kilwinning and the Rite Rectifié," and that the Concordat of 1804 gave to the Grand College of Rites the right to assume the title of Supreme Council for France and the French possessions, a right of which no one had the legal power to deprive it.

Let us now examine the following Rites:—

I.—The Philosophic Scottish Rite.

Thory, who was one of the staunchest supporters of this Rite, gave great prominence in his "Acta Latomorum" to the "Mother Lodge," side by side with the Grand Orient and the Supreme Council, but from 1801 to 1814 we find but little notice of the creation of lodges in the various departments. The nomination, in 1807, of Bro. Cambacérès to the dignity of Grand Master, and the reception, in 1808, of Bro. Askeri Khan, Ambassador of the King of Persia at the Court of France.

This reception was made with great pomp by Bro. Thory himself, who records with pleasure that, in return for a copy of the Regulations, the new initiate made a present to the lodge of a sword which had been used by him in twenty-seven battles.

Let us add that, in 1805, Lodge "Saint Alexandre," having become the Mother Lodge, caused to be reprinted the "General Regulations," by a vote of the Assembly of the 5th day of the third month, A.L. 5776. These regulations were signed by Bro. Deleutre d'Avignon.

Accepted by the Grand College of Rites since the time when the Grand Lodge ceased its separate jurisdiction, the Philosophic Scottish Rite became an integral part of the Grand Orient of France.

2.—The Scottish Rite of Heredom or of Perfection.

We have already shown how the Rite of Heredom of 25 degrees, also called the Rite of Perfection or of the Princes of the Royal Secret, had from its origin submitted to the direction of the Grand Lodge of France, and ended by merging itself into the Grand Orient. The Sovereign Council which practised it had no

control over the symbolic lodges, but only over the "Lodges of Perfection." The meeting at Bordeaux of the commissioners, who made, it is said, the regulations and constitutions on which were based the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, undoubtedly took place, and these regulations appear equally apochryphal with the constitution of 1786. They bear date the 20th September, 1762, and do not bear any name, although the diploma delivered to Stephen Morin, in 1761, is signed by the names of all the official dignitaries of the Grand Lodge of France, which clearly proves that the Sovereign Council acted regularly, and did not require to reconstitute itself at Bordeaux.

We would add that in the proceedings of the Supreme Council it is stated that the ancient regulations are ratified for transmission to "our Illustrious Bro. De Grasse-Tilly, Grand Inspector of all the Lodges in the Two Hemispheres."

This ratification, signed by the Grand Chancellor Adington, bears date the 9th day of the 2nd month, 5801, and the diploma of Bro. De Grasse-Tilly is not dated till 1802, and did not constitute him Inspector of all the Lodges in the two hemispheres, but only "33rd degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, Grand Inspector General."

In 1804 the union of the Scottish Rite of Heredom with the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite gave some umbrage to the Grand Orient of France.

The indefatigable Roelliers de Montaleau, rather unwilling to enter into this new struggle, thought it better to try persuasion than force, and a Concordat was proposed between the Grand Orient and the New Scottish Masonic Power. This Concordat was signed the 8th December, 1804. We shall have occasion to recur to it, but for the present it will suffice to state that the Rite of Heredom was one of the contracting parties, and that Bro. Haquet was nominated as President of the Grand Chapter General of the Grand Orient of France.

When the compact was broken by the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, the Rite of Heredom remained faithful to the Grand Orient. We extract from a deliberation taken in 1818, by the Grand Consistory of Prince Masons, the following passage :—

"When the compact of union was broken all the seductive means were resorted to, in order to inveigle the Scottish Rite of Heredom into this defection. Firm in its principles as in its attachment to the Grand Orient of France, the Rite of Heredom continued to faithfully comply with all the terms of the social compact. If since the defection of the high grades of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite it resumed the exercise of its regime, it was done with a delicate deference, by addressing to the Grand Orient a declaration in which it protested its fidelity to the common centre, and since the Grand Orient had proclaimed the reprisal of its rights over High Grade Masonry, the Rite of Heredom reported to the central authority those portions of its administration which it had withdrawn, this withdrawal was accompanied with a renewed protestation of fidelity."

This deliberation was terminated with the following resolution :—

"The Grand Consistory, considering that the Grand Orient is the sole legislative and administrative authority in France, and also the sole protector of all Masonic regimes, that being itself subject to the empire of the law which governs the divers dogmas, it owes to its subordinates, etc., resolves that the Grand Orient be very humbly solicited—(1) to fix the jurisdiction of the Grand Consistory of Rites according to the laws of High Grade Masonry; (2) to re-establish each body of High Grade Masonry in the exercise of their respective dogmas; (3) and, lastly, to regard the proceedings taken by the Grand Consistory of the Rite of Heredom as a proof of its sincere attachment to its true principles."

It is necessary to note on the other hand, that the Supreme Council, who had, in 1804, entered into an alliance with the Heredom Masons some months before the concordat, emitted, in 1807, the singular pretension of claiming jurisdiction over all the Masonic bodies of the Scottish Rite of Perfection. The following is the reply :—

"Considering, etc., etc., that the pretensions of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite can only be considered as an abuse of authority, the Grand Consistory resolves that it will acknowledge no other jurisdiction than that

of the Grand Orient of France; that, sincerely attached to it, it will as far as in it lies, punctually execute its part of the federal compact, and that the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite be informed that the Grand Consistory of the Rite of Heredom can have no correspondence with it; and that a copy of the resolution be forwarded to the Supreme Council and to the Grand Orient of France."

It is therefore very difficult for the Supreme Council to vindicate the exercise of the Rite of Heredom and the interdict of the Grand Orient of France.

It is right to acknowledge that in the preamble of the Grand Constitution, King Frederick of Prussia has declared to consolidate and re-unite in a single Masonic body all the titles of the Scottish Rite, of which the doctrines are generally acknowledged to be the more identified with those of the particular institutions of which the end is the same, being principal branches of the same tree, differing only in the secret forms which are already shared by several, and which differences can easily be reconciled. These Rites are those known as the "Ancien d'Heredom or Harodom," "De Kilwenning" (*sic*), "d'Orient," "de Saint André," "des Empereurs d'Orient et d'Occident," "Princes du Secret Royal ou de la Perfection," "Philosophique," and the very modern "Rite Primitif."

Now, to explain for what reason the Comte De Grasse-Tilly accomplished in 1804, in the Grand Lodge of the Scottish Rite, the union of these two Rites; why, in 1809, the Supreme Council wished to subject to its jurisdiction the Rite of Heredom instead of simply declaring it suppressed and abolished since 1786, as all other Scottish Rites, and why this Rite has always continued its separate existence since the time it was abolished as the Philosophic Rite in the Grand Orient of France.

Thory, in his "Acta Latomorum," gives year by year the proceedings of the Philosophic Scottish Rite of the Grand Lodge of Heredom, of the Supreme Council and of the Grand Orient. It is there proved that the Grand Orient alone practised the two Rites now vanished, also the "Rite de Kilwinning" and the "Rite Rectifie." We ask why, under these circumstances, the Congress of Lausanne, composed of able and learned Masons, has thought proper to deny to the Grand Orient of France (and that without a hearing) the practice of the Rites which it alone has exercised, and declared that in the future Masons received in any Rites which any of the Supreme Councils do not practise will be received only under tolerance.

Having historically established the title of the Grand Orient of France to the Scottish Rites, *anterior* to the Constitution of 1786, it remains to us to demonstrate that it has the *sole* right to practise in France the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; and that it is the *true Supreme* Council in the terms of the Constitutions upon which the Council of Lausanne has based its pretensions.

(To be continued.)

LOST.

ONCE on a time she came to me,
As some small star in heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's soul delight,
A love by day a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad to sing,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles—
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin the lip's poor bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone,

That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting;
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, bring to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain:
In all my dreams she comes again;
Her precious head is on my breast;
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet, too brief—
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire,
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning, comfortless,
O God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me!

Rose Terry Cooke in Harper's Magazine

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

We take this remarkably interesting paper from a collection of Dr. Johnson's works, as we feel certain that it will commend itself alike to the taste of the archaeologist and the feelings of the Freemason. It originally appeared in the "Gentlemen's Magazine," in 1740.

Though criticism has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extensive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burdensome than instructive to the mind! though almost every species of composition has been the subject of particular treatises, and given birth to definitions, distinctions, precepts, and illustrations; yet no critic of note that has fallen within my observation has hitherto thought sepulchral inscriptions worthy of a minute examination, or pointed out with proper accuracy their beauties and defects.

The reasons of this neglect it is useless to inquire, and perhaps impossible to discover; it might be justly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topic of criticism, and that self-love might have produced some regard for it, in those authors that have crowded libraries with elaborate dissertations upon Homer. Since to afford a subject for heroic poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds some interest in providing that his memory may not suffer by an unskilful panegyric.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, Epitaphs seem entitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the same age with the art of writing. The most ancient structures in the world, the Pyramids, are supposed to be sepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected, and the same passions which incited men to such laborious and expensive methods of preserving their own memory or that of their benefactors, would doubtless incline them not to neglect any easier means by which the same ends might be obtained. Nature and reason have directed to every nation that to preserve good actions from oblivion is both the interest and duty of mankind, and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of Epitaphs consists, and what rules are to be observed in composing them, will be at least of as much use as other critical inquiries, and for assigning a few hours to such disquisitions great examples at least, if not strong reasons, may be pleaded.

An epitaph, as the word itself implies, is an inscription on a tomb, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise. But as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the word, so that it signifies in the general acceptation, an inscription engraven on a tomb in honour of the person deceased.

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same

effect as the observation of his life. Those Epitaphs are therefore the most perfect which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas and rouse his emulation.

To this end it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero or enumerate the writings of a philosopher; to imagine such informations necessary is to detract from their characters, or to suppose their works mortal or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare name of such men answers every purpose of a long inscription.

Had only the name of Sir Isaac Newton been subjoined to the design upon his monument, instead of a long detail of his discoveries, which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand, those by whose direction it was raised, had done more honour both to him and to themselves.

This indeed is a commendation which it requires no genius to bestow, but which can never become vulgar or contemptible, if bestowed with judgment, because no single age produces many men of merit superior to panegyric. None but the first names can stand unassisted against the attacks of time, and if men raised to reputation by accident or caprice have nothing but their names engraved on their tombs, there is danger lest in a few years the inscription require an interpreter.

Thus have their expectations been disappointed who honoured Picus of Mirandola with this pompous epitaph:

Hic situs est Picus Mirandola, cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

His name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten, and his works, then studied, admired and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name is a short character, simple and unadorned, without exaggeration, superlatives, or rhetoric. Such were the inscriptions in use among the Romans, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a single epithet, as Cæsar *Germanicus*, Cæsar *Dacicus*, *Germanicus*, *Illyricus*. Such would be this epitaph, Isaacus Newtonus, *naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.*

But to far the greatest part of mankind a longer encomium is necessary for the publication of their virtues and the preservation of their memories, and in the composition of these it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be useful.

In writing Epitaphs one circumstance is to be considered, which affects no other composition; the place in which they are now commonly found restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter or gayer ornaments. In this it is that the style of an Epitaph necessarily differs from that of an elegy. The custom of burying our dead either in or near churches perhaps originally founded on a rational design of fitting the mind for religious exercises, by laying before it the most affecting proofs of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our Epitaphs all such allusions as are contrary to the doctrines for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which those who peruse the monuments must be supposed to come thither. Nothing is therefore more ridiculous than to copy the Roman inscriptions, which were engraven on stones by the highway and composed by those who generally reflected on mortality only to excite in themselves and others a quicker relish of pleasure and a more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whose regard for the dead extended no farther than a wish that the earth might be light upon them.

All allusions to the heathen mythology are therefore absurd, and all regard for the senseless remains of a dead man impertinent and superstitious. One of the first distinctions of the primitive Christians was their neglect of bestowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologist in Minutius Felix. "We lavish no flowers nor odours on the dead," says he, "because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty." We profess to reverence the dead, not for their sake, but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on Cowley, a man

whose learning and poetry were his lowest merits:

Aurea dum late volitant tua scripta per orbem,
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poëta,
Hic placida jaceas requie, custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigileutque perenni lampade Musæ!
Sit sacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius ausit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile bustum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per sæcula dulces
Cowleii cineres, serventque immobile saxum.

To pray that the ashes of a friend may lie undisturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life, may watch for ever round him to preserve his tomb from violation and drive sacrilege away is only rational in him who believes the soul interested in the repose of the body, and the powers which he invokes for its protection able to preserve it. To censure such expressions as contrary to religion or as remains of heathen superstition would be too great a degree of severity. I condemn them only as uninstructive and unaffecting, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for Christianity and a temple.

That the designs and decorations of monuments ought likewise to be formed with the same regard to the solemnity of the place cannot be denied; it is an established principle that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The same glitter of dress that adds grace to gaiety and youth would make age and dignity contemptible. Charon, with his boat, is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the universal judgment, though drawn by Angelo himself, nor is it easy to imagine a greater absurdity than that of gracing the walls of a Christian temple with the figure of Mars leading a hero to battle or Cupids sporting round a virgin. The pope who defaced the statues of the deities at the tomb of Sannazarius is, in my opinion, more easily to be defended than he that erected them.

It is for the same reason improper to address the Epitaph to the passenger, a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, Passeratius suffered to mislead him in his Epitaph upon the heart of Henry, king of France, who was stabbed by Clement, the monk, which yet deserves to be inserted, for the sake of showing how beautiful even improprieties may become in the hands of a good writer:

Adsta, viator, et dole regum vices.
Cor Regis isto conditur sub marmore,
Qui jura Gallis, jurr Sarmatis dedit.
Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius.
Abi, viator, et dole regum vices.

In the monkish ages, however ignorant and unpolished, the Epitaphs were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced.

Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris was an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety and the increase of devotion.

It may seem very superfluous to lay it down as the first rule for writing Epitaphs that the name of the deceased is not to be omitted, nor should I have thought such a precept necessary had not the practice of the greatest writers shown that it has not been sufficiently regarded. In most of the poetical Epitaphs, the names for whom they were composed may be sought to no purpose, being only prefixed on the monument. To expose the absurdity of this omission it is only necessary to ask how the Epitaphs, which have outlived the stones on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated.

In drawing the character of the deceased there are no rules to be observed which do not equally relate to other compositions. The praise ought not to be general, because the mind is lost in the extent of any indefinite idea, and cannot be affected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from that of a thousand others, his example can have no effect upon our con-

duct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propose to our imitation. The Epitaph composed by Ennius for his own tomb has both the faults last mentioned:

Nemo me decorit lacrumis, nec funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

The reader of this Epitaph receives scarce any idea from it, he neither conceives any veneration for the man to whom it belongs, nor is instructed by what methods this boasted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyric, and, therefore, not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of Mæcenas his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of Augustus.

The best subject for Epitaphs is private virtue; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression or freed the world from ignorance and error can excite the emulation of a very small number, but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue may animate multitudes by his example to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two Greek inscriptions, one upon a man whose writings are well known, the other upon a person whose memory is preserved only in her Epitaph, who both lived in slavery, the most calamitous estate in human life:

Ζωσιμη ἡ πζιν εουσα μονω τω σωματι δουλη,
Και τω σωματι νυν συρεν ελευθεριην.

Zosima, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

"Zosima, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty."

It is impossible to read this Epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, "The poor cease from their labours and the weary be at rest."

The other is upon Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher:

Δουλος Επικτητος γενομην, και σωμ' αναπηρος,
Και πενιην Ιρος, και φιλος Αθανατοις.

Servus Epictetus, mutilatus corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque prima Deum.

"Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven."

In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyric and the most important instruction. We may learn from it that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of Heaven amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery; slavery which has always been found so destructive to virtue that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of Heaven.

A PARABLE.

BY M. L. S.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
But instead of the golden grain
I saw that his measure was filled with salt,
And I turned to look again.

He passed by a fresh green field,
Where the heart of childhood played;
nd he sowed a little and went his way,
But the beautiful growth was stayed.

He sowed in the field of youth,
That was blossoming snowy white,
And the flowers drooped and hung their heads,
And shadow swept out the light.

In a field where the standing corn
Was tall as a bearded man
He sowed again, and the withered leaf
Hung a sorrowful sign of the ban.

The last of his bitter seed
He sowed in a ripened field,
And a blight crept over the golden ears,
And the promise was more than the yield.

Then this was plain, though I learned in pain,
That trouble to none was kind;
That the pleasant fields were the joys we seek,
But the salt the woes we find.

ADDRESS OF P.G.M. BRO. HON. RICHARD VAUX, AT CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN UNION LODGE.

(*Continued from page 256.*)

It is not then difficult to understand how the atmosphere from which tradition takes its vitality was surrounding or common to the highest intelligence of these nations, and intercommunication made the possessors of these mysteries associates, for thus they were identical, or nearly so, in all nations which celebrated them.

To attempt to describe with any degree of accuracy the process, or method, by which the oral teachings of these mysteries or mythologies were conveyed from Persia to Egypt, or to Greece, or Rome is now impossible, but may it not have been by a symbolism which needed but little spoken language to do more than explain them. This acquisition was possible to the Celebants or Hierophants, or Kerux, or Basileus, who performed parts in the ceremonial at the altar. What has been transmitted to this day of these mysteries was doubtless the exoteric knowledge which was acquired by those heathen philosophers and sages, who communicated as a philosophy the wisdom of the mysteries, as enough was imparted in concurrent investigations of the "Divine essences" of the mythologies to justify their own conceptions of them.

Socrates was charged with atheism or disrespect of the gods for not having been initiated. Isocrates, Porphyry, Euripides, Plato, Herodotus, Plotinus, Pindar, Macrobius, Pythagoras and Sallust, not to mention many other of the philosophers, all have discoursed or written, on the mysteries of the mythologies and established that they were the concrete essence of the religions of the ancients. The singular conformity between what is known of these mytholigies and Freemasonry as we now celebrate it, is more than strange, unless the one has been derived from the other in its essential and marked characteristics. It surely will not be denied by the exact student that Freemasonry is a cult, a mystery, which teaches faith, courage, hope, secrecy, death, resurrection and immortality, and these by the symbolic method, that in a far greater measure it is true, was employed by the ancients.

The student will not assert that the history of King David and his son Solomon, who built the Temple, indicates they were either the authors, or originators, of Masonry.

The question "when was either initiated into a fraternity which they assembled for special labour, of which a knowledge was pre-acquired if it had no prior existence?" ends the theory of King Solomon having originated or instituted it at Jerusalem, in Judea. Long before King David there was "the fellowship of the mystery," "which from the beginning of the world had been hid with God," as St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians. Out of the confined and restricted circle of this "fellowship of the mystery," grew the larger circumference of a fraternity, which accepted Truth taught in secret by symbols, signs and allegory. These were languages all could understand. The exoteric teachings of Truth in secret association constituted and cemented a brotherhood, as stones set by skilled hands and cemented by unifying ties in temples

or pyramids, establish strength and beauty in the structures. So it was, and is to this day. It was some of these initiates in the fellowship of the mystery that from tribes and surrounding nations, who under the influences of motives and purposes by which civilization fostered intercommunication, came to King Solomon, as duty instigated, to aid in the erection of a House of the Lord of which they had knowledge by the teachings of the fraternity.

Then it was, and there, *that the first Grand Lodge of Freemasons was opened,* and then it was that the *fellowship of the mystery was formulated into the Fraternity of Freemasons.*

Those who there were then assembled of the tribes, nation, peoples, or from whencesoever they came, of whatever tongue, and were before, or at that time, initiated into the fraternity of Free Masons, constituted the exclusive and original constituents of the Craft.

To them and their descendants forever was given the possession and the privileges of Masonic Rites. It was to those peoples and nations only which developed civilization that were to be their custodians. The landmark was then set up by the hands of G M. Solomon and G. M. Hiram, King of Tyre, and G.M. Hiram, Abiff. In the presence, and by the Sovereign and Supreme authority of the Grand Lodge then established, this landmark was hallowed for all Time.

Those who were then absent, of whatever race, tongue or people, are absent now, and cannot be received into the fraternity, while the inviolability of landmarks is the foundation of the institutiou of Free masonry.

It must be remembered that "The Great Light" which is ever on our Altar declares: Curseth be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark." And our Grand Master Solomon hath said: "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set."

It may be that a law is violated, but violations of laws do not destroy them.

Therefore, from the teachings of Time, and the lessons of Truth, as they help, aid and assist each other during their progress to the fulfillment of their mission, it is made to appear to the investigator and the thinker, that Freemasonry may have thus been transmitted to us. Is it not the outcome of those cults and mythologies or mysteries which were hid from ages and from generations, and which have been revealed to those who are now initiates in the symbolic mysteries.

The present occasion, my brethren, was deemed appropriate, as its purpose involved not only the centennial celebration of the anniversary of the constitution of a lawfully warranted Lodge of Freemasons, but also a public attestation of the devotion of the Fraterntiy to the institution they claim to be the most ancient and honorable existing among mankind, to present some views that may justify this claim, and shield Freemasonry from those continued assaults upon it, that Truth aided by Time make alike ridiculous and impotent.

As St. John, to whose memory to day we hold forth our ceremonial, saw in a vision at Patmos the revelation of some of these mysteries, and then beheld that bow which was on the cloud for a sign to Noah, round about the Great White Throne as the further sign of the fulfillment of the covenant under which it was first spoken; and as St. Paul declared: "I knew a certain man, whether in the body or outside of the body I know not—God knoweth—who was rapt into Paradise and heard things ineffable which it is not lawful for a man to repeat;" so let us my brethren, in holy faith, hold fast to the landmarks of that "fellowship of the mystery" which have been taught us by Truth, and which Time has revealed to us as a Fraternity of Freemasons, until it come to, pass, that by our faith, obedience and hope we shall be prepared for those holier mysteries which hid with God before the world was are celebrated before His Throne from Everlasting to Everlasting.

SHORT IS THE WAY.

SHORT is the way, yet rough and dreary;
E'er half is past our feet are weary,
Ay, weary with the way;
The flowers at first that bloomed so bright
Have faded in the morning light—
Their thorns still stay.

Short is the way. Ah! weary one,
Who fainteth e'er 'tis well begun,
List to the glorious song!
From age to age that song has rung,
By rested ones above 'tis sung;
Their rest is long.

Short is the way, yet all across,
The shadow falls of Calvary's cross
But through the long, long rest,
Brightening that shade, came gleaming down
Rays from that glorious, golden crown,
Set for the blest.

The rest is long. Lift up thine eyes
To where the Heavenly City lies,
And see that quiet land.
Oh! sweet the rest, thy journey o'er
For ever and for evermore,
Kept by God's hand.

Short is the way. Then murmur not
Though rough and dreary be thy lot,
The after-rest is long.
Life brings but toil and grief,
Death gives us sweet relief—
That rest is long.

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER, J. H. GRAHAM, L.L.D., &c.

OFFICERS AND BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ANCIENT FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC:

It is with devout thankfulness to the Great Architect of the Universe that, as your chief executive officer, I am again privileged to meet you in this our annual assembly, to render an account of my stewardship; to preside over your important deliberations, and to aid you in drafting your designs on the trestle-board for the guidance of the craftsmen during the coming year. May our labours thus begun in order, be conducted in peace and closed in harmony.

The year just closed has, in general, been one of peace, harmony and prosperity within our borders and throughout the Masonic world. The workmen in our temples have with commendable zeal and fidelity, devoted themselves to their allotted tasks, so that their overseers have had but little of which to complain and much to praise; and thus we trust it may always be, so that peace may ever be within our walls and prosperity in our palaces, and that at last each one, having finished his labors may receive the welcome plaudit from the Great Master Workman, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

You are already aware of the death of M. W. Brother Aldis Bernard and his burial with due respect under the auspices of Grand Lodge, of the death of R. W. Bro. George Thompson, of Quebec, one of the best of men and most zealous masons within our jurisdiction. I have now to communicate to you the sad intelligence of the death of our illustrious and R. W. Bro. A. T. de Oliveira, 33°, of the City of Rio Janeiro, Grand Representative of this Grand *near* the Grand Lodge of Brazil; and also the death of our zealous and talented R.W. Brother James B. Scott, of New Orleans, the Grand Representative of this Grand Lodge at the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, than whom the Grand Lodge of Quebec had no better friend or more faithful Representative abroad. These illustrious Brethren will be sadly missed and long lamented in their respective jurisdictions.

I have also to report the early death of our able and promising W. Bro. J. B. Colston, LL.D., of the city of Quebec. As token of our sorrow on account of decease of these and other Brethren, I propose that this Lodge Room be draped in mourning during the present communication.

I have appointed R. W. Bro. Joseph P. Hornor, of New Orlaans, as Grand Representative at the Grand Lodge of Louisiana in the place of our late R. W. Bro. J. B. Scott, and R. W. Bro. McKelvie, near the Grand Lodge of Prince Edward's Island, and V. W. Bro. David A. Manson, of Mansonville, has been duly commissioned as Representative of that Grand Lodge, near the Grand Lodge of Quebec, which appointments will doubtless be acceptable to this Grand Body.

I have also to report that I have granted Dispensations for the establishment for the four following new Lodges, viz.: Bedford Lodge, at Bedford; Hochelaga Lodge, at Hochelaga; Montarville Lodge, at Longueil; and Richelieu Lodge, at Sorel, and I trust their affairs will be found in

such a satisfactory condition that Grand Lodge will be pleased to grant them Warrants of Constitution.

I beg to submit also for the consideration and action of Grand Lodge the important subject of making a beginning of a Grand Lodge Library. Doubtless the B. O. G. P. will submit a report to Grand Lodge on the matter, as also anent recompensing Bro. Smithers for his arduous labors in preparing the Report on Foreign Correspondence, which I trust will be found eminently satisfactory to Grand Lodge, and I would also request the board to consider and report on the recommendation of the Grand Master submitted last year anent the subdivision of the large District of Montreal, I trust also that the Committee on re-numbering the Lodges will be prepared with their report during the present session.

In view of the cases which not infrequently occur, of candidates otherwise well qualified, but having some physical defect, and as to whose acceptance doubts arise, it seems necessary to remind the brethren that no person should be initiated into Freemasonry who has any maim or defect of body, which would render him incapable of learning the art, of serving his master's lord, and of being made a brother, and in due time a fellow craft and a Master Mason.

All doubtful cases of applicants should be referred by the Master to the District Deputy, who should carefully inquire into, and if practicable personally, make examination of the case, and fully report the same to the Grand Master, who will then render a decision thereon.

The recent publication of the History of Masonry in the Maritime provinces of the Dominion should remind us of the duty to which I have heretofore called the attention of the Grand Lodge, namely, the preparation for the publication of the interesting history of the craft in the Province of Quebec. I beg to advise the Grand Lodge to appoint a permanent committee for the collection and preparation of materials for such a history, and I would request that each private Lodge will forthwith do the same thing, and that reports from each be submitted at the next annual communication of Grand Lodge. Let not this important matter be longer delayed.

It seems particularly necessary that I should call the especial attention of the representatives of lodges, in Grand Lodge assembled, to the very important subjects of lodge incomes and expenditures.

All funds of the lodge should safely and profitably be invested or deposited in savings or other banks by the proper officers as frequently as even a small amount is on hand; and a semi-annual or annual official report of the same be made to the Lodge; and monies should be drawn from its funds only as needed for the relief of urgent distress, except after due consideration by the lodge, or by its officers, as prescribed by the bye-laws.

I fear that some Lodges are too remiss in regard to this important matter. It appears to me also that some lodges need admonition in regard to their various expenditures. Over-frequent, after-labour refreshment ought not to be indulged in a the expense of the lodge, perhaps not oftener than quarterly, and should then be governed by a rigid, but generous economy and the strictest regard for the best possible promotion of social intercourse.

I fear also that some lodges are too fond of mere display in fitting up their lodge-rooms, and are sometimes actuated by a desire to emulate or outdo their older and perhaps wealthier neighbours, while something less expensive would be amply sufficient, and would leave more funds for the great purpose of true benevolence, and the more abundant relief of our brethren or their widows or orphans in distress. My brethren, think of these things.

It is deeply to be regretted that the excellent Masonic magazine, the *News*, started and ably conducted by our Rev. Bro. Myers, should have died but one year old, of that fell destroyer of Masonic journals, want of adequate support; and our good Brother could hardly be expected to continue it at a loss, or distribute it gratuitously for the benefit of the Craft.

It appears very desirable that there should be some Masonic paper published within our own jurisdiction. We could not as yet expect to maintain a magazine equal to the *Craftsman* in Ontario, but could not a small "Quarterly" be published at a very reasonable price and wholly devoted to information of what is transpiring at home and abroad in the

Masonic world, and the brief presentation and discussion of matters of special importance to the Craft? Perhaps some satisfactory arrangement may be made with the Grand Secretary, aided by the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, to issue such as the recognized organ of the Grand Lodge? I would suggest the advisibility of appointing a Committee to consider the matter.

It is exceedingly important that officers of Lodges should bear in mind the inadvisibility of asking for Dispensations to Pass and Raise Masons in less time than that prescribed by the Constitution, except in most urgent cases. Every Apprentice should faithfully serve his allotted time, in order that he may be fully instructed, and no Worshipful Master should on any account omit the lectures and charges in the several degrees; and I have reason to fear that the spirit of "office seeking" is unfortunately manifesting itself on the part of some who have not the requisite qualifications for the high and responsible duties of Masters of Lodges and rulers in the Craft. It is generally better by far for lodges to elect old and efficient officers than to elect those not well qualified, as it will too often happen that over ambitious and ill-qualified candidates for office will, after election, fail to prepare themselves to perform their important duties as they ought, and most of the labors of the lodge will have to be performed by past officers.

This should not be; and I must admonish you effectually to suppress the reprehensible and unmasonic practice sometimes occuring of "canvassing" for office.

Nothing is farther from the spirit and principles of Freemasonry, or more subversive of the best interests of the Craft, than "canvassing" for office personally or through others either in private lodges or in Grand Lodge. It ought to be an impassable barrier to advancement in office among Freemasons. The great principles of our Order, and the laws laid down in our ancient constitutions in regard to these things are so well known and understood, especially by the older and more experienced brethren, that there is need only of calling your attention to them in order that they may be fully realized and faithfully practiced by the Craft.

The requirements of the Constitution and the interest of the Craft demand at least one annual official visit to each lodge from the District Deputy, for the purpose of counsel, instruction and inspection.

To perform these duties satisfactorily, requires, in most of the rural districts a very considerable amount of time and outlay of money, and therefore, in the absence of any constitutional regulation, it seems in most instances to be asking too much of these officers to necessitate their bearing the whole of the expense of these official visits, and I beg to advise each lodge to pay to the Deputy the actual expense of at least one official visit made per year.

In this way these worthy officers will be materially aided and encouraged in the discharge of their important duties.

The exclusive sovereignty of each Grand Lodge within its own territory must be maintained. It is the foundation and copestone of our Grand Lodge existence, and the primal source of our unity, harmony and prosperity. The irregular interference of certain European Grand Orients or assemblages, in certain jurisdictions on this continent, the establishment of a clandestine lodge by one of these in the city of London, England, and the intermeddling of officious innovators with the "body" and established "order" of Freemasonry, under the pretended guise of reform and progress, deserve and should receive the severest condemnation.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the last annual communication of Grand Lodge, I appointed a committee consisting of R. W. Brothers O'Halloran, Stearns, Copeland, Tait and Isaacson, to confer with delegates (if appointed) from the lodges, four in number, in the city of Montreal, still continuing in allegiance to the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland. I exceedingly regret to report that no conference has been held, chiefly on account of the non-co-operation of said private lodges. It did not appear to me that the Resolution referred to as passed at last session in restricting the action of the Grand Master in the matter to one particular course of action, was well calculated to facilitate the consummation so earnestly desired by many leading mem-

bers of the Craft in England, Scotland and Quebec.

I cannot, for many obvious and important reasons, recommend the acceptance by Grand Lodge of the conditional recognition proferred by the Grand Lodge of England.

The present however, seems to me to be an auspicious time for the final adjustment of our relations with these mother Grand Lodges and their excellent daughter Lodges here, and thus secure that perfect unity within our Grand Lodge jurisdiction without which complete harmony and the highest welfare of the Craft cannot be fully secured.

The happy condition of Masonic affairs in England under the benign rule of their Royal Grand Master, and a similarly fortunate state of things existing in Scotland under the wise control of talented and exalted brethren there; the prudence, ability and the present fraternal spirit of the officers and members of the several private lodges of these jurisdictions here, as also the well known and anxious desires of this Grand Lodge, all seem to indicate that another year ought not to be numbered with the past before all causes of separation shall, by mutual concession and cooperation, be happily removed, and a new era of more perfect and indissoluble union be established between these mother Grand Lodges, their daughter Lodges here, and this Grand Body, and that the whole Masonic world will with rejoicing have just cause to exclaim:—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to to dwell together in unity."

I beg to inform Grand Lodge that there has been received by me a very kind, fraternal letter from R. W. Bro. George Frank Gouley, Gr. Sec. of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, enclosing a communication from the G. M. of that Grand Body to me, as the Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Missouri near the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and also an admirably prepared copy of their proceedings for 1875, and a copy of their constitution, &c., for all which I desire to return especial thanks; and although I had declined while in the office of Grand Master to accept the Representativeship of many of the leading Grand Lodges of the world, which had been kindly tendered me by the Grand Masters of their respective Grand Bodies, preferring to honor others by recommending them for such appointments instead of retaining so many honors and privileges for myself, yet I confess that from past considerations, well understood by most of you, it would have pleased me to have made an exception in the case of Missouri, could I have consistently done so, yet under the circumstances I deemed it my duty to decline the professed honour, nor can I recommend this Grand Lodge to accept the recognition tendered her by the said Grand Lodge.

At the Annual communication in 1875 the Grand Lodge of Missouri passed the following preamble and resolutions, namely:—

Whereas, The Grand Lodge of Quebec has been recognized by the Grand Lodge of Canada; there are,

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Missouri hereby recognize the Grand Lodge of Quebec A. F. and A. M., having jurisdiction in the Province of Quebec as at present defined, said recognition not to interfere with the vested rights of the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland and Scotland over such of their daughter Lodges as may prefer to remain under their original charters.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Missouri extends to the Grand Lodge of Quebec her best wishes for peace and prosperity.

And while grateful for and heartily reciprocating the good wishes expressed in the last resolution, I cannot recommend this Grand Lodge to accept recognition from the Grand Lodge of Missouri, or from any other Grand Lodge on any such conditions as are contained in the preamble and the first resolution.

The Grand Lodge of Quebec will cheerfully accept fraternal recognition from the Grand Lodge of Missouri on the condition that this Grand Lodge has the same right of exclusive sovereign jurisdiction within this Province of our Dominion that the Grand Lodge of Missouri claims and exercises within that state of the American Union.

It is my painful duty to report for your consideration and action the existence of a much to be lamented schism amongst our brethren in the sister province of Ontario.

It has always appeared to me to have been most unfortunate that "The Grand Lodge of Canada," when all her relations to this Grand Lodge had been adjusted and recognition accorded, that she did not then at least constitute and declare herself to be the Grand Lodge of the Province of Ontario. Her *name* "The Grand, Lodge of Canada," has, since confederation become synonymous with "The Grand Lodge of the Dominion of Canada," and seems to involve what some may consider a *menace* to, or a claim to superiority over, the other Grand Lodges of the Dominion, any one of which is as much a "Grand Lodge of Canada" as she is. Had she thus constituted and renamed herself "The Grand Lodge of Ontario," it would have wholly prevented any claim being put forward that there existed no such Grand Body. From an examination of the papers forwarded to me from London, it does not clearly appear to me what were the real causes of the existing schism—or that the proceedings established and for long time generally acknowledged, had in the formation and incorporation of what is called "The Grand Lodge of Ontario," were in accordance with the well accepted principles governing the formation of Grand Lodges of Freemasons such as those on which this, and other regularly constituted Grand Lodges have been duly founded and recognized.

I cannot therefore recommend grand Lodge to extend fraternal recognition to the body now claiming to be the Grand Lodge of the Province of Ontario, notwithstanding she may bring to the support of her claim, some exceptional circumstances as precedents; or the non-performance of an evident duty on the part of the Grand Lodge of Canada, which should have followed as a sequent to the disseverment of the old Province of Canada into Ontario and Quebec.

Having received no official communications from the "Grand Lodge of Canada," anent this schism or her action regarding the same, I am therefore not in a position to advise Grand Lodge with certainty as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and hence it seems to me better to defer action upon the matter, hoping, as I think we justly may, that a peaceful and fraternal solution of existing difficulties may yet be had.

It appears to me from the information I have of the many excellent brethren who are involved in this unfortunate affair, that a proper spirit of conciliation and a prudent exercise of authority might have prevented the difficulty from assuming such proportions; but, if not, I cannot commend for your approval the reported numerous "suspensions by edict," nor any action of "expulsion" of more than doubtful legality, and hence it appears to me that there are good reasons to hope that if there is further opportunity given the second, sober thought of so many good brethren on either side will lead ere long to a happy solution of existing difficulties, and so avoid what otherwise may be a permanent alienation of those who ought to be one in spirit and action.

Brethren from without the jurisdiction of Ontario may also be able to counsel and co-operate with our good brethren there in healing existing troubles. In olden time under somewhat like circumstances, the good example of "Old London" and "Old York," in the motherland, may not be wholly lost among their loyal children in this land of the setting sun.

(*To be continued.*)

A PAGE FROM LIFE'S BOOK.

I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the young tendrils of a vine
About its nearest brother:
And ever and anon,
As gayly they ran on,
They looked into each other's face
Anticipating an embrace.

I saw these two when they were men.
I watched them meet one day.
They touched each others hand—and then
Each went on his own way
There did not seem a tie
Of love—a bond or chain—
To make them turn the hungering eye,
Or grasp the hand again.

This is a page in our life's book
We all of us turn over.
The web is rent,
The hour glass spent,
And, oh! the paths we once forsook
How seldom we recover.

Correspondence.

THE MASONIC PRESS.

To the Editor of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE."

A letter by "A Veteran" appeared in the "Freemason," September 9th inst, under the above heading, in which the writer gave his reasons why the Masonic press is not sufficiently encouraged by the Craft. He attributed the apathy to Masonic literature first, to personalities indulged in by contributors, shooting "barbed arrows" at others for little or no fault, and, second, to the incompetency of editors of Masonic magazines. Whether these were the reasons why English and Scotch Masonic magazines gave up their ghosts I must leave others to judge. All I have to say is that these cannot be the reasons why some American magazines have become defunct, for I know of magazines whose editors and contributors were *par excellence*, each sporting a long string of high titles, and all had reputations of being great scholars. Yet their publications were short-lived. For instance, here is the "American Quarterly Review," edited by A. G. Mackey, M.D., assisted by twenty-two contributors, viz., Dr. Oliver, Albert Pike, and other very high dignitaries. It began in 1857, and it died in 1859. Dr. Mackey's second effort lived three years. The subscribers to the late C. W. Moore's magazine, during his last years, dwindled down to about five hundred. His successor, Grand Master Nickerson's magazine died at the end of two years. I might name others, but these will suffice. The above-named editors enjoyed reputations for great ability, their contributors invariably conformed to the highest standard of literary gentility and Masonic orthodoxy, but nevertheless their magazines died less regretted than others that were conducted by less pretentious editors and assisted by less polished contributors. I mean contributors who did not adhere to the Masonic literary fashion of "you tickle me, and I tickle you."

That incapacity of editors and vulgarity of contributors could not be the cause of the apathy of the Craft to Masonic literature may be further proved by the lack of interest manifested towards the works of our modern historians. Bro. Findel's history undoubtedly overtops, as it were, all previous Masonic histories; and, strange to say, that while the proportion of German to English speaking Masons is probably not more than one to forty, or maybe fifty, yet three German editions of that work are already sold and the author is almost ready with a fourth, while half of the second English edition may yet be seen on the shelves of Bro. Kenning, in Little Britain. Some, however, will say that English and American Masons are prejudiced against German radicalism and what not, and therefore they keep shy of Findel's work. This excuse cannot be made on the part of Bro. Lyon's "History of Freemasonry in Scotland." Every one who had read it pronounced it a noble production; and yet, out of twelve hundred copies printed in 1873, seven hundred are yet on the author's hands. It is evident, therefore, that "A Veteran" did not give the right reasons for this apathy to Masonic literature.

The truth is, the masses of English and American people care very little for historic reading, or reading of any kind that requires mental application. And this apathy to Masonic information or research prevails even among the dignitaries of your Grand Lodge. For instance, a party of Churchmen had the courage to move for an appropriation by the Grand Lodge of two thousand pounds for repairing churches, under the plea that the architects of the said churches were Grand Masters. Now, in the first place, the said architects were not Grand Masters, thus proving that the distinguished advocate of that measure had never read Findel, and does not trouble your "Freemason," or "Masonic Magazine." And, second, while the said Churchmen manifested courage and zeal in behalf of the Church, our literary brethren in the Grand Lodge manifested neither zeal nor courage to move for an appropriation for the purpose of purchasing any of the rare books that were sold two years ago by Bro. Spencer.

Again, her Majesty now and then pensions needy scholars from her own private purse, with from one to three hundred pounds per annum, and confers the honour of knighthood on others, showing that Her Majesty appreciates literary labourers.

Now, Bro. Hughan devoted gratuitously for many years a great deal of time in diffusing Masonic information, and was invariably money out of pocket by all his publications. Had your dignitaries appreciated the merits of his important services Bro. Hughan would have been rewarded with the position of P.D.G.M. instead of P.G.D. But the fact is no encouragement is given to literary pursuits by the Grand Lodge, because those whom the Grand Lodge represents have no taste for such pursuits. In short, represented and representatives are a true reflex of each other, and hence literary Masonic students are very little appreciated either in Lodges or in the G.L.

In America the same distaste for historic reading prevails largely among the people. We have free schools and a free library in Boston. About twenty per cent. of our population patronize the library. A very large number of these are school children, and I venture to state that to every historic borrower there are a hundred who borrow novels, stories, adventures, etc. Among the hundreds of mechanics and tradespeople that I have come in contact with during my residence here, I met but two who cultivated a taste for the higher kind of reading, and one of these had attended the university as a law student. But not many weeks ago even a very prominent lawyer confessed to me that he did not care for history. Americans are great news readers, and except among professionals, such as doctors, clergymen, lawyers, etc., their reading consists of newspapers and fiction. Weekly newspapers filled with sensational stories generally meet with greater success than purely literary weeklys, and hence even religious weeklys have stories in them. It must not be inferred from this that Americans are an ignorant people. On the contrary, they are very clever and shrewd, and speak better English than in the mother country. But yet, except the history they learn in school, they trouble themselves no further with it. The Masonic fraternity are composed of the average class of citizens. Great credit is due to the Grand Lodge for collecting a Masonic library. In that respect Americans are more generous than the English. But yet, I guess, that of 22,000 Masons in the state, not more than one hundred habitually trouble Bro. Nickerson, its truly efficient librarian; and even this feeble mental activity would not have existed if it had not been for the class of writers whom "A Veteran" is so bitter against. But with all the stirring up the institution received and the spread of libraries which every one can consult, out of the 22,000 Massachusetts Masons probably not more than 400 would voluntarily tax themselves three dollars a year for a Masonic magazine. By dint of puffing and bluffing of friends and drummers the number may be increased to 1,200, and many of these would seldom see more of the pamphlet than its covers. This estimate I believe is very near correct. I think that if the fact could be ascertained it would be found that out of 500,000 American Masons, not more than 25,000 had ever subscribed in any single year three or two dollars each for a purely Masonic publication.

A question might now be asked, how it is that with such stirring up on one side and with the facility afforded by Grand Lodges on the other, that so few were stirred up to seek for further light? To this I answer, because *stirrers* are as yet too few when compared with the stand-still advocates; and, second, to the advantage which our system of Lodge instruction affords to the latter. Eminence in Lodges is acquired wholly by committing the ritual to memory. A very large majority of those who acquire the ritual are mere newspaper readers. They consequently take for granted that all the legends in the ritual are sacred facts, and they are very jealous of having their faith disturbed. They think they know all that ought to be known, and they don't want to know more. These, as a class, are generally identified in America with Templarism, Scotch witticism, etc., and are very vain of their supposed superior knowledge, so much so that to their contributions to the press they generally prefix K.T. or 33, *with a small circle*, etc., as if these distinctions necessarily enhance the value of their ideas. Hence vanity and ignorance combined induces their leaders to silence those who endeavour to enlighten the brethren. For instance, in 1869, Bro. Gardner, then G.M. of Massachusetts, in a lecture before an R.A. Chapter, gave a

history of the origin of all the degrees. This, of course, disturbed the equanimity of some, and as soon as the lecturer descended from the platform he was assailed by one of the ritualistic luminaries with, "What is the use of telling all that! What good will it do?" etc. Bro. G., be it known, had taken all the high degrees, but he is one of the exceptions to that class. He was neither ashamed not afraid to tell the truth. But most of the high degreers, when called upon to address a public body, will not only repeat complacently the old nonsense, but will even now add something new of their own invention. Thus, a P.G.M. recently asserted before a public meeting that the first Masonic Lodge was held in King Solomon's Temple, and that St. Paul was a Freemason. These men will of course spurn any Masonic literature which conflicts with their notions. Bro. D. M. Lyon truly stated in one of his letters to me, that if his book had been filled with humbug instead of facts, it would have met with more success among certain classes.

The case then stands thus: ninety-five per cent of our American brethren cannot be induced, even with aid of puffing and bluffing, to pay eight shillings a year for a Masonic magazine, and the five per cent., who by hook or crook can be made to subscribe are divided into two bands. On one side we have the K.Ts., or the 33 with the little circle, who put implicit faith in the legends of the Chapters, Commanderies, Consistories, etc., and would not take a magazine that did not advocate the antiquity of Masonry and its connection with Templarism, Mysticism, Rosicrucianism, etc. And on the other side stands the rationalist, who regards all these legends as fables, and when he finds that his opponents are impervious to reason or logic, he resorts to sarcasm, and makes Sir K.Ts., &c., appear ridiculous. The only options left to a Masonic editor under these circumstances, is either to side exclusively with one of these parties or to allow both parties equal freedom to fight it out. There is no objection even for the editor to enter the arena, but if he takes part in the discussion he must not assume dictatorship, but must submit to the same rules of criticism which he accords to himself against his opponents. Now the editors of the American short-lived magazines above referred to, would not adopt either of the above methods; they tried to perform a miracle. Each attempted to ride two horses in opposite directions. They thought that they could satisfy both parties by giving a little common sense here, and a great portion of the old nonsense there. They persisted in defending sectarianism in the ritual, opposed the rights of the coloured Masons with quibbles, and would allow no discussion upon their dictums, hence both parties were disgusted, and their magazines died very little regretted. The following will illustrate the fact:

A highly-esteemed P.G.M. attempted to induce the brethren in his lodge to sustain the Boston publication. He eloquently dilated on the ability and disinterestedness of the editor. "We have now a live magazine," said he, etc. As soon as the speaker finished his remarks another brother rose, and, after admitting that the magazine was an improvement on its predecessor, bluntly added, "but there is too much humbug in it for the 19th century." The result was no subscription was tendered.

Another incident bearing upon the subject under discussion will reveal another cause of this complained of apathy to Masonic literature. During one of my trips across the Atlantic I made the acquaintance of a brother Mason, whom I found exceedingly well informed upon a great variety of subjects and conversed very pleasantly about different countries he visited, authors, books, etc. He also told me that he owned a very valuable library. On asking what he thought of Findel's and Lyon's histories of Freemasonry, to my great surprise, he answered that he had never heard of them. Upon further questioning him as to whether he ever reads any Masonic magazine he answered in the negative. And he then went on to tell his Masonic experience. He was initiated in America about twenty years ago, he said. During the early heat of his Masonic zeal he was recommended to read "Oliver's Antiquities," and he also subscribed to a Masonic magazine. But these gave him such a sickening to so-called Masonic literature, that he could never again be prevailed upon to invest a cent in that kind of rubbish, and then added with

a strong emphasis, "I love Masonry, but I hate to be humbugged."

We all admit that "war is an evil," but as long as we have either fools or knaves in the world, sensible and honest men will be compelled to fight them. For instance, we will imagine that a certain churchman attacked a Freemason for his adherence to the Craft, when the following dialogue took place:

Freemason: "Mr. Churchman, what harm has Masonry done to you?"

Churchman: "Harm! harm enough! You keep your secrets from me."

Freemason: "And what right have you to pry into my secrets!"

Churchman: "Right, you say! You must know that my order always had the right to pry into everybody's secrets since the days of St. Peter and St. Paul. Why, it is a very ancient landmark."

Such foolish reasons might merely excite my laughter. If the fellow, however, persisted in molesting me too often with his conceit I might be provoked to call him a fool, with, perhaps, a strong adjective prefix. But if the said party undertook to attack Freemasonry with lies, either of his own invention, or lies, which he knew to be to be such, of others' invention, then I would be justified in peppering him with "barbed arrows" until he looked like a nondescript porcupine; or, in other words, I might do my best to bring him into contempt. The same rules may with equal justice be applied to the dreamers and charlatans who have imposed themselves on our fraternity as great authorities, and I am persuaded that if my fellow passenger above referred to, had had the moral courage twenty years ago, to shoot "barbed arrows" at those who humbugged him, Bros. Findel's and Lyon's histories would have met with better success. And I further believe that, should a Masonic work of equal merit to the above-named meet with a favourable reception ten years hence, it will be mainly due to the freedom accorded by the "Freemason" and other liberal papers to "barbed arrow" shooters to bring false Masonic teachings into disrepute. And this freedom, I hope and trust, will never be abridged by the "Freemason." Should unprincipled writers attack honest and well-meaning brethren for little or no fault, as "A Veteran" says they did, the arrows will most assuredly recoil on the unprincipled assailants, while the parties aimed at will come out of the fight scathless. But if, on the other hand, quibblers and falsifiers of history should be driven away from the Masonic press, then not only Masonry will be a gainer thereby, but the press will also ultimately reap great benefit therefrom.

Respectfully and Fraternally Yours,

JACOB NORTON.

Boston, U.S.,
Sept. 29th, 1876.

REUNION.

From "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," *September* 30, 1876.

WHERE shall we meet who parted long ago?
The frosty stars were twinkling in the sky,
The moorland lay before us white with snow,
The north wind smote our faces rushing by.
Where shall we meet? On such a moorland lone?
In crowded city street, or country lane?
On sandy beach-walk, while the sea makes moan?
In quiet chamber? Shall we meet again
On any spot of old familiar ground,
Our childish haunts? or in a far-off land?
Ah me! what if on earth no spot be found
For longing eyes to meet, and clasping hand?
What then?—If angry fate re-union bars,
A better meeting waits beyond the stars.

When shall we meet who parted in the night?
At some calm dawning, or in noontide heat?
To-day? to-morrow? or will years take flight
Before our yearning hearts find welcome sweet?
When shall we meet? While summer roses lie
Beside our path, and rustle overhead?

Or later, when a leaden winter sky
Looks coldly on the empty garden-bed?
While youthful faith and hopefulness are ours?
Or only when our hair is growing gray?
Ah me! we may have done with earthly hours
Before it comes to us, that happy day!
What then?—Let life's lone path be humbly trod,
And where or when we meet, we leave to God.

ADDRESS OF THE V. H. AND E. SIR KT. COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, OF THE GRAND CROSS OF THE TEMPLE, GRAND PRIOR OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA,

DELIVERED TO THE SIR KNIGHTS ASSEMBLED IN GRAND PRIORY AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE, MONTREAL, ON THE 10TH AUGUST, A.D. 1876.

Fratres of the Canadian Branch of the United Orders of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem—Greeting:

V. D.+S. A.

It is with more pleasure than I can well express that I now meet you and have the privilege assigned to me of congratulating you on the attainment of our wishes, in the establishment of a National and Independent Great Priory of Knights Templar for the Dominion of Canada. Circumstances which were quite unforseen, and which it is not now necessary to refer to, prevented our memorial being fully brought to the notice of H. R. Highness the Grand Master until last year, when I received a communication from the Arch-Chancellor, the Hon. Judge J. F. Townshend, LL.D., of Dublin, saying that he had received the commands of the Prince of Wales, addressed to him as his Arch-Chancellor, to inform the Canadian memorialists that H.R.H. had directed their petition to be dealt with at the next Convent General according to the statutes, under his advice as the Arch-Chancellor of the order. The Convent General did not meet until the 29th of last October, when, in the absence of H. R. Highness in India, the Earl of Limerick, Great Prior of England, presided, who, with his wonted feelings of good will and interest towards the Canadian branch of the order, not only brought forward the memorial but moved and warmly supported the motion of a resolution, seconded by the Sub-Prior, Major Shadwell H. Clerke, that the prayer of the petition be adopted, by admitting Canada into the union of the Templar Body of England and Ireland as the National Great Priory of the Dominion of Canada. To this the Convent General acceded in the most cordial manner, as intimated to me a few days after the meeting, by the courtesy of the Great Prior, Lord Limerick. A certified copy of this resolution, signed by the Arch-Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, has also been lately forwarded to me, which together with the patents under the sign manuel of H. R. H. the Grand Master authorizing the formation of this Great Priory and naming me as the first Great Prior, will now be preserved in the archives of the Canadian order as a lasting memento of our complete independence as a sovereign body, sprung from the good old English stock.

Sir Knights! much as I prize the high honour that has fallen to my lot—and be assured I do feel it as such—of becoming the supreme head, under royal authority, of this National Grand Body, I feel prouder and more gratified, after having introduced and for so many years conducted the affairs of the order in Canada, in maintaining your good opinion, and the more than cordial manner with which you have always been pleased to receive me, and the steady support and co-operation you have so long afforded me, has now been in the most gratifying and constitutional manner more than crowned by success in the establishment of our independent National Great Priory without severing our connection with the parent body. I trust you will give me credit for the sincerity of my motives when I say it was not in the least degree the love of authority or a desire to enforce "the one man power," that induced me so persistently to maintain my own opinion as to the advisability of continuing a dependency of the Great Priory of England until the time arrived when we could separate with honour and dignity to ourselves. Looking to the future of the order, when I shall no longer be at the head of

affairs, I never allowed expediency to stand in the way, being determined, if possible, to ensure the order being placed upon a firm basis and its future status permanently secured.

It may not be quite clear to some of our fratres why we should still wish to continue under the "Convent General," but I need scarcely point out to you that, as a National British Society, no more honourable position could be held than that of being united with the other national branches of the order over whom H. R. H., the heir-apparent to the throne, is governing power, and which Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen has been pleased especially to patronize. This I look upon alone as a great distinction and privilege, the countenance of Her Majesty being a guarantee of the purity, thorough conservative doctrines, the Christian principles of our order.

The avowed object of this Templar Union was to incorporate the branches of England, Ireland, and Scotland under one Royal head, by the reciprocation of rites, privileges, and disabilities, as, correctly speaking, there should not be any separate bodies in the society, which is or should be one and indissoluble, although want of knowledge of the correct principles of the order in some cases, and political exigencies in others, have divided it into several branches, holding themselves entirely independent of each other. The desire is now to unite the scattered elements of this ancient chivalry into one harmonious whole, as was originally the rule of the order.

The formation of a "Convent General" and "Great Priories" is nearly analogous to the system pursued in the United States, their State Commanderies being similar to the National Great Priories of the British Empire. These Commanderies yield submission to the triennial parliament of the order, the Grand Encampment of the United States, which is very similar in constitution and authority to our "Convent General."

Our joining this Templar Union does not at all interfere with our independence as a Canadian body or our privilege to regulate our own affairs, and at the same time carries out the principle, so necessary to inculcate, of unity in the order.

It is to be regretted that the Scottish branch of the order did not join the Union, and much to be deplored that this was mainly caused by a misconception of their commissioner appointed to effect the same, who, little understanding the subject upon which he was appointed to legislate, allowed his prejudices to ignore from the very commencement of the negotiation the benefits to be derived from the proposed union, and by a disregard for existing treaties of alliance with the English branch, appear even disrespectful to H. R. H. the Grand Master, thus debarring the very few encampments or Priories existing under Scottish jurisdiction from participating in a union so much in their favour and to their advantage.

With respect to the United States branch of the order, the advances made by England towards an alliance have been so far unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the peculiar Templar system adopted by them does not assimilate with ours. The originators of that system chose to found it altogether upon Craft Masonry, and the two are so connected in the United States that it would appear that they cannot be separated by any one who has received these orders there; and, being thus incorporated with Freemasonry, they can hardly amalgamate with a Templar system that is not equally so. They have made the Order of the Temple emphatically a degree of Masonic knighthood by adopting the obsolete and, in our opinion, mistaken theory that the Chivalric Order of the Temple was based on the Craft degrees as now practised, there being in fact nothing whatever in the history of the early order to warrant us in believing that up to the time of its outward suppression there was any particular alliance between it and Freemasonry. Of course individual Knights may have been, and probably were, Freemasons, and naturally, when assailed and opposed by their implacable enemies, took refuge within the pale of the Craft, but previous to this time the Order of the Temple as an order, was not allied to Freemasonry at all. But the principal stumbling-block was their insisting that their degree of "Knights of the Red Cross (derived from the 16° of the A. and A. S. Rite, and generally known in Great Britain and Ireland as the Red Cross of

Babylon, or Babylonish Pass), should be adopted as a pre-requisite to entering the Order of the Temple. This degree is quite out of place, as having any reference to the Templars, being of Jewish and Persian origin, founded on a legend of the apocryphal Book of Esdras, its history being also given in the antiquities of Josephus, but the authenticity of which is denied by modern ecclesiastical writers. In its dramatic form it is made very attractive, and inculcates principles of the highest moral tendency, and therefore much importance is attached to it in the American Templar system, but its proper historical place precedes the Royal Arch, to which it is properly a prelude, the legend describing the steps taken to obtain permission for rebuilding the temple. Besides, it is quite impossible to expect that the English branch of the order should so completely change their system in connection with Freemasonry as to adopt degrees discarded at the Union of the Grand Lodges of England in 1813. The Craft degrees, including the Royal Arch, were then alone recognized as pure and ancient Freemasonry. The possession of the Royal Arch degree in modern times has been, and is now considered quite sufficient to preserve the link between the Templar Order and Freemasonry, but it is a very great mistake to suppose that having the Royal Arch degree entitles the possessor to be admitted into the Templar ranks, or that the Order of the Temple is a continuation or climax of the degrees of Craft and Royal Arch Masonry.

Exception was also taken to the Order of Malta as being opposed to the true Order of the Temple, but in this they seem to have lost sight of the fact that when the Order of the Temple was first introduced into the United States from Great Britain and Ireland, it was as the combined Orders of Knights of the Temple and Malta. Now we are to consider that it is our traditional belief that our present Order of the Temple was partially in England and Ireland and completely in Scotland, merged into that of the Hospitallers of St. John (afterwards known as Knights of Malta) on the suppression of the Templars. That such was the case in Scotland cannot be disputed, and this amalgamation of the two bodies continued until the time of the Reformation, and it is affirmed by the Scottish Templar Order to a much later period. The use of the knightly title and the question of the legitimacy of the combined orders were fully believed in by the Stuart party as late as 1745, when, its principal members being in the service of Prince Charles Edward (commonly called the Young Chevalier), the order was proscribed, and we only hear of this branch afterwards in connection with Freemasonry, with which it still continues, its ritual assimulating with that in use by the Templar body, the two naturally and harmoniously blending together, although the one now adopted is considerably more elaborate than the simple ceremony used in former years. In Canada there is no difficulty in continuing the same cordial and friendly relations that have always existed between us and our fratres of the United States, our Masonic system admitting the recognition of the degrees required by the United States Templars, although the pre-requisite for our Templar candidate is the same as that observed in England. Neither can I see any difficulty in members of a Knights Templar foreign jurisdiction visiting the United States Commanderies by merely requiring of them a profession of secrecy as to the degrees they are unacquainted with, but required by the United States Templars in their ceremonies.

It was suggested to me now that we have taken a new departure as a National supreme body, that a resumé of the different phases the Temple Order has undergone in England would not be uninteresting, as giving a short and concise sketch of the English Langue from its first appearance publicly as attached to the Masonic Society to the present time, as also the alleged claim the order has to be considered the legitimate successor of the Red Cross Warriors of Palestine. Dr. Albert Mackay, in his admirable Encyclopædia of Masonry, to which I must refer you, arranges the pedigree of the modern Templars under six different heads, but the legends adduced are, I think, for the most part unreliable, and the legality of each branch far from satisfactory, unless we except the existing State order of "Christ in Portugal,"

which is no doubt the genuine Order of the Temple. This order is under Papal surveillance (as is also that of Malta in Italy), confined to Roman Catholics of noble birth, the king being Grand Master, and not acknowledging fraternity with any other branch. The "Ordre du Temple" of France, now obsolete, also asserted claims in favour of its legality, which, however, were not unimpeachable. The branch derived from Scotland has stronger historical claims to go upon, which, however, "Murray Lyons," in his very exhaustive work on Scottish Masonry, denies, and the validity of the tradition that the present Templars are descended from the old Order of the Crusades. At the same time it is an admitted fact that in Scotland the Templars were never suppressed; they were associated with the Hospitallers, and it is natural to suppose that they preserved their distinctive rites and ceremonies intact by regular descent from one to another. When the Hospitallers were secularized at the time of the Reformation, then, of course, those of both the orders that preferred the reformed faith left their religious houses and were merged into the general population. It is also perfectly natural to suppose that these secularized soldier monks being or becoming Freemasons may have, with the view of preserving their ancient orders, incorporated their peculiar rites into their Masonic lodges, and there is nothing at all illogical in supposing and asserting that true branches of both the Temple and the Hospital may still be in existence, and that isolated lodges may have received their Templar and Hospitaller rites directly from the secularized or protestant knights of the combined orders, which, so far as they were religious institutions, were abolished at the reformation.

Prior to the revival in 1717, and the reconstruction of Masonry in its present symbolic form, very little is known of the proceedings of Masonic bodies, from the fact that very few written documents were permitted to be recorded, and of these few, owing to the jealousy or over caution of their rulers, many were burnt in London in 1721; but there is no doubt that a system of speculative Masonry, distinct from that of the craft operative or building societies, existed, derived from the secrets of occult philosophy, or the Rosicrucian Order of the middle ages, from which some of the high grades had their origin, and in which the rites and dogmas of the Templars were preserved. It is recorded that the speculative and operative bodies met together in the general assemblies of Masons in York and London, and that in the seventeenth century members of the Rosy Cross, Protestant Knights Templar, and Knights of St. John, joined in these assemblies, but it was not until about 1750 that we first hear of the Templar degrees in the south of England being publicly attached to craft lodges of the "York Rite" of Freemasonry, from whence they spread to other parts of the kingdom. Why so little is known of the personation of the Templars by the Freemasons, after its suppression as a chivalric body, may have been from the fact that as the knowledge of their existence was of necessity restricted to the secret societies, so it was impossible that any but Masons could join it, and they preserving the strictest secresy and mystery respecting everything connected with the fraternity, quietly and secretly perpetuated the Templar doctrines amongst themselves, probably keeping the knowledge of its existence secret even from Masons, except such as were admitted to the "inner veil" and selected to join it. This may account for the order as we have it, being preserved by the fraternity, without any documentary proofs of its history being left behind. It was only when Freemasonry took a high and strong position in England that the fact of the continued existence of the Templars became generally known.

In 1791 we find the Templar Rite styled "Grand Elect Knights Templar Kadosh, of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta," thus combining the modern and more ancient titles. This confusion of names is a curious anomaly. We know the Templars derived their name from a residence on the site of the Temple; they never were Knights of St. John. In 1848, after the A. and A. S. rite of 33° had been established in England, the Templar body resigned control over the "Rose Croix" and "Kadosh," which had been incorporated into the A. & A. Rite as the 18th and 30th degrees.

It was therefore necessary to suppress the old ceremonies and confine themselves to the Templar alone, and to change the name into the degree of "Masonic Knights Templar." This title was not used in England before 1851, although the term Masonic appears in the warrants of Admiral Dunkerly between 1791 and 1796, but was never adopted, being in fact an absurd prefix. These changes, which, it is said, were made to please the chiefs of the newly imported Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of 33°, gave great dissatisfaction to the Templar Order. Until 1853 the Order of the Temple and Malta remained combined in the encampments of the old system, but a revision of the statutes of the then Grand Conclave was made, and the Order of Malta excluded altogether. Several encampments, however, continued to perpetuate the degree, though not in the same form, as this would have been a defiance of the Grand Conclave.

In 1863 the Grand Conclave again formally revived the Maltese Order, with a considerable ritual, but as a separate degree instead of combined with the Templars, as it had been before 1853; and in 1873 another revision took place, when new statutes, carefully drawn up, were adopted, consolidating the two bodies under the name of the "United Religious and Military Order of the Temple, and of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta." This union cannot but prove beneficial in the end, its tendency and object being to raise the order in social status and to approximate it to that of the ancient knights, discarding all modern innovations that lead to errors known to be historically untrue.

But I consider it a great mistake to have separated the "Rose Croix" from the Templar, looking upon it as I do, as purely a Templar degree, entirely out of place elsewhere. My own opinion has always been that the Rose Croix was anciently an integral part of the Templar initiation, perhaps the part most openly practised, as not containing anything offensive to the Papal doctrines, and that part of their teaching that repudiated the Papal usurpation of power may have been kept for the "inner circle" in the secret conclave of the leaders of the Order.

It appears to me that the origin and progress of Templary in Ireland has never been fully looked into. If Ireland gave the Templar Order to America, as the similarity of their rituals would have us to suppose, it would be worth while making a strict investigation as to when and where Ireland obtained it. Valuable information might be procured in the old country lodges which had Chapters and Encampments attached to them. I learn that the earliest records of Templary in the United States is in Pennsylvania, where its degrees were conferred under Blue Lodge warrants about 1790 to 1795. These degrees were conferred in two lodges, one at Harrisburg and one at Carlisle. In 1797 they joined the first Grand Encampment in the United States; almost all of the members, it is said, were from Ireland, those especially of the Carlisle lodge. What is wanted is a reliable statement of the earliest date at which the Templar Order was first practised in the various countries in which it now exists. Tradition is what we have principally to rely upon as to our identity with the early order, and it is not impossible but that tradition is right, for it is unreasonable to suppose, looking to the men who in modern times have been associated with the Order, that they wilfully countenanced an imposition. Nor can it be credited that the plain, honest, upright, but in many cases, illiterate men, who handed down Craft Masonry, committed the folly, and worse than folly, of inventing certain rites and ceremonies which, though beautiful in themselves, are entirely unmasonic in their tendencies, and then with an audacity that could have no parallel, call themselves Knights of the Temple. The idea is altogether beyond belief. Neither can I understand how Freemasonry and the Order of the Temple could ever become amalgamated. The former is of its very essence cosmopolitan; the latter sprung from an origin which was of its essence chivalric and knightly. The trowel of the one levelled distinctions and spread the cement of a universal fraternity. The sword and spurs of the other could only be won by noble birth and heroic deeds in defence of the Christian faith. Alas, that I should say it! What do half the men who are Templars know or care for the early history of the

Order; they merely regard it as a Masonic degree they can be advanced to, which will enable them to wear another Star or Cross, but the true meaning of which they are satisfied should be as unintelligible to them as Hebrew.

The question naturally arises "What is the modern Order of the Temple, and the object of the institution?" In general terms we can confidently state that it is exclusively devoted to the Christian religion, based upon the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Christ, without sectarianism, and designed to elevate man to that position morally and socially, which God intends man should aspire to and reach. It is actuated by the purest principles of Christian philanthropy, perfectly unconnected with politics, and although forming no part of mere symbolic Masonry, is an adaptation of all the tolerant principles of craft Masonry to a system of Christian application, taking for its model the moral attributes of the illustrious, religious, and military Order of the middle ages, and although laying claim to a Knightly succession, yet without a vestige remaining of its original mighty power and influence, now represented by our peaceful and powerful Christian Society, which teaches and exercises the fullest and most tolerant charity towards all men, and, from the principles of the religion in whose interest it has been perpetuated, it requires us to set our faces against vice and intemperance, to uphold the right, defend the weak and oppressed, and succour the destitute. Let it then be no idle boast to say, we belong to an order, the members of which in the olden time, the great, the good, the noble and the brave of Christendom, were only too proud to call themselves "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," and to the extent of our ability and the opportunities afforded us, delight to pay homage and follow the precepts of the Great Captain, whose sworn soldiers we are, and that too by our own voluntary act. Of this there is no doubt, the vows are upon us, and whether we try to act in accordance with those vows or not, we can in no wise alter our position to that Great Captain unto whom sooner or later, as it pleaseth Him, we shall have to render an account. To you then, preceptors of the order, teachers and rulers, I most emphatically say it becomes your bounden duty to observe the strictest caution as to whom you admit into your Preceptories. When men are banded together for any purpose, noble or otherwise, there will be those who will seek admission for purely selfish purposes. Do not allow the expediency of increasing your funds or of swelling the ranks of your Preceptories to actuate your motives in admitting those who from mere curiosity or good fellowship seek to join us, and, as is too often the case, by their conduct give cause to our enemies to revile and repudiate our illustrious order—an order which has ever raised the jealousy and hatred of that intolerant Church which does not admit the exercise of private judgment or the right of free thought, and would still keep the human mind in the darkness of error and superstition. The Romish Church has been ever jealous of the Masonic Society and all others connected with it, dreading the dangerous opposition to her unlawful assumption of authority which the great secret organization condemns and bans.

The animosity that suddenly sprung up in the early part of the last century on the part of the Papal authorities towards Freemasonry may have been occasioned by their having only then discovered that their old antagonist, the Templar Order, was perpetuated within the secret recesses of the Masonic Order, and that then for the first time the thunders of the Romish Church were directed at the peaceable and inoffensive craft. This would give good reasons for believing that the Papal power had at least become satisfied that the Templar Order preserved among the Freemasons was a legitimate continuation of the old anti-Papal order that had been supposed to have been thoroughly crushed out centuries before. There is nothing in the teaching of Masonry pure and simple to warrant the intense hatred towards it that has for the last hundred years been displayed by the Holy See. We must therefore look for some occult reason for this hatred, and what better reason could be found than that the Masonic Order had shielded and preserved the Order of the Temple. In 1776, the Jesuits, having discovered that the Templar Order was continuing its operations under the designation of the Kadosh, warned the Govern-

ments of Roman Catholic countries against the latter order, and caused it to be proscribed as dangerous and antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

The Committee appointed to draft a code of statutes for the future government of this Grand Body have ably performed their duty. Copies have already been issued to each Preceptory, thus placing before the whole of the members the result of their labours, and giving them an opportunity to prepare such amendments and additions as might be considered advisable. To the committee and to our indefatigable Sub-Prior as chairman, who, in this and all other matters connected with the order which he takes in hand, spares neither time or trouble, our warmest thanks are due. The statutes seem to me to have provided for every possible contingency, and are replete as to diction and usefulness, embodying all the requirements necessary for our Canadian legislation. They will now be submitted for your approval and adoption. I may here remark that I look upon the annual meeting of the "Convent General," as a mistake, and that they might well follow the example of the triennial meetings of the Grand Encampment of the United States, and avoid by too frequent meetings the possibility of complications arising out of legislation in which the different Great Priories may have no voice, and which can only be met by some agenda of what is proposed to be taken up, being sent round beforehand and in ample time for its mature consideration.

On the subject of costume the committee did not consider it necessary to report or to submit any changes in the beautiful, unimpaired symbolical integrity of that already established, but which is not intended to be worn in public as an out-door costume. The white mantle is emblematic of the purity thereby intended to be denoted, as the wearing the sword is but symbolic "of the sword of the spirit which is the word of God," and the cross of the faith and hope to which we cling. I believe it is for the best interests of the order to avoid all public displays as much as possible, and undue publication of proceedings, such practices being at variance with the true meaning and principal of the order. I have always objected to its being made or considered a quasi military body, which has of late appeared to command so much attention, as gratifying a newly acquired taste for military display and show, and the curiosity of the outside world. I must not be here for a moment misunderstood as in the remotest degree attempting to cast reflections on the admirable system of organization followed by our enthusiastic and zealous fratres of the United States, or on their becoming and tasteful uniform, so appropriate to our day and generation, but that simply I consider it would be out of character for us to adopt it, endeavouring as we are to approximate to the old order which we represent. Has it never occurred to our fratres who are so anxious to assume a new and dramatic appearance what an extraordinary phase the order has assumed by the introduction of a system of drill, in imitation of a military body? Have they forgotten that the ancient Templars themselves were all men of rank and position, and not the equivalent of a volunteer militia battalion. No doubt in the early days of the order they fought in a body as fighting knights, without regard to details of military organization; but when the order became numerous and powerful, and when military formations, tactics and drill prevailed there can be no doubt that the Templars retained a powerful body of men-at-arms, themselves occupied all superior positions. We have an actual evidence of this in the contemporary order of Malta, wherein in the modern period the knights not only maintained paid land forces, but a navy also. The sight of an army in which all the privates are knights is indeed something to be looked upon with curiosity.

And now, fratres of the Great Priory of Canada, allow me again to congratulate you on the declaration of your independence and the position you hold as a sovereign body. The order is in your own hands to make it worthy of the high position it undoubtedly holds, and by a strict adherence to its precepts, you cannot fail to place it amongst the most valued institutions in connection with the time-honoured Masonic fraternity. Let it not be said there is any doubt as to what useful pur-

pose the Temple Order has in view, or what it is incumbent, in conformity with our professions, that we should do. We, who call ourselves "Soldiers of the Cross," surely have a higher aim and far different mission than that of vain shows and public display. Our professions call upon us unmistakeably to do something that will redound to the glory of God and to the assistance and happiness of our fellow men. In short, every Preceptory should be a place where the poor, the needy, the sick and the oppressed can look for relief, sympathy and assistance. Let our Preceptories spend but little in decorations and entertainments, in order that there may be funds to spare for those purposes, then the object of the founders of these great Christian orders will be accomplished, and our order be doing something worthy of remembrance. Without such aims we are nothing, our Christianity is but dust and ashes, our boasted chivalry as rust.

Fratres! Knights of the Temple! with all loyalty to our gracious Queen and Grand Master, whom God preserve, I am ever, in the bonds of the order,

Faithfully yours,
W. J. B. MacLeod Moore, G. C. T.,
Great Prior of Canada.

MASONRY EVERYWHERE.

On the broad arch'd sky, when the Queen of Night
Goes forth in robes of peerless white;
Or the sun breaks out from his golden shroud,
When the storm has passed on the thunder cloud;
Mid the starry host, when they wander forth
As sentinels bright o'er the sleeping earth;
Where the comets wander through fields of air,
On their lonely rounds, *there is Masonry there.*

Abroad on the waves of the deep blue sea,
Where the tempests sport in their wildest glee;
And the wild albatross in its far-off home,
Like a storm-king sits on the wild sea foam:
Or the placid waves of the rolling deep
Have quieted down in their Summer's sleep,
And these aman, calm'd, 'neath the tropic's glare,
Woos the cooling breeze—*there is Masonry there.*

In the curtained halls of the lofty lord,
Where the jewels and wealth of the world are stored;
In the poor man's cot by some silent stream,
Where the wild wood stands in its spreading green;
On the mountain's brow, in the balmy deep,
In the throbbing pulse, or on beauty's cheek,
In the insect's home, in the lion's lair,
On earth, sea, or sky—*there is Masonry there.*

—*Masonic Record.*

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

Professor Brown, of the Ontario Government Model Farm at Guelph, (a similar institution to the one at Cirencester,) has forwarded to Canada a choice selection of bulls, cows, sheep, and swine, of the best breeds, from England and Scotland.

The "Times" informs us that "the South African International and Intercolonial Exhibition will be opened at Cape Town on February 15, 1877. The building will be in the gardens of the Masonic Lodge of the Goede Hoop, adjoining the House of Assembly. The land has been freely placed at the disposal of the committee by the ancient and wealthy Lodge of Freemasons to whom it belongs. Like everything which tends to draw closer the bonds of union between the several Governments

of South Africa, this project has the support of Lord Carnavon, who has written that he feels much interest in it. The promoters of the Exhibition, merchants and members of the Legislative Assemblies, do not sin on the side of ambition in the programme they have put forth. No attempt is made to cause the Exhibition to be an art gathering. Utilitarian objects, and such as are usually sought in the infancy of a vigorous colonial community, are pursued." The building, now in course of erection, is of iron and glass, copied from that of Bro. Sir Joseph Paxton, well known as the "Crystal Palace," of 1851.

The "Athenæum" says:—"There is no greater error than to stigmatise the Spanish as a lazy nation. Spain has her idlers and her loafers, but not in a larger proportion than other civilized nations, while much of the daily labour in August is finished before the travelling Briton is awake;" and adds:—"The resources of the country are considerable, and the people naturally frugal and industrious."

A small volume has just been published, entitled "'Friendly' Sketches: Essays Illustrative of Quakerism," by John W. Steel, in which those readers who have paid little or no attention to the literature of the Society of Friends, will find much to instruct as well as to interest them. For no religious community, considering the smallness of its numbers, has exercised so much influence during the last two centuries. In two important points the Quakers must be admitted to have kept their fingers cleaner than any other religious body of modern times. I allude to war—the worst of all methods of settling national disputes—and to negro slavery, which John Wesley very properly described as "the sum of all villanies." When the drunken tragedian told the inhabitants of Liverpool that "the very bricks of their houses were cemented with the blood of the slave," the truth of the denunciation was as patent as its boldness. Like Charles Lamb, I must confess to a strange liking for the Quakers, considering that I never did, and never can, unless a great change takes place in me, belong to their fraternity; for a fraternity it undoubtedly is, in which I believe the true bond of Friendship to be much better carried out even than in our dear old Craft. With the truth or untruth of peculiar tenets of the Society of Friends, a Masonic Magazine is not the place to enter into any discussion; but to glance at the Society and its most important members in an historical or a philosophic manner is not to infringe that glorious neutrality which enables the Mason to meet as a brother the good man of a widely-different religious sect or political party, and thus renders each lodge a refreshing oasis in the wilderness of party strife and sectarian jealousy. Indeed the true Freemason, more than any other man, (whilst never forfeiting his fealty to his own religious and political convictions,) can elevate his mental vision above the boundary lines of sects and parties, and not imagine for a moment that he or his possess a monopolyof wisdom. Thus, I too have my admiration of that leather-suited Leicester cobbler, the son of a poor weaver, whose courage and disinterestedness make him shine more conspicuously than all the great men who have borne the name of Fox,—the Martyrologist and the Statesman, clever men though they were, dwarfing much beside honest George, the "great central figure in a glorious company," as Mr Steele expresses it, "who poured forth their blood as water, and counted their lives as dust, if they could but serve the interests of Truth. In troublous times moved he; in days when crowns were shaken from the heads of those who had worn them; when a nation revolted, and churches were changed; when a 'brewer' became head of England, and swayed a rod of iron; when a king 'came to his own again,' and his people went delirious with joy; in years when, alternately, court, camp, and courtezan ruled. Through all theseyears, George Fox lived unmoved by the political passions of the day—swerving not from his work, turning neither to the right nor left. From that period when he felt there was One 'that can speak to thy condition,' and his heart did leap for joy, down to his latest days, when, after he 'appeared in testimony before God,' at White Hart Court, and could say, 'I am clear, I am fully clear;' no human life could be more fully devoted to one eternal object than his was. In all his years and yearnings; in palaces and prisons; in populous cities and on barren hill-sides; on land and sea, in Europe and America, for many a year, this 'man in leather breeches,' this 'inspired cobbler,' forsaking home joys and earthly happiness,

went about on his mission—that mission, the turning men from darkness to light." Save that I don't like the phrase of "the *cajolery* of Cromwell"—for whatever faults the Lord Protector might have, most assuredly flattery or "soft-sawdering," was not one of them—I can endorse all that Mr. Steele says of honest George, and much more than he says of his wife. Indeed I regard Margaret Askew—first the wife of Judge Fell, and afterwards of George Fox—as the most remarkable woman the world has yet produced. And yet H. G. Adams, in all the 788 pages of his "Cyclopædia of Female Biography, consisting of Sketches of all Women who have been distinguished by great talents, strength of character, piety, benevolence, or moral virtue of any kind, forming a complete record of womanly excellence or ability," has no notice of her who, I venture to say, influenced the world for good more than any ten of those deemed worthy of a place.

The statistics of Quakerism, from a reliable source, cannot but be interesting. "Within the limits of London yearly meeting," says Mr. Steele,—"that is in Great Britain—there are about 326 meetings for worship held regularly, with a few held occasionally at bathing-places, &c. The number of members varies in each meeting from 'less than five' to 'more than 300,' there being, however, only seven with more than 300 members. The number of members is 14,200. Contrary to the prevalent opinion, there is a gradual increase in the body, and that from without. The increase by birth is rarely more than the loss by death, because, as a general rule, only the children who are born to parents who are both members become such. The number transferred into Britain is less than that transferred to other lands; and thus the increase is from 'convincement.' There are about 73 monthly meetings, and 19 quarterly meetings—that for Yorkshire being the largest, while Kent is the smallest, the latter having eight meetings within its bounds, the former inclosing 41." Of Sunday schools—"First-day Schools," as Friends prefer to call them—there are about 66, with nearly 1,200 teachers and 16,000 scholars, "nearly all of the latter unconnected with the Society." Birmingham and Bristol are the principal places for these. "Renowned since the days of Fox for its care over the education of its members," says Mr. Steele, "the Society still deserves that renown. In England alone it sustains eight large public schools, besides others where a higher education is attainable. In the eight schools alluded to there is accommodation for 865 children, and above 830 scholars enjoyed their advantages at the date of the last return. The worth of the whole schools may be estimated at £140,000; the income may be stated at £30,000; the average charge for children is about £19, and the average cost per child is £30, the balance being derived from legacies, endowments, subscriptions, &c. The largest and the oldest school is that at Ackworth, near Pontefract, which, established in 1779, educates 290 children, and has, since its commencement, given a sound English education to 9038 children. The whole of the schools have had about 17,000 children under tuition since their establishment; and, though they have not succeded in carrying out George Fox's wish to give instruction in 'all things decent and civil in creation,' the scholars they have turned out have been abiding memorials of their usefulness."

I had marked many more passages for quotation than I have room for at present; for I too have paid my pilgrimage "round about Swarthmore," and looked out "from the door-like window" from which "George Fox is stated to have preached." But I must not now digress on my visits to Furness. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Steele has made a very readable little volume, full of information; and that I hope he will one day favour us, in a collected form, with the entertainining papers which he furnished to a local journal, a few years ago, on the great industries of Cleveland and South Durham.

A new society is in course of formation, under the title of the "United Amateur Authors' Association." The subscription, in Great Britain, is to be 4s. half-yearly, or 7s. 6d. yearly, with an entrance fee of 3s. 6d.; and in Canada and the United States, two dollars and twelve cents yearly subscription, and 84 cents entrance; for which each member is to receive free by post a monthly sixpenny magazine, which is to be written, printed, and illustrated entirely by members of the Association. The title of this organ is to be the "Imperial

Magazine," and it is to be under the joint editorship of Mr. Leopold Wagner (whose "Wedding Waltz" has recently been so popular in Hull) and of Mr. Edmund Wrigglesworth, the latter of whom contributes a very readable paper to the specimen number, "Silver Tokens," on Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Why they should have taken the title of a defunct magazine, instead of an entirely new one, such as the "United Amateur Authors' Magazine," I cannot see. Anyhow, I will watch with interest the progress of this novel, and (as I think) commendable society.

I am delighted to learn from the newspapers, that the members of the archæological section of the Falcon Lodge of Freemasons, recently established at Thirsk, have been paying a visit to the interesting old church at Leake, and the old Hall close by. I hope at some time to supply to the "Masonic Magazine" an account of my own visit to his church a year ago, when visiting my dear old friend, the rector of Cowesby, who was kind enough to accompany me during a pelting rain. The church at Thirsk also is worthy of a notice. Though no longer an operative body, but rather applying the tools of our ancient brethren to our morals, by that inimitable symbolic teaching which ist he distinguishing characteristic of Freemasonry, at least since "the Revival," yet every Masonic Lodge should have its archæological section like that at Thirsk, and also sections for carrying their researches into all the hidden mysteries of nature and science. Though residing only at a distance of some twenty miles from Thirsk, I know nothing of the Falcon Lodge save what I read in the papers; but were it situated in the most distant regions of the earth, instead of in Yorkshire, I would equally wish it success; for the true Freemason knows full well that there is nothing local or sectarian in the grand principles of the Craft, which next to the moral and social virtues numbers all the liberal arts and sciences, and every genuine brother will do his best to make them flourish around the globe.

The following excellent Inaugural Address, spoken by Miss Leighton, in the character of *Clio, the Muse of History*, at Mr. John Coleman's brilliant revival of portions of Shakspere's historical plays of King Henry the Fourth and Fifth in one drama, at the London Queen's Theatre, though the able author's name is not given, is worthy of a more permanent place than the columns of a newspaper:—

"To-night, ye come to see strange pageants pass
Obscurely in a great Magician's glass.
Banners shall wave, sharp spears shall gleam i' the air,
And in their midst one Shape supremely fair—
Harry the Fifth, his helm with laurel bound,
Shall hover, to the silvern trumpet's sound.
Before your sight, upon the mimic scene,
I summon up the Forms that once have been;
But I, who bid these shining Shapes appear,
Am but the great Magician's handmaid here:
'Tis SHAKSPERE'S self who, singing from his tomb,
Makes dead Kings waken, and a dead world bloom!

They come! They gather! By his strain set free,
They move to music of his fantasy.
King of immortal Song, he singeth clear,
And once again these lesser Kings appear!
Honour to *him*, and not to *them*, we pay.
They ruled your England for a little day.
He rules our realm for ever! One by one,
They gladden'd, or they sadden'd, in the sun;
Then in their season perish'd with their pride;
But till the end our Poet shall abide,
Flowers in his hands, a crown upon his head,
The kingliest *King* that ever England bred!

And if we humbly seek to blend in one
Two pictures of dead kings whose race is run,
So that, upon the mimic scene, this night,
Both the proud Harries flash before your sight,
Forgive a deed which is in reverence wrought,
Better to shadow forth our Master's thought.

His slaves are those who act; they work
his will,
And gladden in the glory they fulfil;
And so this night may SHAKSPERE make
them strong,
To keep the heights of his immortal Song!

Part now, ye clouds, and to our gaze un-
fold
Sword-bearing Albion in the days of old!
Fair Kings and Queens, 'mid pageants
bright as flame,
Rise, I conjure you, in my Master's
name!"

The beautiful passage beginning (line 15) with "King of immortal Song," and ending (line 24) "The kingliest King that ever England bred," are worth whole volumes of the rubbish mis-called poetry which too often disgraces the columns of our fashionable magazines. Into the liberty taken in altering Shakspere for the stage, I do not wish here to enter. It is a subject requiring much space, much careful thought, and much thorough disinterestedness. My own hopes are that the drama will in time come to be regarded as a great educational auxiliary, and not be in the hands of mere speculators, who of necessity seek principally to make their fortunes.

Mr. Joseph Gould—an experienced working printer, who practised his art for the British army during the Crimean war at head-quarters before Sebastopol, and who has now been for several years a successful master-printer at Middlesbrough, working hard with hands and brain—has just compiled, printed, and published, complete for half-a-crown, far-away the best manual for the typographer that has hitherto appeared. It is entitled "The Letter-Press Printer," and is really a complete guide to this important art, giving useful instructions for working at case, press, and machine, how to impose pages of every size, to manage book-work or jobbing, to make and work in coloured inks, to make rollers, &c., the quantities of paper to be given out for various jobs, journeyman's wages both by piecework and by time in various parts of the country, general prices charged for all sorts of work, and everything almost that master, overseer, journeyman, or apprentice is likely to need to become thoroughly master of his trade. It ought to be in the possession of every printer, young or old, being certainly the cheapest and most complete practical work on the important art of printing ever offered to the public.

Rose Cottage, Stokeley.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till he drops to dreamy slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land.

Home where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
And alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.