

See the "Birth of the Rose," page 367.



# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

We greet our readers, one and all, most kindly, with this new number of a New Year. It is impossible to let such an event, commonplace though it be, pass without some notice, and therefore we feel bound to advert to the subject in this our January number for 1877.

A.D. 1876 which has passed away, and young 1877 which is knocking at the door, make up for us little circles of time, closely bound up with our nearest and dearest earthly interests, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, our aspirations and recollections.

The close of an old and the beginning of a new year always suggest to us some sobering, some saddening thoughts. Time was, and is and is not, and is yet to be, and who can number up the changes which Time, untiring, witnesses year by year amongst us? We cannot put pen to paper to-day without feeling how uncertain ever are the issues of life, the results of Time. The opening young year reminds us of departed friends, and though new friends and fresh friends are with us, we cannot but look back with wistful eyes through the hazy shadows of the past, for friends and faces very dear to us once, but now no more with us, to soothe our sorrows or animate our joys. We who write and you who read, may all well feel the truth of what has been so feebly said, as we are reminded to-day, that with a new natural year we begin, so to say, fresh labours, and

appeal to unchanged friends. Yet who of us may see the close of 1877? The weary pen may be still, the "tired heart may cease to palpitate," kind readers may have passed away, and new writers may conduct, and new subscribers may welcome our "Masonic Magazine."

Good is it that the future is unknown to us all. Life would be unendurable if it were not so; it is hard enough and trying enough as it is, without the certainty of future events, substituting despair for hope, and desolation for anticipation.

But still, as Freemasons, trusting in the good providence of T.G.A.O.T.U., we leave the things of the future to His supreme wisdom and goodness and mercy and justice, doing what our "hand findeth to do with all our might," and never forgetting that as faithful craftsmen we have all alike a work to do for the Master of us all, a work not to be done perfunctorily or carelessly, or half-heartedly, but, as we Freemasons say, "with freedom, fervency, and zeal."

We wish a Happy New Year to all our many kind friends, courteous correspondents, and steady readers, at home and abroad.

We do not affect to say that we have much to report in this our Monthly Summary.

Freemasonry is flourishing in Great Britain, the United States, the Canadas, India, and all our colonial dependencies, in marvellous measures.

May its onward progress not be marred

by forgetfulness, of wise cautions, and by a want of careful selection of members. It is one thing to admit a large number of members to swell our balance sheets and increase the funds of the Lodge; but quality, not quantity, is what we should seek for, and numerical increase and material prosperity may after all be too dearly purchased.

We wish we could say that we thought the state of Freemasonry in France and Belgium satisfactory. We do not; and can only regard with the deepest anxiety recent proceedings in both Orders, which, if not arrested in time, and if not eventually over-ruled by the good sense of both Grand Orientals, must lead inevitably, as far as we can see now, to a severance, as between Anglo-Saxon and French and Belgium Freemasonry. But we still hope for the best.

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### FREEMASONRY IN ROME.

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BY BRO. J. C. PARKINSON, P.G.D.

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As my recent visit to Rome, and my reception by our Masonic brethren there have given rise to some misconception and controversy, it may be well to place the facts upon record. Signor Tamajo, the member for Messina, in the Italian Parliament, and Deputy Grand Master of Italy was good enough to call upon me at my hotel in Rome, and to invite me to visit the Lodge. I replied that I should not merely have pleasure in doing so, but that I would, if he pleased, accompany him to the Masonic Hall in the day time, and examine the furniture, appointments, and symbols of the Lodge with greater minuteness and care than are practicable when business is in full swing, and the brethren are assembled for work. This was arranged, and I made a careful inspection of the books and certificates of the Grand Orient of Italy; of its correspondence with the other grand bodies of the world, and of its furniture and symbols. Not

content with this, I cross-examined the Deputy Grand Master as closely and keenly as I could, directing my questions chiefly to two broad points—Is Italian Freemasonry identical with Freemasonry as it is practised in England in the essential of excluding the discussion of politics from the lodges? and, is belief in the immortality of the soul and faith in the great Architect of the Universe inculcated in the ceremonies? The assurances I received were ample and complete, and after a morning visit of considerable duration, and at which the worshipful Masters of the four lodges now meeting in Rome, the Grand Orator, the Grand Secretary, and other dignitaries, about a dozen in all, were present, Signor Tamajo invited me to put any additional question which occurred to me. But I really had nothing more to ask. I had seen the volume of the sacred law (a bible in Latin and Hebrew) which is used in the lodge precisely as it is with us, and lies open on a pedestal in front of the Worshipful Master's chair.

On the following evening, accompanied by three English friends, I visited the special Lodge summoned by Signor Tamajo, and there found about one hundred brethren assembled. The lodge was opened in due form, and with the usual invocations, and, after some preliminaries, cordial speeches of welcome were delivered by the Worshipful Grand Master, and by several brethren in and out of office. Signor Tamajo, in an eloquent address, in which he named, in the most flattering way, certain public utterances of mine in favour of liberty of conscience and freedom of thought in Italy, presented me with a very beautiful symbolical picture, designed and executed specially for the occasion. I shall never forget the hearty demonstrations of cordial greeting with which the brethren present accompanied this gift. I spoke in acknowledgment as follows:—

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF  
ITALY AND BRETHREN OF ROME.

I thank you from my heart for this soul-stirring and affecting welcome, and I exchange with you the fraternal greetings which belong exclusively to those linked together by our mystic

tie. The beautiful work of art, which you have designed for me, I shall treasure to my latest day. I shall exhibit it with pride to my brethren in England. It shall have an honoured place in my home. It will rank always amongst my most deeply valued treasures, and my children shall be taught to regard, with pride, this evidence of the warm fraternal feeling displayed to me by Freemasons in a distant land. Never shall I refer to this meeting without emotion, and when I have passed away, may those of my name preserve this memorial with reverent care. For your great goodness to me, in the words of Shakespeare, what other answer can I make than

"Thanks, and thanks, and ever thanks."

Freemasonry, as is beautifully depicted in this cherished picture, binds together in a deep and solemn union men of different race. Its pure light rises superior to sects and creeds, and nationalities. Its universal language reaching the soul, proclaims the true religion, embracing what is good and true in all religions, and elevates to one serene platform, with common rights and hopes, brethren of every faith, who practice the sacred duties of morality, and believe in the glorious Architect of heaven and of earth. The volume of the sacred law now open before us, crowned by the square and compasses, are together symbols of our profession as Freemasons, and speak to the thoughtful mind with even more than ordinary force when they lend their sanctity to our mysteries in this ancient capital, where the very stones we crumble under foot, and the dust which the wind raises around us, speak of the agonies inflicted in religion's name, of the martyrs' cruel sufferings, and of unutterable anguish undergone for the sake of truth. The great solid facts of the dim past, the cunningly wrought pillars, and the remains of temples, such as are depicted here, which have triumphed over Time itself, speaking of religions which are forgotten, and civilizations which are dead, make human opposition seem but a momentary annoyance for they whisper solemnly through the dim centuries "this, too, will pass away." They brace the mind for that fight with moral evil, and those calm, sweet lessons of eternal truth, which are in this picture de-

picted as lifting the spirit of Truth far into the empyrean, even to the throne of God Himself. The earthly shells of Church and Temple are left below, but all that is good and pure in their teachings endures and ascends, for Freemasonry embraces all men who prove themselves worthy, and who take her vows. Once admitted into her ranks, once brought to a knowledge of the sacred light enshrined from vulgar eye in her ceremonies, and the neophyte is taught, step by step, and by means of diligent and patient labour to earn her rewards—a knowledge of the true light, the practice of true charity, and the worship of the true and living God Most High. As the veil is gradually lifted, the Freemason sees superstition, priestcraft, dogma, spiritual tyranny, cruelty and oppression fade away before the divine light as fogs and mists are dispersed by the morning sun; and with the broad charity which knoweth no evil, he clasps to his heart the sacred truths vouchsafed to us by heaven, while, rejecting without harshness, but with profound pity, the fables with which they have been invested by the selfishness, ignorance, and credulity of man. It is a profound happiness to me to find my Italian brethren practising our masonic rites in Rome without fear or favour, and I exult in their spiritual and mental freedom. It is a still greater happiness to find the pure light of Freemasonry to be undimmed by the long years of oppression she has endured in Italy, and that her ceremonies and ritual as practised this evening, are those I recognise as of the craft universal. The enemies of Freemasonry in this country have not scrupled to spread stories to her disparagement. It has been my care, during my stay in Rome, to investigate, critically and closely, the condition of Freemasonry here, and to draw a strict comparison this evening between what has taken place before my eyes, and what would have occurred in an English Lodge under similar conditions. I shall always have pleasure in testifying that the aspersions sought to be cast upon the working of Freemasonry in Rome are, so far as I have been able to see, baseless fables, and that the brotherhood here appears to thrive and flourish on the very principles which give it nourishment and enduring strength throughout the world. I re-

joice, therefore, to learn of the consolidation and spread of the craft in Italy. Let those who dread light, and who believe that ignorance is the mother of devotion, protest against Freemasonry. For my part, this evening, within the walls of ancient Rome, where the eternal principles of our Order are now proclaimed and enforced in the centre of the most solemn relics in the world, will ever live in my memory as one of the most interesting I have known. Proceed, most worshipful Grand Master and brethren, in your chosen path. Your open Bible and your masonic light will guide you to all truth, direct your steps in the paths of happiness, and point out to you the whole duty of man. Be neither discomfited by opposition, nor irritated by hostility. Love the brotherhood, and live in charity with all men. Do good to those that despitefully use you, fear God, uphold the law, respect and conform to the constitution of your country, and ever remember that while man is a fleeting shadow, who cannot remain long in one stay, principles are eternal, and that when our place knoweth us no more, and our very names are as if writ in water, even then

The actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Signor Bacci, the Grand Orator, translated my remarks literally, and with wonderful elocution and eloquent expression. Several brethren present understood English perfectly, and followed my remarks with ease as they were delivered, but Signor Bacci's translation brought them home to every man present. It is a significant answer to allegations as to the revolutionary and atheistic professions of Masons in Rome, to say that my address was cordially approved, and its sentiments endorsed. When the lodge was closed, I was told, again and again, that I had defined very faithfully the spirit of Freemasonry as it is understood and practised by those present. To English readers there is nothing new in anything I said. Some portions of my address will be recognised as being in the very words of our charge; but, in the teeth of recent comments, it may be useful to point out that it was purposely made to include an humble acknowledgment of, and pro-

found reverence for, the Supreme Rules of the universe. But what has appeared to excite the wrath, and rouse the fears of the Ultramontanes was the publicity given to this festival, and to my reception and remarks by nearly the whole of the Italian Press. The "Opinione," which is sometimes called the "Times" of Italy, and the chief organ of the Government; the "Libertà," an influential journal which is widely quoted on the continent; the "Diritto," the leading organ of the Left, the party now in power; and the "Poppolo di Roma," all gave prominent notice of the affair, accompanied by favourable, and in some cases, exulting comments. The press, throughout the length and breadth of Italy, did, as I am informed, follow suit, and it was but natural that a groan of wrath and pain from the extreme Catholic party should follow. There is nothing to be surprised or annoyed at in the statements of the "Unità Cattolica." Such phrases as "blasphemy," "atheism," "revolution," "protestant," are merely synonyms for dislike and fear. The reverential attitude of the brethren I saw, the orthodox conservatism of their ceremonies, their honest confession of their difficulties and shortcomings occasioned by long years of suppression and persecution, and their anxiety to conform minutely with English working, formed, to my mind, a sufficient answer to the aspersions sought to be cast upon Italian Masonry. How far the control of the Grand Orient of Rome extends over her subordinate lodges, and whether Freemasonry, as sanctioned and practised there, is followed out throughout her jurisdiction, I had no opportunity of personally verifying. But I accept the assurance I received from the highest authorities with implicit good faith, and hold it to be the duty of an English Freemason, who saw and heard what I did, to do all in his power to strengthen and encourage the craft in Italy, and I hold this to be even more than usually incumbent upon one in times like these, when some other Grand Lodges on the Continent are betraying an utter disregard of what Englishmen hold to be Masonic obligations. It is because I believe the Grand Orient of Rome to be as incapable as our own Grand Lodge of the acts attributed to the Grand Orient of France and Belgium, that I rejoice at hav-



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



ing held out the right hand of fellowship to it, and take pride in acknowledging the fraternal kindnesses showered upon me by its leaders.

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### THE UNOPENED LETTER.

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From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

BENEATH the arches, high and wide  
Of an unspringing forest dome  
Walks Rosalind, the village pride,  
With tardy footsteps, home.

A letter in her slender hand  
She turns and views ; but still remains  
The seal unbroken, still unscanned,  
The message it contains.

It is her own ; upon its face  
Her name is writ in tracings fair.  
Then wherefore that uncertain grace,  
That hesitating air ?

Mayhap, sweet maid, some aged friend  
His store of wisdom strives to bring,  
To guide you to your journey's end  
By his sage counselling.

Perchance a blithe associate,  
Full wise in girlish mysteries,  
Has sent you news of love or hate,  
Of faith or feud that is.

Or, rather,—is it not?—the wight  
Whom, secretly, you scarce despise,  
Has gathered courage from the light  
Of your own starry eyes.

And now his pen seeks to express  
The words his lips denied to call—  
But hold—no further need I guess !  
Your blush betrays it all.

But, still uncertain, on she strode,  
Her letter turning left and right,  
Till, by the curving of the road,  
Her form was hid from sight.

Ah, well ! for all of us there are  
Some fleeting moments here below,  
When what we long for, near or far,  
We haste and halt to know !

And though our after years seem bright,  
Full oft we live that sweet time o'er,  
Nor find fruition such delight  
As longing was before ?

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

### MASONIC NUMISMATICS.

No. 1.—MASONIC TOKENS, 1794-5.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

On the 24th November, 1790, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was elected M.W. G.M., of the Grand Lodge of England ("Moderns"), and on the second of May, 1792, His Royal Highness was installed, "to the inexpressible joy of the fraternity, in the presence of his Royal brother, the Duke of York, the Right Hon. Lord Rawdon, Marquis of Hastings, and above 500 other respectable brethren. The repeated applauses bestowed by the company upon the Royal Brothers were highly grateful to their feelings, while the affability and heartfelt satisfaction of the Grand Master at the head of his brethren were particularly noticed. . . . In short, during the whole ceremony his demeanour was courteous, pleasing and dignified."\* The event was unparalleled in the annals of Freemasonry, H.R.H. being the first Prince of Wales who had thus accepted the highest honours the Craft could bestow, though we must not forget that his was not the first instance of a member of the Royal Family being elected to preside over the Free and Accepted Masons of England, as the Grand Master immediately preceding was H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. The first Prince of Wales initiated was during the Grand Mastership of the Right Hon. the Earl of Darnley (installed 28th April, 1737) at an occasional Lodge convened for the purpose at the Palace of Kew, over which the distinguished Past Grand Master, Dr. Desaguliers, F.R.S., presided as Master. The second Prince of Wales initiated was under still more auspicious circumstances, the Grand Master, H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland presiding over the occasional Lodge convened for the purpose on the 6th February, 1787, and doubtless all was done that could be to render the circumstance more than ordinarily impressive. To commemorate such an important event as the Prince of Wales being installed Grand

\* Preston's "Illustrations of Masonry," 17th edit. p. 241. (Spencer and Co., London.)

Master a copper coin was struck and circulated, which was the first of its kind ever issued in this country. They were thus alluded to at the time, according to a correspondent in the "*Freemason*" (Nov. 27th, 1875):

"In the course of the past month some copper pieces, newly struck from a die which appears to be executed in a style superior to any of the provincial coins at present in circulation came to the hands of the proprietor of this magazine. On inspection they appear to be called Masonic Tokens, and to have been invented by a brother, who intended them to serve as pocket pieces; but, either from the novelty of the idea or the excellence of the workmanship, it would appear that many persons have been content to receive them in change as halfpence, in the same manner as the Liverpool, Norwich, Lancaster, Anglesey, Bungay, Macclesfield, Leek, Manchester, Coventry, etc., coins have acquired credit and currency" (1794).

We gave a sketch of this token in the "*Freemasons' Magazine*" for 25th July, 1868 (with an engraving), and again returned to the subject in the "*Freemason*" for June 12th, 1875. Since then many communications have been sent to the latter magazine respecting the matter, and mainly illustrative of the different words engraved on the rim.

1. The first struck we take to be the accompanying Illustrations (Fig. 1), on the rim of which is "*Masonic Token, J. Schichley, Fecit 1794,*" so that the token was manufactured by Schichley in the year 1794, being two years after the installation of the M.W.G.M. The arms are those of the Grand Lodge of England ("*Moderns*") prior to the Union of 1813, and are thus described (when in colours): Quarterly per squares, countercharged *vert*: In the first quarter *Azure* a Lion Rampant *Or*: In the second quarter, *Or*, an Ox *passant*, Sable: In the third quarter *Or*, a man with hands erect, *proper*, robed crimson and ermine: In the 4th quarter *Azure*, an eagle displayed, *Or*. The Supporters are Beavers (as operative builders), and the Crest we presume is the Dove above a Globe. The motto is *Amor Honor et Justitia*. Around

the Arms are the words "*Prince of Wales, elected G.M. 24th Nov., 1790.*"

On the reverse is a cupid with left hand supporting a plumb rule, the mallet and trowel are at the feet, and the right hand is pointing to the letter G, which is immediately below the "all-seeing eye" (*erected*), the whole being enclosed within a triangle, having at the two lower angles the Square and Compasses and the Volume of the Sacred Law (or Hour Glass). In the background is a representation of Clouds, which is generally most indistinct in the Tokens we have seen. On the sides of the Triangle are the words "*Wisdom, Strength and Beauty,*" and the border contains the motto *Sit Lux Et Lux Fuit*. The most perfect of the kind we have seen weighs a trifle over quarter of an ounce, the diameter being fully one inch and an eighth, and the thickness about a sixteenth of an inch. The coin is really a very handsome specimen for the period, and a capital suitable and popular souvenir of the auspicious event it was intended to commemorate. The arms of the Grand Lodge of England already referred to were not quite the same as those on the Token. The "*office seal*" has only the Dove above the shield, but on the "*Charter Seal*" a helmet occurs in the place of the Globe, which will be observed in the engraving of the Token is immediately under the Crest. The motto also differs, that of the Grand Lodge being "*Relief and Truth.*"

2. We have met with quite a number of these tokens, all agreeing with the No. 1, excepting that the words on the rims vary considerably. Of this class, not including the first, the most numerous is No. 2, which has the following:—"Masonic Halfpenny Token MDCCXCIV. X.X.X." The R. W. Bro. William Kelly (P. Prov. G.M. Leicester) has given an excellent account of this issue in the "*Freemason*" of the 11th Sep., 1875.

3. The third in our series states, "*Halfpenny, payable at the Black Horse, Tower Hill,*" and was first noted by a correspondent (E. S.) in the "*Freemason*," July 31st, 1875.

4. The fourth has engraved thereon, "*Payable in Lancaster, London or Bristol.*"

5. The fifth "*Payable at London*" only, and is very scarce.

6. "Masonic Token, Brother Sketchley, Birmingham" forms the sixth.

7. The seventh is one mentioned by Lieut. Col. Francis Burdett (Pro. G.M., Middlesex), and was used by him at the Royal Installation of 1875, the words on the rim being the same as No. 1, only that the qualification Halfpenny is added, and reads, *Masonic Halfpenny Token, J. Schichley, Fecit 1794.*\* We incline, however, to the belief that this is actually the same as No. 2.

8. The last of this kind (the eighth in number) gives a few particulars of the maker, and is as follows, "Masonic Token, J. Sketchley, R.A., F.G.S., Birmingham, Fecit" (1794), of which we have only seen the one impression, and which is preserved in the Masonic Collection of the Hon. Robert Farmer Bower, of Keokuk, P.G.H.P. of Iowa. It is singular that the name is spelt *Schichley* and *Sketchley* in different coins.†

9. Another kind is still to be met with occasionally, the obverse of which agrees with all the foregoing, but the reverse bears the bust of H.R.H. *Frederick, Duke of York*, the title being engraved around, and under are the words "Halfpenny, 1795." A coin of this character is technically termed a "mule," being made up of an old and of a new die. On the rim is "Payable in Dublin or London." His Royal Highness the Duke of York was initiated on the 21st November, 1787, by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, the Grand Master, the acting Deacon being H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of whose admission into our ancient and honourable society early in the same year we have already made note.

10. We have also obtained another impression of a similar kind, having the ordinary obverse, and the reverse containing a bust of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The inscription engraved thereon is "Geo. Prince of Wales, Halfpenny." Three varieties in the rims have been so far traced by us, viz. : (10) "Payable in Lancaster,

London or Bristol;" (11) "Payable at London or Dublin;" and (12) "Payable at London or Bristol." The accompanying Illustrations (Fig. 2) will serve to give an accurate representation of these two Masonic rarities.

13. Still another of the "Mule" variety is that circulated by the Boormans in A.D. 1795. The rim informs us that it was "Payable at J. and H. Boorman." In this case the obverse has an additional "square and compasses," which is exhibited in the accompanying Illustrations (Fig. 3), as well as the inscription on the reverse. We cannot now determine which was first in origin, No. 13 or No. 14. The former has evidently reproduced the "Arms" of the Schichley Token of 1794, though the motto is the same as the large and scarce coin hereafter referred to.

We have had the pleasure of personally examining all the impressions named excepting that of Bro. Colonel Burdett's, and so the descriptions are derived from actual observation. We have been told that some of these Tokens were struck in gold, but we have not succeeded in discovering any confirmation of this, and one correspondent in the "Freemason" for June 19th, 1795, distinctly states that the one he (Brother James A. Hayes) met with was simply "copper gilt."

14. Of those already noted several have never been described in any way previously and are likely enough little known to Masonic collectors. We have still another impression to chronicle, and this time one of the rarest and most valuable of all the series. We know only of two impressions of the Token, one being in the possession of our learned Brother, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A. (from whose collection of Masonic Coins the Illustrations for this article have all been copied), and the other is owned by that zealous Masonic bibliographer, the Hon. R. F. Bower, of Keokuk, both coins being only recently obtained. For the information of the curious we may state that the diameter is one inch and a quarter, the thickness the twelfth of an inch (circa), and the weight over half an ounce. From the rim we gather that it was "Manufactured by W. Lutwyche, Birmingham," and from the engraving it will be seen that it is quite a different Token

\* Presumed to be these words, some being most indistinct.

† The "Freemasons' Repository" published at Birmingham, the latter part of the last century, by J. Sketchley, was probably the brother alluded to in our sketch.

in every respect from any of those previously recorded, and is, in fact, quite a new and independent impression, though decidedly inferior to those of 1794-5, and but a poor copy of Brother Sketchley's, of Birmingham. It appears to have entirely escaped the observations of any Masonic student who has been in the habit of making known his discoveries in our Masonic magazines (either at home or abroad), and its value as a curiosity is therefore far more than that of the ordinary Tokens. How far this country was the richer for its issue it is now difficult to say, though the inscription around the *arms* on the *obverse*, "*Pro Bono Publico*," might lead us to suppose they were manufactured solely for benevolent purposes! On turning to the *reverse*, however, that notion is dispelled, as the coin evidently did duty for a "*Masonic Penny*, 1795." So, in the absence of other evidence, we must assume that W. Lutwyche means us to understand that Freemasonry, represented by its "*Coat of Arms*," is in any country a society which promotes the weal of the nation. The Illustration (Fig. 4) of this Token completes our Masonic Numismatics, No. 1.

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## THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

*A Fairy Tale.*

BY SAVARICUS.

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### PART II.

HERE pyramids and obelisks  
 Were wreathed by climbing flowers,  
 Whose opening petals were arranged  
 To mark the passing hours.  
 It was high noon on the plateau  
 When child and guide arrived;  
 The journey to this resting-place  
 Had nicely been contrived.

Two guards, with monster head and hands,  
 Stood by a massive gate,  
 Niche-like let in the rock's steep side,  
 A boulder smooth and great.

The guards a low obeisance made,  
 The boulder rolled aside,  
 And through the portal passed the car,  
 To court-yard walled and wide.

Salute of gongs and music's strains  
 Made all the place resound;  
 The car brought up before a door  
 Of silver jewelled round.  
 The door vanished from the sight,  
 The light of love shone forth;  
 With quick'ning power it touched the heart  
 Of her of modest worth.

The fascinated visitor,  
 O'erwhelmed with strange delight,  
 Was led by the Ambassador  
 To scenes of beauty bright.  
 The Enchanted Hall of *Amphitrite*,  
 The maiden now received,  
 And music sweetly ravishing  
 The eye (by ear) relieved.

The hall so dazzling white appeared  
 Of Alabaster made,  
 In shape rotund, whilst arch on arch  
 Were endlessly arrayed.  
 And in the centre, gushingly,  
 A fount of perfume played,  
 Whose crystal drops, like lustres bright  
 The rainbow rays pourtrayed.

The cupola—magnificent,  
 Artistically enchased—  
 With sapphires and large emeralds  
 Was exquisitely graced.  
 And from the centre, pendantly,  
 A ruby, like Ceylon's,  
 Flashed ruddish rays so firefully—  
 More brilliant than the suns.

Around the Hall the maid was led,  
 Then came a rushing sound,  
 The fairy place appeared to be  
 Fast sinking in the ground.  
 The Enchanted Island of the Sea  
 Itself was going down,  
 And where it just so lately stood  
 The waves but foam and frown.

The rushing of the waters ceased,  
 Then ev'rything was stilled,  
 And soon were heard melodious sounds  
 That through her bosom thrilled.  
 The fairy guide now softly said,  
 "My mission's nearly o'er,"  
 And led the willing maid across  
 The archetypal floor.

"Advance!" ten thousand voices cried,  
 "The Sea-Queen's Court behold!"  
 And loud and long, vibrantly,  
 The sounding echoes rolled.

The maid, entranced, all wond'ring stood,  
 For ne'er had mortal yet  
 Beheld such glories as she saw  
 Since Eden's Star had set.  
 'Twas like *Aurora's* ruddy light  
 At rosy-fingered dawn,  
 And glory of meridian sun,  
 Voluptuously warm;

An atmosphere of joy and love;  
 On earth unfelt, unknown,  
 Within this palace of delight  
 Surrounded every one.  
 One Star with twinkling glitter shone  
 Its meteoric glow,  
 And shimmering light empyreal  
 Made thoughts fantastic flow.

The earthly paradise of old,  
 Where birds and fairest flowers  
 Delighted our first parents then  
 In nature's sunny bowers,  
 Was not more beautiful and bright  
 Than what the maiden saw  
 In the Enchanted Hall of Light,  
 Stamped by perfection's law.

From right to left the much astonished  
 child  
 Beheld unnumbered nymphs of ev'ry guild  
 Approach, in gauze of gayest green attired,  
 With roses wreathed and decked, to be ad-  
 mired.

"Hail, chosen mortal!" they in chorus  
 sung,  
 And through the sea the words and echoes  
 rung.

The voices, gifted with ethereal notes,  
 Gave forth the sounds from many fairy  
 throats.

To welcome thus the stranger of the day,  
 Announced, received in this auspicious  
 way.

The chanting nymphs the child now  
 crowded round,  
 'Twas their Queen's wish she should be  
 fairy crowned.

Across the Hall the spell-bound child was  
 led

And *Thetis* there adorned the darling's head.  
 Then songs of joy the *Oceanides* sung,  
 Accompanied by *Æolian* harps just hung,

And *Nereides* whirled about to show  
 The gay delight now felt by them below.

The Sea-Queen rose, and silence, quick as  
 thought,  
 At once supremely reigned throughout the  
 Court,  
 Then she, in accents mild that softly broke  
 The stillness of the air, thus sweetly spoke:

"Ambassadors, dear sylphs, and every  
 naiad,  
 We have success to-day, and this dear  
 maid  
 From Mother Earth was captivated by  
 Our *Adeona's* luring minstrelsy.

Our King, old Neptune, always brave and  
 true,  
 This day's expected here, whate'er ye do,  
 Deal gently with his Sons; they too will  
 bring  
 Their yearly gift and princely offering.

See that the regal train are entertained,  
 Call up my sprites and let them be  
 arraigned,  
 The Banquet Hall adorn with flowers of  
 light,  
 And make our largest gems perplex the  
 sight.  
 Let cheer and kindness to our guest be  
 shown,  
 And, dearest fays, pray leave her not alone.

Fair nymphs attend; music's soft strains I  
 hear.  
 The Sea-God comes—his cortège must be  
 near!  
 Go, welcome him and all his retinue,  
 With dignity your loyal homage shew."

The happy *Naiads*, with tripping feet ran  
 on,  
 And filled the Hall of *Amphitrite* anon.  
 The heralds marched before the King in  
 state,  
 The trailing train then came with hearts  
 elate.

A *fanfare* on the brazen trumpets played,  
 Bespoke attention, which was duly paid.  
 The nymphs a graceful guard of honour  
 formed,  
 Their loyal hearts towards their monarch  
 warmed.

The King, majestic, in such form received,  
Smiled graciously, with love his bosom  
heaved,

And to the throne with cheerful steps he  
went,

Whilst peans of joy rung through the fir-  
ament.

The Queen enthroned received her Royal  
Guest,

Entreated him to share her seat and rest ;  
With grace the King approached and kissed  
her hand.

To the unknown and blushing child from  
land

He bowed, and fondly would have her em-  
braced,

But she upon the Queen's left hand was  
placed.

Now side by side the Sea-God's progeny  
Of the male line, in twos the Queen filed  
by.

Preceding all was *Triton* with his shell,  
A wreathed horn he blew and sounded  
well.

Then from the Throne, with accents soft  
and round,

The King thus spoke with reverence pro-  
found :—

“ Illustrious Queen, Fairies, and mortal  
child,

I greet ye with great joy ;

'Tis twelve full months since we were here,  
Our tributes to deploy.

My Sons and I our offerings bring  
To lay them at your feet ;

The Ocean's depths have ransacked been  
For gifts we've thought most meet.

My Sons and Sprites at sundry times  
Have made rude winds to blow,  
The sea to run as mountains high,  
Though felt not here below.

When these prevailed the ships at sea,  
Gem-laden, were o'er rolled ;  
And thus they foundered in the gale,  
To scatter from the hold

The freight, and many costly gems  
Brought far from bright Brazil,  
Whilst India's wealth and handiwork  
Were garnered with goodwill.

The goodly spoil to this fair Court  
My votaries onward bear  
As yearly presents, and, dear Queen,  
They hither now repair.

The smiling Queen, with ready words,  
Then thanked her Royal Guest,  
And bade that happiness and love  
Pervade each beating breast.

To sound of drums and thunder's wakening  
noise

The cortége comes, brought up by beamish  
boys,

Whose brawny build gave them the  
*Nerian* stamp,  
And agile step bespoke the deep sea ramp.

These *Aegian* youths, well modelled in each  
limb,

*Apollo-like*, were clothed unique and trim,  
The King's fair favours to the throne were  
borne,

Aloft, around, to sound of *Triton's* horn ;

The train approached, stood still, and then  
wheeled round.

And with their burdens made a royal  
rout.

The guard, a Prince, saluted King and  
Queen,

The *tout ensemble* was a lovely scene.

Then *Amphitrite* the noble gifts surveyed,  
And to the Court with thrilling accents  
said :—

“ On this auspicious day all joy !

Let Love by Mirth be led ;

We'll hasten to the Ballet Hall,  
Our fancy must be fed.

Our present acquisitions are  
Great and exceeding fair,  
The wealth of nations now we have  
In gems most choice and rare.

The priceless ingots with the rest  
Would make a *Croesus* crave  
And wish that he might share with us  
Our life beneath the wave.

Like happy fairies, as we are,  
We'll to the Hall repair,  
Each other's company enjoy  
And love's delight to share.

Sprites attend, and promptly now  
Your willing duty show ;

It is my wish that all of ye  
With fun and mirth o'erflow.

Now fairies, guests, I lead the way,  
And Neptune you'll attend ;  
The silent maiden bring with us,  
Your hand to her now lend.”

LISTS OF OLD LODGES, No. 3.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

OUR next reprint selected is the List appended to "A Pocket Companion for Freemasons, containing: 1. The History of Masonry. 2. The Charges of a Freemason, &c. 3. General Regulations for the use of the Lodges in and about the city of Dublin. 4. The manner of Constituting a *New Lodge*, according to the Antient usage of Masons. 5. A Short Charge to be given a new admitted Brother. 6. A collection of the Songs of Masons, both old and new. 7. Prologues and Epilogues spoken at the Theatres in Dublin and London for the entertainment of Freemasons. 8. A List of the Warranted Lodges in Ireland, Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, East and West Indies, &c, *approved of, and recommended by the Grand Lodge.* Deus nobis sol & scutum. Dublin: Printed by E. Rider, and sold at the Printing Office, in George's Lane; T. Jones, in Clarendon Street, and J. Pennel, at the Hercules, in St. Patrick Street. MDCCXXXV. (Price Eightpence.)" Thus ends the long Title page. The book is an octavo, pp. vi. and 79 with an excellent Masonic Frontispiece.

I saw the valuable little "Companion" first in the Library of my friend, Bro. Walter Spencer, and, after a perusal, dis-

covered its importance, especially to our American Brethren, as the Lodge numbered 116, and held at "The Hoop in Water Street, in Philadelphia, 1st Monday," is not to be traced so far in any other List.

In many respects the List is a copy of a Roll of Lodges we have already given in the Masonic Magazine for November, which was issued in 1734, but not quite the same, as numbers 126 and 127 in Pine's List, are omitted in the Dublin edition, and there are other differences, which prove that the original of the 1735 Companion was in all probability a Pine's List of 1732 or 1733, with some new Lodges added by the compiler. As the numeration in the following list groups the Irish and English Lodges together as one,—and there are 37 of the former—to know the correct English number it is needful to deduct 37 from the ordinary numbers. 116, Philadelphia, would accordingly be 79, which number is vacant in the Pine's List of 1734.

What we especially want now is a Pine's List of 1731-2 or 3, and we hope one or all of them will yet be found to enable us to elucidate the questions involved, which affect the history of the craft in America, and, indirectly, also in this country. We, as Masons, "*live for one another the good that we can do,*" and the subject is more likely to be decided on this side of the Atlantic, because of our greater facilities for such studies.

A LIST OF THE WARRANTED LODGES

IN THE KINGDOMS OF

IRELAND, GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, SPAIN, GERMANY, THE EAST AND WEST INDIES, &c.

A list of the warranted Lodges in the Kingdom of Ireland, as they are Register'd in the Grand Lodge Book.

- 1 Black Lion, in Winetavern Street, every other Wednesday.
- 2 Hercules, in St. Patrick Street, every other Monday.
- 3 Bull's Head, in Ormond Market, every other Wednesday.
- 4 Two Blue Posts, in Pembroke Court, every other Wednesday.
- 5 Hercules, in St. Patrick Street, every other Monday.
- 6 Recorder's Head, in Meath Street, every other Monday.
- 7 Cock and Punch Bowl, Cork Hill, every other Thursday.

- 8 Eagle Tavern, on Cork Hill, every other Wednesday.
- 9 Swan, in Palmer's Town, every other Saturday.
- 10 Next door to the Golden Bottle, in Meath Street, every other Wednesday.
- 11 Bray, County of Dublin.
- 12 In the first Battalion Royal.
- 13 In Major General Dalzeel's Regiment of Foot, every 3rd Friday.
- 14 Mr. Samuel Barrington's, in Limerick, 1st Monday in every month.
- 15 Pattin, in Meath Street.
- 16 St. Andrew's Cross, Lombard Street, in Galway, 1st Thursday in every month.
- 17 Mr. Richard Whiteacres, in Gorey, 27th of every month.
- 18 Spread Eagle, in Arklow, 1st Saturday in every month.
- 19 White Hart, in Enniskilling, 1st Friday in every month.
- 20 Black Lyon, on the Merchaut's Quay, every other Wednesday.
- 21 Royal Billiard Table, in Youghall, 1st Saturday of every month.
- 22  $\frac{1}{2}$  Bull's Head, Pill Lane, every other Monday.
- 23 Newport, County of Mayo.
- 24 Plow and Harrow, in Wilbrook, near Athlone, 1st Monday in every month.
- 25 In Colonel Hamilton's Regiment.
- 26 Eagle Tavern, on Cork Hill, every other Wednesday.
- 27 In Youghall, 1st Tuesday in every month.
- 28 Lestrand, County of Sligo.
- 29 Golden Fleece, in Blarney Lane, in Cork, every other Monday.
- 30 Tuam, County of Galway.
- 31 Two Friends, in Chequer Lane, every other Thursday.
- 32 Tallow, County of Cork.
- 33 New-Castle, County of Limerick, 1st Monday of every month.
- 34 In the Royal Regiment of North British Fuzileers, 1st Monday in every month.
- 35 Mr. Nicholas Vicars, Coot Hill, County of Cavan, 1st Tuesday in every month.
- 36 In Major General Price's Regiment of Foot, 1st Monday in every month.
- 37 At Bacchus, on the Quay, in Limerick, the 24th day in every month.

#### A LIST OF THE WARRANTED LODGES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, &c.

- 38 King's Arm's, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1st Tuesday in every month.
- 39 Bull and Gate, in Holborn, 1st Wednesday.
- 40 The Horn, Westminster, 2nd Thursday.
- 41 The Swan, Hampstead, 1st and 3rd Saturday.
- 42 The Ship, behind the Royal Exchange, 2nd Wednesday.
- 43 Mr. Brand, New Bond Street, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- 44 Rummer, in Queen Street, Cheapside, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
- 45 Union Lodge, Devil, Temple Bar, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- 46 The One Tun, in Noble Street, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 47 King's Arms, New Bond Street, last Thursday.
- 48 Queen's Head, Knaves-Acre, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 49 The Castle, Drury Lane, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 50 Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, second and last Monday.
- 51 Queen's Head, Great Queen Street, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- 52 Bull's Head, Southwark, 2nd Monday.
- 53 Goat, the foot of the Haymarket, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- 54 Crown, in St. Giles's, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- 55 Crown, Ludgate Hill, 1st Wednesday.
- 56 Queen's Arms, Newgate Street, 2nd and 4th Friday.
- 57 French Lodge, Swan, Long-Acre, 1st and 3rd Monday.

- 58 Anchor and Baptist Head, Chancery Lane, second and last Thursday.
- 59 Swan, Fish Street Hill, 1st Friday.
- 60 Half Moon, Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- 61 Swan and Royal Oak, in Whitecross Street, first Friday.
- 62 Punch Bowl and Ladle, London Street, Greenwich, last Saturday.
- 63 Brett's Coffee House, Charles Street, St. James's Square, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- 64 Crown and Septer, in St. Martin's Lane, 2nd and last Monday.
- 65 Queen's Head, in the City of Bath, last Thursday.
- 66 Nagg's Head, Bristol.
- 67 Queen's Head, in Norwich.
- 68 Dolphin, in the City of Chichester, 3rd Friday.
- 69 White Bull, in Northgate Street, in Chester.
- 70 Castle, in Watergate Street, in Chester, 1st Tuesday.
- 71 Bunch of Grapes, in Carmarthen, South Wales.
- 72 East India Arms, in Gosport, Hampshire, 2nd Thursday, at 3 o'clock.
- 73 Red Lion, Congleton, Cheshire.
- 74 Sash, in Moor-Fields, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
- 75 Three Tuns and Bull's Head, in Cheapside, 1st Thursday.
- 76 Swan and Rummer, Finch Lane, second and fourth Wednesday.
- 77 St. Paul's Head, Ludgate Street, fourth Monday.
- 78 Vine, in Holborn, 1st Monday.
- 79 Salutation, Billingsgate, third Wednesday.
- 80 King's Arms, in the Strand, 1st Monday.
- 81 The Swan, in Long Acre, 2nd and last Wednesday.
- 82 White Hart, without Bishopsgate, 1st Tuesday.
- 83 Mount Coffee House, Grosvenor Street, near Hanover Square, first Wednesday.
- 84 Three Crowns, Stoke Newington, 1st Saturday.
- 85 King's Head, in Salford, near Manchester, 1st Monday.
- 86 Castle and Leg Tavern, Holborn, second and last Wednesday.
- 87 Three Flower de Lucas, St. Bernard Street, in Madrid, 1st Sunday.
- 88 Gibraltar, 1st. Tuesday.
- 89 Woolpack, in Warwick, 1st and 2nd Friday.
- 90 Hoop and Griffin, in Leadenhall Street, 3rd Wednesday.
- 91 Rose and Crown, in Greek Street, Soho, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- 92 Richmond Lodge, Duke of Lorraine, Suffolk Street, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- 93 Crown and Anchor, in Short's Gardens, first and third Thursday.
- 94 Red Lion and Ball, in Red Lion Street, Holborn, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- 95 Crown, in the Corn Market, Oxford, every Thursday.
- 96 Three Tons, in Scarborough, 1st Wednesday.
- 97 Three Tons, Billingsgate, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
- 98 King's Arms, Cateton Street, 1st and 3rd Friday.
- 99 The George, Northampton, 1st Saturday.
- 100 Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, 1st Thursday.
- 101 Rose, without Temple Bar, 3rd Wednesday.
- 102 St. Rook's Hill, near Chichester, in Sussex, once a year, viz, Tuesday in Easter week, constituted in the reign of Julius Cæsar.
- 103 Red Lion in the City of Canterbury, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- 104 Castle, St. Giles's, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 105 Vine, Long Acre, 2nd and 4th Wednesday,
- 106 Boy and Grapes, Bloomsbury Market, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- 107 Duke's Head, Lynn Regis in Norfolk, 1st Friday.
- 108 Rose, in Cheapside, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- 109 East India Arms, in Bengall, in the East Indies.
- 110 Saracen's Head, in Lincoln, 1st Tuesday.
- 111 University Lodge, at the Bear and Harrow, in the Butcher Row, 1st Tuesday.
- 112 Rainbow Coffee House, York Buildings, 2nd and 4th Thursday.
- 113 Queen's Head, in the Old Baily, 1st and 3rd Thursday.

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- 114 Black Lion, Jockey Fields, 1st and 3rd Monday.  
 115 Fountain, in Bury St. Edmund's 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 116 The Hoop, in Water Street, in Philadelphia, 1st Monday.  
 117 Angel, in Macclesfield, Cheshire.  
 118 Fleece, in Bury St. Edmund's, 1st and 3rd Thursday.  
 119 Three Tons, in Newgate Street, second and last Monday.  
 120 Three Tons, in Smithfield, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
 121 Freeman's Coffee House, Cheapside, second Thursday.  
 122 King's Arms, in Russel Street, Covent Garden, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
 123 King's Arms, St. Margret's Hill, Southwark, 3rd Monday.  
 124 New King's Arms, in Leigh, in Lancashire.  
 125 Bell and Bird, in Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, 1st Monday.  
 126 Rummer and Horse shoe, Drury Lane, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 127 Au Louis D'Argent 'Dans la Rue de Boucherie a Paris, every Wednesday.  
 128 Sun in Fleet Street, second and last Tuesday.  
 129 Antwerp, City, in Threadneedle Street, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 130 Goose and Gridiron-Iron, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
 131 Oxford Arms, Ludgate Street, 2nd and 4th Thursday.  
 132 Horn and Feathers, Wood Street, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
 133 White Horse, in Ipswich, 2nd and 4th Thursday.  
 134 New Inn, Exeter.  
 135 Duke of Lorraine, Suffolk Street, first and third Tuesday.  
 136 Leg, Fleet Street, first and Third Friday.  
 137 George, in Butcher Row, first and third Friday.  
 138 Crown, in Upper-Moor-Fields, 2nd Tuesday.  
 139 Royal Vineyard, St. James's Park, every Saturday at 2 o'clock.  
 140 Ship, without Temple Bar, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
 141 Vrgin's Inn, in Derby.  
 142 A Private Room, Bolton Lee Moors, in Lancaster, next Wednesday to every Full Moon.  
 143 Nagg's Head, in Audley Street, first and third Wednesday.  
 144 Dale's Coffee House, Warwick Street, second and fourth Wednesday.  
 145 Seven Stars, Bury St. Edmund's, 2nd and 4th Thursday.  
 146 Three Lions, Salisbury, 1st and 2nd Wednesday.  
 147 Ship Coffee House, near the Hermitage Bridge, 1st and 3rd Thursday.  
 148 Theatre Tavarn, Goodman's Fields, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
 149 King's Arms, Tower Street, near the Seven Dials, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
 150 Bear, in the City of Bath, first and third Friday.  
 151 Ship, St. Mary Axe, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
 152 Scots Mason's Lodge, Devil, Temple Bar, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
 153 Bear and Harrow, Master Mason's Lodge, Butcher Row, 2nd and 4th Friday.  
 154 King's Arms, Master Mason's Lodge, in the Strand, 3rd Monday and 5th Sunday.  
 155 Red Lion, Bury in Lancashire, next Thursday to every Full Moon.  
 156 Talbot, Stourbridge in Worcestershire, every Wednesday.  
 157 Oat's Coffee House, Master Mason's Lodge, in Great Wild Street, 1st and 3rd Sunday.  
 158 Solomon's Coffee House, Pimlico, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.  
 159 Forrest's Coffee House, Charing Cross, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
 160 Prince of Orange, St. Saviour's Dock, Southwark, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
 161 Hamburgh, in Low Saxony.  
 162 Swan, in Birmingham, 1st Monday.  
 163 Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Petticoat Lane, Whitechappel, third Friday.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

AN IDYLL OF EPIPHANY.

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

THE seventh eve draws on apace in Eden, for the Almighty's work is done. The rays of the setting sun are changing fast from gold to ruby red, when a beauteous Rosebud unfolds its petals as it overhangs a lovely Lily blooming in purest white. As the rays of the departing sun just kiss the virgin blossom of the Lily, a crimson flush, reflected from the Rose, steals over it and rests for a moment's space in its snowy bosom. Just at this moment Adam's awakening gaze rests on it and he starts, for at the self-same instant of departing day, beneath the Lily and the Rose, he espies a form beauteous beyond all he ever saw or pictured to himself. It is the Almighty's latest work of all, man's help-meet, Mother Eve. Whilst Adam enraptured at the sight bends over her, and her opening eyes behold her future Lord, as o'er the Lily reflected from the Rose mantles the blush of crimson, so in the heart of Eve springs up for Adam the newly-awakened passion, heaven-born, heaven-sent, Love.

Ere many days have passed the scene has changed, no longer all is bright in Eden, for sin has entered there, and entering in expels the former happy pair from Paradise. One moment's glance before the gate is closed for ever by the guardian Cherubs, one pause of silent sorrow, and they see the happy spot where lately blossomed both the Lily and the Rose. Droops the Lily now, but the Rose, waxing in growth as the Lily fades, bends over her, and our first parents gather anew heart-strength, for by this sign they know that as man's frailty makes him droop and fail, so over him bends the Almighty One, and in his hour of sorest need does man find grown to greatest power The Universal Father's Love.

Adown the stream of Time slowly the years roll on, and sadly too, for the whole world is heartsick, as all love, human and divine, seems well-nigh lost and dead. Brightly shine the stars watching o'er the lone shepherds who tend their flocks amid the wolf-scour'd plains of Bethlehem.

Suddenly in the distant East there springs a light which, as it grows, glows with ever-increasing brilliancy, until surpassing in its splendour the glare of mid-day sun, to the shepherds' astonished gaze reveal themselves the Heavenly Host, who in Seraphic choir, show forth the opening of Eden's portals which long years ago Cherubic hands had barred, and in proclamation sweet tell forth the tale of human harmony and Heavenly Love.

Angel-sent the shepherds go to the holy place, whilst star-led, too, the Wisdom of the East proceeds to find its Light of Life; and there, within a stable, lowly kneel both seer and simple, rich and poor, before their Lord, who is the Maker of them all. There throned in lowly state blooms the virgin Lily and on her breast reclines the promised Rose.

A few more years roll by, and now it is the Rose must die. Uplifted high on the Cross of Shame He hangs, whilst on the pale and drooping Lily lowly bowed in sorrow at his feet, pours down the mingled stream of Water Baptismal and Eucharistic Blood, meet channels twain of Purity and Love.

But three days' space, and changed is that cross—of deepest sorrow then—of richest glory now; changed, too, man's heritage from sordid dross of earth to richest wealth of heaven.

Years still roll on, and man still lives and dies, but dying lives again, and lives for evermore. And ever and anon amidst this wild world's weary sojourning its pilgrims find a rest; for with their brows imprinted with the mark of sorrow, and their breasts adorned with the guerdon of sympathy fraternal, they gaze upon the Rosy-Cross, and know that this world's wilderness of hate once passed, they enter Paradise, their Rose's everlasting home of rest and Heavenly Love.

BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES."

BY E. F. C.

O, LEAVE the heedless, laughing throng,  
And spend one little hour with me  
Beneath the moon's sad tender light—  
The last that I shall pass with thee.

Within my heart there is a sigh  
Which answers back thesea's low moan  
For, O my love, we are to part—  
To-morrow I shall be alone!

O sweet have been the Summer days  
While we have wandered side by side;  
But darkness now overwhelms my soul,  
Wrecked in the whirl of passion's tide.

I did not dream when first we met,  
That I could ever love thee so.  
But thou hast whiled my heart away,  
And canst not calmly bid me "Go."

And tell me when 'tis all too late,  
Another waits to call thee "wife;"  
While I—O, what is left for me?  
A lonely, aimless, ruined life!

Nay, girl, I would not blame thee, yet  
'Tis hard to say that word "farewell!"  
For in its utterance is breathed,  
O'er all fond hopes a funeral knell,

Years will roll on, and Summers fade  
Into the dun-gray Autumn's chill,  
And our two paths lie wide apart  
Until my heart grows cold and still!

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## AN OLD, OLD STORY.

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### CHAPTER VI.

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'Tis rapture to lounge in such exquisite clover,  
To bask in the sunshine of Gwendolen's eyes;  
With light-hearted Millie to be a gay rover,  
Or "spoon" to the music of Rosalie's sighs."

J. A. STERRY,  
*Boudoir Ballads.*

WHEN Miss Margerison returned to the room, she saw at once that Lucy was very much bored, and Mr. Williams very much flustered. He looked red and perspiring, and had become nervous in manner, and rapid in ejaculation.

And so that good woman set to work to remove the boredom of the one, and the excitement of the other, by civil words and friendly looks. Very soon after this Colonel Mackintosh and Mr. Mainwaring were announced, with ill-suppressed satisfaction by Mr. Walters, and I think it

more than probable, by the manner of the two "entrants," that that worthy individual had already expressed his opinion on matters in general, and Mr. Williams in particular, in words which greatly amused those two excellent individuals.

Lucy was radiant in the extreme at this appearance of some allies on the field of battle, and even Miss Margerison, though greatly solicitous for "poor Mr. Williams," did not at all refuse her habitual pleasant greeting to her ancient and her youthful friend.

Soon after luncheon was announced, and ere long the little party was fully doing justice to the well-spread table and the liberal bill of fare which ever prevailed at "The Cedars."

But shortly after luncheon had disappeared, and the "quintette" had adjourned to the terrace for the fresh air, and two of the gentlemen for the "fragrant weed," an unexpected little difficulty arose.

It soon became clear that by some talismanic intuition, or some amatory Freemasonry, the two last comers had realized Lucy Longhurst's objection to the Curate's intrusion into their little domestic circle, and they equally resented Miss Margerison's invitation of him to their contemplated party at Richmond, for it had been an excursion proposed and planned by the two gentlemen, much to Lucy's satisfaction, and they had intended it to be a strict "partie carrée."

But five is an unequal and inconvenient number, and though, as Rory O'More sang, "There's luck in odd numbers," yet it is extremely difficult to seat five comfortably at any table I have ever seen or can possibly conceive.

The fifth person, as Colonel Mackintosh was fond of saying, "creates a vacuum and produces a solecism."

Some of us may recall to-day, how many an innocent little scheme of ours has been frustrated by the inconvenient intrusion of No. 5.

When her sister Annie had so considerately arranged that Henry Mortimer (a parti,) should sit vis-a-vis the pretty Edith Maxwell, in a quiet little party of four, what a bore it was at the eleventh hour, to have that tiresome man, Mr. Double-day, walk in, who would not take a hint, would not go away and would stay for

luncheon. When at that famous ball at Sir Henry Middleton's, it had all been cleverly settled by the fathers and mothers that the four should all go together in the omnibus to the dance, and the result would seem, humanly speaking, to be necessary and obvious, what a nuisance it was to have that briefless barrister, Mr. Pickersgill, breaking up the "little pie," by asking for a lift, to save himself, as some one said, the expense of the village fly.

How many well-laid schemes and kindly conspiracies has No. 5 destroyed in the past, and disarranges every day.

No sooner than by the electric wire of sympathy was Lucy Longhurst's discontent conveyed to the facile dial plate of Colonel Mackintosh, and Mr. Mainwaring's answering intelligence, than they set themselves to work to put an end to such an unendurable infliction.

"What a beautiful day," said Colonel Mackintosh reflectively, as the wreath of smoke hovered around his cigarette. "How enjoyable it is to sit and luxuriously realize one's "dolce far niente" under these shady trees. Well, it puts me in mind of a halt we once made when we were going up against those Caffres in 1852, and when our patrol rested for their dinner under some shady trees. But," added the old Colonel sorrowfully, "of all that merry band how few remain; some are lying as they fell before those accursed 'Assegais'; some are sleeping in the 'Vale of Gloom'; some are resting on the 'Indian plain'; some have long since found their "last billet," and I alone survive."

"Ah," said Lucy, cheerfully and soothingly to the old man, for she was very fond of the "vieux militaire;" "If you gentlemen don't care for your party to Richmond, let us stay at home and enjoy the fine afternoon. I will send round and ask the three Miss Moncktons and their brother, and Mr. Mainwaring would perhaps not object to send for his friend Mr. Carruthers, who I think likes Miss Monckton No. 2 very much, and with Mr. Williams we shall be four gentlemen and four ladies, and can have a quiet game at croquet.

"You, aunt," she said, turning to Miss Margerison, "can look on with Colonel Mackintosh, and talk over mutual friends and "Auld lang syne," and we can have our game and some tea at five."

And here the young lady stopped, as she did not want to say anything about dinner before Mr. Williams. Was not Lucy a clever little manageress?

You see by her skilful flank movement she had completely broken up Mr. Williams's footing in the family gathering, and had reduced his presence amongst them to that of a general acquaintance, a friendly neighbour. Commend me to a clever woman for a "tour de force," or a "coup d'état domestique."

And as Mr. Mainwaring undertook to send his groom and trap with the message to the Miss Moncktons and Mr. Carruthers, the intended excursion to Richmond was at once given up, and poor Mr. Williams saw by the movement, for he was not destitute of discernment, that Lucy had given him the "cold shoulder," and that Mr. Mainwaring had cut him out; for he felt at once that a young curate with three smart young laymen and four merry girls had but little chance, and was placed in a false position. Like the dancing parson, the croquet, hunting, archery-loving parson is after all, a subject of great pity to young ladies.

Some good-natured girls may encourage a foolish young clergyman by saying they like to see a parson dancing and going out to balls and the like; but they are not speaking truly—it is only a "façon de parler," and when amongst themselves their language of all such is mostly the severest of the severe.

Like the hunting parson in one of Leech's inimitable sketches, who is down in the ditch, one hunting man says to the other—"Who's that down, Jack?" "Oh, its only the parson, George!" "Let him lie there," says George; "we shan't want him till Sunday." What a depth of truthful sarcasm in a few passing words.

Young ladies who have always "au fond," a right view of things, wish the clergy to be always "spiritual," not "lay," and no greater mistake can be made by a "parson," under any circumstances, than to ape the habits of fast young men around him.

How forcible was old Johnson's reprobations of the unseemly banter of some "parsons" in his time, who wished to pass off before him as men of the world. "The merriment of these parsons," he said, stout

old gladiator as he was, "is mighty offensive."

Pardon the digression, but accept the truth. Well, the "maids of the mallet" and the "heroes of the lawn" soon gathered together and were hotly engaged in their mimic warfare.

Lucy, who arranged the sides, had put Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Carruthers, with his friend, Miss Emily Monckton and herself on the one side, and had carefully placed Mr. Herbert Monckton and his good-looking sisters, Sophy and Ellina, together with Mr. Williams, to make up their combative four.

But somehow or other, neither Mr. Monckton nor the Misses Monckton cared very much for Mr. Williams, and the consequence was, they waged "the desperate strife" with little animation and no interest. The Curate's somewhat insipid conversation and equally unpolished jokes, innocent as they were, did not chime harmoniously somehow or other with the sentiment and sympathies of two highly-educated young ladies, and they thought, moreover, that they saw quite enough and heard quite enough of Mr. Williams in his proper sphere, while Mr. Herbert Monckton, who was a "swell" in the vicinity, had what young men commonly entertain sometimes, a supercilious opinion of the clergy generally, and curates in particular. I need hardly add that this is a grave mistake; but the lay mind is a little touchy on such matters.

And while on the one side all was laughter, and all was sympathy, the saying of pleasant little "nothings," which meant a great deal, the interchanging of kindly glances, and the glad offering and ready acceptance of numerous little attentions, on the other all was distance and distrust, the sense of "ennui" and the hope for "tea" to put an end, in their opinion, to a most uninteresting game. But how we do all deceive one another, and misunderstand and misconstrue each other's plans and proceedings in life.

It is amusing often to note, that the old saying is not always true after all, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." The things we dislike, others highly admire; this little matter which does not suit us at all, suits our fair neighbour very well.

As that summer afternoon went on under those shady trees, the old Thames meandering by, Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring, and I may add Mr. Carruthers and Miss Emily Monckton, had proceeded a considerable distance along that journey which is always pleasant in its progress, though not always uniform in its results.

If you might judge how Colonel Mackintosh felt, as he sat smoking his cigarette, (the old Colonel was very particular about his cigarettes,)—he was intensely pleased with all that was going on.

It carried the old boy far away to other scenes, and fairy forms, and laughing eyes, and gentle hopes; and in his geniality and unselfishness—though for him all these things were but of the past, never, never to return—he could and did warmly sympathise with the dawning of youthful anticipations, those bright dreams which lend such a grace to the experience, such a poetry to the prose of life, such an animating and ennobling sentiment to every human aspiration.

But all this time Miss Margerison did not seem quite at ease, and she appeared, for some reason or other, to watch that croquet party with anxious looks, and a certain expression of subdued dissatisfaction on her placid and kindly countenance. Whether Colonel Mackintosh observed his companion's "mood," is not "for the moment" needful to say; but if he did, he did not mind it, and that is what I advise my readers to do.

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## AN AMERICAN VINDICATION OF AMERICANS.

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*From the "NEW YORK HERALD."*

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THE interesting book of the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord, of which we gave some account a day or two since, challenges a kind of attention which is not often bestowed on a mere literary production. The marquis has had his work printed in America, not, we suppose, because he expects a work in the French language to find many readers in this country, but because

he wishes to submit it to the criticism of competent American judges before publishing it in France. He has been so short a time in the United States, and has been compelled to depend so much on conversation for his knowledge of the present state of the country, that it was prudent for him to submit his conclusions to the judgment of people who have had better opportunities with a view to revise what he has written if it should appear that he has been misled into errors. If, after sending copies to the American press, he should find no dissent from his conclusions, he would feel justified in publishing his book in France as an authentic exposition of American morals and culture in 1876. We think the marquis has been unfortunate in his sources of information, and it is due alike to him and the country that his implied request to have his mistakes rectified before reprinting his book in France should be candidly acceded to.

He portrays the people of this country as in a state of revolting degeneracy, representing us as having lost the virtues of our ancestors and destitute of the intellectual and æsthetic culture which is the best fruit of civilization. "It is a people," he says, "whose morality is that of a people in decadence." "It is a people which produces things, but no longer produces men." We have "no men of letters, no orators, no statesmen, no works of art, or at least very few, to attest the existence of a civilized nation." This judgment would be too sweeping even if our culture were compared with that of contemporary Europe, but when the comparison is between America in 1876 and America in 1776 we are perhaps more competent to judge than the most intelligent foreigner can be after the hasty inquiries which are possible during a brief sojourn in the United States.

We are, too, painfully aware that it becomes us to be modest in comparing ourselves with Europe in the more refined branches of intellectual cultivation. But if the comparison were between the United States and Russia, Spain, Italy, or any of the Scandinavian nations there would perhaps be no presumption in maintaining that America has no reason to blush for her barbarism. England, France, and Germany are the only European countries with which a comparison would not be absurd, for we

have outstripped every other nation in all the moral, social, intellectual, and æsthetic, as well as the material elements of civilization. Within the last half of the century which has elapsed since our independence American literature has had many names which command respect in the most enlightened countries of Europe. Our historians need not shrink from a comparison with those of other cultivated nations. Prescott and Motley have treated European subjects with a breadth of original research and a pictorial grace which have received admiring recognition from the most distinguished men of letters in Europe. The best history of the connexion of Spain with the New World is by an American, the best history of the reign of Philip II. is by an American, the best history of the Dutch Republic is by an American, the most learned and critical history of Spanish literature is by an American, the best life of Columbus is by an American, and the labours of Bancroft in American history have won for him the respect of Europe as well as of his own country. Our American historians are as remarkable for elegance of style as for research and erudition, and have been made honorary members of the most learned societies of Europe. Our poets may not be great, but Europe has produced no great poet within the last half-century. Our Longfellow is almost as popular and as widely read in England as in the United States, and Bryant, Whittier and Lowell deserve to rank as high as most of the contemporary poets of Europe. Within the last few years we have produced the best translation of Dante, the best translation of Homer, and the best translation of Goethe's "Faust" in the English language. Our Cooper has been translated into every European tongue, our Hawthorne is as warmly admired in England as he is at home, and the inimitable graces of our Irving, which suffer by translation, make him a favourite wherever the English language is read. American law books are quoted as authorities in all the higher Courts of England, and if they have not been translated it is because the jurisprudence of Continental Europe is so different from that of the United States and Great Britain. On that great branch of jurisprudence which is common to all

civilized countries—international law—our Wheaton holds the highest place among the standard authorities. In science also we have done our part. The American contributions to electricity, meteorology, geology, photography and philology have received recognition from the most eminent scientists of Europe. Our Signal Service Bureau attests what we have done in meteorology. The splendid work of our Coast Survey has never been excelled in that line. Our exploring expeditions to the Arctic and Antarctic regions, to Japan and the Eastern seas betoken a generous interest in the extension of geographical knowledge. We have sculptors of no mean fame, of whom Story may be taken as a representative. In landscape painting our artists are admitted to be the peers, if not the superiors, of those of any other nation. Without going further into details we protest that it is not fair to represent us as a people without literature, without arts, without science, without taste for liberal attainments.

We are told that the American people estimate a man only by the amount of his wealth. "You never hear it said" (we translate from the French marquis) "this man is remarkable for such or such a work—this is an artist, a philosopher, a distinguished writer, a *savant*." He goes on to say, "This thirst of lucre seems to devour all, to absorb all, to be the one only thought of these men." A more intimate acquaintance with American life would convince him that this is a total misconception of the American character. How would he explain the social attentions we lavish on men like Huxley and Tyndall when they happen to visit us? Why did we so run after and lionize Dickens and Thackeray? Agassiz was a poor man, Longfellow is not rich, Choate barely supported his family, but the wealthiest merchant of Boston never excited such respectful interest as these men of mere talent and culture. If Ralph Waldo Emerson and William B. Astor should happen to attend the opera in this city on the same evening a hundred persons would point out the *litterateur* for one who would direct attention to the millionaire. The Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord has entirely mistaken our national character on this point. No people in the world hold

intellectual accomplishments in higher respect than the Americans.

But when we come to compare ourselves with our ancestors of 1776 instead of with the European nations of our own time, the evidence that we have not shamefully degenerated seems decisive. That we have not fallen off in the great qualities of generous patriotism and manly courage is abundantly proved by our recent civil war. Our forefathers bravely asserted their own rights, we have made stupendous sacrifices to secure the rights of a despised race of slaves. As to our sordid worship of money, it is a partial answer to the charge to point to the pecuniary sacrifices which we so freely made in the war. This partial answer is strengthened by recalling the large voluntary contributions for the Sanitary Commission—a generous exhibition of humanity which has no parallel. If the American people pursue wealth with ardour they also spend it with ungrudging liberality. What other country has so many institutions of charity supported entirely by private contributions? Our institutions of learning are constantly multiplying, and the curriculum of studies in the smaller colleges is more extensive than it was in Harvard and Yale a hundred years ago, while these and kindred institutions have so elevated their standards that graduates of 1776 would find it difficult to pass an examination for the Sophomore year. Moreover, hundreds of American young men are annually sent to Europe to study in the most famous universities of the Continent. No man in this country is compelled by law to pay a church-rate, but our church architecture of the last 30 years is so expensive and sumptuous that our frugal forefathers would have thought it ostentatious and extravagant.

It is true that public morals are just now degraded, but it is the result of transient causes which will soon pass, and it is hardly fair to judge our people by this exceptional period. The inflated, fluctuating currency, which was one of the attendant evils of a great war, set the country into a fever of speculation and converted all business into a species of gambling, but this corrupting influence will pass away within a few years. The steady honesty with which we have met the obligations of a

colossal public debt attests a deep and abiding sense of justice and honour in the American people. We hope the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord will remain in the country until he understands us better, and that he will thoroughly revise the disparaging parts of his book before he publishes it in France.

No. 194, UNDER THE "ANCIENTS" AND ITS RECORDS.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE Editor of the "Masonic Magazine" has desired my assistance in unravelling some doubtful matters respecting No. 194. I with pleasure comply.

The history of the Lodge, explained in part by the Editor in the "Masonic Magazine," for November, cannot be completed without the missing links, and especially the minutes from its origin, the book of records described being but No. 3.

The Lodge was in all probability constituted as No. 194 of the "Ancients," about 1775, and was so numbered until the "Union of A.D. 1803," when it became No. 239. Another alteration occurred in 1832, which witnessed a movement upward to 167, and finally in 1863 it was raised to 143, at which it still remains. At the "Union of 1813," according to the "Freemason's Calendar" of 1815 (published in 1814), the Lodge was described as "The George,\* Brook Street, Holborn, London." Since then, however, the name of the Lodge has been given, which is, in fact, the "Middlesex Lodge," No. 143, Aldersgate Street, London. The old minute book, therefore, was in all probability, once the property of the members, and the Lodge may still have the older volumes of records in their archives.

The Editor's discovery of the lost volume reminds me of a similar fortunate find, through the medium of my friend and brother Constable, viz: a volume of the Records of the *Enoch Lodge*, No. 11.

I find No. 194 in a list of "Ancient Lodges," about 1805, and also in the Roll of A.D. 1807, as held at "Coopers' Arms," West Smithfield; and in a List of 1813, it is described as "194, Crown and Anchor Fleet Market."

Of course I cannot say without more

evidence that the Middlesex Lodge has continued to meet regularly from say 1775, or that the members of the Lodge still meet by virtue of the original warrant, as young Lodges before the "Union" purchased old lapsed charters by permission.

The Minutes certainly are only evidence so far as they go, and no farther. Yet if there are no records that mention the *three* degrees, or *any* degrees as such prior, to last century, surely it is fair to state such as a fact? There *may* have been Masonic degrees prior to the Revival of 1717, and *there may not have been*; and there we leave the matter.

The "*Nine Worthies*" were appointed annually by the "Ancient" Grand Chapter, and approved by the "Ancient" Grand Lodge, as "*Nine skilful Royal Arch Masons*," whose duty it was to secure "*a general uniformity of the practice and ceremonies of Ancient Masonry*." In other words they were virtually Grand Lecturers, officers we should like to see still retained in our regulations.

I hope the Editor has more old Records in store for his readers.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

ON ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY, 1876.

By bleak December's skies are now besprent  
Fields, woods, with snows, and drifts of  
wintry heav'n;

Yet blest this day—his day who wrote  
the seven

Epistles;—sharer, too, of Love's lament;  
Who on Thy sacred bosom, erewhile, leant  
O Love—O Love Divine, so darkly riv'n;  
Ev'n as some barque, by force impetuous  
driv'n

Of storms, doth lean with buoyant hope  
unrent  
Safe in th' embrace of ocean's boundless  
breast

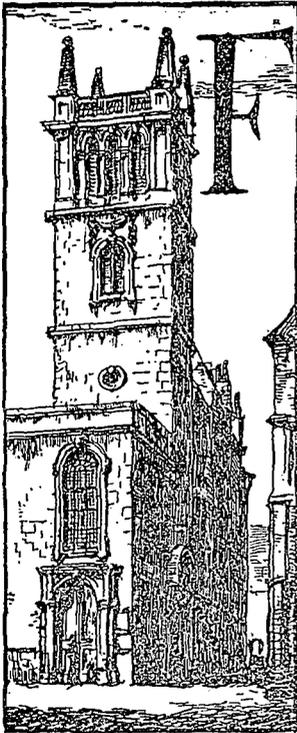
And billows vast of the upheaving main;  
Though like the waves, not all itself at rest,  
Yet still upheld from sorrow's utmost  
strain

By each full perilous, yet exulting crest  
Of ocean's troubled, tempest-harrow'd  
plain.

\* Place of meeting, not the name of the Lodge.

## ALLHALLOWS', BREAD STREET.

WE take this interesting paper from our contemporary the "Graphic," and we have to thank the publisher for his most kind permission to use the plates, for which our readers and ourselves are equally grateful. We peruse weekly with great admiration that admirably edited and illustrated paper.



It is certainly a little difficult to realise the fact that a poet—and he one of the sublimest thinkers of latter times—should have been born, lived, and died in the midst of this surging sea of noise and unrest. It must, however, be remembered that in Milton's time our merchants, ay, even our "merchant princes," thought it no disgrace to live over their counting houses, and the possession of a "commodious villa" at Barnes or a "desirable family mansion" at Bayswater was not considered an indispensable mark of solvency.

FEW other towns in Europe present such striking contrasts to the view as does London, especially that part of this huge metropolis called "the City." When one walks through its crowded streets and lanes, blocked up with wagons, horses plunging, men bawling, and boys whistling or howling the last popular melody execrably out of tune, one is apt to conclude that peace must for ever have fled this Babel. But presently our steps are arrested by the sight of a small plot of ground enclosed within rusty iron railings, and shaded by a tree or two. In the midst of this little space a few soot-begrimed stone monuments stand up like prophets, their grey heads sprinkled with ashes, and predict that all who are taking part in this hubbub will one day be laid to rest. Nor is it only in these quiet old City graveyards that peace seems to reign, for a little further on we come upon some old church looking calmly down upon the bustle around,—such a building, for instance, as Allhallows', Bread Street. Near the door of this church is a simple stone bearing an inscription. Let us read it—

*Three Pets in Three distant Ages born,  
GREECE ITALY and ENGLAND did adorn.  
The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd  
The next in Majesty in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go  
To mark'd Mine she join'd the former two.*

JOHN MILTON

WAS BORN in BREAD-STREET on FRIDAY the 9<sup>th</sup>  
day of DECEMBER .1608: and was BAPTISED  
in the PARISH-CHURCH of ALL HALLOWS  
BREAD-STREET on TUESDAY the 20<sup>th</sup>  
day of DECEMBER 1608.

The church of Allhallows', as we see it at present, does not at all bear out Milton's idea of what a religious edifice should be like. We look in vain for

the high embower'd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting a dim, religious light.

It is possible that these may have existed in the church of Milton's time, but that building was destroyed in the Great Fire in 1666, and the present one was erected a few years later from a design by Sir Christopher Wren.



Though not by any means one of that great architect's best works, it is well designed and splendidly constructed. The exterior is of Portland stone; the only portion of the building upon which the architect lavished any amount of ornament is the tower, and even here it is confined to the top story, which is a not altogether unsuccessful attempt to combine the features of a Gothic tower with that of the Italian campanile, although the rest of the church with the exception of the west doorway, is thoroughly plain. Yet it is solid, simple, and manly, without any of that pimping prettiness which disfigures some of our modern Gothic churches. There are no bits of coloured marble stuck about "without either rhyme or reason," no glass nobs or metal finials, but good common sense stone ashlar work. Unfortunately this church is doomed shortly to share the fate of so many of Wren's interesting churches, and we strongly recommend some of the younger members of the architectural profession to make plans and measured drawings of these structures before they are entirely swept away. For although we don't claim the gift of prophecy, even in matters of art, yet we can foretell the fact that the time will come when the destruc-

tion of these churches will be looked upon with great regret from an art point of view. Already the adaptation of the "free classic," or Queen Anne's style," for houses has proved that that style is far more suited to our domestic uses than Gothic, and it is far from impossible that we may many of us live to see the same movement extend itself to ecclesiastical works. We will just mention the fact that this church has undergone the usual religious farce of being *deconsecrated*, whatever that may mean. Bishop Claughton, whom we suppose we may without disrespect call the "*Deconsecrator* in ordinary," recently held this peculiar service within its walls, when he held out a kind of promise that the church was to be removed, or rather replaced, by a new church in some other part of London; when this substitute church is opened we suppose the service will be described as a *con-desecration*. We are glad to see that this *deconsecration* did not pass off without a protest, for merely it is, to speak in the mildest way, a rank absurdity to call God to bless the *destruction* of a temple once erected and consecrated to His honour. If *necessity compels* the destruction of a church destroy it, but to try and give a complexion of piety or religion to such an act is either pure hypocrisy or nonsensical twaddle, and it is quite time that this absurdity (if it is no worse) was given up.

H. W. B.

GERARD MONTAGU :

*A Winter's Tale.*

BY EMRA HOLMES.

*Author of "The Lady Muriel," "Waiting for Her," etc.**(Continued from page 290.)*

## CHAPTER IV.

SIX months have passed away, and the early summer days have come again.

Gerard soon returned to the north after spending a very happy fortnight, so he said, at Weston-super-Mare, thanks to me, he observed, but my wife thought perhaps the thanks were rather due to Lady Muriel.

I heard from him twice or thrice since, and he never failed to inquire particularly after her. He was getting on very well, I understood, but I could not help fancying he was overtaxing his strength, and one day he would rue it. He used to start from Darlington (where he had gone to reside, as being more central for his business) early in the morning, in time for Leeds corn market and, after travelling almost all day and attending the sale, he would get home at six or seven o'clock, quite done up, having probably tasted nothing since he left home in the morning. Three or four days in the week he was travelling, attending even the London market at Mark Lane, and so, by his unremitting attention to business, was laying the seeds of disease in the race for wealth. He used to complain of his head a good deal, but he would say when urged to take more rest that a poor man must work, that bread was so hard to get now-a-days, and that he had an object in view, an ambition, which wealth alone would enable him to gratify.

Dr. Evans warned him that constant railway travelling had been proved to be most baneful, that it laid the train of brain diseases, besides affecting the health in other ways, and we would not answer for the results if Montagu persisted in sticking so close to business. Montagu only laughed at him, called him a jolly old

humbug, and told him about Lady Muriel. He was his dear friend, and so he confided in him, though perhaps he would not have told his secret to any one else in the world.

And Dr. Evan's face, which usually looked so grave and sad, as if he had secret cause of sorrow which only his own heart could know, grew graver and sadder, and he went his way with a sigh on his lips and a pain at his heart. Yes, it must be owned that our hero had fallen in love with charming Muriel Mandeville, and absence only made his heart grow fonder, as Moore said.

Did Lady Muriel return his affection? Time alone will prove.

"Mother," Lord Chelmondiston said, strolling into her Ladyship's boudoir at Sneyd Park, Lord Kilpatrick's estate on the Orwell, "mother, I met Montagu in town this morning. He's looking shockingly knocked up. It's such an age since I had seen him that I was quite delighted. I met him in the Park, a most unlikely place to see him, he told me; but he was so fagged with business that he had come out for an airing. I took him into the Junior Carlton and gave him some lunch. He wouldn't come at first, but I may say I dragged him."

"My dear, I hope you did no such thing."

"Yes I did—figuratively, of course."

"Well, dear," Lady Kilpatrick said, looking quite relieved to find that his Lordship had not had recourse to physical force to induce his friend to accompany him to his club, "and what did Mr. Montagu say to you."

"Oh, lots, mother. I believe he's knocking himself up with business. By the way, he said he had met a relation of ours at Weston last autumn."

"Impossible, Arthur."

"Quite true, mother. My cousin, Muriel Mandeville."

"Oh, the late Countess's daughter. What sort of a girl is she? Her mother was pretty, but she was a *governess*, I believe, designing I daresay, and no doubt *managed* to make your father's cousin marry her."

"That's a very unjust speech of yours, mother, and not like you!" her son replied, indignantly.

"Well, dear," Lady Kilpatrick said pleasantly, "perhaps you are right, but you have not answered my question."

"Oh, Montagu says 'she's lovely, she's divine,' and all that sort of thing. Fact is, I believe he's in love with her."

"Nonsense, Arthur."

"Well, mother, and why shouldn't he be? If her own relations take no notice of her, I don't see why other people shouldn't. I declare," the young lord went on, "I was quite ashamed of myself when I thought I did now know my own cousin, who was living amongst strangers because her own kith and kin forgot the ties of relationship. Besides, if it comes to that we ought to be very thankful to her for being a *girl*."

Her ladyship burst out laughing.

"Well, you may laugh, mother, but if Lady Kilpatrick had had a son instead of a daughter father would have been plain Mr. Mandeville, and you would *not* have been Countess of Kilpatrick."

Her Ladyship was silent—the shaft had gone home. Lord Chelmondiston saw his advantage and pressed it.

"Mother, don't you think it would be kind to ask Muriel to come and see us?"

"Well, Arthur, I really don't know. I will think about it. And now, dear boy, you must leave me, for it is half-past seven and I must dress for dinner."

"I say, mother, Montagu says Captain Falconbridge, with whom Muriel lives, is fifty if a day, and looks ever so much older," the young fellow returned to remark, and then he left his mother to her own reflections.

Her Ladyship did think about it, and the more she thought about it the more it seemed to her that they had acted unkindly to Lady Muriel.

It is true they had written once to her since her mother's death, but the letter, she admitted, was not calculated to make a very good impression. They had somehow looked down upon Muriel's mother because she was not born in the purple, but what did they know about her? Nothing! She was a perfect lady, every one said that, and her only crime was her poverty, which, coupled with the fact that she had won Lord Kilpatrick's heart (who every one knew was a scamp) was sufficient for what

—to make the relations of her child neglect her as if she were basely born. Then, too, there was this attachment of Mr. Montagu's—there might be truth in it. But if there were, what then? Who was to blame? If Lady Muriel married out of her circle it would certainly be the fault of the family. Mr. Montagu was certainly a very worthy young man, very worthy indeed. They owed him a debt of gratitude for saving Arthur's life, but still Lady Muriel must not be suffered to marry a corn merchant. She would invite Lady Muriel to come and see them at Sneyd Park, and she should accompany them to their place in Ireland, Castle Court, where she was born; she should be introduced to people in her own sphere of life, and this dream (if there were any dreaming on her part) should pass away as all dreams do.

Having satisfied herself as to her goodness of heart in thinking of the poor orphan (she would have been the last to admit that family pride and *noblesse oblige* had anything to do with it), her Ladyship resolved to invite Lady Muriel to Sneyd Park, and Lord Kilpatrick offering no objection—he never did—a missive was sent to Weston-super-Mare accordingly.

It came a day or two after the conversation between mother and son related above, and it found John Falconbridge sitting on the sands, and Lady Muriel near him reading "Lothair."

"Uncle, are all the great people beautiful and talented as Disraeli describes them? I should like to know more about the people he describes, to judge for myself."

"Would you!" he said; and looked at her curiously.

"I've had a letter. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, dear, if you like."

"It's from Lady Kilpatrick!"

John Falconbridge started and turned pale, but, collecting himself, said sadly:

"I suppose to ask you to go there."

"Why, how did you guess that?"

"I've long had a presentiment that they would."

"They ask me to come and make a long visit. Isn't it kind of Lady Kilpatrick? I am so happy!"

Then suddenly she looked up and saw the big tears in his eyes, and she stole her pretty little hand into his big, broad palm and was silent.

"Well, dear, and you will go, of course?"

"No, not for worlds, uncle, if you don't wish me to. You have been a father to me. I owe everything to you, and no one shall take me from you."

"Ah, my dear, I am afraid they will, and if they should, I think it would break my heart to lose you!"

John Falconbridge was, however, too unselfish to stand in the way of Muriel's happiness, and it was only a week afterwards and Muriel was at Sneyd Park.

She had never been in this part of the country before, though when she returned from school in Germany it was intended she should come by one of the Great Eastern boats to Harwich, but her illness prevented, and she afterwards came the Calais and Dover route. Yet somehow the scene was strangely familiar. The beautiful river, the view of its great curves from the Hall, the distant town of Ipswich, all seemed like some picture she had seen, some vision of the place she had had long ago.

Lady Kilpatrick came out and greeted her warmly. Lord Chelmondiston, who had intended meeting her at the station, came in soon after, and she could not help remarking to Lady Kilpatrick when they were introduced:

"It all seems very odd, but if I did not know to the contrary I should be quite positive that I had seen Lord Chelmondiston before."

"Say Arthur, please," that young aristocrat put in with his most fascinating smile; "you know we are cousins. But it is strange, I seem to feel that I have seen *your face* before."

Muriel laughed a merry laugh and remarked that "her face was by no means an uncommon one."

Her dark, handsome cousin was about to make a very complimentary answer, for the lady was pretty, and he was an intense admirer of pretty women, but Lady Kilpatrick carried away her young relative to take off her things.

She enjoyed her visit very much. Lady Kilpatrick was not a bad sort of woman, and soon she got to be fond of the sweet,

even-tempered, clever girl who had come amongst them. There were lots of people there, and Muriel saw plenty of company. After staying a month or two the Countess's quick eye discerned something which made her think that her son had certainly fallen in love with his pretty cousin, and she was by no means sure that the feeling was not reciprocal. She certainly had not bargained for this, but Lord Chelmondiston had been rather fast, and it would be as well now that he was twenty-four that he should think of settling down. Lady Muriel was only seventeen, and perhaps after all there might be nothing in it. Besides, how about Mr. Montagu? She never had been able to make anything out about that. Muriel had once or twice mentioned him, but it was in such a way that one would not have thought there was any feeling at all in that quarter. At any rate matters must take their course—it would be time enough to interfere when interference became necessary. Perhaps if she were to speak now she might only put ideas into their heads which were not there before. So her ladyship said nothing.

One day they took Lord Kilpatrick's yacht and sailed down the Orwell and up the Stour. There was a party of five or six, but somehow or other Lord Chelmondiston and Lady Muriel seemed to have so much to say to each other as to have little time to devote to their guests. Somebody said something about old customs, and Hallowe'en came up in the course of conversation, which reminded Muriel that her birthday was on that day.

Lord Chelmondiston bent over her and said:

"Muriel, shall I tell you a secret?"

"What is it?"

"Well, of course you won't believe it."

"How do you know?"

"Well, last October we had some Irish people, the Bouchiers, at the Hall, and they taught me a Hallowe'en spell. I declare to you most solemnly that you walked into the Hall, and I saw you the same as I saw you when first you came to us. You stayed a minute or two and then you vanished as you came. I was sorry I had attempted to tamper with the powers of the unseen world, but if I were on my oath before a court of justice I should swear it."

Muriel blushed, and then seemed a little frightened.

"Do you not believe me?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Do you not know what it means?"

"No."

"It meant you were to marry me."

"How silly you are, Arthur," Muriel said, and then she went to the other end of the yacht and joined the others.

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### FATHER FOY ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

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"THEIR true origin and real secrets" was the subject of the Rev. Father Foy's second lecture on Secret Societies at the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, on Tuesday evening last. The church was again fairly well filled, although the audience was not quite so numerous as on the previous occasion.

The rev. gentleman, in opening, said he wished to begin with a caution that he made last time, which was, that he had not come to this place to speak on any subject of politics, or anything that any particular statesman had said, neither should he be influenced by any political question of the present time. Then, too, in whatever way he brought charges against secret societies, he wished it to be understood that he did not in that way necessarily include his countrymen in England; that was to say he made no charge against them, though if they belonged to secret societies they might be accused by some of being mixed up or associated with societies addicted to iniquities. No doubt there were a great number of Englishmen who would rather be cut to pieces than do anything unworthy or ignoble, but then all of them were not saints, and possibly there might be some who, from a depraved state of mind, or weakness or other causes, in an unhappy moment might be drawn into the society of those who would draw them away to such terrible excesses as he had before had occasion to refer to. He must also say that he had received a very kind anonymous letter in which certain questions

were put to him, and the writer seemed to suppose that he had failed in showing how the secret societies of the last century, and particularly the French revolution, were the same as those at the present time, and that rites were practised by the latter similar to those productive of so much evil in former days. If, however, he read the report in the *Observer*, he would see that Monseigneur Dupanloup, whom he quoted at length in his previous lecture, had spoken of occurrences in 1860 and 1870, thus bringing them to within a very recent date. There was one inaccuracy he fell into before, and that was respecting the date of Illuminism. He mentioned 1748 as the time whereas it actually was in 1778 although no doubt Weishaupt (its founder) with his singularly sinister, evil mind, must have meditated on it from his childhood. In the next place, with reference to what the letter had reminded him of, he had to ask if secret societies in England were like those on the Continent? He made no charge against the former, but apparently they had some connection or other with the societies abroad, and one proof of this was that at the time the Prince of Wales was made Grand Master, two years ago, there was an address which came from the Grand Orient of Italy, in which they certainly claimed to have a special connection with English Freemasonry. That address commenced thus:—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" (the motto of the French Revolution and of the Commune). Now, he quoted to them last time some terrible things which had occurred in Italy under the secret societies, and the charges which were made against them by such a distinguished writer as Bresciani, and he asked whether English Freemasons, in receiving these Italians, wished to be connected and identified with them, or to disavow them? Not long after this, at the installation of a new lodge in the Alexandra Palace, it was admitted that 10,000 lodges of the Grand Orient of Italy had been aggregated to the English Societies. Mazzini was formerly the head of those lodges, and he wished to ask if the English Freemasons disavowed such brethren? Further than that—and he was sorry to say it, though he cared not how far it went, as it was stated in the House of Commons by Mr. Maguire, the Member

for Cork—there was one person, a member of the London press, who received a dagger from Mazzini and a present of 1000 francs to induce him to kill the father of the present king of Italy. That person at present occupies a high position on one of the chief London journals. At the same time that all these events were happening, Bishop Dupanloup wrote his small treatise on the state of Freemasonry at the present time, and he brought these charges and many others that they had seen and heard, and which were stated at such length in the *Observer* newspaper of last week. And what had been the attitude of Freemasonry with regard to this *brochure* of Dupanloup? Had there been any contradiction? No. At the Alexandra Palace the president stated that they would go on as they were, notwithstanding Pope and Bishop and pamphleteer, &c. That had been the only notice taken of Dupanloup's pamphlet, notwithstanding that it had had a world-wide circulation, and that they could not go into Paris or Brussels, or any large town on the continent, without seeing it displayed in the booksellers' windows. Here was a work of world wide notoriety, written by one of the most distinguished men of the present day—a member of the Legislature of France, a great orator and writer, and a member of the French Academy—and how was it that his charges had not been met?

Dupanloup had charged secret societies with upholding infamous and horrible principles, and how was it that these had not been disavowed in England? They had men of great honour and great courage, and let them speak out and say, "With regard to Mazzini, and the Carbonari, and the secret societies of France and Italy, we have nothing in common," and the world at large would receive such an avowal from them with the greatest possible pleasure.

It might be said again that such charges might be very true in foreign states, but that such proceedings would hardly be practised by the Anglo Saxon race, and in England and America no such things as these were possible, viz., assassination and the appointment of tribunals for the purpose of taking away life. As regards America, he would quote from an authority considered impartial—the "Popular Encyclopædia"—published by Mr. Blackie, of Edinburgh. The rev. gentleman then quoted

at length the case of William Morgan, a native of Virginia, who, when it became known that he was engaged in preparing for the press a work by which the obligations and secret proceedings of freemasonry were to be divulged, was seized by some members of the fraternity in and about Batavia, where he then resided, and carried to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river. The disclosures which were at length made before grand juries, and on the various trials of those who were indicted for carrying him off, have in a great measure removed the veil which hid those events, and established in a satisfactory manner that his life was in a few days brought to a tragical end. Public indignation was aroused at this outrage, the excitement spread over a wide district, and an anti-masonic party, numerous, active, and well organised, was immediately formed. Here was a fact that was notorious throughout the United States of America, and that happened in 1826, showing what he pointed out last time—that, as in the case of Mazzini and the Italian secret societies, there was a power and practice claimed by them of sentencing, in a private tribunal, those individuals to death who had disobeyed their enactments, and sending emissaries to fulfil the sentence. That was what occurred in the United States, and caused such an upstir of Public opinion. Why might not that, he asked, occur in England? Whilst they continued to respect and venerate the law in this country they need not fear such things; but in times of disorder there might not be such strength and vigour in the executive as the occasion might require, and then it was that secret societies would have good opportunity of carrying on their infamous deeds. Respecting these societies, there were two points for their special consideration, viz., their true origin, and their real secrets. These things, for the greater part were not secrets to those who read, who had libraries at their command, and who had an opportunity of knowing what was going on in the world. It was only to those who had no time and leisure to enter into such things that the secrets alleged on the part of the secret societies were unknown. Now, with regard to his first point, the true origin of secret societies, to some extent he had stated that last time in

the general account he had endeavoured to give about secret societies. He then divided them into three periods—the first up to the time of Weishaupt; the second from 1776 till the French Revolution; and the third period was from the French Revolution down to the present time. These societies assert that they have come down from the time of Solomon, when he was building his Temple. Hiram was sending wood there, and the father of Hiram was the one who was superintending the work of the Temple. It was because the latter would not reveal the secrets of the Mason's craft, that three miscreants put him to death, and it was contended by these societies that ever since that time these secrets had been kept up. Then there was a claim that secret societies might be traced down through Manichæism, and eventually through the Knights Templars, or that part of them that was condemned by the Pope and General Council, and which the Pope and the world at large put down as evil. These Knights Templars had hid themselves, it was contended, in a part of Scotland, and nurtured their doctrine until the time when the Stuarts left England.

They accompanied them to France, and in a short time scattered their system all over Europe. That account appertained to the first set of secret societies existing up to 1776. Now one of the greatest authors who had written about these secret societies, the Abbé Barruel, who had made such an extensive examination of these matters, told them that there was not the slightest foundation whatever for alleging that these secret societies had anything to do with the Temple of Solomon. The same writer also denied the pretence made by these societies of a certain craft of Masons having been kept up ever since that period, though he told them that in the middle ages there were persons who banded themselves into guilds to keep up their trades. So far however, from these persons performing the impious and horrible deeds attributed to secret societies, it was necessary for them to make a public profession of faith, and every month to approach the Sacraments of the Christian Church. Further than that, Barruel quoted the fact of there being at that time in France a well known craft, called the *Fendeurs*, or cutters of wood. This particular society was not

a political or a religious one, and so it was with the other crafts who went about. They might have words that were known to themselves, but they were only meant when they were travelling that they might be recognized by their own actual craft, and have help and assistance whenever they needed it. As an illustration of this he (the lecturer) might mention that he once had a servant who had been in the navy, and when mendicants sometimes asserted that they had been in the same service, by the use of nautical terms he was very soon able to decide whether they had been or not. Barruel went on to tell them that if there was any descent from ancient times on the part of secret societies, the only body that they could claim to be discarded from was that of the Manichæans, and he showed the connection between the Manichæans and many of the modern secret societies. Having quoted at length from Barruel, the rev. gentleman went on to say that, as he pointed out before, the characteristic of the Manichæans was this, that they represented two gods, one evil and one good one, and he was not surprised to find that in the higher grades of the Scotch branches this was especially a point that was put before them. He must, however, proceed to speak of the second part of his lecture, the true secrets of Freemasonry. Now, as he had said before, this was a very important point, as there were those fearful oaths whereby the person was bound down to keep what was supposed to be placed in his confidence, and not only these oaths but also the accompanying ceremonies, which were simply terrific, which were performed in order to impress all those who became members with the fact of how terrible a thing it would be for them to reveal the principles of these societies under which they enrolled themselves. He would notice one or two things said to persons who took such oaths and who underwent such initiations. Before doing so, however, there was one matter to which he should like to allude. It was said that there was a great deal of benevolence about such societies, and a great deal of good was done for widows and orphans and those in misfortune. God forbid that he should say one word against those who did one good thing and any act of kindness and benevo-

lence, and much less so if there were many acts of kindness ! But were not those acts of benevolence confined to those who were members of these societies or those who were related to them by the bonds and ties of relationship and friendship ? He asked, as Pius IX. pointed out in a great allocution on the subject, if benevolence was the chief object of these societies, why the need of these terrific oaths, these terrible initiations ? because charity and benevolence and kindness had been going on for 1900 years, since the reign of Christ and His Church on earth, and therefore there was no need for such initiations as these if charity was the only thing to be attended to. Consequently, they must not consider their charities so much as persons belonging to secret societies would have them do. The lecturer then read the following extract from Barruel's work on the subject, explanatory of the process of initiation into a secret society : " Every mason who wishes to be admitted into the Scotch degrees and even into all other degrees of masonry, is first taught that until that period he has lived in slavery, and it is on that account only that he is admitted into the presence of the other brethren with a rope about his neck, praying that he may be delivered from his bonds. But when he aspires to the third Scotch degree, he must appear in a far more humiliating costume. The candidate is shut up in a dark cell, a rope with four slip knots is twisted round his neck, he is stretched out upon the floor ; there, by the dull light of a twinkling lamp, he is abandoned to himself to meditate on the wretched slavery in which he exists, and to learn properly to estimate the value of liberty. At length one of the brethren comes and introduces him to the lodge, leading him by the rope, holding a drawn sword in his right hand, as if he meant to run him through the heart in case he made any resistance. After having undergone a long examination, and particularly after having been sworn never to reveal the secrets with which he is entrusted, he is declared free. It would be useless to enumerate all the different oaths ; it is sufficient to say that each degree and sub-division of a degree has its peculiar oath, and they are all frightful ; all call on the vengeance of the brotherhood on the unhappy man who shall betray their

secret." (Barruel, vol. 2, p. 305.) Now, as he wished to point out, and as all Catholic writers who treated of the subject told them, the great secrets were not in the lower grades. Persons belonging to the lower grades were used as dupes and instruments for carrying out their purposes, but to them these higher secrets were not revealed. Nor were the persons who were entrusted with these secrets kings and princes. They had also a witness to that, a French writer who could not be left aside—Louis Blanc, than whom, it would be admitted, no one could be more antagonistic to any religion whatever. He says : " As the three Masonic grades (Apprentice, Companion and Master) included a great number of men who were entirely opposed by their station and principles to all social subversion; the innovators multiplied the degrees of the mystic ladder which each had to climb ; they created fresh lodges, reserved for ardent souls, they instituted the higher grades of ' Elect,' ' Knights of the Sun,' ' of Strict Observance,' and of ' Kadosch ' (or regenerated man)—dark sanctuaries, the doors of which were never opened to the adept till after a long series of trials, calculated to prove his progress in revolutionary education, to try the constancy of his faith, and to test the strength and mettle of his character. There, in the midst of practices which are already peurile and sinister, it pleased certain sovereigns, the Great Frederick among the rest, to take the trowel and gird themselves with the apron. Why not ? The existence of the higher grades being carefully concealed from them, they only knew about Freemasonry what could be revealed to them without danger. They had no need to trouble their heads about it, kept down as they were in the lowest grades, where they saw only an opportunity of amusements, joyous banquets, principles taken up and laid down at the threshold of lodges, formularies that had no reference to ordinary life—in a word, only a comedy of equality. But in these matters comedy borders closely on tragedy, and princes and nobles were brought to sanction with their names and blindly to serve with their influence to latent enterprises directed against themselves. Darkness, mystery, an awful oath to pronounce, a secret to learn for each trial courageously borne—a secret to keep

under execration and death—particular signs whereby the Brothers recognize one another at the uttermost ends of the earth, ceremonies referring to the history of a murder, and seeming to hatch and foster ideas of vengeance—what more fit to form conspirators?" He thought no one could treat lightly that important testimony, coming as it did from a writer who had figured so conspicuously in revolution as Louis Blanc had done. Thus so fearful were these initiations, and so dangerous and great these secrets that kings and princes could not be entrusted with them, for fear that they should turn at an inconvenient moment on those who were the depositories of these secrets. As persons advanced to higher degrees, then it was that they began to be informed of the real nature of the obligations they had taken on themselves, and he would quote from Barruel's observations on the Rosicrucians, a society founded by a bad man in the 13th century. They existed in various places on the Continent now, and Monseigneur Dupanloup mentioned them in his account. He would sum up briefly this spread of wicked, he might say, dogma respecting Almighty God; that, as a matter of fact, in one set of societies there was a double God—a good one and an evil one; in another—the Hermetic—they had even practised a species of witchcraft and professed to transmute metals and so forth. He would sum up the charges against the early societies in the words of the Abbé Barruel. Having read a lengthy extract from this author, Father Foy went on to say that these were the secrets of those societies which existed before the time of Adam Weishaupt. He adopted the whole of this wicked system and put his own infamous Illuminism on it. It was this monster who was the primary cause of the French Revolution, and through whom Europe was deluged in blood for twenty years after. His documents were afterwards seized by the Elector of Bavaria, and published by the order of the State. The whole system of Weishaupt was to find out candidates, not persons applying to be admitted, but individuals who would be villainous enough to carry out his own villainous designs. They were to be watched and cajoled into the society of these men to carry out their base plots.

That was the ultimate object Weishaupt had in view. A number of questions were put to these young men, whether states were governed right, and if the right religion had been on the earth, and if they showed a disposition towards infidelity or revolution, books were placed in their hands to persuade them to go further. In this way Weishaupt established a number of secret societies, and a list of them had been given by writers such as Robinson and Barruel. Weishaupt, when doing this, wrote to one or two of his friends to say he had cajoled the whole of Germany, and that the people were delighted with the title of "Priest," that he had invented. Even Lutheran ministers were pleased with it. Contributions were made to these societies to enable them to keep up their local position; but Weishaupt arranged for them to be purloined to a central society, for the purpose of working his evil objects on the face of the earth. He placed his agents and tools in every possible position, but more especially as librarians to kings and princes. Thus his followers were worked in, and as they let out their secrets they became in the power of this evil man. One particular feature in this evil doctrine was that the person preparing himself for a candidate had to make a species of confession. Upwards of 1500 questions were put to him about his life, his mother, and father, and acquaintances, etc., and, having filled up these questions, when he came to be recognized and received in the rank of priest, to his intense surprise he found another life of himself drawn up by those who had watched him, and thus from that day forth Weishaupt had complete control over his dupes, and held their lives and their dark secrets in his hands, and could disclose and reveal them to the world at any moment. Thus, as they became qualified for villany they were made epopts or priests (not, of course, Christian priests). If persons did not show themselves equal to the impious and horrible resolutions and deeds expected of them they received a *sta bene* to signify that they were to remain where they were. Weishaupt would not allow any prince or sovereign to go beyond a certain stage, so that the greater and darker secrets were never revealed to them. It was only after some years of espionage, and after they

had been mixed up with everything that was abominable, that persons were admitted to the degree of epopt or priest. Those fearful principles which were the cause of the French Revolution were revealed to him at his initiation, in all their gloomy darkness and horror, and he (the lecturer) would read an extract from an address which was presented to them: "The secret schools of philosophy have been in all ages the archives of nature and of the rights of man. These schools shall retrieve the fall of human nature, and princes shall disappear from the face of the earth. The day shall come when each father shall become the priest and absolute sovereign of his own family. Reason shall be the one book of laws, the sole code of man. This is one of our grand mysteries. Equality and liberty (that of the French Revolution afterwards) shall be sovereign principles of happiness in that state. Let your instructions and light be universally diffused, and instruction will enable us to live without prince or government. Nor is true morality any other than the art of teaching men to shake off their worship, and thus to need neither princes nor governments. May our principles become the foundation of all morals! Let reason at length be the religion of men and the problem is solved. The morality which is to perform such wonders is not a morality of vain subtleties. Above all, it must not be that morality which, adding to the miseries of the miserable, throws them into a state of pusillanimity and despair by the threats of hell and the fear of devils. Our people, therefore, being convinced that we alone are possessed of the real secrets of Christianity, we have but to add a few words against the clergy and priests. In the last mysteries we have to unfold to our adepts this pious fraud, and then by writing demonstrate the origin of all religious impositions, and their mutual connection with each other." There were some thirty or forty pages of that address which he might read to them if time would permit. He need not say that when the rulers were alarmed at Weishaupt, when the German Union was started and when the French Revolution broke out and was put down, there was scarcely so much need of secrecy. As Monseigneur Dupanloup pointed out, these were admitted. One cried out, "War against God; we would

tear down the heavens if we could!" and they claimed as their disciple Voltaire himself. The only thing he had still to mention with great force was that he knew of those who belonged to secret societies in England that had never disgraced themselves by such infamy as this, and would sooner leave such bodies at once than do so; but, at the same time, they had still to ask themselves whether there was not a connection between these societies in England and those abroad, whose main object had avowedly been the causing of revolutions and to make war against all religion? He would quote but one other fact of great importance. It had been suggested to him that he had not pointed out sufficiently strongly that secret societies of the present day were not carrying on the same horrors that they did sixty, seventy or a hundred years ago. To show, however, that they did, he would quote from *Figaro* of April 26th, 1871, respecting the black and miscreant deeds committed in Paris at the time of the Commune, when the most horrible crimes against God and man were committed by these wretches. Having quoted this extract, which in vivid and graphic language described the active part taken by the secret societies in the monstrosities of the Commune, which filled the world with horror, the rev. gentleman asked if the Freemasons of England approved of the action of the Freemasons of Paris when they held a great lodge to approve of the Commune and its doings and themselves mixed up in the impious murder of the hostages? After having given information as to the books to be read by those who wished to make themselves further acquainted with this subject, and expressing his willingness to aid them in their studies, the rev. gentleman concluded an eloquent lecture with a vehement and sweeping denunciation of Secret Societies, which he said had been the cause and source of so much misery to mankind.

### SLEEP ON MY HEART.

BY HELEN MESSENGER BIRD.

SLEEP on, my heart serenely!  
 To the tired petals of the flowers  
 The night has brought a quiet rest  
 In the dews refreshing showers.

Sleep on, my heart serenely !  
 In peace the whole earth sleeps,  
 While like the watchful eye of God,  
 The moon its vigil keeps.

Sleep on, my heart, serenely !  
 Bid care and sorrow flee ;  
 For He who watches o'er the world  
 Has constant thought for thee.

Sleep on my heart serenely !  
 Drive fearful dreams away,  
 And strengthened by the might of Faith  
 Welcome with hope the day.

Sleep on, my heart serenely !  
 And if to thee is given  
 Death's summons for thy soul to night,  
 So shall thou wake in heaven.

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#### PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE.

*From the "Masonic Jewel."*

"I CANNOT wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine ; you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could only, in imagination, put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking ; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man then arose and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he had felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, during which time he could earn

nothing, and all his savings were then needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had heaven forsaken him, and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked ?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts the remark to which the poor man in his grief gave utterance : "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place" intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind he laid down his pen saying, "Well I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon, and see how it fares with his family ; that man has roused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig and some old cast-off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman, opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded.

She then began to make preparations for tea.

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveller noted it all, and he was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed the frugal meal, led them without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and, instead

of waiting as I ought to have done until I had saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money; but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I did. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and of course when pay-day comes round—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

"No sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money, and should be obliged to foreclose."

"He must be very hard-hearted," remarked the traveller.

"Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had but the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb 'When a poor man needs assistance he should apply to the poor.' The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the heart of man, and (to use my favourite expression) they can at once place themselves in the unfortunate one's place and appreciate difficulties, and are, therefore, always ready to render assistance as far as they are able. If Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind

hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much further on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night; he laid awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisites and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large blue envelope, addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and exclaimed frequently, "Thank heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John; "such news as I have never hoped for or even dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick! I want to hear if it's anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage, released me from the debt, both interest and principal, and says any time I need further assistance if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad! It puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to Mr. Merton's and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you," he asked, "to show me so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied

Mr. Merton, 'and put myself in your place.' I expect that it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveller to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all; but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor way-faring man—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I suppose I had greatly the advantage over you in means and education; yet how cramped and narrow-minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honour to any man. I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money could make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seemed to have lived years since yesterday morning. I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owed me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall take as my motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' and try to regulate my actions by it."

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## JOINING THE FREEMASONS.

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*From the "LIVERPOOL CRITIC."*

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April 1.—To day I resolved to become a Mason. Wagster, who is a Mason, thinks I ought to be one, and suggests I should find it very jolly, though the law forbids him to ask me to join. He also says he's expecting a large Australian order for tiles and chimney pots, which he would like to obtain from a Mason. I'm in the

tile and chimney pot way. 'Tis clear I ought to be a Mason.

April 3.—Last night went to Wagster's to meet a few jolly fellows (all Masons). Among the distinguished members of W.'s Lodge was a Past Master, who was Past Master beyond a doubt, being a feeble old fogie; but the light of other days was upon his brow, and I venerated him.

April 5.—Have intimated my wish to join the Takemin Lodge. Also have commenced studying Masonic literature, as I shall go into the thing thoroughly, and become a dignitary of the Lodge. Tomorrow, will drop in on the Church Street dealer who sells Masonic jewellery. Why don't Masons always wear their stars and order! Certainly I shall keep mine in my breast pocket, to be slipped on at the shortest notice. It will look stylish; and if I grow a moustache ever so many persons will think I have the Legion of Honor Cross.

April 6.—This Masonic business looks better and better the more I think of it. Wagster says a great many swells, even some of the royal blood are Masons. Sir Thomas Hesketh is one, for Wagster calls him Brother Hesketh. Soon I shall be able to call him Brother Hesketh. Every one has read in novels and heard in conversation how these brothers stick to each other, and how the glorious tie, more ancient than our contemptible modern class distinctions, sweeps over all absurd social prejudices. I shall run over now and then during the summer and see Hesketh. Rufford Hall will be pleasant on Sunday afternoons.

April 8.—In a friendly spirit I have written to Sir Thomas Hesketh telling him of my intention to become a Mason. Couldnt call him brother Hesketh yet, thought for a time of commencing with "Dear Brother in future," but discarded the idea, and began "Dear Hesketh." That was brief and not too familiar. Daresay I shall have a reply to-morrow, for I hear he's at home. How my wife will cherish the autograph. She was always absurdly fond of the aristocracy.

April 10.—Haven't heard from Sir T. Hesketh, but it's sure to be right, for I'm to be "made" this day week.

April 12.—To-day I met my friend Marsh, who's a Mason. Told him I was

going to be "made." Grasping me warmly by the hand, he wished me success through "the trying ordeal." He spoke with emotion and his eyes dimmed as he referred to the T. O. What could it mean? Oh! my prophetic soul, the poker.

*April 14.*—Forewarned may be fore-armed. So I have rehearsed the poker business, and remembering that horses stand fire, and Red Indians stand torture when practice has inured them to it, tried how near to my nose I could stand the red hot thing, and found nothing but actually touching made me shrink. 'Tis a pity respectable Masons must be branded like convicts. Brandied and soda-watered may be endured, but branded simply is repulsive.

*April 15.*—After a wakeful night my nerves have settled, and I feel ready for "the trying ordeal." Have promised to tell my wife everything, so she is quite willing I shall be a Mason. How wives do like to know everything! O Eve!

*April 18.*—Was "made" all right and proper last night, and feel pretty well, thank you. When I went home after the ceremony, Maria Theresa let me in, took off my great coat, had (unusual favour) my slippers on the hearthrug, and (also unusual favour) a particularly nice supper ready. Before I could eat she sat down in front of me and said in a voice of anxious expectation, "Now, my dear" (she generally calls me "Mr. Battleaxe," or, if in good humour, "Ben"), "now, my dear, tell me all about it." It really was hard to disappoint her, for though we've been married twelve years, I love her still; but the vow, the vow's the thing! So I broke it as gently as possible, that by the solemnest of oaths, involving more than she could conceive, I was bound to remain silent concerning what had passed. I assure you I did not even smile, for Maria wheresa in her wrath is a fearful and wondrous spectacle. But Calcraft's whip would not have frightened her back just then. She persisted. Sadly, yet firmly, I remained mum. Then Maria Theresa was seized with tantrums. Ye gods and little pigs, such tantrums! The table shook and my eyes blinked as she emphasized her anger. Nevertheless, I was firm, whereupon she rushed off to bed, and I heard her draw the bolt when she had banged the door.

*April 21.*—Though two days have passed, Mrs. Battleaxe hasn't spoken yet. To-day I made a playful allusion to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, but she didn't take the joke. Shall write to Brother Hesketh and explain my domestic troubles; for he must have gone through it all, and can advise me.

*April 24.*—At last my wife has spoken. She says she's written to her mother to come and stay a month with her. "A month," she says. Hum! "It may be for years, and it may be for ever." Chorus, "It may be for ever."

*April 27.*—I haven't heard from Sir Thomas, but mother-in-law has come. This is shabby.

*April 28.*—No letter yet, and my wife remains as surly as Old Boots. The mother-in-law reinforcement has so set her up, that to-morrow I'll send a new bonnet as a flag of truce. There's a mysterious charm in bonnets new, in sealskin jackets and in petticoats blue.

*May 1.*—Wish I had registered my letter to Hesketh, for it must have gone astray somehow. I have received several letters of congratulation upon my becoming a Mason—one from Davies, the tailor; one from Hall, the shoemaker; one from Eaglesfauld, the hosier—all Masons, they say. Each encloses a trade card.

*May 6.*—Go to Lodge somewhere every night. Have jolly evenings, very. The foul fiend still haunts poor Tom (that's Maria Theresa), but I take no notice now—go to Lodge instead.

*May 8.*—Receive more letters from Masons, enclosing tickets for concerts, balls, dinners given by brethren, and asking me as a brother, to support this and that. It strikes me I've married into a big family. There are more people Masons than I suspected.

*May 10.*—Six Masons called on me this morning before I was up, and nine were waiting in the street, asking me to do something or other. Couldn't I pass off my head clerk as me, instructing him to do the civil cut? For really there are a great many Masons. It is possible that each of them has his own Maria Theresa at home, yet, is it not melancholy as he remembers her reproachful eyes? But I go to Lodge every night. The banquets are splendid. Yes, banquets. Eating

them. I don't grudge the subscription, for, having it, what's the use of a fat bank account if one can't enjoy one's self? Some of the brethren must find it hard work to put down the dibs, but that's their affair. So I enjoy feasts to which the trumpery spreads of Foresters and Odd Fellows are mere porridge and salt. I am slightly bilious. They tell me all Masons are slightly bilious at first.

May 15.—To-day, two poor women whose departed beloveds were Masons, called, asking me to assist in getting their two lads into the Mason's Orphanage. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Of course I promised, and they went off quite happy. *What did they say their names were?*

May 20.—Have been regularly to Lodge. Mrs. Battleaxe still practicing for Deaf and Dumb Asylum. How hard this Mason work makes some hearts! Mother-in-law is storing her furniture in our lumber rooms.

May 24.—During the last few days I have been very ill. I went to see my medical man, and he told me I had suppressed gout. Gout took my father to kingdom come. If this is "suppressed" gout I should like to have it out-and-out next time, for it would be pleasanter. In fact I am far from well, though doctor and chemist have had their will of me. Mother-in-law has settled down and the servants are respectful to her. Maria Theresa's frozen up like the tunes in Munchausen's horn; but she'll break loose before I become P. M. or W. M. For really everything looks blue. I have not ordered any Masonic jewellery from Church Street. And I have not heard from Brother Hesketh yet. And there are an astonishing number of Masons who appeal to me as a brother. What a change eight weeks have affected.

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### THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

This successful enterprise was closed on Friday, November 10th, at Philadelphia, after a career of unprecedented success, taking all things into consideration, also as regards the magnitude and the difficulties of

the undertaking. Without going into long arguments or longer statistics we are quite prepared to re-echo the worth of Mr. John Welsh, "to whom as much as to any one," says the Correspondent to the "Times," the success of the Exhibition is due.

"It has hallowed the Centennial year by an inspiration of the past. The circumstances attendant on the nation's birth have been recalled. The patriotic impulses of the people have been quickened. Their love for their country has been strengthened.

"The Exhibition has concentrated here specimens of the varied products of the United States and made better known to us our vast resources.

"It has brought to us the representatives of many nations, men skilled, accomplished and experienced, and they have brought with them stores of treasures in all forms given to them by long-practised industry and art. And others are here from new lands even younger than our own, giving full promise of a bright and glorious future.

"It has placed side by side for comparison, the industries of the world. In viewing them the utilitarian revels in the realization that man is striving earnestly to make all things contribute to his convenience and comfort. The philosopher stands in awe at their contemplation as he dwells upon the cherished thought of the possible unity of nations, and he who looks on the grandeur of the scene from a spiritual standpoint is filled with the hope that the day is near 'when the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'

"It has taught us in what others excel, and excited our ambition to strive to equal them.

"It has taught others that our first century has not been passed in idleness, and that, at least in a few things, we are already in the advance.

"It has proved to them and to us that national prejudices are as unprofitable as they are unreasonable; that they are hindrances to progress and to welfare, and that the arts of peace are most favourable for advancing the condition, the power and the greatness of a true nation.

"It has been the occasion of a delightful union among the representatives of many nations, marked by an intelligent appreci-

ation of each other, rich in instruction and fruitful in friendships.

"It has placed before our own people, as a school for their instruction, a display—vast and varied beyond precedent—comprising the industries of the world, including almost every product known to science and to art.

"It has made the country and its institutions known to intelligent representatives of all nations. They have had access to our homes, have become familiar with our habits, have studied our systems of education, observed the administration of our laws, and will hereafter understand why the United States of America exerts so large an influence on other nations, and, consequently, the great truth that in proportion to the intelligence and freedom of a people is their loyalty to their Government.

"It has concentrated on this spot, in the short term of six months, eight millions of visitors, who have enjoyed all its rare privileges, without a disturbance or any personal hindrance from violence, or even rudeness.

"It has exhibited the American people in their true character, respectful of each other's rights, considerate of each other's convenience, and desirous of allowing to others a full participation in their enjoyment.

"It has afforded an opportunity to show that the administration of an Exhibition on a grand scale may be liberal in its expenditure without useless extravagance: that its laws may be strictly enforced with impartiality and without harshness; that its regulations may secure the efficiency of its departments and uniformity in their action; that its whole course has been free from financial embarrassment or even a payment deferred, and that, notwithstanding every part of its machinery was in constant motion no one of the immense throng within the limits of the Exhibition was sensible of its restraint.

"It has shown that the authorities of the great city in which the Exhibition was held have been actuated by a single eye to the promotion of the public convenience. That, under their supervision, facilities of every kind have been provided, property has been protected, good order has been preserved, unusual health has prevailed, and extortion in its varied forms has been al-

most unknown; these, combined with the unlimited accommodations for visitors and the hospitality of its citizens, are in beautiful harmony with the purposes of the Exhibition. Nor has the State of Pennsylvania been less in sympathy. The traditions connected with its soil are its priceless heritage.

"The International Exhibition is to be regarded as a reverential tribute to the century which has just expired. That century has been recalled; its events have been renewed, its fruits are gathered, its memories are hallowed. Let us enter on the new century with a renewed devotion to our country, with the highest aims for its honour, and for the purity, integrity, and welfare of its people."

We quite agree also with the articles of the "Times Correspondent," writing from Philadelphia on the 14th:

"An Englishman, perhaps, may be pardoned for considering that not the least beneficial result of the Exhibition is the cordial feeling which it has largely helped to quicken and strengthen between two countries which ought never to be anything but fast allies and friends. This result has been mainly and directly brought about by the wise policy of the British Government, ably executed as it has been by the British Commission. It was at first feared by those Americans who knew England least—nor can the fear be considered altogether unreasonable—that she would be the last of the nations to join in what was virtually little less, however the awkward fact might be glazed over and sugared by other considerations, than a celebration of her own defeat; instead of this she was, as those who knew her best anticipated and prophesied, the first and heartiest in her offers of co-operation, and her example, as the leading commercial nation, had, of course, its effect upon the rest of Europe. The Americans know this, and have lost no opportunity of expressing their cordial and grateful recognition of it. Over and above this direct official influence the Exhibition has promoted friendly feeling between the great majority of genuine Americans and genuine Englishmen by the simple process of bringing them together. But this is a theme upon which I have so often and so recently expatiated that, though at this moment of farewell I cannot refrain from

touching upon it, I feel that it would be, to say the least, superfluous to do more. I cannot help, however, briefly bearing my testimony to the good effects produced by the gift to Philadelphia of the British building in the Centennial grounds, one of the happiest of the many happy thoughts emanating from our Commission, and of which the credit is, I believe, specially due to one of the new members, our Consul, Mr. Kortright. Here again, too, we have had the advantage of being the first to set an example to which other nations have felt bound to pay tribute—that of following it."

As Freemasons, we always rejoice in anything that tends to cement in bonds of loving amity and sympathy the United States of America and Great Britain.

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#### LOVE'S UTTERANCE.

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ONE day a lover sought to gain,  
 An answer to his love ;  
 The maid was coy and he in vain  
 To win her answer strove.  
 Heyday how sad ! the maid was shy  
 And blushed; but made him no reply.  
 'Tis true she also felt love's flame,  
 Yet could not tell him so ;  
 She dared not answer " Yes " for shame,  
 Nor dreamt of answering " No ;"  
 So, growing more and more confused  
 She sighed—her lips to speak refused.  
 Now Cupid saw the trembling maid  
 Beset by bashful fear ;  
 So gently coming to her aid,  
 He whispered in her ear ;  
 When straightway beaming from her eye  
 She looked what she dared not reply.

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#### POETS' CORNER.

*Continued from page 317.*

HERE is a monument to *Samuel Butler*, the author of the celebrated "*Hudibras*," matchless in the wealth and freshness of its wit. The monument was erected by an admirer of the poet, in order, it is said, "that he who wanted all things when

alive might not want a monument when dead."

Under the monument we have just noticed there is another, which, we think, you will consider still more worthy of attention. This is the monument of *Edmund Spenser*, the author of the much-talked-of but little read "*Faerie Queene*." This great man was styled the "prince of poets of his time," and certainly the abundant beauties of his great work go to prove that his claim to such an honourable title was founded upon real merit. The poet was on terms of friendship with many of the most notable characters of the brilliant times in which he lived, yet we find that his noble connections and his wonderful genius together were unable to secure him from some of the bitterest misfortunes a man can feel. The sweet singer, the ripe scholar, the Laureate of great Elizabeth, the friend of Leicester, of Sir Philip Sydney, and Sir Walter Raleigh, ended his days in poverty and broken-hearted. You may wonder how a person possessing such extraordinary talents should be allowed to live in obscurity, and to want the comforts that money can buy. In our days a person so capable of entertaining and delighting the people would be honoured and enriched, but in those days things were not as they are now. But few of the people knew how to read and but few, even of the wealthy and the noble, were sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the delicate beauties of such a masterpiece of poetical art. There was no great reading public counted by tens of millions, and so the poets had to depend for their reward upon the liberality of a few. In our more fortunate days the public at large is the patron of literature. Every man and woman, every boy and girl who reads, patronizes the poet, the novelist, or the historian, and the writer who has the talent to please and to command the attention of this great reading public is sure of his reward, both in fame and fortune. Such an author is independent of individual favour and individual bounty, for he appeals to all who speak and read the language in which he writes. The manner in which genius was rewarded in the days when its possessors were dependent upon the few who were learned enough to appreciate it, and

generous enough to give the proofs of their appreciation in substantial wealth, is forcibly shown by a little episode in the history of Spenser's great poem. Before any part of the "Faerie Queene" was published, the poet submitted a portion of it to the famous Sir Philip Sydney for his approval, and we are told that on reading the description of "Despair," he was so much struck by its excellence that he immediately ordered his steward to pay Spenser fifty pounds. He continued to read, and his delight and admiration increased so much that he ordered a second gift of fifty pounds. He read on, discovering new charms as he proceeded, until he ordered a third and a fourth donation, amounting in all to the then large sum of two hundred pounds, when he closed the book and directed his steward to pay the poet at once, lest he should bestow the whole of his property upon the writer of such exquisite verses. When the "Faerie Queene" was published, Queen Elizabeth appointed Spenser Poet-Laureate, with a pension of fifty pounds a year; but he did not receive his pension without much difficulty, for when the great Lord Burleigh, the Queen's Councillor, heard of it, he said it was far too much to be given to a mere ballad-maker. This does not say much for the Lord Burleigh's taste. On another occasion, when Spenser presented some poems to the Queen, she ordered him a gift of one hundred pounds, and here again Lord Burleigh interfered. "What! all this for a song?" he exclaimed. "Then give him what is reason," replied the Queen. We may easily imagine what the grim Lord Burleigh would think a reasonable reward for a poet. Spenser did not receive anything; and when he had waited long, and was suffering from the sickness of hope deferred, he wrote a memorial to the Queen in these words:

I was promised on a time  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
From that time unto this season,  
I have had nor rhyme nor reason,

This procured him immediate payment. He got a grant of some lands in the county of Cork, Ireland, which had been taken from the Earl of Desmond, who had taken up arms against the Government. Here he lived for many years, and descriptions

of the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded frequently occur in his poems. But rebellion broke out again, and Spenser was obliged to fly instantly for his life. The people set fire to his castle, and only too late it was discovered that he had left behind his infant child, who perished in the flames. Spenser made his way to England, where he arrived poor and broken in spirit, and soon after, on the 16th of January, 1598, he died in an obscure lodging in King Street, Westminster. Such a short account of the history of a genius.

The next monument which attracts our attention is that of *Ben Jonson*. He was a great dramatist, as every one must have heard, and was contemporary with Shakespeare. The inscription upon his monument is very remarkable for its pithiness, consisting of only the words, "*O rare Ben Jonson!*"

We must pass over a few names of inferior note in order to direct your notice to that old and mouldering monument, which you might otherwise pass by without heeding. It is battered, chipped, and defaced, yet it marks the last resting place of *Geoffery Chaucer*, who has been called the father of English poetry. Our young friends would, we fear, find it very difficult to read any of Chaucer's writings. The language that we use now differs very much from that which was in use when Chaucer lived and wrote. Then it was indeed, a strange medley of Saxon, Norman, Latin, and Celtic words, rude and irregular. To him we owe the first great improvement in it. He not only improved the language he found in use, but he enriched it by the great number of continental words which he introduced in his poetry, and by giving them a fixed and definite meaning and use, made them part and parcel of the English we use to-day. He actually remodelled our language, and the great improvements he began were continued by others, until we find it in Shakespeare's time capable of giving worthy expression to the most sublime thoughts of the poet, the abstruse reasonings of the philosopher and the divine, and the broadest farce of the humourist. Chaucer was born in London in the year 1328, and at eighteen years of age he had composed his first poem. He was introduced

at the court of the warrior King Edward the Third, and had for his patron and friend no less a person than the great John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The King granted him a pension of twenty marks per year—that is, thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence—and made him a page at Court. Chaucer contracted one very good habit, which we think very well worthy of imitation in these days. He used to go to rest with the sun, and rise with the lark, and there can be no doubt that it is to this excellent habit we are indebted for the many beautiful descriptions of evening and day-dawn which still charm us by their freshness and reality. He was sent to Italy, on some State business, and there he attended a marriage feast, at which he met the great poet Petrarch, and other eminent Italians. But his life was not all so calm and prosperous as its earlier years. His genius and his success made him the object of envy, and his enemies were powerful and malignant. He was forced to fly from his country. He endured much hardship when poor and among strangers, but again returned to England, and threw himself upon the protection of King Richard the Second. This monarch granted him protection and gave him an annuity, which helped to soften the evils of his later years, and he died on the 25th of October, 1400. He was buried in the spot where his ashes still remain. Just over his tomb a memorial window of stained glass has been erected, the pictures in which represent scenes from his great poem, "The Canterbury Tales." We cannot leave this tomb without referring to one other notable circumstance which it brings to mind. "The Canterbury Tales" which we have just mentioned were printed by *William Caxton*, the first English printer, and they were printed in this very Abbey. This is a fact which cannot fail to lend additional interest to this great building. The first printing press ever raised in this country was raised within these walls; the first printed book or page was here produced. This was the fountain, the spring of that mighty ocean of literature, which has since poured on in an ever-increasing tide, instructing, reforming, civilizing, and delighting the world. Just another monument demands a few moments'

attention, and then we have done. This is the monument of *Abraham Cowley*. It is plain, but very expressive. That chaplet of laurel which is twined around the urn, and the fire which issues from the mouth of the urn, are proper emblems of the glory he attained by his works, and the fire and spirit they display. The inscription tells us that he was "the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England; and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age."

A very interesting spot for Englishmen is Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

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#### A PECULIAR CASE.

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THE following amusing sketch, taken from *Scribner* for December of a new world "character" distinguished in every respect, has its interest for us all. We who live in the old world fancy, and who can say that we are wrong, that we have seen and know, yes, actually known, this very individual, if in another flesh and colour.

Cyrus came well recommended to us (by his own family), and, as the name he bore has still an interesting sound in Oriental history, we decided to employ him in our cool cottage "Down East." Our summer hut in those days overlooked the sea, and was one of the simplest resting-places outside that quiet haven which, for mortal reasons, we are all destined, sooner or later, to occupy. The grounds belonging to our rudimentary domicile required only the smallest amount of work to keep them in order, so we cast about for a young and inexpensive lad in the neighbourhood who would come every morning early and attend to whatever was necessary for our comfort and convenience on the premises. There was water to be pumped; there were shoes to be cleaned; the horse was to be brought up from the village stable when wanted for a drive; a few flowers were to be weeded and sprinkled; and various other small offices of a kindred nature required the daily ministrations of some competent person who understood matters appertaining to a household epitome like ours. And so it came to pass

that Cyrus, accompanied by a weak-minded little dog, presented himself the next morning after our arrival, and, standing in the breezy entry, with a nondescript fur cap on, pulled tightly down over his eyes, demanded information as to what he should "ketch hold on fust." Had he ever brushed a pair of shoes? No; but if I would bring him a pair, he would try his hand at it. In about an hour he brought in the shoes, and dryly observed he had "spread the whole box over 'em." He had put the contents, not only on the outside of the shoes, but had pasted them thoroughly on the inside as well! This was the first exhibition of his skill, and amply illustrated the fact that he was no respecter of places, whatever he might be of persons.

Oh, but he was a conspicuous trial in our lot—a source of manifold woe to us all. His ability to do anything was an esoteric quality, and he held his few faculties in a kind of sacred privacy.

Before a week had elapsed, every soul in the family regretted that we had made the boy's intolerable acquaintance, for he baffled all our former experience.

"Cyrus is a peculiar case," said his father (a squab little man, devoid of hair); "but don't be hash with him, and he'll soon learn yer ways,"—which he never did.

His multifarious manœuvres to avoid learning our ways astounded the household. He was forever "jest-a-goin'" to do everything, but he accomplished nothing. Shirking was a fine art with the rogue; it was akin to meat and drink with him, a kind of constant nutriment conducive to special gratification. And so he always postponed employment to a more convenient season, which season he trusted might never come.

Honest W. C., discoursing of the Washington embezzlements, let fall this explanation of "irregularities" at the Capitol: "Work's an old-fashioned way of gittin' a livin'; it tires folks, and they don't like it!"

Cyrus exemplified the forcible truth of a statement like this. Punctuality to duty in any form met with his sternest exprobaton. He was what is called in the country "a growin' boy," and he grew to be a thorn in our side, a pest in our path, a cloud in our landscape. In brief, he proved the only serious trial in our cottage life

by the sea, our only real skeleton, indoors or out.

Words are colourless to depict the inadequacy of Cyrus to the situation we had called him to fill. A dark lantern with mittens on would have served us quite as well, for the boy shed no light anywhere, and handled nothing fitly. He was a creature of misinformation on every topic he ought to have been conversant with. He was constantly getting himself poisoned with ivy, the leaf of which he mistook for something else, and the consequent obfuscation of his countenance added nothing to his personal attractions. He had a natural aversion to self-agency, so far as he was concerned. He did not know things by halves, or quarters even. He had languid hands, and languider legs. His figure was long and fuzzy, and when he walked, swung itself to and fro like a broken bulrush. All the possibilities of sloth were apparent in his feet. He limped and crept rather than walked. His whole being seemed parboiled, and his joints unsettled. He was an emblem of incompleteness, a memento of hopeless dearth, both moral and physical; celerity was extinct in him. He had a gone-out appearance, as of one dug up from the ashes of some Yankee Hercules; and, as a family, we felt a kind of mortification at belonging to the same race with such a remnant, such a bundle of half intuitions. Coleridge describes him when he speaks of "a monument of imbecility and blank endeavour," for the boy heard nothing, and saw nothing, from sheer and stubborn unuse of his faculties. He was unobservant as a "blind alley," whatever that ophthalmic curiosity may be; and he never picked up anything, for he was not cognizant of matter like the majority of the human race.

Of positive truth, he was born insolvent. He was strong in partial falsehoods, and preferred the serpentine to a direct course on every occasion, but he had no falterings in deception. He preferred to sidle up to a lie rather than present it squarely; but there was no imperfection in the article itself when he had reached it. Sometimes, but not often, his fabrications were too crude to escape detection. Of this nature was his frequent apology for absences on account of the necessity of "attending his grandmother's funeral." At the end of the

season I made out from my records that Cyrus had been called to mourn the loss of nine extinct grandmothers in three months ; but has his moral tegument was impervious to protestation, I never charged upon him, face to face, his pretended unnatural supply of female relations. (Ovid alludes to Bacchus as "twice born,"—*bis geniti* but all such natal exaggerations are abhorrent to credulity.)

There are those whose minds are always on the wrong side of any subject presented to them. Of such was the boy Cyrus in an eminent degree, for his mind was ever in that wandering state which precludes the possibility of lodging an idea within an acre or two of its blundering precincts. He dwelt in an atmosphere beclouded with carelessness, and so he comprehended everything in an opposite light from the true one. He paused when he should have gone on, and moved rapidly (for him) when he should have ceased motion.

His manners were preposterous in their illimitable absurdity. When I begged him one day to step forward quickly and hold a friend's horse that was restive at the door, he leisurely observed "he was not-agoin' to spring for anybody !" (Cyrus on a spring would have been a sight worth seeing.)

Being in the habit of bursting into my private room to ask irrelevant questions, at all hours, without the formality of knocking, I hinted mildly to him that it was the custom to knock before entering another's apartment. He stared at my suggested act of propriety for a moment, and then blurted out the remark that for his part he didn't "see wot good that would do, but he would give a thump next time." Accordingly when he had occasion to come again to my door, he pounded vigorously on it with the heel of his heavy boot.

"Who's there ?" I inquired.

"Cyrus J. Muchmore !" he shouted in a voice that set all the crockery dancing on the adjacent shelves, and "woke the neighbouring cliffs around."

Laziness was his foible. He had that unpleasant quality in its supreme condition. The throne of indolence was vacant on our coast until Cyrus lulled forward and fell into it.

He was own brother to the snail, and no relation whatever to the ant. Even his

cautious father, discoursing of him one day, acknowledged that "the boy was rather chicken-hearted about work." Unaided locomotion was distasteful to him. If sent on an errand to the next cottage, he waited, patiently for an opportunity to transfer himself bodily into the tail-end of somebody's passing waggon, considering it better to be thus assisted along than to assume the responsibility of moving forward on his own legs. He spared himself all the fatigue possible to mortality, and overcame labour by constantly lying in wait for "a lift," as he called it. He was the only sea-side strippling I ever met who eschewed fishing. Most boys are devotees of the rod and line, but Cyrus was an exception. The necessary anterior search for bait was too much for his inertia. Clam and worm might lie for ever undisturbed, so far as he was concerned.

His dilatory habit rose sometimes to the audacity of genius. He could consume more hours in going a mile to the village post office and returning with the mail than one would credit, unless his gait came under personal observation. We took a kind of exasperated delight as we used to watch him trailing along the ground, and we felt a fresh wonder every day at his power of slow procedure. It seemed a gift, an endowment, now for the first time vouchsafed to mortal inertness. The caterpillar would have been too rapid for him, he would lose in a race with that dull groundling. He seemed to be counting myriads of something in the road. When he cautiously and laboriously lifted up one foot, it seemed an eternity before the other followed it. He would frequently drop asleep in getting over a stone wall, and his recumbent figure was imprinted under all the trees by the road-side. He hated action, except at meals. *There* he astonished the cook, who complained after his advent into our kitchen that "one pair of hands couldn't provide enough for such a commornnk," and advised us to have him "examined !" She accused him of "always a-georging of hisself." She averred that when he was helping her shell peas he ate up all but the pods during the operation ; and she declared that if she took her eyes off him as he moved from the pantry, he devoured as he went, to use her own words, "like an army of locusses !"

He never knew what o'clock it was, but constantly asked everybody he met for "the time o' day." When informed, and the hour announced did not approximate dinner-time, he became discouraged and low-spirited, but revived at the sight of a chance apple or cucumber lying on the ground near by. I have seen him blossom into slow activity when unexpected food has been offered to him "between meals."

His stomach rose to any occasion, and coped with all emergencies. We used to try him with a heavy slice of beef and mustard at nine o'clock in the morning, and he settled upon it at once with stolid avidity, cobra-fashion. He yearned for family picnics where there was no walking to be done, where the viands were apple, and nobody had occasion to bear along the baskets. He was constitutionally susceptible of double-meals. His favourite localities could always be recognized by the débris of comestibles strewn around. Rinds of water-melon, egg-shells, and apple-cores, betrayed his whereabouts. When off duty at the kitchen table he was ever devouring something from out of a huge pocket which adorned his trousers on the right side, bulging it out like a wen. The protuberance became so enormous, that one day I felt constrained to ask him if he had a cannon ball in his thigh. No, it was only a couple of turnips he was "a-goin' to eat hum-by." Every edible thing that grew was tributary to him. His taste was catholic. He fed largely and promiscuously. He was matchless in his depredations on cooked or uncooked. He was, in short, the lineal descendant of Pliny's "Annihilator," the great food destroyer of antiquity!

Born in the country, he was ignorant as a sign-post of what came out of the soil. When set to work in the garden he pulled up everything but the weeds. He would mistake wormwood for parsley, and mustard for mint. Interrogatories disquieted him.

When asked a question about what should have concerned him most, his unblushing reply was "Don't know!"

He had adroitness in delegating jobs about the place to unsuspecting lads of his acquaintance that was both amusing and exasperating. He would saunter along to

the cottage in the morning, bringing with him two or three shabby-looking varlets of his own age, or a little younger, perhaps, and hide them away behind the rocks until their services might be required. At the proper time he would carry out the new hoe, or the new fangled rake, to show them. Then he would gradually *toll* the boys up to some gap in the avenue that needed filling, or allure them to a lot of hay that must be gathered for the barn. He, meanwhile, would lie on the ground in a state of flat contentment, making the most of himself, and regarding the boys with supine satisfaction, as they accomplished the task he ought himself to be engaged in. Coming upon him unexpectedly once while thus disporting his lazy length, I asked for an explanation of his conduct. He replied that he "was obleeged to lay daown on accaount of a jumpin' tewth-ache that hed jess sot in." His subterfuges were endless and invincible.

They revolved about him in a perpetual cycle, ready for use at any moment, and so he was never caught disarmed with an excuse. Evasion was his armature, quiddity his defence. To upbraid him was a loss of time and patience. It would be a shrewd master indeed who could circumvent him. Choate was not more wary, or Webster more profound, than Cyrus when he was brought to bay.

He was full of illogical intrepidities. He eluded reproof with a conversational dexterity beyond the ordinary bent and level of his brain. He changed the current of discourse at will. When remonstrating with him one day on his short comings and long goings, he interrupted the strain of remark by inquiring if I had "heard that 'Siah Jones's hoss got cast t'other night, and took four men to drag him aout by the tail." On another occasion he cut short my admonition, just as the homily was culminating, by asking me if I "knowed that Abel Baker wore false teeth in his maouth, and sometimes put 'em in upside daown, cos he did'nt understand 'em."

In the middle of a colloquy with him one morning on his unpunctual appearance at the cottage, he threw me completely off the track by casually "wondering" if I had "ever run acrost the sea sarpunt

in my travels!" Haranguing him at the close of a day when he had neglected every duty, he broke the force of my censure by demanding if I was "for or agin capital punishment." He habitually glided away from a subject that happened to set against him, just as Tennyson's snake "slipt under a spray!"

Poor Cyrus! I have not even veiled his insignificant and unmusical name, for he is no longer extant in a world he did nothing to benefit or adorn. Oblivion called for him years ago. He was carried off in the season of green apples, being unable to restrain his reckless passion for unripe fruit. As I strewed this handful of poppies over his unconscious eyelids, I remember with a smile of gratitude the daily fun his drowsy presence afforded to at least one member of that little household by the sea; and pondering how small an interest he ever took in the industries of life, I confidently apply to his "peculiar case" the well-known assertion in a celebrated monody—"Little *hell* reck if they let him sleep on!" Vex not his ghost! Light lie the turf on his inactive elbows, for they would be troubled, even now, if under pressure of any kind. It cannot be seriously said of him that he "rests from his labours," poor lad, for his frequent slumber was always more natural than his infrequent toil, and he knew how to take much ease during his brief sojourn in this work-a-day world. No "hoary headed swain" Down East can ever make this passing observation touching the habits of our defunct acquaintance:

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But many of us still remember how often

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathe its old, fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

## Our Archaeological Corner.

### BROTHERS OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

BRO. GEORGE FORT the able author of the "Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," has published in the "Philadelphia Keystone," so admirably conducted by our amiable confrère Bro. Clifford P. McCalla, an Ancient and Curious Document, which we give below.

It is well known, that in or about the year 1119 A.D., Geoffrey St. Omer and Hugh de Paganis, with five others as some say, under the protection of Raymond Patriarch of Jerusalem and with the approbation of Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem formed themselves into a Knights Order to preserve the safety of the roads, to defend Christian Pilgrims, to observe the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, as well as hospitality to the poor, and above all to protect those who went to visit the Holy Sepulchre. In the first instance, they seem to have been under the rule of St. Basil. St. Baldwin built for them a hospital close to the Temple, from which they took the name of Knights of the Temple or Templars.

In 1128 Hugo de Paganis, with some others went to the Council of Troye, at which the great St. Bernard was present, and certain rules and regulations were then drawn up with the approbation of Pope Innocence II., by which they were incorporated to pray under the name of "Pauperes commilitones Templi in Sancta Civitate"—"Poor Fellow Soldiers (Knights) of the Temple in the Holy City."

Some writers call them Knights of the Temple of Solomon, "Templum Solomonis," but this does not appear in their own rules, and the Temple more correctly perhaps refers to the "Sanctum Sepulchrum," the Holy Sepulchre. At the Council of Troye they seem to have been placed under the rule of St. Augustin, not Benedict, as some writers assert. The words "frater," or "frère," or "brother," seems to be used indifferently in the "Statuta" or regulations for the "Pauper commilito Christi," the "Poor Fellow Soldier of Christ."

In the Latin the word "fratribus" is not added to the Latin "commilitonibus."

Hence nothing can be fairly inferred from the use of the word "fratribus," or brethren, especially in a Masonic sense. What the real relation of the Templars is to Freemasonry now is yet an unproven point.

In the year 1152, Matthew II., Count of Beaumont, then invested with the insignia of Lord Chamberlain to his majesty Louis VIIIth of France, in order that a perpetual memorial might exist of his esteem for the military order of the Temple, caused the following document to be drawn up, which he signed and sealed with his official seal. This act or register of a donation made to the Templars within forty years from the period of their institution by Baldwin II. in Jerusalem, who assigned them quarters in the supposed Temple of Solomon — whence their name of Templars; this grant, we say, has a specific value, independent of its venerable age. It attests with unequivocal certainty the custom at that distant epoch of a regularly organized corporation calling themselves "Brothers of Solomon's Temple," and so recognized in an official document of the age, and is perhaps the most positive recognition extant of a *fraternity based upon Solomon's Temple*. It is unnecessary to pursue the outline, as the point of connection will certainly suggest itself to the mind Craftsman.

In nomine Sancte et individue Trinitatis. Notum sit omnibus Dei fidelibus, et insuper Sancto Matris ecclesie prelati, tam presentibus quam futuris, quod Matheus, comes Bellimontis, dedit Deo et *fratribus templi Solomonis*, pro redemptione anime sue et patris, sui et matris sue et antecessorum suorum, furnum quem ante Portam-Parisiis habebat, et omnia ad furnum pertinentia, in perpetuum, libere et quiete, possidendum; et preter hoc XL.I. den. minus quos en Terra de Ruili censuales habebat; et insuper XVII. sext. avene unam minam et galinas, que sibi, per singulos annos, ex eodem terra, reddebantur. Dedit quoque domum Frogerii Asinari, ante Barras sitam, et omnem prefate domus justiciam que sua libera erat, et portum eidem domni adjacentem. Ut hoc autem furnum et inviolabile in perpetuum maneat, huic donacioni testes affuerunt: clerici, Hubertus, dechanus, Reinaldus, precentor Compendii, et Nicholaus, comitis notarius; milites: Petrus de Runcheroles, Willelmus

de Mennilis, Petrus de Borrenge; famuli: Petrus, major Cambliaci, Odo de Guviz. Et de *fratribus Templi*: fr. G. de Drusencurt, fr. Walerannus.

Actum itaque hoc incarnati verbi M.C.L.II. anno annuente rege L., de cujus feudo erant, annuente quoque Mathildi comitessa, uxore Mathei comitis, cum liberis suis.

Which is translated as follows:

In the name of the Holy and indivisible Trinity. Be it known to all the faithful of God, and especially to the prelates of Saint Mary's Church, both now and hereafter, that Matthew, Count of Beaumont, has granted unto God and the *brethren of Solomon's Temple*, for the salvation of his own soul, and for his mother and father and their ancestors, an oven which he possessed in front of the entrance to Paris, and all the appurtenances of said oven, to have and possess the same freely and quietly for ever, and in addition to this XL.I. Solidi, etc., which as rents he possessed in the territory of Reuilly; and moreover XVII. measures, etc., of oats, with the pullets which each and every year were rendered unto him from the said ground. He has also granted the house of Geoffroy Lasnier, situate in front of *Barras*, and all and singular the right of justice unto said house appertaining, which he possessed, and also the gate adjacent to the aforesaid house. In order that this gift may remain firm and inviolable for ever, these witnesses have assisted at the donation:—Clerics: Hubert, deacon, Reynold, precentor of (the) Compendium, and Nicholas, the Count's notary; Knights: Peter de Ronquerolles, William de Mesnil, Peter de Boran; domestics: Peter, mayor of Chambli, and Odo de Gouvieux. And for the brethren of the Temple: Bro. G. de Drusencourt, Bro. Waleran.

Done in the year M. C. L. II. of the incarnation of the Word, by the permission of King Lewis, whose fief they were, and by the permission of Matilda, countess and wife of Count Matthew and their children.

The foregoing charter may be found, indited, in "*Recherches Hist. et Critiq. sur les Anciens Comtes de Beaumont-Sur-Oise*," published in the IVth vol. of the Society of Antiquaries of Picardie.

## VULGARITY.

In a very well written article in the *Temple Bar*, for December, which we commend to the perusal of our readers, "Vulgarity" is divided into three categories, practically: "vulgaritas in se," "vulgaritas prohibita," and "vulgaritas permissa."

The ingenious writer defines "vulgaritas in se" to be "things in speech, manners, and personal surroundings, which the general code of good taste does not allow;" "vulgaritas prohibita," actually all that "the uncondemned by those laws are specially forbidden by what we call good form;" and vulgarity permissa "to consist in other eccentric acts which a perverse taste would justify, or vitiated sympathies would condone. Very amusing and true are the following remarks on this fault:—

"No law can make stealing a virtue, or justify forgery, but what was considered at one time as 'vulgaritas in se' can be stripped of its repulsive character and made 'quite the thing, my dear, by bills of indemnity which are passed from time to time in the Vehmgericht of Fashion. It is thus very difficult to tell what is the 'vulgaritas in se,' unless you are well posted up in the decrees of that mysterious tribunal. Thus, in the days of my youth, I was taught that it was vulgar to pick one's teeth in public. In the literature of that period, when it was desirable to impress upon the reader the vulgarity of a character, he was made to pick his teeth. And yet I can remember the time when a young gentleman's afternoon toilet was not considered complete unless he had a toothpick in his mouth. *Punch* took it up, and John Leech gave us three golden youths in Noah's Ark coats thus provided, with an explanation that they were not smoking nasty cigarettes, but engaged in the new and elegant pursuit of chewing toothpicks. But they did not mind. The habit was idle and nasty, but it had ceased to be vulgar. Again, it used to be considered that any arrangement or derangement of robes which would indicate the lower portion of the female form divine as bifurcate was a vulgarity. If the accidental position of a book or a parasol

on a lady's lap tended to demonstrate this fact, the demonstrator was hastily removed, and draperies readjusted with a blush. The vulgarity of the immortal Mrs. Gamp beamed out of her knees, both on paper and on the stage. We have changed all that. Ladies deliberately adopt arrangements for relieving the imagination of trouble in conjecturing anatomical details. *Knees are worn*—and I should not wonder if eating peas with one's knife should some day come into fashion and be pronounced 'ever so nice!'"

We quite agree, also, with the subsequent able and happy delineation of things as they are:—

"It is curious to observe that good society admires in art (which is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature) what it will not tolerate, and declines to adopt, in every-day life. It applauds emotions of joy, mirth, or sorrow, properly rendered on the stage, or fixed on canvas or on marble by a master hand. If Mrs. Bancroft, playing the 'ingénue,' had to say such a phrase as, 'Oh! *wouldn't* it be nice!' and *did* say it in the old Marie Wilton form, with clasped hands and glittering eyes, and a smile of joy breaking like a sun-lit wave all over, and lifting her on tip-toe—then a flutter of approval would agitate even the demure domain of the stalls. But if Miss-in-her-Teens were guilty of a similar overt act of pleasure in a drawing-room, a tap on the shoulder with mamma's fan and a reproof would be the reward. Miss-in-her-Twenties would wink and yawn '*jolly—rather*,' and to *that* there could be no objection. To be natural is to 'gush,' and to 'gush' is vulgar—at present. As a test of my other proposition, let me ask how many persons, readers of fashion, male or female, could afford to have their portraits taken in the clothes they usually wear, and in the positions which they habitually assume? I shall be told that it won't do to paint a portrait in the height of any fashion, because in a few years it will look 'so odd,' and this I grant; but inelegance and—I must write it—indelicacy must always be something worse than 'odd,' and that which will not bear representation on canvas is surely to be condemned in 'the round.'

"A bygone generation considered it a vulgarity to be in good bodily health. It

was correct to be languid, weak, dyspeptic. Brummel thought he had once eaten a pea. Heroes of romance were pale, precocious youths, and the principal charm of their heroine was hereditary consumption or a spinal complaint. It was vulgar to wear thick shoes or warm raiment, *but you might laugh*. The fashionable defects were all physical. These were the days of the wits, the tellers of good stories, the sayers of good things; of the men and women whose sparkling tittle-tattle has become a lost art, and whose recollections form a literature of their own. It was not a better age than this. The veneering bore a high polish, but it was very thin. I am recalling it simply to show what it considered vulgar; and thus demonstrate the instability of vulgarity. *They* were allowed to be mentally natural—we to be so physically. We may have the muscles of a prize-fighter, the appetite of Cormoran, wear two-inch soles to our brogues, and ulsters under which our grandfathers would have fainted; *but we may not laugh*. If a new Sydney Smith were to come amongst us he would hold the position assigned to the jester of the Middle Ages. We sneer at the *raconteur* of a party now and call him its 'funny man.' 'Fellow stood on his head all dinner time, by Jove!' would probably be the criticism of a second Macaulay by our golden youth. It is vulgar to be amusing; 'bad form' to be amused. Physical force prevails. In poetry, fiction, and on the stage a gross sensualism reigns paramount. To be interesting, the heroine of the period must have a splendid physique soiled by physical love making, and her soul trembling on the 'ragged edge' of impurity. I suppose that spirits have 'rushed together at the touching of the lips' time out of mind; only it has not always been considered decent to put all the details into print. Kissing was all right, 'console planco,' but talking about it was vulgar."

Now in all this we fully concur, but we somewhat doubt whether, after all, the writer has done more, so to say, than touch the outside circumference of the evil, whether he has not rather only just skimmed over the surface, not plunged certainly into the living depths below. For as we add, that as a general portion, all that he has advanced is quite true, yet he

might have gone much further and said freely and rightly a great deal more 'ad rem,' than he has said. It may be that his modesty, or his ingenuousness, or any thing else you like, has spoiled a most admirable paper.

But as his fault is clearly one of defect, not of excess, we venture to seek to supplement what, for some reason or other, best known to himself, he has omitted to point out, and which we feel, at all events, that he will agree with us.

"Vulgarity" *per se* has been a fair theme for the satirist and the sarcastic. It has existed in all ages, under various forms, and the vulgarity of one age is not that of another, and, as the writer in "Temple Bar" fairly puts it, what our forefathers considered vulgarity we do not, and vice versa. Still we think that even on this point the writer has not been so lucid in his details as he might have been.

Vulgarity may, we think, be more properly divided into what is essential and what is accidental.

Essential vulgarity is that which seems innate in some people, who never can rise above the level of grovelling ideas and low-lived tastes.

Many are vulgar in thought, in word, and in deed, in all their surroundings, and in all their habits.

We have also to deal hourly, and often offensively, with the vulgarity of wealth, of the "rotourier" of the "parvenu," of those who cannot ever lose sight of No. 1, and who are the most "exigeant," the most intractable, the most intolerant, and the most overbearing of human beings! To these society is nothing, life is nothing, their neighbours are nothing, their friends and relations are nothing, but as they minister to the whims and fancies of a "diseased imagination" or to that purse-proud vulgarity which is so odious and so antagonistic to the intellectual and the independent.

There are some people who seem to fancy that the world is composed of "men, women, and themselves," and their whole view of everything and everyone is bounded always by the narrow horizon of their own personal proclivities or individual opinions. Such persons remain vulgar, for the most part, to the end of the story—theirs is that "vulgaritas in se" which nothing can

efface, and, to say the truth, nothing can redeem.

And a very large class they are, and many allies they have in other mortals as vulgar as themselves. They commit every sort of offence against the laws of good taste and "bienséance"—they affect to think that there is something praiseworthy in being singular, and despising what they call the "world," and so the sins they knowingly commit against the laws which happily still govern society and us all, are as glaring as they are indefensible.

But peace to their "manes," they are hardly worth, after all, the notice of the critic, or the censure of the moralist. The man of genius ridicules them, the man of refinement pities them, and the cultivated, and the tolerant, and the truehearted look upon them with a sigh and with a smile.

Now vulgarity accidental is, in our opinion, much more defensible, and far more easily forgiven.

There is an ingenuousness in feeling and opinion in some which leads them into a little open warfare, as it were, oftentimes with those social laws of the Medes and Persians which sway family life, personal life, and national life in the world. They revolt against the dicta of "Mrs. Grundy" and the edicts of a fashionable "Vehmgericht," as the writer in "Temple Bar" well puts it.

Women specially are often a little open-mouthed and rash in denunciation of the cold and heartless etiquette of society, of customs which keep them in, of rules which bind them down, and they make little "faux pas" in this direction or in that, or commit "betises," or give way to indiscretions many and marked.

Well, the world, which is always very intolerant in the abstract, remember, considers such actions a proof of vulgarity, inasmuch as its theory of propriety is, strict conformity with the precepts and code of customary conduct which it has sanctioned and which it seeks to enforce.

It is here we differ from the world and the writer in "Temple Bar," chiefly as no one may deem is to be.

All such little deviations from the "ancien regime," "La Vieille Roche," are only accidental after all, and ought to be

treated simply as such, and, above all, pardoned as such.

Many arise for the most part from avocation, education, a special state of life, family surroundings, impulse, and above all ardent aspirations and ill-regulated sympathies. For all such we have much pity, and easily forgive these little slips and mistakes, believing them to be "accidental," not "essential" vulgarity, and such as time, or example, or higher teaching may yet ameliorate and remove.

But we confess that for the essential vulgar we have but little concern; life is too short to waste any precious moments of condolence upon them, and they don't deserve it, and they don't want it. For such vulgarity almost always ends in perversity in mean and unworthy notions of others, inasmuch as it will not be kept down, and will have a vent.

To the intelligent and educated such spectacles are very sad, and such association is very depressing.

Those of us who love what is refining and elevating, all that is generous in sentiment, all that is ennobling in emotion, the high aims and the noble aspirations if you like, of virtue, and honour, and truth, and religion are always deeply pained when they behold that rampant vulgarity, which nothing can check, and nothing control, trampling down in overbearing violence all those affections, and heart impulses which God and nature have implanted in us all, for good and holy purposes, for affection and tender interest, and drawing out, in their most cruel phase and most pitiable guise, these malignant weaknesses of our fallen race, which set us at variance one with another here, and too often promote alike the temporal misery and the eternal wretchedness of man!

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SONNET.

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*For the "Masonic Magazine."*

ON THE NEW YEAR, JANUARY, 1877.

DEATH-LIKE, bestrewn upon its chilly bier,  
 Pall'd in its frozen, snowy-gleaming  
 dress,  
 Lies the old year—bleak, bald—each  
 leafy tree

Now shorn by cutting blasts of winter  
drear.

Meantime, all hail—all hail to thee, New  
Year :

I wish to thy young reign all happiness ;  
And to our ancient Craft the same no  
less—

May both to glory and to joyance steer ;  
As Noah safely steer'd his ark of yore,

When Nature rose transform'd — new  
heavens, new earth—

And no more floods of violence—no  
more sea

To overflow each desolated shore ;

And when, as by a new and second  
birth,

The world, as 'twere, began again to be.

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

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

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 309.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE REFERENCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF NOAH FROM THE ARK.

“Stately the Ark on watery billows rode,  
Till Ararat became her fixed abode.  
Benignant masonry did then unshroud  
Her beaming visage. In a lambent cloud  
Resplendent shone; the variegated Bow  
Shed genial influence on the world below.  
Now hovering round the globe with radiant wing,  
The choir celestial joyful praises sing.”

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED M.S. OF THE REV. S.  
OLIVER, Rector of Lambley.

THE revival and subsequent enlightenment  
of the candidate, or representative of the  
deity, symbolized by the Scarabæus, was  
however only a dramatic ceremony which  
embodied the deliverance of Noah from

the Ark when the waters of the deluge  
had subsided; for in the Egyptian  
mysteries the supreme degree of initiation  
was represented by red and blue baptismal  
waters in reference to that awful event.  
“The aspirant was subjected to all the  
horrors of mind, and even pain of body,  
which an exposure to the elements could  
occasion, before he was admitted to initia-  
tion. He was then gradually instructed  
in the doctrines which they taught, of  
the creation of the world, and the nature  
of the soul; but he was not admitted to  
the highest degree of knowledge until he  
had figuratively suffered a temporary death,  
and been laid, as it were, in the chambers  
of the grave. This last remarkable cir-  
cumstance was, in one form or another, a  
chief part of the mystical ceremonies in  
every system of the world; varying in  
degrees of horror and duration, according  
to the spirit of the nations to which each  
belonged, and represented as figurative of  
the loss of some eminent person in every  
case, but all really relating to the entomb-  
ment of the Great Father of the post  
diluvian world in the Ark, and pointing  
out to the aspirant the certainty of a future  
life beyond the grave.”\*

We will therefore take a brief view of  
the deluge and its consequences, for the  
purpose of ascertaining how far the tradi-  
tions of all nations have embodied it in  
their mysteries; which will constitute an  
undeniable proof of the accuracy of the  
Mosaic writings, of the tendency of the  
Hermesian mysteries, and of their cor-  
respondence with those of other ancient  
nations.

It is singular that although from the  
protracted continuance of life in these  
primitive times, there had been so few  
generations upon the earth, that Lamech,  
the father of Noah, lived 60 years with  
the first man, and died only 5 years before  
the flood, so that Noah, and all the people  
of that generation, received instruction, as  
it were, from Adam himself, all flesh could  
be so universally corrupt; as to induce  
God to repent that he had created man,  
and to make him resolve on regenerating  
the earth by a total destruction. The  
Banians had a tradition very much to the  
same effect—every day presenting new

\* Archdeacon Mant, p.

aggravations of wickedness and sin, that they cried to heaven for mercy. At this the Deity grew angry, and the heavens were clothed with blackness and terror; the sea began to swell as if it meant to unite with the clouds for man's destruction; a great noise was heard aloft, such as useth to dismay mortal wretches; and thunder and lightning flashed from the poles, such as seemed to threaten a final wrack to the earth, but as if the world needed cleansing of its defilements, then came a flood that covered all nations in their depths.\*

The Deity graciously exercised his forbearance during the period of 120 years, that his creatures might have an opportunity of averting the threatened punishment by repentance. The people did not repent, and his grace was exercised in vain. "Hesiod describes the Titans, previous to their destruction, as contending in battle with the giants. These, no less than the Titans, I take to be the Antediluvian Nephelim of the Jewish Legislator; and the war between them seems to relate to the dreadful state of rapine, anarchy, profligacy, and lawless violence, in which mankind were involved previous to the catastrophe of the deluge. Hence Lycophron here properly represents Jupiter as attacking at the same time both the giants and the Titans. If Saturn be Noah, of which there cannot be much doubt, the Titans must be the Antediluvians, and their overthrow the catastrophe of the deluge. It is worthy of observation, that one part of this tradition carries us back to a period anterior to the epoch of the flood, and represents the whole race of primitive Titans, as subject to the domination of the serpent, prince Ophion; and it is not improbable, that the universal subjugation of the Titans by Ophion may signify the universal corruption of the Antediluvians by the arts of the infernal serpent."†

The Koran says "they devised a dangerous plot against Noah; and the chief men said to the others: ye shall by no means leave your gods, neither shall ye forsake Wadd, nor Sowa, nor Yaghuth, and Yank, and Nese. And they seduced many, and because of their sins they were

drowned and cast into the fire of hell, and they found none to protect them against God. And Noah said, Lord, leave not any families of the unbelievers on the earth, for if thou leave them, they will seduce thy servants, and there will be none left but the wicked and unbelieving." Cardinal Pole has compared the sins and enormities of the Antediluvians with those which exist amongst ourselves. "Rebellibus tempore Noe, ob spretau predicationem Noe diluio absorptis respondent rebellestoto hoc tempore quo prædicatur evangelium, quos diluuium iræ divinæ obruit et perdit. Contra paucis illis in aqua servatis, respondent fideles, qui præ incredulis sunt pauci, servandi per mortem et resurrectionem Christi. Ex hoc loco colligitur, christum fuisse tempore Noe, quiva tunc prædicasse dicitur."\*

*To be Continued.*

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

*(Continued from page 336.)*

AMONG the many incidents peculiar to this "Centennial" year of our good brethren and neighbours of the great republic on our southern boundary, has been the thrusting into what I cannot otherwise than consider the undue and unwise prominence of the subject of the coloured private and Grand Lodges, so-called, reported to exist there, and likewise to call attention to those claiming existence in the province of Ontario, whose application for recognition has heretofore been laid before me.

It appears to me to be far better for the coloured people themselves for us patiently to await the more full development of their destiny on this continent. The gravest possible doubts exist in my mind as to the regularity of any of those so-called lodges of coloured Freemasons, either in the United States or Canada, and hence, if they are irregular as I believe, no proposals for their recognition can be entertained by this or any other

\* Lord. Ban. Rel., p. 33.

† Fab. Cab., vol. ii., p. 254.

\* Poole Synop 1 Pet. iii. 19.

duly constituted Grand Lodge, the more especially as these so-called coloured Grand Lodges claim to exist where regular and duly constituted and recognised Grand Lodges of Freemasons exist already. "Freemasons are of all nations, tongues, kindreds and languages," but all regular private Lodges alone have the initial and final right to decide who shall or shall not become regular members or our fraternity, and no new regular formed lodges can be created except in the manner prescribed by the constitution, and no proposition for the recognition of any Grand Lodge should be entertained except on the basis of exclusive jurisdiction of each Grand Lodge within its prescribed and lawful territory.

Our constitutions do not require any "fifteenth" or other amendments to meet the wants of all peoples, or to conserve the just rights of all regular lodges of Freemasons of every colour.

It has often appeared to me that the various lodges do not arrange so systematically as they might the matter of assessments and disbursements for the purposes of benevolence and depend too much on the ordinary disbursements from the funds of the lodge for the aid and needy brethren, or for widows and orphans in distress. I would not advise any decrease, but wherever practicable, rather an increase of the contributions or appropriations to the ordinary fund of benevolence, and would also recommend for the consideration of the Grand Lodge the advisability of allowing the members of the several lodges either by themselves or conjointly with the members of other lodges in the several cities and districts to form themselves, under approved regulations, into some form of association, as an extension of, or as supplementary to, the ordinary existing methods of benevolence, and I further advise that the B. O. G. P. consider the matter and afford an opportunity for brethren to appear before them and express their views in relation thereto, and that the Board make report thereon at this session of Grand Lodge.

It is very generally acknowledged that Masonry is a "peculiar" fraternity. It is indeed unique in this our world. Its real origin is lost in the mists of time. It is a growth and development of the ages, and will remain permanent as human

society. It exists as a necessity of human desires and human necessities. It has given much to like and more modern organizations, but needs and takes but little in return. It is not a system of religion, but the fundamental principles of true religion are its full embodiment. It is not a mere benefit society, yet among its prominent tenets are true and genuine benevolence and fraternal aid in distress. It is not a temperance organization, but one of its cardinal virtues is the due restraint of all our appetites and passions. Language would fail to give it definition. Offshoots from Masonry or other organizations somewhat modelled upon it, and wherever seeking to accomplish a good work we wish them God-speed, but let none be called by its name or taken under its wing. Let it ever exist, as it ever has existed, separate and independent, unique in its origin and being, and ever seeking to fulfil its sublime mission among the sons of men.

For various reasons, it now seems particularly fitting to re-annunciate to the world the great fact that Freemasonry is a non-political, non-sectarian and non-proselyting fraternity.

Let a man's religion or mode of worship be what it may, he is not excluded from the order, provided he believe in the glorious Architect of Heaven and earth, and practices the sacred duties of morality. Masonry is the centre of union between good men and true, and the happy means of conciliating friendship amongst those who must otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.

A Mason is a peaceable subject to the civil powers wherever he resides or works, and is cheerfully to conform with every lawful authority, to uphold on every occasion the interests of the community, and always to promote the prosperity of his own country, and wise rulers in every age have been much disposed to encourage the craftsmen, on account of their peaceableness and loyalty. Differences of opinion and quarrels about religion, or nations, or state, or church policy, must never be brought within the Lodge. We are only as Masons of the universal religion above mentioned, and we are also of all nations, tongues, kindred, and languages, and are resolved against all politics and secta-

rianism as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the Lodge, nor ever will. All others practising other principles and claiming to be Freemasons, are "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

It is with lively satisfaction that I am enabled to report to you at this annual communication that the craft is generally enjoying peace and healthy progress throughout the Dominion, and, from the reports constantly received, the same is true to a gratifying extent in the United States, South America, Great Britain, on the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and on the Isles of the Sea. There are trials which our brethren in a few portions of the world are still subjected, on account of the unwise interference of ecclesiasticism, from which we are now so happily free, and which happy state of affairs amongst us, it is to be hoped, may ever continue. Let our brethren, wherever situated, faithfully adhere to and carry out at all times and under all circumstances, the great and unchanging principles of our ancient constitutions, and it will soon appear that only temporary inconvenience and trouble will arise from the assaults of these enemies, and that permanent good to them and to the craft universal will be the glorious and final result.

Enlightened, civil, and ecclesiastical rulers are fast learning that our world-wide fraternity is the loyal friend of man, of religion, and of the commonwealth. It is a false policy which alienates the best of friends, and which makes an enemy of the best of neighbours. No wise, civil or ecclesiastical authority will long pursue it. The true light is shining and will yet fill the whole earth.

Brethren, never forget that ye are to be temple-builders in this wide world of ours, and I fervently beseech you to be more and more careful in the selection of material for your great work. Faulty stones deface and permanently injure a superstructure. In the very superabundance of offered material lies one of your chiefest dangers. Let the master builders and the chief rulers of the craftsmen be alone selected from among the best skilled, most prudent, and wisest of the brethren, else a year, or a day even, may undo what an age is needed to ac-

complish. Lay the foundations firmly upon the everlasting rock of truth, raise the superstructure on the level, and by the plumb and square; in wisdom, strength and beauty, and in faith, hope and charity carry on your good work as for all time and for the aeons beyond, and without fail, and as sure as His promise stands the blessings of the Great Architect of earth and heavens will for ever abide with you and yours.

In returning to you the supreme authority in the craft with which you have so long entrusted me, I beg most heartily to request your kindly acceptance of my sincere, fraternal thanks for the many honours and other substantial tokens of favour which I have so frequently and gratefully received from this Grand Lodge, and also from so many of the brethren in different parts of our jurisdiction, and at the same time I desire formally to communicate to you my desire and purpose to withdraw from active official duties in connection with the craft at the close of this session of Grand Lodge. Of the results of about fifteen years of Masonic official labour in the Grand Lodge of Canada, and in aiding to establish and upbuild this Grand Lodge, I must leave you and others to judge. About one-third of my life thus devoted to the craft will, I am sure, in your opinion entitle me to put off the harness and withdraw from active labour into that quiet retirement from official duty which in *otium cum dignitate*, one is wont to look forward to with sincere satisfaction.

And may the blessing of the Most High rest upon you and your labours, world without end. So mote it be.

J. H. GRAHAM,  
Grand Master.

Richmond, P.Q.,  
Canada.

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### Reviews.

*Imagination, and other Poems.* By the Rt. Hon. James Richmond Cotton, M.P., Lord Mayor. Chapman and Hall.

It is not often that a Lord Mayor of London is a poet, and still less seldom does he publish his poems.

But here we have the late worthy Lord Mayor of London, distinguished by his genial qualities and kindly hospitality, putting forth for public approval and criticism, a volume of his poetic imaginings of some years.

Some of these poems date from a little time back, having been published with a dedication to Charles Dickens. The present collection, which is enlarged and revised, is dedicated to Thomas Carlyle.

The *Times* speaks in the following favourable tone of his principal poem, "Imagination":—

"Mr. Cotton opens his argument in due form, by adverting to the universal existence and influence of the imaginative power. Going back before the Creation to Chaos and Night, he proceeds to trace the wayward course of Fancy, from the time when he breathed into the ear of Eve with the first seductions of the serpent, through a succession of the most marked episodes in the Old Testament history. He travels with Fancy into the land of dreams; follows her promptings in letters and the arts, in science and philosophy, in the subtlest passions of the human mind, and in aspirations after a future that we fear is ideal. He dwells on her powers to soothe and to charm, to heighten the joys of life, to soften or aggravate its griefs; on the hateful results when she has been prostituted to the purposes of guilt and folly, as dooming man to moral decay, and seducing him over the verge of sanity; and he argues that as she existed before man was made in the image of his Creator, so she must survive to eternity with the blessed in Paradise. It will be seen that the scope of the poem is comprehensive enough, and many of the scenes that are conjured up before the eye are made very gracefully suggestive. The best are, perhaps, among the visions in Dreamland, with their swift transitions from the nightmares and tantalizing hallucinations of storm-troubled guilt and suffering to the peaceful dreams of slumbering innocence. Mr. Cotton is right in supposing that there is a kind of imagination which can be said to traverse space with astronomy, though, in its researches and results, that is one of the most exact and practical of sciences; but, to most of his readers, Mr. Cotton's description of the

more obvious influence it exerts on such arts as Poetry and Painting, or such principles or passions as Liberty, will be more obvious."

The following little poem termed, "Sunshine," has much poetic merit and ease:—

"The dewy mists are melting slow,  
The East is bright with golden glow,  
And clouds and fogs must fade;  
Iris bends a varied bow,  
The distant village smiles below,  
In sunny light and shade.  
\* \* \*

Light shines upon the distant hill,  
Swift runs the stream, slow turns the mill,  
And happy hums the bee;  
The landscape all around is still,  
As silent as our God's great will  
Of human destiny."

The lines on "Spring," are equally effective:—

"See hoary winter melting into tears,  
As, zephyr-led, sweet spring comes  
robed in green;  
Bright sunny smiles her maiden beauty  
wears,  
And budding trees like budding hopes  
are seen.  
All nature's praising God with varied  
throat,  
To hail her first with many a thrilling  
note,  
The mating birds their love notes  
sweetly sing,  
And happy bleats o'er daisied meadow  
ring."

Summer also comes before us truly and gracefully:—

"As summer comes sweet spring soft  
glides away,  
And smiling leaves the year to her  
warm heart,  
Who willing plays to all a mother's part,  
To all the infant buds and flowers of May.  
Sometimes she weeps to see those flowers  
fade,  
Now smiles to see her daily rip'ning  
grain,  
To hear her song-birds sing their heaven-  
taught strain,  
Now basks in sunshine or now rests  
in shade."

On some future occasion we may be tempted again to allude to this little work.

*Boudoir Ballads.* By J. Ashby-Sterry.  
Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

WE have read this work with much pleasure.

It is, in fact, a modern representation of that inimitable flow of easy and harmonious versification, which W. M. Praed inaugurated, and in which, we see, after all, he has found none to excel him.

We do not profess to find in these facile and ornate poems the highest representation, perhaps, of the "ars Poetica," but yet they are very pleasant, and very enjoyable, and abounding in happy passages, kindly sympathies, and touching souvenirs.

They are alike gracious and improving, whether in the charm of their metre, the truth of their sarcasm, or the reality of their "morale," and deserve, we venture to think, the perusal of all who have yet a little "sentiment" left in their composition.

We think that perhaps Mr. Sterry will excuse us if we say, that he is a little too profuse in his mention of intimate acquaintance with the minutæ and even hidden characteristics of ladies' habiliments, of superabundant "trouserettes," and of indispensable under clothing. But such are slight blemishes after all, and, as a volume of pleasant verses, kindly humour, happy rhythm, and genial sympathy, we have carefully conned it over with much gratification, and we doubt not that all who read its laughing stanzas will put it down with a smile on the face, and a softened memory in the mind! The harmony of the measure is often most striking, while the truth of the writer's "teaching" is very effective.

Like his great master, Mr. Sterry seems to have inherited alike a ready pencil, and glittering sentences, polished illustrations, and a marvellous antithesis, and above all that mixture of the ludicrous, and the touching, the grave and the gay, the sad and the hilarious, which marks in such wonderful measure, and with such startling contrast ever the inimitable poetry of Praed.

What pleasant and subduing meniones float around the following graceful stanzas :

"REGRETS.

"O for the look of those pure grey eyes—  
Seeming to plead and speak—  
The parted lips and the deep-drawn sighs,  
The blush on the kissen cheek!

"O for the tangle of soft brown hair,  
Lazily blown by the breeze!  
The fleeting hours unshadowed by care,  
Shaded by tremulous trees!

"O for the dream of those sunny days,  
With their bright unbroken spell,  
And the thrilling sweet untutored praise—  
From the lips once loved too well!

"O for the feeling of days ago,  
The simple faith and the truth,  
The spring of time and life's rosy dawn—  
O for the love and the youth!"

Who has not often felt the reality so touchingly depicted in the lines which follow?

"WEARY.

"I'm sick of the world and its trouble,  
I'm weary of pleasures that cloy,  
I see through the bright-coloured bubble,  
And find no enjoyment in joy.

"Is all that we earn worth the earning?  
Is all that we gain worth the prize?  
Is all that we learn worth the learning?  
Is pleasure but pain in disguise?

"Is sorrow e'er worth our dejection?  
Is fame but a flatterer's spell?  
Is love ever worth our affection?  
*Le jeu vaut-il, donc, la chandelle!*

"O where are the eyes that enthralled us,  
And where are the lips that we kissed?  
Where the siren-like voices that called us,  
And where all the chances we missed?

"We know not what mortals call pleasure—  
For clouded are skies that were blue;  
To dross now has melted our treasure,  
And false are the hearts that were true.

"The flowers we gathered are faded,  
The leaves of our laurels are shed;  
Our spirit is broken and jaded,  
The hopes of our youth are all dead.

"We feel life is hopeless and dreary,  
Now night has o'ershadowed our day;  
Bright fruits of this earth only weary,  
They ripen—to fall and decay!

"I'm sick of the world and its trouble,  
For rest and seclusion I thirst ;  
I'm tired of the gay tinted bubble,  
That brighteneth only to burst !"

Some of us may have actually experienced, in propria personâ, what the poet so truthfully describes.

"TOO TRUE.

"'Tis over ! It is done at last !  
The fetters Cupid forges  
Were riveted quite hard and fast,  
Last Monday, at St. George's.  
A shoddyerat with ample means,  
A priest intoning neatly,  
A bishop and two rural deans,  
Have tied the knot completely.

"And so you're on your honeymoon,  
And wear a golden fetter ;  
You speculate—'tis rather soon—  
"Is it for worse or better ?"  
You're thinking of a year ago—  
'Twas just such sunny weather—  
But somehow time went not so slow  
When we two were together.

"A year ago, those pretty eyes  
A world of truth reflected ;  
A year ago, your deepest sighs  
I never half suspected :  
A year ago, my tale I told,  
And you were glad to listen ;  
You were as pure, as good as gold,  
Or any maid fresh kissen.

"In life's brief play you chose your part,  
Poor little foolish vendor !  
You sold your trustful loving heart  
For shoddy and for splendour.  
The sky so blue, the sea so glad,  
Brings joyous recollections ;  
And yet you seem a world too sad  
For honeymoon reflections !"

We think that every one of our readers will delight, as we did, in the tender tone and solemn "refrain" of Blankton Weir.

"BLANKTON WEIR:

"A Water-side Lyric.

"'Tis a queer old pile of timbers, all gnarled  
and rough and green,  
Both moss-o'-ergrown and weed-covered, and  
jaggèd too, I ween !  
'Tis battered and 'tis spattered, all worn and  
knocked about,  
Beclamped with rusty rivets, and bepatched  
with timbers stout ;

A tottering, trembling structure, enshrining  
memories dear,  
This weather-beaten barrier, this quaint old  
Blankton Weir.

"While leaning on those withered rails,  
what feelings oft come back,  
As I watch the white foam sparkling and  
note the current's track ;  
What crowds of fleeting fancies come  
dancing through my brain !  
And the good old days of Blankton, I live  
them o'er again ;  
What hopes and fears, gay smiles, sad  
tears, seemed mirrored in the mere,  
While looking on its glassy face by tell-tale  
Blankton Weir !

"I've seen it basking 'neath the rays of  
summer's golden glow,  
And when sweetly by the moonlight, silver  
ripples ebb and flow ;  
When Nature starts in spring-time, awaken-  
ing into life ;  
When autumn leaves are falling, and the  
yellow corn is rife ;  
'Mid the rime and sleet of winter, all  
through the live-long year,  
I've watched the water rushing through  
this tide-worn Blankton Weir.

"And I mind me of one even, so calm and  
clear and bright,  
What songs we sang—whose voices rang—  
that lovely summer night.  
Where are the hearty voices now who  
trolled those good old lays ?  
And where the silvery laughter that rang  
in bygone days ?  
Come back that night of long ago ! Come  
back the moonlight clear !  
When hearts beat light, and eyes were  
bright, about old Blankton Weir.

"Was ever indolence so sweet, were ever  
days so fine,  
As when we lounged in that old punt and  
played with rod and line ?  
'Tis true few fish we caught there, but the  
good old ale we quaffed,  
As we chatted, too, and smoked there, and  
idled, dreamed, and laughed :  
Then thought we only of to-day, of  
morrow had no fear,  
For sorrow scarce had tinged the stream  
that flowed through Blankton Weir.

"Those dreamy August afternoons, when in our skiff we lay,  
To hear the current murmuring as slow it swirled away ;  
The plaintive hum of dragon-fly, the old weir's splash and roar,  
While *Some-one's* gentle voice, too, seems whispering there once more ;  
Come back, those days of love and trust, those times of hope and fear,  
When girls were girls, and hearts were hearts, about old Blankton Weir !

"Those brilliant sunny mornings when we tumbled out of bed,  
And hurried on a few rough clothes, and to the river sped !  
What laughing joyance hung about those merry days agone,  
We clove the rushing current at the early flush of dawn !  
'Tremendous headers' took we in the waters bright and clear,  
And splashed and dashed, and dived and swam, just off old Blankton Weir.

"Then that pleasant pic-nic party, when all the girls were there,  
In pretty morning dresses and with freshly-braided hair ;  
Fair Annie, with the deep blue eyes, and rosy, laughing Nell,  
Dark Helen, sunny Amy, and the Howard girls as well ;  
Ah ! Lizzie, 'twas but yesterday—at least 'twould so appear—  
We plighted vows of constancy, not far from Blankton Weir.

"Those flashing eyes, those brave true hearts, are gone, and few remain  
To mourn the loss of sunny hours that ne'er come back again :  
Some married are—ah ! me, how changed—for they will think no more  
Of how they joined our chorus there, or helped to pull the oar :  
One gentle voice is hushed for aye—we miss a voice so dear—  
Who cheered along with evensong our path by Blankton Weir.

"Amid the whirl of weary life, its worry and its bore,  
Comes back that well-loved lullaby—the old weir's distant roar ;  
It gilds the clouds of daily toil with sunshine's fitful gleams,

It breaks upon my slumber, and I hear it in my dreams ;  
Like music of the good old times, it strikes upon mine ear—  
If there's an air can banish care, 'tis that of Blankton Weir !

"I know the river's rushing, but it rushes not for me,  
I feel the morning blushing, though I am not there to see ;  
For younger hearts now live and love where once we used to dwell,  
And others laugh, and dream, and sing in spots we loved so well ;  
Their motto '*Carpe diem*'—'twas ours for many a year—  
As show these rhymes of sunny times about old Blankton Weir."

Alas, in the Vanity Fair of life, how often played out is the little comedy, or farce, or even tragedy—"whichever you please, my little dear"—which follows:—

"A COMEDY.

"Prologue.

'Twas all over between us, you thought, when we parted,  
'Twas good-bye to me and to trouble or care ;  
A sigh and a tear, a poor boy broken-hearted,  
Was naught, for what feelings had you then to spare ?  
'Twas nothing to you that my best hopes were shattered,  
You knew all the time that you meant we should part ;  
With fair words did *you* think I e'er could feel flattered,  
From lips feigning truth with such falseness at heart ?

"ACT I.

"Ah, lovely and lost one, I muse in the gloaming,  
And think of one midsummer twilight last year,  
But one little year past, when we two were roaming  
With hand locked in hand by the still solemn mere.  
Have *you*, love, forgotten that night and those pledges,  
Half-whispered, half-sobbed, 'neath that calm summer sky ?

In fancy I hear the faint shiver of sedges,  
And still the low plash of the water  
seems nigh.

“ACT II.

“You’ve made, what the world calls, a  
capital marriage,  
Your dinners are perfect, your dances  
the rage ;  
They talk, at the clubs, of your new pony-  
carriage,  
And sneer at your husband, who’s  
double your age :  
Ah ! fairest of falseones, I’d have you re-  
member,  
Though blooming and bright be the  
freshness of May,  
’Twill tremble before the cool breath of  
December,  
’Twill silently droop and then wither  
away.

“ACT III.

“They tell me you’re happy ; and yet, on  
reflection,  
I find they talk more of your wealth  
than of you ;  
And if you have moments of thought and  
dejection,  
It may be those moments are known  
to but few,  
You’ve rubies and pearls and a brilliant  
tiara ;  
You breakfast off Sèvres of the real  
*bleu de Roi*.  
’Tis better no doubt than a heart, *mie cara*,  
And a poor posey ring, with its ‘*Pensez  
a moi ?*’

“ACT IV.

“Nay, blame not your husband, nor think  
you’re used badly,  
’Twas simply a matter of money and  
trade ;  
You named him your ‘figure,’ he paid it  
too gladly,  
Your heart was no part of the bargain he  
made.  
He purchased a wife to embellish his table,  
To humour his whims and obey his  
behests,  
One lovely and clever, one willing and  
able—  
To prove his good taste and to talk to  
his guests.

“ACT V.

“At times, when ’mid riches and splendour  
you languish,  
To still your poor conscience you fruit-  
lessly try ;  
As tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,  
You’ll own there is something that money  
can’t buy.  
Yes, love, there are mem’ries o’en gold  
cannot stifle,  
The ghost of a dead love that will not  
be laid ;  
And while in the bright world of pleasure  
you trifle.  
Do you never meet the sad eyes of the  
shade ?”

Some young friends of ours may echo  
somewhat sentimentally the pleasing words  
of “Off and Away” :—

“OFF AND AWAY.

“An August Regret.

“So the gay London season is over !  
I wished it would come o’er again,  
When the night that you started for Dover,  
I bade you good-bye at the train.  
I am doomed by the lateness of session  
In London all autumn to stay,  
Through its heat, and ennui, and oppression,  
Whilst you, Love, are off and away.

“How your pretty eyes drooped just at  
starting !

You promised to send me your *carte*,  
And I gave you ‘Two Kisses’ at parting—  
I mean the new novel by Smart.  
Not a moment for quiet flirtation—

The guard his white ensign unfurled—  
As the train was just leaving the station,  
I gave you my heart and the ‘World.’

“You are off amid vineyards and mountains,  
Where myrtle is mingled with maize ;  
Where the olive o’ershadows bright foun-  
tains

You’ll dream through the fine autumn  
days ;

Where the roseate sunset is flushing  
Its gleam o’er the amethyst lake,  
Whilst the blue ripples seem to be hushing  
To slumber the shore where they break.

“You remember the day at Chiavenna  
We mounted the rugged inclines ?  
And the sail that we took to Varenna ?  
The luncheon we had ’neath the vines ?

*Vino d' Asti spumante, agoni—*

With bright eyes to flash o'er the cheer.  
At the inn of Signora Marcianni,  
The sunniest day of last year.

"Then that night at Baveno, whilst smoking,  
When *Some-one* lit my cigarette,  
To be found by mama 'twas provoking—  
Your eyes flashed a tearful regret :  
How she bore you away in a hurry,  
Despite all excuse I could make !  
And said, quoting from odious *Murray*,  
'Night air was so bad by the lake.'

"Will you dream 'neath a snowy umbrella,  
With Tauchnitz each hot afternoon ?  
Will you go to the Isola Bella,  
Or row by the light of the moon ?  
Will you lounge 'neath the pink oleander,  
Comparing this year with the last ?  
Will e'er less in the garden meander,  
And think with regret of the past ?

"When the fragrance of flowers is lightly  
Awaft on the soft evening breeze,  
Whilst the pale moon is shining so brightly  
And sweet is the music of trees ?  
Will you muse, in that clear autumn weather,  
With feelings of pleasure and pain ?  
Will you stroll where we wandered together,  
To wish but last year back again ?

"Perhaps memory's clearest reflection  
May mirror your future ; but yet  
You may dwell on with tender affection  
That night I can never forget ;  
When I would have said something, but  
wavered—  
How quickly such chances slip by !—  
Ah ! my darling, had I been so favoured,  
Pray what would have been your reply ?"

The lines which follow appeal to many sympathies, and fond recollections, as well as to much that softens and elevates this depressing world of ours :—

"THE KING OF THE CRADLE :

"A Baby Idyll.

"Draw back the cradle-curtains, Kate,  
While watch and ward you're keeping,  
Let's see the monarch in his state,  
And view him whilst he's sleeping.  
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand  
With sunbeams o'er him gleaming—  
A world of baby fairyland  
He visits while he's dreaming.

"Monarch of pearly powder puff  
Asleep in nest so cosy,  
Shielded from breath of breezes rough  
By curtains warm and rosy ;  
He slumbers soundly in his cell,  
As weak as one decrepid,  
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,  
And Knight of Bath that's tepid.

"Ah, lucky tyrant ! Happy lot !  
Fair watchers without number,  
Who sweetly sing beside his cot,  
And hush him off to slumber ;  
White hands in wait to smooth so neat  
His pillow when it's rumped—  
A couch of rose leaves soft and sweet,  
Not one of which is crumpled.

"Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—  
Size nothing and a quarter—  
E'er grasp a sabre, lead a band,  
To glory and to slaughter ?  
Or, may I ask, will those blue eyes—  
In baby *patois*, 'peepers'—  
E'er in the House of Commons rise,  
And strive to catch the Speaker's ?

"Will that smooth brow o'er Hansard  
frown  
Confused by lore statistic ?  
Or will those lips e'er stir the town  
From pulpit ritualistic ?  
Will e'er that tiny Sybarite  
Become an author noted ?  
That little brain the world's delight,  
Its work by all men quoted ?

"Though rosy, dimpled, plump, and round,  
Though fragile, soft, and tender,  
Sometimes, alas ! it may be found  
The thread of life is slender !  
A little shoe, a bitten glove—  
Affection never waning—  
The shattered idol of our love  
Is all that is remaining !

"Then does one chance, in fancy, hear  
Small feet in childish patter,  
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,  
And voices hush their chatter ;  
'Tis small and new ; they pause in fear,  
Beneath the grey church tower,  
To consecrate it by a flower,  
And deck it with a tear.

"Who can predict the future, Kate—  
Your fondest aspiration !  
Who knows the solemn laws of fate,  
That govern our creation ?

Who knows what lot awaits your boy—  
Of happiness or sorrow?  
Sufficient for to-day is joy,  
Leave tears, sweet, for to-morrow!"

We might say more, we might give other extracts from a very pleasant volume, but we think we have put forward enough to prove to our many courteous readers, that the criticism with which we commenced this article is true, and that the humble need of praise we offered is fully justified.

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#### NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

AFTER an existence of seventy-eight weeks, *The Dominie*, a journal of humour, satire, and literature, conducted by Mr. Tom H. North, of Middlesborough, ceased to exist on Saturday, the fourth of November, to the joy of some and the regret of others. As might be expected, where providing a mental feast once a week depended almost entirely on the editor, and him reporting regularly for a daily paper, the articles have varied very much in real value. But perhaps the *chaff* sold it more than the solid grain. From the very commencement of the facetious journal to its conclusion, I have never seen it without thinking of that beautiful and truthful passage in the twelfth chapter of the first volume of (shall I say Brother? for whether initiated or not into the Craft, it was the Freemasons who buried him) Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," where Eugenius is addressing the dying Yorick:—"Trust me, dear Yorick, this unway pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and

when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonist up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits that will list under him from a sense of common danger;—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes,—thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so. I cannot suspect it, in the man I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen, or malevolence of intent, in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive. But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this,—and that knaves will not:—and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:—when-ever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too. Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there. And trust me,—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

That Mr. North has shown considerable ability and no small degree of courage during his editorship of *The Dominie*, none but a prejudiced enemy can deny. "How many enemies we have made," he remarks in his farewell address, "we have no conception of, indeed it has never been part of our programme to care. Certain, however, we are, that they are all impersonations of some of the varieties of humbug, cant, snobbishness, roguery, and cad-

dishness, we have from time to time most vigorously assailed. We have heard of that 'odious paper *The Dominic*'—a stress of almost cannabalistic intensity being laid upon the descriptive adjective—and we have not been a bit offended, but have grinned with pure delight, knowing by this that the 'slings and arrows' of our armoury had done their work. Persistently and with an iteration almost tedious, but necessary, we have had our fling at those dishonest men who have bought without ever thinking of paying, who have lived in grand houses founded on fraud, or at best on unlawful speculation, and what do you think, dear readers, has been the consequence to us? Guess! No you can't, you give it up? Well you may do for only thinking of it is sufficiently incredible to make us strain our face into a preternatural length and breadth, before bursting out into a suffocating laugh at the impudence of those bankrupts. We have actually been cut by some of them!!!! Fact! Coldly and cruelly cut by debtors under the Bankruptcy Act. Ha! ha! The effect of this upon us has been to make us sadly and seriously contemplate a 'private arrangement' ourself. We have not been perfect, and claim no more than honesty of purpose. Sometimes our advocacy of men and measures has been faulty, but we have never advocated what we did not at the time honestly believe to be true and right. And we believe it will be granted, whatever else criticism may say of us, that we have always been fearless, and whether it has been Capital or Labour, Money-bags or Penury, that has done wrong, or that has been unjustly treated, we have spoken out a 'piece of our mind.' We need say no more in the way of re-capitulation of what we have done. It is sufficient for us that we have had throughout, the approbation of the public, and of broad-minded friends, who have been capable and willing to find and recognise good grain amongst the chaff, with which—in order to render it palatable to weak stomachs—it has been accompanied."

M. Melsons, of Paris, recommends small doses of Iodide of Potassium to be taken daily by all workmen whose calling requires them to handle lead or mercurial compounds, as this salt dissolves the mineral

poison imbibed by the system, and effects its removal.

Ever since I knew anything whatever of the works of Shakspeare, his delightful comedy of "As You Like It" has been an especial favourite of mine; the woodland scenes most of any; and not the least of the undying characters that, for the last forty years at least, have charmed me alike in prosperity and adversity, is the melancholy Jaques; for from every sentence that he utters I could preach a dozen lay sermons, or write a score of essays. Take for instance, the well-known passage he addresses to the banished Duke, in the seventh scene of the second act—

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,'  
quoth he,

'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me  
fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world  
wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and  
ripe,

And then from hour to hour, we rot and  
rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did  
hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer.

That fools should be so deep contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear."

What a number of treatises might be written by way of gloss on this single speech of twenty-three lines. On fools alone one might fill folios. And how the repeated mention of "the dial" which Touchstone drew "from his poke," at once sets a contemplative mind a-thinking on the various modes of telling how time was passing both before and since, as well as in

the life-time, of the greatest of all dramatists. Beckmann and others have in part satisfied the curiosity of the general reader; and I cannot but commend a most interesting, instructive, and pleasantly written volume on the subject, from the pen of Mr. James W. Benson, the well known clock and watch manufacturer, of Ludgate Hill, entitled "Time and Time Tellers," in which, for half-a-crown, we have the whole history of every species of time-teller given, and their action described, with a freedom from anything at all approaching to trade-puffery, or "buy at my shop," altogether refreshing in these days of almost universal quackery. "Most of us," he says "soon make the discovery, that the world has much to teach, which there is little time to learn, and still less time to apply to good purpose." And he afterwards adds:—"The poets are our best interpreters of Time, and they seem never tired of referring to it, and symbolising it by every possible figure, emblem, and trope. Celerity of motion and brevity of duration are discovered to be its chief characteristics. Time is therefore depicted as flying, fast, noiselessly, and uninterruptedly. It is a river, speeding on with imperceptible, but resistless pace, to the ocean of eternity. It is a stern, vigorous, old man—Time is already old—rushing by us, with never-slackening strides, bearing blessings for each and all; but we must be on the alert to strive with him for his gifts—to 'seize Time by the forelock'—or he will soon forget to bestow them."

Perhaps nowhere is the imperative duty of using Time aright more forcibly inculcated than in our beautiful Craft ritual: for the youngest E.A. is taught it most impressively on his initiation, and the oldest M.M. cannot listen to the raising of a brother to the sublime degree without being emphatically reminded to be careful to perform his allotted task while it is yet day.

"Let it be remembered," says Mr. Benson, "that the beginning and ending of an ordinary English day differs in several respects from those of other nations. The Jews reckon their days, as do also the Greeks and Italians, from sunset to sunset; the Persians from sunrise to sunrise. The astronomical and nautical day is computed from noon to noon, and is reckoned by 24

hours, not by twice 12,—as, for instance, instead of writing half-past four in the morning of we will say Jan. 2, the astronomer would write Jan. 1, 16h. 30m. An ordinary English day is reckoned from 12 to 12 at midnight, after the fashion set by Ptolemy, which has this advantage over the method of reckoning from sunrise or sunset, that the latter periods are continually varying with the seasons of the year. The grouping of seven days into a week is shown in Genesis, but the seventh day is there alone especially named. The Sabbath is still kept by the Jews on the seventh day, but Christians keep the first day of the week in honour of Christ's resurrection, and call it the Lord's Day. After the older planetary method, Sunday was named in honour of the Sun, Monday of the Moon, Tuesday of Tiesco, or Mars, Wednesday of Woden or Mercury, Thursday of Thor, Friday of Friga, Venus, Saturday of Saturn. The Month named after the Moon, in consequence of a Month being nearly equal to the time occupied by the moon in going through all her changes, is again classed under the names lunar or calendar;" and so he goes on describing the difference between the two; the year before and after the time of Julius Cæsar; the Gregorian correction of the calendar, in 1582, which English bigotry could not adopt until 1752, and then an ignorant multitude clamoured to members of parliament, "Give us back our eleven days!" How "up to 1752 the legal year began in England on the 25th of March, and it was usual up to that day to employ two dates, as 1750-1; but since the change of style the year has commenced with the first of January,—nearly midwinter;" how "the only country in Europe which still retains the Old Style is Russia;" how "the earliest horologue or hour measurer of which history makes mention is that called the *Polos*, and the *Gnomon*;" how Herodotus ascribes their invention to the Babylonians, Phavorinus to Anaximander, and Pliny to Anaximenes; how mention is made by Isaiah of the Dial of Ahaz, a king who began to reign over the Jews 2617 years ago; with the history of every species of Time-tellers since then, are told in very agreeable reading, which will furnish us with material for another note.

Dr. Forbes Winslow states, that over ten thousand persons are now confined in the lunatic asylums of the United States, who have been driven mad by the strange delusion called Spiritualism.

A painting of the Last Supper, executed by Raphael shortly before his death, which occurred April 7th, 1520, is said to have been discovered at New Orleans. The picture has been roughly cut from its original frame, and put into a smaller one, Raphael's monogram being discovered under a fold of the canvass. Where it has been during the three hundred and fifty-six years that have elapsed since the hand that painted it lost its cunning through the bleeding of his "leech," would be a curious history, if it could be come at.

Referring to the recent Arctic Expedition, Sir Rutherford Alcock, President of the Royal Society, says:—"We know sufficient already, independent of the more scientific results, to feel assured it brings with its return a conviction that a further advance to the North Pole by Smith Sound is impracticable. Assuming this to be ascertained, I do not conceive, however, that it can with justice be considered a merely negative result. To me it seems a very positive and useful result to have achieved; for the next best thing to reaching the North Pole is to demonstrate the impracticability of such an achievement, and so close the chapter of failures, which have been attended with much loss of life and years of serious suspense and anxiety. The mystery of 'an open Polar Sea' has been dispelled, by what appears to be conclusive evidence that it has no existence. There has also been a gain to positive knowledge in demonstrating, for the first time, the true nature of the climate in the Polar area. We may rejoice that the British flag has been carried nearer the North Pole than any other, in the van of all, at 83 deg. 20 min. 26 sec., and has been planted in the most desolate region yet discovered on the globe—only 400 miles from the Pole. Not, indeed, for the puerile vanity of being a few miles nearer the 'earth's summit,' but because to be the first in such a struggle proves the possession of some of the best and highest qualities of our race—dauntless courage, physical power of endurance of a rare order, sustained by unflinching energy and an

unconquerable will. It is only men of such a type, the best and highest we know, who can win their laurels in endeavours to reach the Pole. It may be as suggested the other day, that the 'North Pole is no more interesting, *per se*, than any other part of the Arctic regions, and is merely that spot on the earth where the sun's altitude is equal to its declination'—but this, which may serve as a scientific formula, gives no hold nor place for the spirit of the discoverers in all ages to whom the unknown presents an irresistible attraction—nor the still larger classmen from which heroes spring, who need no other lure than the certainty of meeting danger and difficulty in their path, and the glory that attends success in triumphing over them. It is from the ranks of these chosen pioneers of our race in the regions of the unknown that Arctic Expeditions are recruited, and by them alone the noblest triumphs for science and civilisation are won in the fields of discovery. To them a waste of snow and a wilderness of rock, surrounded by ice barriers, have no terrors. The limits of all navigation beyond the furthest range of migration for birds or life for animals, where neither land nor water is, but only a frozen sea, with a night of five months, and a winter's cold ranging 60 deg. below freezing point, only served to beckon them on to see what yet may lay behind, in that great book of nature, icebound and 'sealed throughout the ages' to all the human race, with frozen bands which takes degrees of latitude in their span, and crush great ships between their folds, or fast lock them with a frozen grasp to the end of time."

Though anxious to see all men make the liberal arts and sciences their especial study, to see all strive hard to carry their researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science, I cannot help expressing a hope that no more human lives will be risked over what is evidently an unattainable object. Honour to the brave fellows who have so nobly sustained the courage and intelligence of humanity in the intense cold and "darkness that may be felt" of the Arctic regions; but let their testimony, and that of the true heroes who have preceded them, satisfy us now and for ever.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

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 THE OBJECT OF A LIFE.
 

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 BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.
 

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We published last month some admirable verses of this able writer in our widely-circulated contemporary, and we are anxious to call the attention of our readers to the following admirable lines, a sequel or appendix to the last, and especially deserving their attention and admiration.

To eat, drink, and be merry, because to-morrow we die;  
 The Master's talent to bury—a gift laid idly by;  
 To scrape with grim persistence the grains of a golden store;  
 To dig for a bare subsistence, that keeps the wolf from the door.  
 But whether in purple and riches, we feed on the fat of the land,  
 Or up to the middle in ditches, live hard by labour of hand,  
 To wrestle for ease and pelf, in a hunger of great and small,  
 Where it's "Every man for himself, and God, if He will, for us all,"  
 With greed that carries pollution of base and pitiful strife,  
 Can this be the true solution, the end and aim of a life?  
 No. Surely sparks celestial the seraphim share with us,  
 By instincts coarse and bestial can never be stifled thus!  
 And surely within the portals that bar their brighter sphere,  
 They yearn for fellow immortals, though grovelling worm-like here.  
 The helping hand to reach us, that guides with tender care,  
 The loving lesson to teach us, of a holier future there;  
 To whisper how fair and ample, the field we husband below,  
 To tell of the great example, the Man of compassion and woe;  
 Of footprints left behind Him, in the earthly path He trod,  
 And how the lowest may find Him, who straightly walk with God,  
 Who bend their backs to labour, and bend their knees to pray  
 In honest love for their neighbour, His one command obey;  
 Who freely bear for others, the burden sorrow hath laid,  
 Accepting all for brothers, that need a brothers' aid—  
 Rejoice in the gain resulting from every milestone passed,  
 And travel the road, exulting, that brings them home at last.

*From "Temple Bar," for December.*

All Freemasons will enter into the spirit of these wholesome lines.