

T H E
MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of
FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. III.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The M. W. Grand Master.

ENGLAND.

SIR MICHAEL ROBERT SHAW-STEWART, BART.,

The M. W. Grand Master.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ROSSLYN,

The M. W. Past Grand Master.

SCOTLAND.

COLONEL FRANCIS BURDETT,

Representative for Grand Lodge.

IRELAND.

AND THE GRAND MASTERS OF MANY FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

LONDON:

GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET.

1875-6.

TO OUR READERS.

Another twelve months have passed away, and the MASONIC MAGAZINE thanks to our worthy Publisher, still holds its own. We have to thank, with the close of another period of editorial labour and anxiety, those who have aided to make "duty light and responsibility a pleasure." We offer our best acknowledgments to all, who by literary efforts or personal sympathy have enabled us to fill our pages with what is alike interesting and amusing, instructive and improving.

Though we do not care very much for profession, and greatly prefer practice ; though we look upon reality as far superior on all occasions to the most high-flown outpourings of an effervescing and evanescent sentimentality,—we trust that in what we are going to say we shall be able alike to redeem our promises and make good our declarations. Favente Georgio Kenning, we shall sedulously seek in the current year, to improve still more the staple of the literary character of the MAGAZINE. Looking back on our past volumes, and re-perusing them, we note gladly how much of intellectual power and Masonic excellence, and literary ability and valuable information, we have been able to offer to our little reading public.

We have no reason to believe that the "supply" will fall off in the next twelve months, though we could wish, indeed—on the grounds especially of Masonic political economy—that the "demand" equalled the "supply."

To Our Readers.

Unfortunately Freemasons have a long-cherished idea that Masonic literature can support itself, and needs neither their sympathetic countenance nor their active support.

A great delusion ! but one which has exercised and still exercises a most benumbing and paralysing influence both on the tastes of the Order, and the efforts of Masonic writers.

Like all other delusions, it can only be dispelled by the advance of Education, or by the effusion of Light—and so our zealous Publisher, in a true Masonic spirit, confidently awaits that “good time coming” which is to re-coup all his sacrifices and reward his manly efforts.

To all our readers and contributors, Publisher and Editor beg to tender once again their sincere thanks, and to offer their “heartly good wishes.”

We have pleasure in publishing the following seasonable Pæan of Masonic attachment and congratulation here for the edification of our many readers :—

THE SAFE RETURN.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., M.W.G.M.,
&c. &c.

FROM India's clime, where pomp and riches sway,
Our Prince, our Pride, his presence brings this way.
No nobler guest Great Vishnu's Land e'er saw,
An English Prince, whose crest's without a flaw.
A kindly victor with a maiden sword,
A knight, with peace to quell the world's discord ;
The Future King, above whose earthly crown
Our loyal love shall rise to his renown ;
And universal will the homage be,
From pole to pole—on either land or sea.
A king of peace, a Ruler without war,
Beloved at Home, and revered afar ;
Delighting all where peaceful arts excel,
And social virtues crown those lov'd so well.

To Our Readers.

And this is he, who now triumphant comes
To gladden us who dwell in English homes,
With hearts as warm as India's burning sun,
Proud of our Prince, and glad his journey's done.

The loyal people of a distant land,
With Chiefs and Rajahs and a princely band,
Have warmly welcomed their most Royal Guest,
Unto that hallow'd shrine, within each breast,
And, that their fealty, all the world may know,
E'en words of prayer from Parsee lips do flow ;
And kindest greetings to the Queen—"Mama"
From sweet Ceylon to lofty Himalaya,
Are sent by Indian hearts, that ever feel
Enthusiastic for their country's weal.
The honour paid our Queen's first Son abroad,
At home, with sympathy, we much applaud.
And every subject in this happy land,
Doth welcome back the traveller to the strand,
Where tender hearts, and pleasant presence nigh,
With anxious hope, and gentle love beat high.

In future ages let historians tell
The deeds our Prince hath done, and done them well ;
The joyful conqueror of so many hearts
At home, abroad—in earth's remotest parts.
Let Legislature always choose such ways
As lead to peace, prosperity, and praise ;
A nation, free from the fell yokes of yore,
Will bless and love its Rulers evermore.
Hygeia, then, with smiles shall walk the land,
The cheering cup of health held in her hand ;
And people taught to live a moral life
Will shun the ways that work the worst of strife.
So be it, thus, in this Victoria's reign,
And future dynasties the rule maintain.
Old England then may boast and never cease,
If we can call our Prince a Prince of Peace ;
And his late journey to far Hindustan
Be but the harbinger of peace to man.
With fervent voice our prayers and songs ascend,
To the bright realms of bliss above, and blend
To supplicate our Heavenly Father—Friend,
To bless the Prince, now at his journey's end.
And those that prayed he safely might sojourn,
Now shout for joy at his safe return.
And happy people o'er the hills and dales
Sing from their hearts "God bless the Prince of Wales."

JOHN SAFFERY, *Sheerness-on-Sea.*

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. I.—VOL. III.

JULY, 1875.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

OUR Royal Grand Master has made his appearance in Grand Chapter, and has evinced his deep interest in our Order, and his full appreciation of the headship of the English Craft, in what it means and in what it requires. We augur most favourably and most Masonically alike for his constitutional rule and for the future progress of English Freemasonry. So universal has been the outburst of loyal enthusiasm evoked by the Installation of the Prince of Wales, alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland, that we were alike pained and startled to read some very unmasonic remarks on the subject recently in the "Scottish Freemason's Magazine." We felt much for the Order in Scotland, as we were persuaded that such disloyal utterances were entirely alien from the real sentiments of the Scottish Freemasons. Our contemporary having, to use a common expression, not elegant, but very significant, "gone a mucker," instead of attempting to apologize, proceeded to explain and even to defend. He was a wise man who said, "never explain; if you once begin to explain all's up with you." And never was adage made more true, or more perfectly illustrated. The "Scottish Freemason's Magazine" went from bad to worse, made confusion worse confounded, laughed at grammar, despised common sense, repeated the original offence against good taste and fraternal feeling, and "loyalty and charity," and added to the regret of every sound Scottish and English Freemason. We are now told that the "Scottish Freemason's Magazine"—is not. So, though like Archdeacon Grantly, we think the saying humbug, we will repeat here to-day, once for all, and close this most unmasonic chapter in the history of Scottish literary adventure, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." Peace to its manes! Beyond this, there does not seem much to say about Freemasonry in general, or in particular.

Freemasonry is like the fag whom, in old days, a cricket ball struck, and whom a kindly præfect instantly consoled by

saying "a cricket ball never did hurt anybody." True or untrue, the wickets of Freemasonry are standing up very straight, and are not to be bowled either by a left-hand twister from Cardinal Manning, or a right-hand slow from Monseigneur Ketteler, by a shooter from the Bishop of Orleans, or by a lob from Cardinal Cullen. Even Pio Nono's best delivery does not take effect, and there is little fear of any bowler lowering them now. Seriously, allocution and brief, polite expletive and angry exordium, and Ultramontane Billingsgate, come in quick succession, and the old flag of Freemasonry is blowing out clear and straight, and he will be a very bold person who ventures to endeavour, and a very wonderful person who succeeds in his attempt to haul it down. Loyalty and charity are emblazoned on our "bit of blue" in letters of gold, and like our great poet, and probably brother, William Shakespeare, we feel inclined to say, being very combative just now,

"Let all the world 'gainst Masonry come
in arms,

They all shall rue,

If Masonry to itself do prove but true."

Bro. Captain Boyton has crossed successfully from France to England, and has received, as he deserved, well earned *Kudos*. A writer in the "Times" tells us, (as there is nothing new under the sun), that he was anticipated by Dardanus who, at the time of the deluge of Deucalion, having his body wrapt up in a dress of skin inflated as a leathern bottle, swam with the aid of one paddle (*μούρηρης*), from Saus to the coast of Troy, where he built the town of Dardania. He caps this anecdote from prehistoric times, with a quotation from Lycophron.

"* * * * ὅς ποτ' ἐν ραπτῷ σκύτει,

"Ὅποια πόρκος Ἰστριεὺς τετρασκελῆς,

"Ἄσκῳ μούρηρης ἀμφελυτρώσας δέμας,

"Ῥεὶ θυμιάτης κέφρος, ὡς, ἐνήξατο."

V. 73-76.

A Mr. Heckethorn has published a History of Secret Societies, which, however

pretentious, is more superficial than authoritative. We do not gather from the two volumes anything that we did not know before, and we miss many names of secret societies of which little authentic has as yet transpired, and about which we should be very glad to be enlightened. One of the modern ideas of bookmaking is—a very mistaken one, by the way—collect as many cuttings as you can, thread them together with a running text of commentary, and you produce a book of original research. Sad mistake for the writer, and intense suffering for the student. Instead of the calm reality of original research, and carefully collated authorities, you have to put up with the hurried compilation of the daily leader, or of the sensational writer of a review, composed for a special journal, not written exactly in the interests of judicial truth, but spiced or coloured for clique or coterie. One signal feature in Mr. Heckethorn's work is—whether intentional or unintentional we know not—the entire accordance of his views with the Jesuit and Ultramontane scribes of the hour in their often fierce and always foolish invectives against Freemasonry. There is nothing too absurd for some writers to put forth just now. Witness that German or Italian Abbe who contends gravely that we are the successors of Manichean heretics. Is the wish father to the thought? And does the good man believe that we are ready for the burning? Surely we may wish him—well, better information and a little more charity. ED.

HELIOTROPE.

How strong they are, those subtle spells
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,
Rising from faint perfumes;
Or mingling with some olden strain,
Strike through the music sharts of pain,
And people empty rooms.

They come upon us unaware,
In crowded halls and open air,
And in our chambers still:
A song, an odour, or a bird,
Evokes the spell, and strikes the chord,
And all our pulses thrill.

I loitered but an hour ago,
With lagging footsteps tired and slow,
Along the garden walk:
The summer twilight wrapped me round
Through open windows came the sound,
Of song and pleasant talk.

The odour-stealing dews lay wet
And heavy on the mignonette
That crept about my feet:
Upon the folded mossy vest
That clothed the ruby-roses' breast,
It fell in droppings sweet.

It fell on beds of purple bloom,
From whence arose the rare perfume
Of dainty heliotrope;
Which smote my heart with sudden
power,
My favourite scent, my favourite flower,
In olden days of hope!

Ah, me! the years have come and gone,
Each with its melody or moan,
Since that sunshiny hour,
When, for the sake of hands that brought,
And for the lesson sweet it taught,
I chose it for my flower.

Faint-scented blossoms! long ago
Your purple clusters came to show
My life had wider scope;
They spoke of love that day—to night
I stand apart from love's delight,
And wear no heliotrope.

Between to-night and that far day,
Lie life's bright noon and twilight grey,
But I have lived through both:
And if before my paling face
The midnight shadows fall apace,
I see them, nothing loth.

Only to-night that faint perfume
Reminds me of the lonely gloom
Of life outliving hope:
I wish I had been far to-night,
What time the dew fell, silver-white
Upon the heliotrope!
All the Year Round.

MURIEL HALSIE.

(Continued from page 367.)

WEAK and worn with illness, Muriel sat
in an easy chair by the open window of

Miss Morton's sitting-room at Newcombe; though her eyes were closed, she was not sleeping, for tears were trembling on her dark lashes, and dropping slowly down her pale, thin cheeks. Miss Morton had gone over to the Rectory to report her return from Rocksend, leaving Muriel alone, to rest. Her friend had only left her a short time when the servant announced a visitor, from whom Muriel would gladly have fled had she possessed the strength, but weakness held her fast, and there was no escape. The greeting of the new comer, too—for it was Eric Forbes—was not one to still the nervous trembling of her heart.

"Muriel, my darling, are you better?" and his eyes searched her face with a tender yearning of love and pity that said far more than words.

"Yes," so low as to be scarcely audible, was her only answer.

"Muriel, do you know why I am here?" he asked, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand in his; then, without waiting for a reply, he went on—"I am come to ask you if you love me—if you will be my wife? I have known for a long time that I love you, but now—ever since the day I so nearly lost you for ever—I feel that life will be a blank without your love—that you make up the sum of my happiness. Muriel, dearest, what is your answer?"

"It cannot be," she murmured. "Forget what you have said, and—me."

"Why?" he asked, in pained surprise.

"Think of your sister's social prejudices—the difference in our positions—you, who might marry the richest heiress in the country, if you liked."

"But I don't like," he said, smiling again. "For riches, I want my wife to bring me but the pure love of a true heart; such will be enough for me—it will be my happiness to supply all secondary needs. It never was intended that a wife should be independent of her husband. As to social prejudices, I marry to please myself, not the world; and as for position, believe me, Muriel, I have too much family pride of my own to disgrace myself. Remember that you are the daughter of an officer."

"And your nieces' governess," she added, quickly.

"What of that? Is it any disgrace?" and Eric drew himself up proudly.

She did not answer.

"Muriel, if you knew how I love you, you would not say me nay."

"Forget me—forget me!" she said, faintly.

"I cannot! Farewell, Muriel, you have sent me away with a sorrowful heart—with a wound you alone can heal!"

He rose to leave the room; she sprang forward.

"Do not go; one moment!"

Eric turned quickly, his face radiant.

"Mr. Forbes, I have never, I so want to thank you for saving my life! let me now, if I can;" and she held out her hand.

His face clouded again.

"No," he said; "don't offer me words that mean nothing."

"When I would rather thank him than anyone else in the world," she murmured.

If he had heard, he took no heed, and, striding from the room, closed the door fiercely after him; while Muriel for a moment stood still in dismay, and then sank into her chair with a strange feeling of pain creeping round her heart.

The brightest sunshine earth can give had come to her that day, but she had allowed false pride and mistaken duty to bar the way and shut it out of her life.

When Miss Morton returned home to tea, she found her patient unaccountably worse, and insisted on her immediately going to bed. Only too glad to avoid the questionings of her friend, Muriel willingly complied. Nor was the visit of Eric Forbes mentioned between them for some days. Muriel could only surmise that it was known.

"Muriel, I want to have a little talk with you."

The two ladies were sitting together at the open window, twilight was deepening fast, a young moon, newly risen above the trees, made bars of light across the carpet, a pleasant scent of mignonette was wafted into the room, and in the ash tree on the lawn a blackbird was singing his good-night song. They had been silent so long that the sudden exclamation startled Muriel. "A little talk," she thought, half in fright.

"Of course you know that Eric Forbes has set sail?" said Miss Morton.

Another start. "No."

"I am sure you are cold, Muriel ; let me get you a shawl. That is the second time I have seen you shiver."

"Indeed I am not cold. Please sit still."

Miss Morton leant back in her chair again.

"Yes, Eric has sailed ; gone to America, for nobody knows how long, and left his poor old father nearly broken-hearted about him."

"What has it to do with me?" said Muriel, angrily.

"Everything," answered her friend ; "and you know it, Muriel!" she added, with some indignation.

Muriel made no answer, and Miss Morton spoke again, earnestly.

"Why did you not accept his offer?"

"You know quite well, without asking me," Muriel replied, impatiently.

"Ah, true ; so I do ! You prefer to be dependent on your sister's husband rather than on a husband of your own. Muriel ; for so sensible a girl, your decision is most foolish !"

Miss Morton was sarcastic, but she put the matter in a new and certainly not very pleasant light. Muriel had not thought of Captain Ferroll at all in the matter, only of her sister. After a brief silence—

"I can still be a governess," she said ; "then I shall be independent of everybody."

"That will not be pleasant for Mrs. Ferroll, of Wellwood, even if she agrees to it—which I doubt," rejoined Miss Morton.

"Why should I be forced to marry?" asked Muriel, pettishly.

But her friend did not think that remark worth answering.

"I suppose I ought to marry him," said Muriel, presently ; "but it would not add to my happiness or to his either, to hear such remarks as 'Oh, she was only a governess !' 'He married very much beneath him !' and so on. Still, he saved my life, so I suppose I ought to devote it to him, and leave after consequences to take care of themselves."

"If you look at him in that light, the fisherman's son is the person you should marry ; he discovered and took you off the ledge."

"It was Mr. Forbes who insisted on the search ; so it must be to him my life is due."

"As you like," said Miss Morton, smil-

ing at the absurdity of the conversation. "If he asks me again, I will say 'Yes ;' but then he can't if he is in America."

"He can return, I suppose."

"Oh, of course ; but ah, Christie will be home before that, and I shall be with her at Wellwood. There nobody will know that I was a governess."

"Nobody and everybody are the bugbears of your existence, Muriel. Do you know that I am not inclined to think very highly of your love for your father or Christie."

"Dear Miss Morton, why not?"

"If I were Colonel Halsie's daughter, or Christie's sister, I should think myself the equal of any man that might ask me to marry him."

Another ray of light for Muriel ! For a long time she sat gazing thoughtfully out of the window ; then she turned to Miss Morton—

"You have opened my eyes at last," she said, with a bright flush. "I begin to see the difference between false pride and true. What a foolish girl you must think me!"

"You are not foolish, but the line of conduct you have chosen to follow is a false one. And now, Muriel, I want to ask you one question before we close our chat—Do you love Eric Forbes?"

"If I did not, I should not have acted as I have," she answered, with a rosy flush. "My pride was as much on his account as my own—perhaps more."

"Then, if he asked you again, you would give him a different answer?"

"He will not, dear Miss Morton. You forget that men have more pride than women."

"There is not a grain of false pride about him. He is true as steel."

"Do you think that he can forgive me?" asked Muriel, shyly, the crimson of hope, which the darkness hid, mounting to cheek and brow.

"He will never acknowledge your need of forgiveness," answered her friend, closing the window as she spoke. "Now, child, we will ring for lights and have supper."

It was summer-time again. Captain Ferroll and his wife had been six months in England, and were comfortably established at Wellwood, where Muriel, too, found a happy home. From Miss Morton

she heard frequently; and sometimes her kind old friend would forward certain American letters which made her eyes bright, her voice merry for days.

In a dainty room—half nursery, half boudoir—overlooking the park, sat the sisters one sunny June day—Christie, blue-eyed and golden-haired, with a tiny, white-robed creature on her knees; Muriel seated on the floor, amusing with some toys a child of two years old. It was a pretty picture; and so thought Captain Ferroll, as he stood for a moment unobserved in the doorway.

"Another letter from Newcombe, Muriel," he said, coming forward and dropping the missive into her lap. "I found it at the post-office just now."

She opened it quickly—two letters in one day were unusual.

"Dear Muriel,—I have just heard that Eric sets sail for home in the 'Europa' on Saturday next.—Your affectionate, A.M."

They were but few words, yet they brought a light to the girl's dark eyes and a smile to her lip.

The days now seemed longer than usual to Muriel.

"I am very silly," she thought; "I have no right to think that he will seek me again—at least, not on purpose. Circumstances may throw me in his way; perhaps then—"

But at that point she always stopped abruptly; even to herself she felt shy to own her hope. It may be that she thought herself scarcely worthy of so much good fortune, or that she had too lightly thrown away her happiness to so easily regain it.

"A *bonne bouche* for your breakfast—the 'Europa' is in at last!" exclaimed Captain Ferroll one morning, looking over his paper at Muriel, and laughing merrily. "Christie, we shall have company to-morrow."

"Very likely," said Christie, coolly, taking pity on her sister's confusion. "I think you told me you had asked the Archers to dinner."

"Yes," he answered, rising with another little laugh; "and now I shall ride over to Newcombe and invite Miss Morton."

Muriel escaped. With her hands pressed tightly over her beating heart, she stood at her window, joy and fear struggling for the mastery. "Was he really coming? Was he coming back to her?" And then, when she could not answer herself—al-

though in her heart something spoke affirmatively—she laid her head down upon the sunny window-sill and sobbed herself into calmness.

"A man in love does not let trifles stand in his way." So confessed Capt. Ferroll; but he wondered how Eric Forbes managed to reach Wellwood within twelve hours after landing; yet so it was, and all Muriel's doubts and fears were speedily put to flight in the certainty of Eric's love.

It was midsummer, and the sea at Endy Bay looked, under the bright full moon, just as it had looked one summer night two years before; nothing was changed—even the same fishermen were there putting out to sea in their boats. And yet how different it all looked to Muriel—how much brighter.

"Eric," she said, placing her hand on her husband's arm, "Eric, I think this is the prettiest place in the world."

He laughed, looking incredulous. "Wait till you have seen prettier."

"But I never shall. Oh, Eric, my love, my love, if you had not forgiven me."

"Little wife, don't you think I studied my own happiness better than that?" added Eric; adding presently, with a smile, "I suppose you know that you have never thanked me yet for taking you off those rocks yonder?"

"I will thank you all my life, dear," she answered, in a half whisper.

In a moment his arms were round her, her head was on his breast.

"My darling, this is thanks enough," he said, and kissed her.

A.S.D., in Voice of Masonry, U.S.

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

(Continued from page 372.)

"That accordingly prince *Edwin* summoned all the Masons in the realm to meet him in a congregation at *York*,* who came and composed a General Lodge, of which he was Grand Master, and having brought with them all the writings and records extant, which were in

* I am informed in that city is held an assembly of Master Masons under the title of Royal Arch Masons, who as their qualifications and excellencies are superior to others they receive a larger pay than working Masons; but of this more hereafter.

" Greek, Latin, French, and other languages, from the contents thereof they framed the constitutions and charges of a Lodge, made a law to preserve and observe the same in all time coming, and ordained good pay for working Masons, &c. *Ital.*

" That in process of time when Lodges became numerous, the right worshipful the Master and Fellows, with consent of the Lords of the realm, (for most great men were then Masons) ordained, that for the future at the making or admission of a Brother, the constitution should be read, and the charges hereunto annexed by the Master or Warden, and that such as were to be admitted Master Masons or Masters of the work should be examined whether they be able of cunning to serve their respective Lords, as well the lowest as the highest, to the honour and worship of the aforesaid art, and to the profit of their Lords; for they be their Lords who pay them for their service and travel.

" And besides many other things the said record adds, that those charges and laws of Free Masons have been seen and perused by our late sovereign king Henry VI. and by the lords of his honourable council, who have allowed them, and said that they be good right and seasonable to be holden as they have been drawn out and collected from the records of antient times.*

* In another manuscript more antient we read, that when the Master and Wardens meet in a Lodge, if need be, the sheriff of the county, mayor of the city or an alderman of the town, in which the congregation is held should be made fellow and sociate to the Master, in help of him against rebells and for upbearing the rights of the realm.

That entered apprentices at their making were charged not to be thieves, or thieves maintainers, that they should travel honestly for their pay, and love their fellows as themselves, and be true to the King of England, to the realm and to the Lodge.

That at such congregations it shall be enquired, whether any Master or Fellow hath broke any of the articles agreed to; and if the offender, being duly cited to appear, prove rebel and will not attend, then the Lodge shall determine against him that he shall forswear or renounce his Masonry, and shall no more use this Craft, the which if he presume for to do, the sheriff of the county shall imprison him and take all his goods into the Kings hands till his grace be granted him and issued; for this cause principally have these congregations been ordained, that as well the lowest as the highest should be well and truly served in the art aforesaid throughout the kingdom. *Amen so mote it be.*

Now although in the reign of King Henry VI. while an infant a certain act of parliament passed affecting only the working Masons, who had contrary to the statutes for labourers combined together not to work, but at their own prices, yet as it was supposed that such confederacies were formed in the general Lodges, they thought it expedient to level the said act against Masons holding themselves in chapters and congregations*. But when the said king arrived to man's estate, and the records and charges were laid before him and some of his lords (who then must have incorporated themselves with that antient fraternity) they were solemnly approved of as good and fit to be holden.

But as there was not a single instance of the acts being put into execution in that or any other reign, the brethren continued to hold their Lodges, and thought it not worth their while to employ their noble and eminent Brethren to have it repealed; because working Masons, who are free of a Lodge, scorn to be guilty of any combination, and others accepted Masons have no concern in the trespasses against statutes for labourers.†

The kings of Scotland very much encouraged the Royal Art, from the earliest time down to the union of the crowns, where Lodges were kept up without interruption, whose records testify the great regard those Kings paid to the honorable fraternity, who always give undeniable evidences of their love and loyalty, from whence sprung the old toast amongst Scots Masons, *viz. GOD bless the King and the Craft.* This royal example was followed

* Tertio Henrici vi. Cap. i. An Dom. 1425 Co. inst. 3. p. 99.

† It is to be remarked that this act was formed when solid learning was a crime, and Geometry condemned for conjuration; wherefore the ignorance of these times are so apparent, that tradition informs us that parliament men were influenced by the illiterate clergy, who understood neither the secrets of the Craft, nor true Architecture; but apprehending that they had an indefeasible right to the secrets of the people by auricular confession, were strongly disgusted that the Masons should preserve their grand benefits and valuable privileges from them; whereupon they represented them as dangerous to the state, and artfully persuaded the members of both houses to make an act which might reflect dishonour even upon the whole Fraternity. But the opinion of the great judge Coke ‡ clears all our doubts in regard to the statutes against Masons.

‡ Vide Co. inst part 3. fol 99.

by the nobility, gentry, and clergy, of *Scotland*, who with the utmost assiduity joined in the promotion of the Craft and Brotherhood, and so great a deference was paid to that noble order; that the Grand Master and Warden received an annual stipend from the crown as also an acknowledgment from every new Brother in the kingdom at entrance, who had power not only to regulate whatever might happen amiss in the neighbourhood, but also to hear and finally determine all controversies between Mason and Lord, to punish the Mason if he deserved it, and to oblige both to equitable terms; and this privilege remained until the unfortunate civil wars, yet the great care the *Scots* took to preserve true Masonry proved afterwards very advantageous to *England*.

The learned and magnanimous Queen *Elizabeth* beginning her reign in troublesome times, was diffident of her subjects holding private assemblies, she therefore attempted to dissolve the annual communication of Free-Masonry as dangerous to her government and being a woman could not be introduced into the fraternity; but she thought it necessary to commission some noble persons to pay a visit to the Lodge at *York*, where being admitted, they threw aside their arms and returned the Queen a most honourable account of the antient fraternity, whereby her political fears and doubts were removed, and she let them alone as a people much respected by the noble and wise of all political nations.

Upon her demise king *James* the VI. of *Scotland* succeeded to the crown of *England*, (who was mason King) revived the *English* Lodges, and as he was the first king of *Great Britain*, he was also the first prince in the world that recovered *Roman* Architecture from the ruins of *Gothic* ignorance. For after many illiterate ages, when learning again its drooping head uplifted, and the science of Geometry recovered its ground, the polite nations then began to discover the confusion and impropriety of the *Gothick* Buildings, and in the 15 and 16 centuries the *Augustan* stile was raised from its rubbish in *Italy*, by many bright Architects, but more particularly by the Great *Palladio*, who tho' not imitated there, was justly rival'd in *England* by our Great Master Mason *Inigo Jones*.

And notwithstanding all true Masons pay due honour to the memories of those

Italian Architects, yet the *Augustan* stile was not revived by any crowned head before king *James* the first of *England*, who employed the said glorious *Inigo Jones* to build his royal palace of *White-hall*; and upon the king's demise his son *Charles* the I, being also a Mason king, intended to carry on his royal father's design according to Mr. *Jones's* stile, but was unhappily diverted by the civil wars, and it is allowed by all skillful Architects, that Master *Jones's* designs and erections are originals, and at first view discover his mighty genius in Architecture, for which he was as much honoured by the nobility and gentry of *Scotland* as of *England*.

Masonry could not help feeling the dismal effects of the wars in those times, but when the royal family was restored and a general peace proclaimed throughout the nation, it then began to flourish again, as appears by the productions of Sr. *Christopher Wren* and Sr. *William Bruce*, who followed the inimitable designs of Master *Inigo Jones*.

In the reign of king *James* the II. the Lodges of Free Masonry in *London*, dwindled into ignorance, for want of being duly frequented and properly cultivated; but after the revolution anno 1688, the glorious King *William*, tho' a warlike prince, had an excellent taste of Architecture, which is evidently proved by his carrying on the building of the two famous hospitals, *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*, together with the palace of *Hampton Court*, *Loo* in *Holland*, &c., and the bright example of that prince influenced the learned of *Great Britain* to affect the *Augustan* style, as appears by the stately edifices erected since throughout the kingdom of *England* and *Ireland*, not only in the reign of Queen *Anne*, but likewise in that of King *George* the I. and his Royal successor, the present majesty of these Realms, whom God long preserve.

To describe the mighty influence of the Craft of Free-Masonry in every age, and in every nation since the beginning of the world, would require many volumes; but were it expedient, it could easily be proved that the knights of *Malta* and many other religious orders and societies, did borrow their solemn usages from our ancient fraternity, who can with the utmost truth assert that no set of men can be better instituted, more decently installed, or

whose laws and charges in general have been more sacredly observed; and tho' we have maintained and propagated our concernments in a method peculiar to ourselves, which hath hitherto resisted the violent attempts of the most learned and cunning in all ages, who have by several means strove to steal our secrets from us, while neither the loss of speech or the want of knowledge in different languages could prevent us from knowing and loving one another.

Having now described the antiquity of the Royal Art, and the honours paid to the Craftsmen by the learned and noble of all ages (for the most part of which particulars I confess myself indebted to the several tracts of Historical Masonry printed both in *London* and *Dublin*) I shall proceed to enquire into the cause or motive of its institution, which will appear more plain hereafter when we take a view of the principles of the Craft, and the benefits arising from a strict observance thereof; but in the meantime shall inform you that without Masonry the world would have afforded a rude and irregular prospect, and its inhabitants liable to the severity of inclement seasons, to the raging dogstar's heat and piercing cold, to the greedy savage, whose voice in sounds, ungrateful to human ears, thro' all the forest rings, and to the daring insults and bold attempts of aspiring warriors, while by masons art majestic piles arise to defend mankind, and nature unpolished owns its harmonious and friendly influence. By Masons art religious domes appear, where the Almighty Architect is worshipped in spirit and in truth.

By Masons art the avaritious miser opens his iron bounded breast, and feels compassion's tender warmth.

By Masons art the injurious and unruly tongue falls down before the throne of awful silence; and readily submits to her commands.

By Masons art the wings of loose desire are clipped, and the lascivious mind refrained from all immodest and unlawful bent.

By Masons art the puny fop (mankind's disgrace) rejects a vain and gaudy outside and gladly accepts of more valuable and permanent furniture within.

By masons art ensigns of state and princely ornaments (the nursery of pride,

where ambition keeps her lofty seat) as useless toys by free born sons meet with disdain, since they can boast of a more lasting glory who are

Ennobled by the name they bear,

*Distinguished by the badge they wear.

By Masons art impartial justice her equal balance holds, and fraud oppressive owns her gentle sway.

Since then by this noble art so many extraordinary advantages accrue, I presume it will of consequence be granted, that the welfare and good of mankind was the cause or motive of so grand an institution (no art yet ever being so extensively useful) which not only tends to protect them from external injuries, but to polish the rusty dispositions of iniquitous minds and to detain them within the limited and pleasant bounds of true religion, morality and virtue.

In the next place I shall beg leave to treat of the principles of the Craft, which I hope will meet with a just admiration because they were founded upon religion, morality, Brotherly-love, and good fellowship.

A Mason is obliged by his tenure to believe firmly in the true Worship of the Eternal God, as well as in all those sacred records which the dignitaries, fathers, and apostles of the church have compiled and published for the use of christians; for that no one who rightly understands the art can possibly tread in the irreligious paths of the unhappy libertine, or be induced to follow the arrogant professors of atheism or deism; neither is he to be stained with the gross errors of blind superstition, but may have the liberty of embracing what faith he shall think proper, provided at all times he pays a due reference to his Creator, and by the world deals with honour and honesty, ever making that golden precept the standard rule of his actions, which engages *to do unto all men as he would they should do unto him*. For the Craft, instead of entering into idle and unnecessary disputes, concerning the different opinions and persuasions of men, admits into the fraternity all that are good and true, whereby it hath become the center of union, and hath brought about the means of reconciliation amongst persons, who without that assistance, would have remained at a perpetual variance.

* Vide fellow Crafts song by Bro. G. Delasay, Esq.

AN ORIGINAL DISSERTATION ON
PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(Continued from 347.)

Delivered in the Town Hall, Colchester, before the Members of the Y.M.C.A.

See Hamlet's celebrated address to the players (act 3, scene 2).

The Greeks were so nice in points of eloquence, and so offended with a vicious pronunciation that they would not suffer the public crier to proclaim their laws unless he was accompanied by a musician, who, in case of a vicious tone, might be ready to give him the proper pitch and expression. It would seem that the town criers of classic story could boast of a degree of oratorical propriety, from which their modern successors must have sadly degenerated. What would have become of the Colchester Town Bellman in those days?

Attention to the rising and falling inflections, proper accentuation, distinct utterance, and such animation as uses appropriate action and gesture—these are the great things to study in a speaker.

Bro. Emra Holmes, alluding to the ludicrous effects of a wrong accent, instanced a case in point, where he heard a clergyman once in church reading the story of the old prophet say—"And he said, saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*."

As to action and declamation, Barron, the French Garrick, speaking of acting, said:—

"Rules may teach us not to raise the arms above the head, but if passion carries them, it will be well done. Passion knows more than art."

Massillon, the great French preacher, so far affected Barron with one of his magnificent sermons, as to force the confession from him to one of his companions:—

"My friend," said he, "this is an orator, we are only actors!" I suppose, the lecturer continued, to be really ready speakers we should adopt Fox's plan (or was it Pitt's?) to get up whenever opportunity offered, and speak upon the subject then introduced, whether we knew much or little about it.

The excellent impromptu speech plan of the Ipswich Mutual Improvement Society, introduced on stated occasions, is

well worthy of imitation in similar institutions elsewhere, as tending to make ready speakers.

I had the pleasure once of attending one of these gatherings. Questions were propounded by any one amongst the audience, and five or six of the members volunteered to speak on the subject given to them.

The questions, which were written down on slips of paper, were put into a hat with the names of the impromptu speakers on similar slips.

They were drawn out at random, as is the fashion at lotteries, and whichever query fell to the lot of each member, he had at once to get up, and without the smallest preparation, speak upon the question then introduced.

If I remember rightly, the questions and subjects suggested and proposed were the following:—

1st. Are class distinctions a necessity in highly civilised society?

2. Satire!

3. What does Ireland want?

(Rather a wide question, and one that is found to be rather difficult to answer).

4. Is it right to kill for sport?

5. Beards and moustaches!

These questions and subjects have no lack of variety at all events, and they were for the most part very fairly treated.

As the speeches were performed extempore in the most ample sense, and by junior members, they no doubt were sketchy and somewhat wanting in finish, but they afforded considerable amusement, and served the purpose for which they were intended, viz., to create ready speakers.

After all, there is more in the method of delivery, than in the thing itself. Great orators' speeches are often poor when reduced to writing. Josh Billings says, "the power of oratory lays more in the manner than in the matter; you can't reduce it to writing *any more than you can play a streak of lightning on a hand organ!*" The great art of speaking well is to be *en rapport*, as the mesmerists say, with your audience; to know what it likes; when it is pleased, and when it is tired; and the greatest art of all is, perhaps, to know when to stop.

The usefulness of attending to what a late M.P. of my acquaintance calls *sucking peoples' brains as boys suck eggs*, is another thing worth remembering by a would-be

speaker. Some brilliant orators get most of their information as it were at second hand in this way, which is the reason they are *always brilliant and never profound*. Speaking of the great art, and a great art it is, of knowing when to stop (perhaps some of the readers of the "Masonic Magazine" are already thinking that the lecturer himself might take a lesson), I would not have men, like a sheep's-head, *all jaw*, nor should they be brought up to talk a horse's hind leg off, to use a common expression.

By no means. But surely it must be admitted that that man is a more useful member of society who can address a family gathering at a wedding breakfast without making himself the laughing stock of the company; who can preside worthily over an assemblage of his fellow townsmen without reminding us forcibly of that illiterate personation of fatuous grandiloquence, Shakespeare's chief constable in *Much Ado about Nothing*—Master Dogberry; who can enliven other than pot-shop audiences with the fertility of his wit, the richness of his humour, and the powers of his pathos, in exciting joy and sorrow, laughter and tears; I say it must be admitted that he is a more useful member of society who can speak readily, calmly, temperately and with effect when suddenly called upon so to do, either before a multitude, or only in converse with a few friends, than he who bungles and flounders over a vote of thanks to the performers at a concert, who utters the feeblest inanities, the poorest platitudes, when asked to respond to the toast of, let us say, the Army and Navy, or Church and State, at a public dinner, or who stammers and stumbles over the presentation to the superintendent of the Sunday School.

Wherever there is not a debating society already in existence, the young men should form one and learn by practice the art of speaking well.

Readiness of repartee, which is of itself a great gift, is almost necessary in an extemporaneous speaker.

The following anecdote may not be out of place as illustrative of its effects:

In the debate on the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December, 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, Bishop of

Rochester, who said he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet. Lord Connigsby, who always spoke in a rage, rose immediately after the Bishop, and remarked that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet, but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, *who was reprov'd by his own ass*. The Bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness exposed his rude attack, concluding in these words: "Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manner such similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure I have been *reprov'd by nobody but his Lordship*." From that day forth, Lord Connigsby was called Atterbury's ass.

This reminds me of another, an instance of Curran and the Judge—I believe it was Lord Norbury or Lord Clare. Whilst Curran was speaking, a donkey brayed outside the court. The Judge, who never missed an opportunity of galling the great advocate, whom he hated, looked up and said, "One at a time, if you please!" Curran took no notice, but during a pause when the Judge was summing up, the donkey brayed again, and Curran, looking up with feigned astonishment, said: "Did your Lordship speak?"

Speaking of Curran reminds me of another anecdote, showing the keenness of his satire told of his passages of arms with Lord Clare, who never lost a chance of snubbing and insulting the eminent barrister. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in Chancery, the Chancellor brought in a great Newfoundland dog with him, placed him on the bench, and during the progress of the argument lent his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister.

At last the Chancellor seemed to lose all regard for appearances, for propriety, and decorum; he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case and began in full court to fondle the animal.

Curran stopped short.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh," replied Curran, "I beg a thousand pardons, my Lord. I really

took it for granted that your lordship was *employed in consultation.*"

A debating society in a small, or, for the matter of that, a large town is a great nursery for young politicians and embryo orators; in fact, debating societies are the making of our public speakers, and should be supported by mechanics' institutes, working men's colleges, and societies similar to your own, everywhere.

Many of our parliamentary orators trace their power as speakers to the training they received in the debating clubs of our Universities, and one or two I believe to such mutual improvement societies as that at Ipswich, to which I have already alluded.

The late Lord Brougham was a warm advocate of such institutions, and so is John Bright, than whom there is no greater orator in England.

Yes, John Bright has, I believe, spoken warmly in favour of mutual improvement and discussion classes as a means of cultivating the art of public speaking. To all young men then who have a spark of ambition in them to improve their powers of speech, I say, join the first discussion class or debating club, or kindred institution you come across. Join some debating society—*unless it meets in a tap-room.*

Young men, join your local debating society if there is one, and if not, organise one at once, and if you do not find yourselves improved in the noble art of speech—say twelve months hence, the fault will not be in the society, but in the debaters.

And then, who knows, perhaps some one from this assembly may one day rise in his place to address Parliament, the great debating society of which we are so justly proud. It was Sidney Smith who said, "the free parliament of a free people is the native soil of eloquence, and in that soil will it ever flourish and abound."

When we think of the grand names of orators who have awakened the echoes in that great place; of Burke, of Fox, William Pitt, and his great father the Earl of Chatham, of Sheridan, and of a multitude of others whom I could name, who have electrified their hearers with the torrents of impassioned oratory which have flowed from their eloquent lips; when we mention the names of such great speakers and debaters as Lord Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the late Bishop of Winchester, John Bright, the late Lord

Lytton, and the silver-tongued Coleridge, we catch a glow of the enthusiasm which prompts the actions of their followers, we feel a laudable ambition, perhaps, to be amongst the mighty orators who sway the destinies of this mighty Empire whereon the sun never sets.

The House of Lords contains now, perhaps, more great speakers than the House of Commons; but let it be remembered the House of Commons is not composed of orators. Far from it. I fear we are much in the same position now that they were when Sydney Smith, speaking of the long debates in Parliament in his day, said: "Why do not people remember the flood? If they had lived before it with the patriarchs they might have talked any stuff they pleased, but do let them remember how little time they have under the new order of things."

His remedy for putting a stop to the interminable speeches in the House of Commons is worth remembering: "Don't talk to me of not being able to cough a speaker down, try the *whooping cough!*"

I noticed some time since that a gentleman in the House of Commons had been complaining that there is a list kept of the Honourable Members who are to be allowed to speak on great occasions in the House, and that none but those on the list are to be permitted to have their say. Mr. Gladstone denied all knowledge of the list (he was then Leader of the House), but it is thought there is something in it, and at first sight it would appear to be a scheme for checking freedom of speech.

But, my dear friends, ye who read the debates, ought we not be very thankful that there is a check upon the verbose utterances of some of our worthy but long-winded representatives?

I tell you what I would do, as I have said before, when some of our members insist upon speaking who can't speak. I would threaten to report them verbatim—which if once done they would be like dead men, they would *never speak again.*

(*To be continued.*)

CHRONOGRAMS AND CHRONOPHONS.

BY ALBERT MACKEY.

THESE two words, identical or nearly identical in meaning, relate to a matter

which at one time occupied a good deal of puzzle-making ingenuity, and may perchance again do so, if an imitative freak should seize upon us. When men made no steam-engines, and did not spin cotton at the rate of a thousand miles or so per hour; when they neither travelled by railway over the land; nor by screw and paddle over the sea; when there were no penny posts, electric telegraphs, penny papers, or gas lights; when men did not give three thousand guineas for a picture about "Roast Pig," or three hundred for an old fiddle, then it was that verbal crochets were in fashion to an extent that we can hardly understand now. In France, especially, during the dissipated reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the "gilded youth" of the gay capital, and aristocrats old enough to have known better, whiled away their hours in such fashion to an almost incredible degree, incited partly thereto by the epigrammatic qualities of the French language.

The chronogram, or "description by means of numbers," is rather antiquarian and ecclesiastical than gay in its origin. Perhaps it may be more correctly defined as "date-writing"—the incorporating a date as part of a written word or sentence. It depends on the main characteristics of the Roman numerals. We are all told at school that our usual numerals, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, are of Arabic origin; but that the Romans employed some of the capital letters of their alphabet as numbers. There are seven in familiar use, namely I, V, X, L, C, D, M, standing respectively for 1, 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, 1000; but there are others, found in old documents, which are now seldom used, especially a capital C turned upside down, (∩,) and a sort of a figure 8 laid on its side, (∞.) One extraordinary combination, to denote a million, stands thus: CCCCII∩∩∩∩; and another, only a little less complex, for a hundred thousand—CCCI∩∩∩. In order to denote four, the Romans occasionally used I four times repeated—IIII; but a briefer form was IV, which stands for "one less than five;" in like manner XL and CD were devised instead of XXXX and CCCC, for forty and four hundred. Fourteen years hence, in 1888, the A. D., when expressed in Roman numerals of the usual kind, will be more lengthy than it has ever before been, or than it will again be for a long time to

come, namely, MDCCCLXXXVIII—thirteen symbols instead of the convenient four which suffice when Arabic numerals are used.

In some languages a sentence will express a date or number, whether the writer intends it or not. Thus, learned men tell us that, in Persian, the letters forming the words "Hooshung Shah is no more" also denote the number 837; and a chronogram was at once thus constructed, seeing that Shah Hooshung died in the 837th year of the Hegira. In like manner, many of the controversies and speculations concerning the mysterious 66 and 666 of the Book of Revelation have arisen out of the Hebrew alphabetical characters being alike letters and numerals.

The Romans are believed to have begun the style of chronogram which has more or less been in favour ever since. It was an amusement, a play upon words something like our rebus. We all remember such effusions as XL, which will serve either for 40 or for "excel" in a puzzle; and MIX, which will do alike for 1009 and for "mix"—and doubtless we deemed ourselves very clever in composing them.

Chronograms are rather numerous in and about churches and other religious structures, comprising pious sentences, often passages from the Bible. Tourists have detected many of them in the Rhenish provinces, in some instances placed in odd corners and nooks not very visible, and often partly obliterated by time and weather. Some are incised or cut in the stone-work, others painted or gilt on wood. Instances have been met with on a beam in a chapel on the south side of the choir of College Cathedral; on the base of a crucifix outside the minster at Bonn, and another within the minster; in Poppelsdorf church, near the same city; on the baptistry at Aix-la-Chapelle; on the front of the west gallery at St. Michael's Church, in the same city; round the arch of the west door of St. Castor's, Coblenz; on the base of a crucifix, and over the principal door of a church, at Königswinter; and in many other places. There is one on the floor of the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Rome, comprising a date relating to the English Jacobite princes in 1721; and on a fountain near the church of San Paola, at Parma, is one to the honour of one of the vice-regents of that State. Our



own country is not wanting in instances of the same kind. Thus, in Winchester Cathedral, on the roof which conceals the lantern tower from the choir, is a chronogram recording the date and circumstances of the construction, in 1635. On an oaken wall plate in the porch of Brockthorp Church, Gloucestershire, is one to denote the year of the decapitation of Charles I., and even the day and the period of the day, "On the thirtieth of January's setting sun." In Albury Church is an epitaph on George Duncombe, who died in 1646, a date denoted by the capital letters mixed up with others in the following words: "Res Vrgent eX Isto pVLVere qVI IbI sepVLtI DorMIVnt." Let us analyze this a little, and see how it is built up. The first R is the initial capital at the beginning of the sentence, and does not count; all the other capitals denote numerals; while V, as a numeral, (5,) has to do duty both for *u* and for *v*, if either or both of those letters happen to take part in the sentence. Printed in ordinary type, the epitaph makes its appearance in a Latin form familiar to those who are conversant with this class of inscriptions: "Resurgent ex isto pulvere qui ibi sepulti dormiunt." The thick capitals, taken in the order in which they stand, are VXIVLVVIIIVLI DMIV; but rearranged in the order of their dignity or relative importance, they are MDLLXVVVVVVVIIIIII—rather a lengthened way of saying 1646.

Coins, medals, and other articles are often to be met with bearing a chronogram stamped or engraved on them. After the opening of a gold mine in Sicily, in 1734, coins were struck to celebrate the event; and the Latin motto, "Ex visceribus meis hæc funditur," borne on each coin, by converting *u* into *v*, and using thick letters for XVICIVMICVDIV, managed to denote the above mentioned date. On the upper border of a sun-dial, existing some years ago on the west end of Nantwich Church, Cheshire, was a chronogram celebrating the coronation of Charles II. in 1621: "Honor Domino pro pace populo suo parte;" the significant letters here can easily be discriminated. Over the door of Sherbourne School, Dorsetshire, is (or was) a chronogram with the significant letters rubricated, or painted in red. The whole of it relates to the foundation of the school; while the rubricated letters give the date 1670,

The same conceit used sometimes to be followed by, or for, well-to-do families, in mottos for articles of domestic use. Thus, a damask table napkin has been described, which contains a motto woven into the linen fabric: "SIgnVM paCIs DatVr LorICæ," to celebrate the conclusion of peace between England and France in 1763, after seven years' hostilities. In a paper by Addison in the *Spectator*, relating to the verbal puzzles which were in fashion in the seventeenth century, he gave an instance of a chronogram, showed how it was constructed, and pretty plainly hinted his small estimation of such productions: "This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus, we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words: 'ChrIstVs DuX ergo trIVMphVs.' If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for, as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they are searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When, therefore, we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought as for the year of the Lord."

Addison might have found abundant illustrations of his meaning in books as well as in medals. The title pages, prefaces, dedications, and endings of books have often been made to show a date in the form of a chronogram, relating either to a person honoured in the book, or to the year in which the book was printed. Whether it occurred in any book, as one among the many adulatory compliments to Queen Elizabeth, we do not know; but a chronogram purports to say, "My Day is Closed In Immorta!ItY," denoting the year of Elizabeth's decease, 1603. Shakspeare, in Elizabeth's time, unquestionably knew something about chronograms, (what did

he not know something about?) for, in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iv., Scene 2, Holofernes made one of his quips and oddities available in this way in his droll colloquy with Sir Nathaniel the Dull. He takes praise for this and other *jeux d'esprit*, which his companions deem surpassingly good. "This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions." His mode of making letters serve for numerals comes out thus:

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

The seventeenth century was very busy in the production of these effusions. One, running thus, "GeorgIVs DVX BVCK-InghaMIæ," records the year in which the duke was murdered by Felton, 1628. The Rev. G. Gipps, rector of Elston, in Lincolnshire, preached a Fast Sermon before the House of Commons in 1644; he published it in the following year, with a preface containing a chronogram, in which a well-known passage from the Bible is slightly altered, and made to denote the year 1644—namely, "GoD Is oVr refVge, oVr strength, a heLpe In troVbLes VerIe aboVuDant VVe fInDe." The peculiarity here is that W is represented in the old form VV, which enables the computer to count ten for it. About the close of the reign of Charles I, many royalists insisted that the end of the world was nearly at hand. One of them fixed on the year 1645 in the following fashion: "Adventus Domini," by capitalizing certain of the letters, denotes 2012; "dies abbreviuntur" gave him 517; while "propter electas" gave 150. Then he argued that 517 taken from 2012 leaves 1495, to which, if 150 be added, the sum gives 1645. We can only say that if the reader is satisfied with this, his satisfaction is easily brought about. The flattery of the hapless monarch was a favourite subject with chronogram-makers. The "iniquitous condemnation of a pious king and good shepherd"—

ReX pIVs et greX VerVs

ConDeMnantVr InIqVe—

was made to denote the year of his execution. In Fuller's *Worthies*, we find a record of the death of Bishop Prideaux, so printed as to give the date 1650.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

(Continued from page 378.)

YET aside from these cruelties, which passed such an impressive judgment through the mouth of the divine seers of Israel, we wonder at these works of art, which far surpass those of Egypt in genuine beauty and faithfulness to nature. Moreover, looking on their weapons and tools, on those fragments of ivory baskets, of bronze thrones and terra-cotta figures, on the ornaments in architecture or in dress and jewellery, as shewn on their pictures, we feel bound to recognize the Assyrians as the ancient masters of fine arts. By their products, or rather by copies made of them by Persian and Lydian imitators, the then slumbering genius of the Hellens was aroused, which afterwards inspired a Phidias and Praxiteles with their chisel, and even a Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar with their songs, to create everlasting models of beauty. Indeed, if history has forgotten to record the indebtedness of the Greeks to Assyria, Greek mythology has not, as Cheiron the centaur, who taught Achilles, Perseus, and many other Greek heroes, every art and science, is surely a slight reminiscence of the Assyrian genii, who wore the shape of winged bulls with human heads.

Likewise we look to Assyria for models furnished by the hands of Phœnicians for the Temple built by Solomon, and even for the equipment of the whole sanctuary, even to the Cherubim. It was in beholding those imposing figures of winged lions, with human and eagles' heads, called cherubs, on the gates of the Babylonian and Assyrian palaces, that the Prophet Ezekiel felt inspired in his visions of the heavenly throne, moved by the same wheels, endowed with heads and wings like those seen on Assyrian pictures. On Assyrian monuments you can discern these same instruments played upon by David and other psalmists to accompany their undying songs of holy inspiration.

Yet all these works of art would have remained dumb, and Assyria's past would still be shrouded in darkness, had not Divine Providence pointed man's eye, searching after knowledge, to a number of clay tablets, inscribed on both sides with cuneiform letters, which proved to be nothing less than the royal library of

Sardanapalus, containing historical and chronological, astronomical, and private records, prayers and songs, poems and formulas, letters and contracts, yea, grammars and dictionaries. Henceforth, one startling revelation followed the other, until after two years ago George Smith, in London, detected the legend of the flood, presenting a much older form than that of the Bible.

With assistance offered by the London *Daily Telegraph*, excavations were resumed by George Smith, who succeeded in making new discoveries. He added more than 3,000 fragments of clay tablets to the old ones, and found, besides, many interesting articles, as, for instance, a fragment of a magnificent crystal throne, and a greatly wrought fork, an article unknown to civilization until the eleventh century of our era. And, having scarcely taken the new work of George Smith, describing his journey and his discoveries at hand, we received through the last number of the London *Athenæum* the welcome, yet not unexpected, news of his having found the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel on these tablets too.

Having thus far shortly reviewed the way these explorations were made, I will pass on, pointing out to you in a few broad outlines the revelations brought about by this most modern and most promising science through the labours of a few English and French scholars. Twenty years ago all the source of information about Assyrian and Babylonian history was confined to a few names mentioned in Holy Writ, and a few stories told from hearsay by Greek authors. From "the mighty hunter," and the first rulers of Ninevah, Ninus and Semiramis, both kingdoms for a long time were lost sight of. Of a sudden Assyria appears at the northern horizon of the kingdom of Samaria, pouncing on her people like a bird of prey, and eating up piece after piece, then entangled Judea in her network, but this time to meet the vengeance of God, who smites Assyria's army, while standing at the gates of Jerusalem, by an angel of pestilence. Finally we hear the prophet's triumph over her downfall at the attack of the Babylonians, whose rise betokens ruin to Judea, and whose fall brings her resurrection. Aside from these facts, only names of these successive King are given, in a

confusion apt to perplex any one trying to bring them into an harmonious order. Nor does the Greek literature furnish us with more than fables.

Thanks, then, to recovered records of the Assyrian conquerors themselves, we gain a new insight into the political struggles of those petty kingdoms and nationalities settled along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. We see them pressed together, as if by grinding mill-stones, by the two large empires of Egypt in the South, and of Assyria in the North, who vie and struggle with each other for the dominion of the world. Out of a large number of little kingdoms, presenting as many ruins of a scattered old empire, the kingdom of Assyria rises above Babylonia, its rival, in the fourteenth century, before our era, growing like an avalanche, while it pushes its conquests onward to force all those nations standing in its way down under its irresistible power, taking advantage of Egypt's temporary exhaustion. Thus among the number of Kings defeated and compelled to pay large tribute to Assyria, we find Ahab of Israel, suffering severe penalties for his defensive alliance with Hazael, King of Aram, and afterwards Jehu, the son of Nimshi, regarded by the Assyrians as belonging to the house of Omri. We discern the great power in the North interfering with the politics of Samaria, soon imposing a King upon her, soon deposing him, until Shalmaneser completes her doom by besieging her capital, and Sargon, scarcely mentioned in the Bible, leads Hosea, her King, with 30,000 inhabitants, away as captives. Then comes Judea's turn. Azariah and Ahaz, the latter bearing on Assyrian inscriptions the fuller name of Jehoahaz, are recorded as tributaries to Tiglath Pileser, and we may presume the idolatry of Ahaz to have stood in near relation to his sympathy with Assyria, which caused his escape for the time. But Sargon's following campaigns, advancing along the sea-shore as far down as Philistia, inspired Egypt with fear, while they entrapped Judea into dangerous temptations of leaning towards the one and the other power, against which Isaiah's warning voice is lifted. Indeed, the keen-sighted prophet proved a wise statesman, when Sargon trampled Ashdod, the neighbour and ally of Judah, under his feet. Yet prophet and King of Judah hoped. And

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A SONG FOR THE CRAFT,—CONCLUDED.

been ; And every clime in the march of time, Hath its signs and
knee : And humbly sought to be placed and taught, At the foot of the
night ; And serve to guide, o'er the troubled tide The broth - er who

CHORUS.—With spirit.

sym - bols seen. Then sing to the craft, the proud old
Ma - son free. Then sing, etc.,
knows its light. Then sing, etc.,

craft, Which has weather'd the storm so long ; And still may it

Rit. Dim.
be the boast of the free, And the theme of the death - less song.

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF
SHEBA.

CARL MAUCH'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH-EAST
AFRICA.

(Continued from page 390.)

WE all know the disappointment experienced by those who flocked to our shores expecting to find ready to their hand the riches which the mineralogist had seen, with rather his mental than his bodily eyes. But we also believe that had Mauch confined himself to a less glowing statement of what he had actually seen, his words would have failed to startle Europe from her propriety, and attract hither the expeditions which, under all the vicissitudes of failure or success, have been since then working out the problem, and some of which are now realising the truth of Mauch's prophetic words. Hopeless, however, at the time of overcoming unaided the opposition of the natives and other difficulties in the way of further exploration, Mauch returned to Natal, and, with such an equipment as his slender finances could supply, returned to the Transvaal, where, travelling eastward from Pretoria, he reached the sources of the Umkomati, or King George's River; then, turning north, he visited Lydenburg, and in July, noted a "probable goldfield on the north of Olipant's River;" then, crossing the Limpopo, in latitude about $22^{\circ} 10'$, and longitude about $32^{\circ} 15'$, he turned north-west, and, after a long and weary pedestrian journey, worn out with fatigue, with hunger, and with thirst, he (accompanied, we believe, by a fellow-countryman named Jebe,) reached the Kraal of Mutigaan, a principal induna of the Matabili, who, knowing that his Sovereign had granted no liberty of ingress to his dominions from the Transvaal Republic, detained him until the pleasure of the autocrat should be known, sending out meanwhile to shoot a rhinoceros, that his prisoner might not perish from hunger. After some delay, permission was granted for Mauch's advance to the mission station of Inyati, whence he had to return to the Transvaal, and make a second visit to the diamond fields. In February, 1870, he again set out on a journey through New Scotland toward Delagoa Bay, where he suffered

from attacks of fever, and made his way back to the Republic. Later in the same year he undertook a daring and adventurous voyage down the Vaal River from near Potchefstroom to the diamond fields in a flat-bottomed boat, which occupied twenty-one days, passing thirty-three rapids and cataracts, one of which was about twenty-six feet high, during the voyage. The last and greatest of his journeys, however, in which he may claim to have struck out an entirely new, and in some parts an entirely untrodden trackway, commenced in the year 1871, with the express object of discovering ruins marked on the old Portuguese maps as Zimbayo, known to the surrounding tribes as Mazimbaowa, described in the old legends as rivalling those of ancient Rome, and supposed, though on insufficient ground, to be the Queen of Sheba's palace.

The Journey to the Ruins of Zimbabye, 1870-72.—About the end of January, '71, Mauch prepared for his fourth great journey, intending to explore a district of the Transvaal that was as yet unknown to him, and then to seek for the ruins to which tradition had long pointed between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. Clad in leathern garments, and provided with firearms, ammunition, astronomical instruments, sextant, artificial horizon, quicksilver, prismatic and pocket compasses, a strong watch, lantern for night observation, aneroid barometer and thermometer, botanical papers and geological hammer, and materials for writing and sketching, his personal equipment of instruments and weapons weighed 50 lb. or 60 lb. His library was limited to the nautical almanac, logarithmic tables, and a work or two on botany and geology; his "diky bag" contained needles, thread, awls, whetstone, and the most needful articles of the toilet, and beads, brass wire, neck rings, anklets and armlets, and other goods for barter, packed in leather bags or waterproof mats of grass or palm-leaves bound with bark, and divided into convenient loads for the native porters provided by St. Albasini, the Portuguese Consul.

About the end of July and beginning of August, he passed through the fertile district of Spelonken, or "The Caves," watered by the Limvuba, and other rivers coming from the Zoutpansbergen, and dotted over by huts and villages built under the shelter

of the overhanging cliffs. Here he stayed awhile to cultivate, with the assistance of his interpreter, Rolle, the friendship of the chief Lomondo, a man of unprepossessing appearance, and not unsuspected of cannibalism. His difficulties were increased by the temptations held out to his people to desert him, and by the frivolous prettexts for delay invented by themselves; but he at length reached Sewaas, a powerful chief of the Baramapulana, who had his nest under the eastern face of the same sandstone range, well watched and guarded by his people, armed with bows and arrows, as the little caravan approached. The interpreter went forward. An audience was granted, and the traveller advanced at the head of his party, saluting the chief as he entered. During the absence of the interpreter, Mauch sat in enforced silence gazing at the grotesque costume of this ruler of 20,000 people. His breadth and height seemed to rival each other. His natural short locks were lengthened by being bound up in tufts with bark, and smeared with fat, which, melting in the sun, glistened over his face and beard. His flat nose sought refreshment from the snuff-box which hung by an iron chain from his neck, and the aroma of majesty was such that the traveller was fain to light his own pipe and protect himself by thick clouds of tobacco smoke. He was waited on by dark-browed Hebes, who served him kneeling, and was addressed as the "Elephant," the "Lion," the "Steer," the "Great Baboon," &c. It may be well imagined that when the audience was over Mauch was glad to retire to the little cylindro-conical hut that had been set apart for him, but which was soon rendered unendurable by the crowd of visitors who forced themselves upon him. He was well supplied with maize meal, sour milk, and beer; but observation or work of any kind was impossible when so many curious hands were busy overhauling his guns, his instruments, or any other object of interest that happened to be exposed. A beast was killed for him, but so many begged a share of the flesh that hardly more than a single meal fell to his own lot, while such constant demands were made upon him for presents, that he began to dread complete exhaustion of his stores, and sought the earliest opportunity of taking his leave.

On the 7th of August the party travelled

along the south-east side of the hills, over a fruitful country, the baobab and euphorbia becoming more common as they descended into the Limpopo valley, followed by a band of parasites from Sewaas, watching an opportunity of acquiring some last present from the departing caravan. Passing Sukene's, they came upon a barren and stony flat with patches of grass and mopani forest, with the thermometer 93° Fahrenheit in the shade, and not the slightest breeze to allay the intense heat. They reached the banks of the Limpopo a little before noon, in latitude 22° 18' 49", at an altitude by the aneroid barometer of 1,780 feet above the sea--the river being 250 yards broad. About four hours below this drift a waterfall is reported, and the breadth of the river is increased to 1,200 yards. The Tolo Azine Falls, discovered by Captain Elton, are about 25 miles above the drift. North of the Limpopo they crossed the rivers Buby and Manetse, where for 70 English miles game was so scarce, and the villages so far from the path, that the whole train of about forty persons had to satisfy their hunger with beans, Indian corn, and such roots as they could dig up.

On the 18th of August they reached Dumba's Kraal, where Mauch restored to their parents several children that had been stolen in former times. The applause of the women was unbounded; but he had to sleep supperless, and it was not until next morning that Dumbo supplied him with beer, and brought an elephant's tusk, weighing 15 lb., for which he asked powder and lead. Hitherto he had been accompanied by Albasini's men and his interpreter Rolle, but they left him here; and now he hired some of Dumbo's men, who deserted, taking with them a quantity of calico. Other thefts were committed, but some of the plunder was recovered and brought back; and with great difficulty he persuaded some of the people to go on with him two and a half days to the Kraal of Sumba, among granite hills 800 or 1000 feet higher than the plain, watered by rivulets, and bedecked with waterboom and other trees. Here Dumba's people, quarrelsome and impertinent to him and the chief's son, deserted him, although they had agreed to bring him on to Maapansule, three and a half hours further. Harassed, annoyed, and plundered on every hand, and uncertain whether at any moment a

poisoned arrow would not end his life, Mauch began almost to despair. Flight was impossible, the country being so thickly peopled, and where should he fly? westward to the Matabili? They would not let him enter. Eastward to the Zulus? They would strip him to the skin, even if they spared his life. He knew not what to do. In this forlorn condition he remained till the chief came with more of his people to talk with him; but his slight knowledge of the Zulu or Matabele language helped him but little in his present strait. At last he made the chief comprehend that he required carriers for his goods to Massamsule's. He laid out the payment for each man, with a present also for the chief. He took it, but asked more for the bearers; and as Mauch complied with each successive demand, he asked more and more till the traveller's whole stock would not have sufficed to pay for its carriage. A second night of terror and anxiety followed the first, and Mauch felt almost tempted to release himself by his own hand from the more terrible fate that seemed to threaten him. On the third day, however, seven stout fellows arrived and saluted him. He remained not long in doubt. In a short time he had concluded an agreement with them for the carriage of his goods to Massamsule's, which they faithfully performed. When they encamped for the night they brought him flesh, beer, and grass for his bed, and the next morning they reached Massamsule's. But here again he was in danger. A band of people belonging to Sewass were already there, and he was again threatened with robbery, detention and captivity. But here, even in the extremity of his distress, help was at hand. He learned that a white man lived with another chief about three hours distant; but report led him to be anything but hopeful of assistance from this adventurer. He wrote and dispatched a note, however, and late at night a messenger, or spy, who spoke Dutch, arrived, followed somewhat later by the white man, who energetically and successfully protested against the intended detention. Mauch accompanied his deliverer (Adam Render), and took up his residence in the village (Peka's Kraal).

To be continued.

LET'S WELCOME THE HOUR.



Let's welcome the hour when thus happy
we meet,
May the light of our Order long glori-
ously shine,
While in kindest feeling and harmony
sweet,
All true brother Freemasons for ever
combine:
Some sage once declared, that a portion of
gold
In mankind lay conceal'd, but he ne'er
could impart
The secret recess, till our Masters of old
Prov'd the ore was Freemasonry; lodged
in the heart.
Then let's welcome the hour, &c.

This gold of kind nature shown then but
in few,
Nor had Masonry's virtue as yet its full
scope,
Till illumin'd by Faith, it arose to our
view,
And the heart was adorn'd by the sun-
shine of Hope:
The ore even then was unyielding and
cold,
Nor as yet had the ensign of light been
unfur'd,
Till melting with Charity's glow, the
heart's gold,
In a stream of warm fellowship, flow'd
thro' the world.
Then let's welcome the hour, &c.

The Craft thence diffus'd the rich pure
golden tide
Of Masonic benevolence, right from the
heart,
Over all human nature, extensive and
wide,
Shedding lustre the Order alone can
impart:
And now for a toast, fill your glasses, be
sure,
And let each with each heart flow in
union with me,
A bumper, my friends, here's "the health
to all poor
And distress'd brother Mason's where'er
they be!"
Then let's welcome the hour, &c.

Masonic Herald.

A MASON'S GRAVE.

ON turning the corner of a walk, just as I had emerged from the foliage of a magnificent weeping willow, whose branches, drooping downwards, swept the grass silently in the gentle breeze of evening, I came upon a grave, before which I stood for some moments in wondering admiration; it was so different from anything else I had seen, or indeed expected to see, in the cemetery, that I was thoroughly surprised. A space somewhat larger than usual was inclosed by a neat but substantial iron palisade, within which in front rose two pillars of beautiful proportions and masterly workmanship. That on the left was of the Doric order, its base being ornamented by a level in relief, its capital surmounted by a frieze adorned with triglyphs and metops, and supporting an entablature on which was placed the terrestrial globe. The right hand pillar was of the Ionic order, finished with the same attention to detail, its base ornamented with the square and compass; on its summit rested the celestial globe. The floor of the enclosure was a beautifully tessellated pavement in colours, in the centre, and in front of the headstone was a perfect ashlar, with a lewis. The chastely canopied headstone stood on an elevation of three steps. On the first were the words, "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." On the second, "Behold, I will set a plumb line." On the third, "We have found." On the plinth of the stone, an anchor in relief. Above it the words, "Be ye also ready." The edges of the stone were worked in the form of a cable. In the centre, under the canopy and over the inscription, an open book, in which was written, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." On the book rested a ladder with three rounds, behind which, as a background, was a sprig of the acacia tree, and immediately above the ladder was an irradiated eye. The inscription ran, "Sacred to the memory of Henry Tucker, who departed this life," &c. The pavement was dotted over with pots of lovely flowers, whose fragrance seemed to spread silently and lovingly around. As I stood taking in the details of the picture, I thought, "One of the good old craft lies here. Surely the history of all

this tender care and loving memory must be an interesting one." I determined to make enquiry on the first opportunity offering. I here briefly sketch the result:

Captain Stafford and Captain Tucker were "sworn friends and brothers" through many years of adventure. The former was owner and the latter was master of a vessel trading from this port (Wellington, N.Z.), principally to Newcastle, N.S.W. At length death severed the connection. All that Masonic affection could prompt was done by Captain Stafford in paying the last sad offices of respect. The cabin of the vessel which they had both so often occupied was draped in mourning; the deceased laid out, coffined, and canopied, with his Masonic clothing and insignia on its lid. On arrival in port, the Masonic friends of both Captains laid the deceased in his last resting-place, and the tomb I had seen was erected by Captain Stafford to the memory of his friend and brother. The materials (like portions of a building dear to Masons' memory,) were brought over sea from Newcastle, N.S.W., the stone being a beautiful dark freestone. Each part was marked and numbered, and the masons who worked the stones came with them, and fitted them in their places at a cost of about £1,500. Captain Stafford, in paying this beautiful tribute to the memory of a brother, has shown to the world how Masons love each other.—*Gleanings by * * 49 * ** [As the figures are partly obliterated by the action of the salt water, we simply give the figures 49.]

 Review.

Worksop, "*The Dukery,*" and *Sherwood Forest*. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Worksop: Robert White.

MR. Robert White, of Worksop, has been long and honourably known as a provincial publisher, the books issued from whose press would be creditable to any London office, and the subject matter of which would not disgrace the best of metropolitan booksellers. Indeed, he is himself possessed of considerable literary ability—as every printer *ought* to be, whether journeyman or master—and is at present engaged in collecting "*The Provincial Words of Nottinghamshire*" for

publication in a volume of his own editing. Such a man is of great value in any part of the world in which he may be located; and he has done good service to historical literature in bringing out, at the very reasonable price of three halferowns, the neatly printed and well-illustrated book on *Worksop*, "*The Dukery*," and *Sherwood Forest*, now before me, which I have read with much interest. It is well-written, and every page teems with useful information.

"By frequent visits to the British Museum," says he, "and by reference to other acknowledged sources of information, I have sought to verify every historical fact given, and I believe no statement of importance has been made without some competent authority having been consulted."

This is as it should be; for it is astonishing what imaginary rubbish is often foisted upon the reading public, by writers who ought to know better, as matter of fact, which ought not even to be given as matter of fancy. Shakspeare's "unhappy marriage" may be taken as a sample, although there never was the least ground for the suspicion, but the misunderstanding of his will, in which he only leaves his wife their "second-best bed with the furniture,"—she being entitled to dower. Poor Kit Marlowe is still trounced by angry critics for the play of *Lust's Dominion*, which has long since been shown not to be his. All history is full of blunders and misrepresentations.

And—though as I write, the heir to the British Crown is being installed as the most worshipful ruler of the Craft in England, supported by two others of our beloved Queen's sons—Bro. Woodford has found it necessary to publish a book of arguments to prove that Freemasons do not really form one of the devil's regiments of the line, leagued for upsetting all good government on earth, and bringing about social anarchy and ruin. Only those writers who have laboured hard to avoid errors in their writings, and after all have often found themselves misled by authors whom they had regarded as trustworthy, know what even attempting to verify one's statements means.

And Mr. White has been fortunate in friends of kindred sympathies. John Holland, of Sheffield, whose *History of Worksop*, published about half a century ago, would be found useful in compiling the

present work; Charles Rees Pemberton, who "used to return from his rambles in the woods around Worksop, decorated from head to foot with ferns and evergreens," which soon drooped and died there, but live as green as his memory in his writings; honest Christopher Thompson, artist, naturalist, and author, whom I thought it an honour to sit on the same sofa with when I met him in Leeds many years ago: these gifted men have all three long since paid the debt of nature, and Mr. White has reason to be proud of having had the high honour to call and feel them friends. Nor have living worthies given him the cold shoulder in his useful labours. The Rev. J. Stacey, M. A., has contributed an admirable paper on "The Ancient History of Sherwood Forest;" the Venerable Archdeacon Trollope has allowed "the free use of his valuable paper on the monastic remains," as well as rendered other help; C. Tylden Wright, Esq., has written for the book a careful chapter on the geology of the district, apparently in the same loving spirit as that in which the late beloved Professor Phillips did the same for my own *People's History of Cleveland*; Captain A. E. Lawson-Lowe, has given the pedigree of the early Lords of Worksop; Earl Manners has allowed the use of his Thoresby Manuscript; William Howitt has allowed the use of his chapter on Sherwood Forest, from *The Rural life in England*; W. J. Sterland, Esq., has contributed the Zoology of the forest; R. E. Brameld, Esq., the Lepidoptera; H. K. Gilson, Esq., has arranged the papers of their old friend John Bohler, on the Flora of the Forest; my friend, January Searle's *Leaves from Sherwood Forest*—of which I remember reading the proofs with pleasure as it passed through the press—is quoted amongst others; and Dr. Spencer T. Hall, "the Sherwood Forester," who, Goldsmith like, adorns whatever he touches, is here found "recounting the glories of his native realm, 'The Land of Robin Hood.'" With such subjects and such helps, a man of inferior talents to Mr. White might have made a readable book; but he has done more, for he has produced what must now be considered the standard book on *Worksop*, "*The Dukery*," and *Sherwood Forest*; and it is to be hoped that the public will patronise the work as it deserves.

Speaking of the changes that have come over the country since William the Conqueror caused the Domesday Survey to be made, Mr. White graphically observes:—

“We rarely hear this book mentioned, but our thoughts immediately revert to what must have been the aspect and condition of the country and its inhabitants at the remote period at which it was compiled. In regard to Worksop, how much the appearance of the country has been changed, when, instead of the present highly cultivated fields and meadows, a bleak and barren extent of sand presented itself, clothed with heath, gorse, fern, and stunted brushwood, with here and there a range of noble forest trees, growing in all the wild luxuriance of nature, undefaced by the hand of man, and tenanted by countless herds of deer and other noble wild game, rarely disturbed, because protected by penal statutes and harsh laws, which elevated above, and gave more protection to, the wild animal than the peasant. So severe and unjust were these laws, that the unauthorised slayer of a deer, a boar, or a hare, was punished with the loss of his eyes, while the killing of a man could be atoned for by the payment of a moderate composition.

“A few acres of land in the valleys, or on the river banks, gave the only token of cultivation and of the presence of man. A few miserable huts would be scattered here and there, with their little less miserable inhabitants, who derived a scanty subsistence from their hard labour, and that too often mulcted by the rapacity and extortion of their superiors, whom no laws restrained, and with whom Might formed the only code of right and wrong, and by whom they were considered in the light of mere beasts of burden, and formed for their sole use and pleasure. His black bread, with which he might allay, but could scarcely satisfy his hunger, was seldom accompanied by anything more dainty; and many things which have now become necessities of life, were to him either utterly unknown, or if known, unattainable. Still more insecure was he from the grievous forays of the neighbouring barons and freebooters, to whom plunder was a speedier means of enrichment than the honest pursuits of industry. The law to him was a sealed book, and totally ignored his presence, except as mere property. Ignorant and degraded

almost to the level of the beasts, aspirations or hopes of better days could seldom come across his mind; tied to the soil, he lived and died, having rarely indeed left his native valley—all beyond being to him another world.

“After a time, a change comes over the scene; the axe and the hammer are heard sounding in the valley; a noble monastery rears its head, and seeds of civilization and cultivation are spread around. An alteration and improvement of the poor man’s temporal condition ensues; though for some ages this was so small that it can scarcely be appreciated.

“Time passes on—the land is now more fully brought into cultivation—the hamlet slowly increases and becomes the village, and the village the town. The peasant delivered, at least in part, from the thralldom of the lords, passes through a rough and stormy period, improving his condition by dint of hard and long-continued exertion, at times losing all he has gained; yet, nothing daunted, he fights the battle over again, and at last his persecutors acknowledge him as worthy of equal laws and privileges with themselves.”

I have often longed to know the exact influence which our ancient Craft has exercised in helping to bring the rude matter of savage tribes into due form for the partial security of life and property, and the gradual development of civil and religious liberty; and the part it is yet destined to play in aiding human society to become an institution perfect in all its parts, and honourable to the Grand Geometrician of the Universe, because useful in the highest degree to all his creatures. Neither a believer in the literal truth of our glorious legendary lore, nor that the whole was a mere crafty invention at the “Revival” of Masonry, in 1717—when the speculative seems to have pushed out the operative with as little remorse as the cuckoo does the young of the sparrow that has hatched it—a divorce that has been carried too far; I, for one, believe that the influence of Freemasonry on such changes as we have just been reading about, has never yet been properly appreciated. Even as an operative guild, banded together against cowans or knobsticks, cultivating the rudiments of science, and something more as regarded the glorious fabrics which it was their’s to rear; with their wooden lodges

tyled against eave-droppers ; and carrying out, more than others, the brotherhood cherished in all the guilds, because they were more subject to be cast adrift on the world and separated when they had completed their undertakings ; who can say how our speculative Masonry gradually grew up amongst them ? not altogether without some rudiments of ritual, and with an wholesome terror of the penalties of their Ob. And even during the last century and a-half—however much it may, at certain times and places, have been polluted by the prevailing vices of drunkenness and guzzling, which were no part of it, any more than they were a part of our aristocracy, our commerce, or our national church, and “the trail of the serpent was over them all ;”—yet, even when its beautiful ritual has been most parodied by ignorant workers—its lodges profaned by the presence of worthless men, who had never been prepared in their hearts for its sublime mysteries—when the funds, which ought to have been kept sacred for the relief of some poor brother struggling for the means of existence, were most improperly squandered over tawdry pageantry and in revelling ;—even in its darkest hours, Freemasonry has held aloft the bright lamp of truth, high over all petty party and sectarian differences of opinion ; inviting good men of every creed and clime, of all political opinions and of all stations in society, to band themselves together in the great cause of brotherly love, relief and truth ; reminding them constantly of the natural equality of man, but aiming always to level up, and never to level down ; inculcating all the moral virtues ; recommending the liberal arts and sciences to the study of all her children ; teaching them, by the most impressive lessons, that life should be usefully and benevolently spent, that death has no terrors to the good man equal to the stain of falsehood and dishonour, and cheerfully lending him a helping hand through the dark shadow of the Valley of Death to that Grand Lodge above, where the world’s Great Architect lives and reigns for ever. Happy the Mason who can see in the Craft a constant tendency to this grand regeneration of our glorious but sadly-soiled humanity, and whose life is in harmony therewith. He can look calmly on such changes as Mr. White has well described ; can hope in the

darkest days of his country’s history ; and equally loves the sublime principles of Masonry, whether, as now in England, publicly patronised by the heir to the crown and his brothers, or denounced by despotic monarchs and popes, who would fain crush beneath their heels all that rises above their own narrowness in science, in morality, and in religion.

In another number of the Magazine I will invite the reader to accompany me in a sort of Masonic pic-nic to Sherwood Forest and its vicinage ; when, with Mr. White’s excellent volume for our guidance, I have no doubt that we shall be able to spend a little time together both pleasantly and profitably. In the mean time, I can honestly recommend the book as well worth double the price charged for it.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL
Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old ;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
And is skilled in all her arts ;
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts ;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile ;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.

Are you sad ? how very serious
Will her handsome face become ;
Are you angry ? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb ;
Are you mirthful ; how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out ;
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise,
You young heroes all of twenty,
With the love looks in your eyes—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and beat you all.

Keystone, American.

HOTEL INCIDENT IN THE RIVIERA.

No one who has sojourned for a while in the Riviera is surprised at the crowds of foreigners that are collected from all parts of Europe into its various nooks and retreats. The English go there to escape mist and fog; the Russians, to avoid extreme cold; the invalid Germans, to put a barrier between themselves and the withering east wind. Some, again, visit it for other than sanitary reasons. Monaco with its gambling attractions entices and detains some, and the mere enjoyment of a climate luxurious even in winter invites many more.

We—that is, my wife and myself—were enjoying a few weeks at one of the large hotels that are so numerous dotted along this coast.

We had been staying at the Hotel du Bon Vivant about a week, when there appeared at the table-d'hôte a very striking personage. As soon as dinner was over, my wife found herself (by accident) near the visitors' book, and discovered that the new arrival had entered himself as the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle. We were chiefly English at the hotel, there was no Italian there, and our acquaintance with the national Burke was limited; so we easily accepted the theory that this lengthy appellation was one of the most ancient titles in the land. We were subsequently informed by the baron that it was Sicilian, which made our ignorance the more excusable.

I don't think it was his title, or, at least, it was not only that, which made us all so charmed with him. It must have been "his noble bearing, his perfect manners, his evident desire to please, his modest evasion of all topics bearing on his own career, and his handsome face. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, his black hair was as glossy as a raven's plumage, and his black, flashing eyes betrayed a passionate soul, while his thick moustache framed, rather than concealed, a smile that irradiated his intellectual countenance with sweetness and light."

Such, at least, was the description given of him in one of my wife's letters to my mother-in-law; and I am glad I happened to look into that letter, as it has saved me

some little trouble in attempting to describe him in words of my own.

The baron mixed very little with his own countrymen, and, as I ventured to suggest to my wife, seemed rather shy of them. He never went to the public amusements, and declined to subscribe to the Circolo. She explained to me in reply, that he was the only nobleman in the place, and was, perhaps, a little haughty towards his compatriots of a lower rank. He had also informed her himself, that he had selected our hotel for the express purpose of mixing with the English, as he was expecting shortly to receive a government appointment, and for the better discharge of his prospective duties, a little knowledge of English was desirable.

I should have mentioned before, that I only speak my own language; but my wife can converse in Italian with ease and fluency, and the baron very naturally talked with her a good deal, and occasionally condescended to speak to me by her interpretation.

Shortly after the arrival of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle, we were further enlivened by another. This time it was a Russian lady, attended by her maid. There were no other Russians at the Hotel du Bon Vivant, and she appeared to have come there rather from necessity than by choice, as there were no rooms vacant in the inn usually frequented by those of her nation. She declined to enter her name in the visitors' book, and for the first two or three days dined in her own room, and held aloof from the rest of us. This, added to the effect produced by a stateliness, not to say grandeur, of deportment, and rich sobriety of dress, prepared us all for the discovery which in a few days oozed out, that she was a Russian princess, a widow, who wished to remain *incognita*, and to live quietly in the enjoyment of an unconventional freedom from the obligations of nobility—an enjoyment beyond her command at home.

We never fully understood how this oozed out. Her female attendant could understand nothing, and therefore could divulge nothing. The maitre d'hotel assured his guests that he knew no more than the rest of the world; and, by his mysterious shruggings, his self-contradictions, and, above all, by his manner, impressed us all with the firm belief that

there was a secret in his possession. This, of course, confirmed the truth of the report, and it became an established fact that the lady was a Russian princess.

After a few days of seclusion, she vouchsafed to make her appearance at the table-d'hôte, and retired with the rest of the ladies to the Salles des Dames afterwards. Then it was that the baron exhibited his inborn as well as inherited nobility. He attended to her little wants, placed her an arm-chair by the fragrant wood-fire, and, on receiving her thanks in his mother tongue,—his parents' pride had no doubt prevented him from learning any other,—he entered into a respectful and courtly conversation with her. There were plenty of other men in the room who could have done it; but the baron was naturally the fittest person to begin; and I will give him credit for boundless self-possession—not to call it impudence.

The acquaintance thus begun grew with a tropical rapidity. The cold northern temperament softly but quickly thawed beneath the warm rays of Italian sweetness and light. Fragments of their talk occasionally reached the ears of my wife and others who could understand them, from which it appeared that their main topic was the opera.

"Ah, madame,"—he was interpreted to me as saying,—“If I could but be honoured with your presence in my box at Florence! The music would be angelic then.”

“The signor does me a great favour in expressing the wish.”

Yes; it was clear that he was hard hit, and that she knew it, and had no desire to dismiss him. And yet she was in no single point guilty of indiscretion, forwardness, or coquetry, in my opinion.

“That woman,” said my wife, “is abominable! Look how she hunts that poor man down. I suppose she fancies Sicily is a nicer country than Siberia, or wherever it is she comes from.”

“Well, my dear,” I replied, “it seems to me that the hunting is mutual. Really, I don't see why he shouldn't marry her, if they both like it.”

“She may be a mere tuft-hunting adventuress, for all we know,” said she. “I don't believe in her.”

“Well, but perhaps he knows more than we do.”

“I don't believe in her a bit. She's

hunting him down for his wealth and title, and is as much a princess as I am!”

The season was now at its height, and every room was occupied; the very last attic in the Hotel du Bon Vivant being secured by a German count, the Count Sigismund von Borokopek. He put down his name in the visitors' book like a man, and his whole demeanour was frank, open, and robust. He was extraordinarily fluent in English, as well as in French and Italian; German, of course, was his mother tongue, a few dialectical peculiarities noticeable in his pronunciation arising, he explained, from the circumstance of his being partly of Austrian, partly of Hungarian origin; the Borokopek estates being in the vicinity of Tokay.

We now numbered about eighty guests, and began to know one another pretty well; but somehow the count knew us all better than we knew one another, before he had been a week among us. He was a big, burly, fair man, so thoroughly British in appearance, and in his general characteristics, as to render it difficult, but for his proficiency in other languages, to believe that he was not a Briton born. He had knocked about the world a good deal, he said. Of the forty years he had passed in it, twenty had been spent in travelling, half of which time had been passed in England, and a good deal of the rest in America. Russia, too, he was acquainted with; and on the strength of that he introduced himself to the princess, and was evidently as much disposed to admire her as the baron himself.

Indeed, before very long, the attentions paid by Count Sigismund von Borokopek to that lady began seriously to disturb the serenity of the Baron Monteggiana-Favernelle; and in proportion as their rivalry progressed, so did the interest and amusement of the company progress with it.

“My dear Charles,” said my wife, “isn't she abominable *now*? She's a vulgar flirt; and at her age, too!—forty, if she's a day. And after entangling the baron, to go and egg on the count, and all in public too! It's bad enough to make love in public at all, but to do it to two men, one after the other— I say she's simply abominable!”

“Well, but, my dear,” I expostulated, “they are both making love to her at the same time. You see the count's castles

are much nearer to Russia than Sicily is, so perhaps she prefers to become Mrs. Count, etc., to the other thing."

Those of us who were not in love with the princess began to wish the absurd affair at an end. The lady was most unfairly fair to each; for she gave each of them enough encouragement to make them savagely jealous of one another, without going far enough with either to give the other any grounds of complaint. But for her beautiful eyes, I would compare her to a *tableau vivant* of Justice holding the scales. I can, however, safely liken her to Helen; for she was setting by the ears not only the two most interested individuals, but also the whole world about her; and it wanted but a spark to commence a conflagration, certainly an explosion, between those two.

We had an American at the Hotel du Bon Vivant, a quiet, thoughtful man, too much of an invalid to talk much, and very reserved in his manners. We little thought that the dreaded spark would be dropped by him; but it was.

The baron was describing to a knot of us, including the count, as we were lounging in the entrance-hall after luncheon, his Syracusan villa, with its exquisite gardens. The American was listening with his usual air of abstraction, and quietly interposed a question. "Did I understand you to say that the villa d'Aosta in the Strada di Palermo belongs to you?"

"Si, signor, the Villa d'Aosta you speak of is the one. It is mine. It has been in my family for several generations."

"You've got a tenant there now who's a friend of mine"—

"No, signor, no: I do not let my villa, nor other of my residences."

"Well, that's queer, I consider," said the American. "I came direct from Sicily last month, and a friend of mine was tenant of that villa for the winter, and I stayed a day or two with him in that very house. Guess there's some bunkum somewhere!"

Part of these remarks were made in Italian; some ejaculated in English.

"Bagatelle!" replied the Baron; "you are mistaken, signor! It must have been some other Villa d'Aosta."

"No, it wasn't," replied the American; "and for my part, I think you are no more a baron than I'm Julius Cæsar."

He certainly looked offended, though happily the last sentence was in English; in fact, he had been so unaccustomed to be contradicted, that it positively confused him. And I could not help noticing that the count looked excessively tickled, as well as triumphant.

That evening, when the baron advanced to attend the princess to the salon, she declined his offer to place the shawl on her shoulders, as he had always done; and in the most perfect manner, without snubbing or putting him down, allowed him to discover for himself that she was utterly indifferent to him. It was just as if the moon were to take the place of the sun, in a quiet and undemonstrative way, with no explanation given.

But, of course, an explanation was to be demanded; and as soon as the dinner was over, the baron sought, and obtained, a tete-a-tete in the corner of the Salle des Dames. We all had the decency to read *Gabignani*, or play bezique, or otherwise to throw a veil over our curiosity, as we anxiously watched the development of the plot, and tried to hedge our bets before it was too late.

Suddenly the baron started to his feet, and uttered a loud execrative exclamation, which I decline to translate. His soul now most clearly betrayed its passionate-ness, but there was rather more light than sweetness in his eyes as he glared round the room in search of the hapless American.

We all sprang to our feet too; the ladies near the door rapidly retreated, and the men looked at one another, half-amused, half-angrily.

"If I knew who had poisoned the mind of madame, I would 'dilaniate' him—tear him to pieces," shrieked the baron. "That Viper of an American!"

"It was not the American," answered the count, coming quietly out of the recess; "I told madame what he had discovered."

The baron so far forgot the perfectness of his manners, and evident desire to please, as with his open palm to slap the count on the face. But in another second he found himself in that physical check-mate known as *chancery*—and there, before the princess, in the Salle des Dames, was being displayed a scene from the British ring; chairs and tables going

everywhere, as the quadrupedal monster performed his erratic revolutions, amid the screams of women, the shouts of men, the groans of the maitre, and the indescribable cries of astonishment uttered by the whole staff of the hotel, which had been gathered together at the door by the first exclamations of the baron.

The Anglo-Saxon nationality having, in spite of the principle of non-intervention, separated the Latin and the Teuton, the defeated combatant was assisted to his room, and looked to by an English doctor who happened to be at the hotel, and who reported that, with the exception of a couple of broken teeth, nothing of consequence was to be apprehended beyond a further requisition of his services at a rencontre of a different character, which, however, would not be possible for some little time, owing to a difficulty his patient had in seeing. And the next morning we found that the maitre had given the baron notice to quit the *Bon Vivant* forthwith; and so we saw no more of the Baron *Monteggiana-Tavernelle*.

In ten days or so, the count received a letter from him, dated at Florence. In it the baron demanded satisfaction, and required that the count should meet him at Florence, or, if more convenient, at Rome. In reply, the latter expressed his readiness for an interview, but positively declined to fatigue himself with an unnecessary journey. The affair could very well be settled in the place where it began. The letter was carefully and fully directed, registered, and posted by the count himself.

In the ordinary course of events, an answer was due in four or five days at the farthest; but a fortnight passed without any, and at length he received the following, dated from Rome:—

“SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the honour which you have done me by addressing a letter to me at my house in Florence; and must apologize for my inability to understand it. Your name is strange to me; I was never in the place from which you write; I have not been in Florence for several months; and I must conclude that there is some mistake. It is possible that my name has been assumed by a rascally valet who robbed me last year of several private papers and

a considerable sum of money, but whom I could not conveniently prosecute.”

Then followed a description which tallied exactly with the appearance of our baron. It seems that the letter, being registered, had been sent on to the real baron at his residence in Rome, instead of being delivered to the false one at the address given by him at Florence.

The princess was no doubt overwhelmed with shame at finding that she had been encouraging a valet instead of his master; for she at once admitted the count to the privilege of paying her more attentions than ever. I think, too, she really liked him. Anyhow, he had proved himself substantially able to protect her; and the scuffle with his rival had in no degree lessened him in her esteem.

Of course we were not behind the scenes; and could only judge of the probable course of events by such little evidences as chance might throw in our way; but it was rumoured that the marriage was to take place from our hotel before Lent.

“The sooner the better,” said my wife; “if another man comes forward with better prospects, she’ll throw over the count, just as she did the baron.”

“But you see he wasn’t a baron, my dear,” I remonstrated; “not a real one, I mean, as the children say.”

“Well; and perhaps this is not a real count.”

“Dear me! what a joke it would be if he turned out to be somebody’s butler! I wish some Yankee would come and ask him a little about *his* place. We want a little life here just now.”

That day we had another fresh face at the *table-d’hôte*; this time an Englishman’s. He was very taciturn, but liked to look at the company and to listen to the conversation, and was much struck with the count. It occurred to me, too, that the count noticed him a great deal, so much so as to refuse some of the choicest dishes. But no one conversed with the stranger, and after dinner he retired to his room—the baron’s old room—and we saw no more of him till the next day at dinner. There was the same curiosity on the part of the count, who, by the way, spoke German exclusively now; but the stranger was absorbed in his dinner. Afterwards he strolled into the billiard-room to smoke a cigar.

By and by the count and I went in to have a quiet game, and there we found the new arrival comfortably lolling in an ample rocking-chair by the fire.

The count played badly, missing the easiest strokes. "You're off your play to-night, count," I said; "what's the matter?"

"Don't mind *me*, gentlemen," said the stranger; "I hope my being here don't make the count nervous,"—he put a very remarkable emphasis on the title,—“i don't play the continental way myself, though I do see a good many queer games at odd times. Now, was you ever in Scarboro', sir?” addressing the count. “No! Leeds? No! Hull, where the steamers start for Bremen? No! Manchester, perhaps,? No! Then,”—he had been sidling gradually nearer and nearer to the door as he talked, and was now between it and the count—“then suppose you and I go back, Mister Alexander Jenkinson, on this warrant I've got against you, for forgery of a check on Gleeson's Bank at Manchester for three thousand five hundred pounds! Oh yes; it's all right, and it's no good making a row. My name's Inspector Rawlings of the detective police, and me and my man here have had a pretty hunt after you; he and the gens d'armes are waiting for you outside the door.”

Poor princess, with two strings to her bow, and both of them rotten! Still my wife wouldn't pity her yet.

“But, my dear,” I expostulated, “the poor thing will have to marry some Russian now, perhaps a Laplander, or one of those fellows that drink train-oil with their dinner. And she such a monstrous fine woman too, to say nothing of her rank.”

However, we had but little further call on our sympathy, for the next day she left the hotel.

“So the princess is off,” I said to the maitre the same day, while paying my weekly bill.

“Monsieur said”—

“I said the princess is off—gone, *allee sortie, partie*, you know.”

“Oui, oui; but then, the *princesse*; who does monsieur wish to say, *princesse*?”

“Why, of course the Princess of—well, the Russian princess that didn't marry the baron or the—”

“Ah, bah! Who would call her a princess?”

“Why, you made us believe she was,” I indignantly rejoined, “by making believe she *wasn't*.”

“But Monsieur remembers without doubt that I said she was not a *princesse*?”

“So you did; but there's a way of saying no and looking yes.”

“Pardon, monsieur! The lady desired repose and to be in particular; and I, I assisted that she should so be.”

“Well—now she's gone, in fact, *what* is she?”

“Monsieur, she is teacher of the dance at Marseilles.”—*Philadelphia Keystone*.

AN ORATION FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IN an old copy of the “Masonic Casket,” published in 1823, we find an oration by Bro. J. R. Breckenridge before the craft at Versailles, Kentucky, on December 27th, 1821. It is beautiful and eloquent, and though some of its doctrines may now be questioned in the light of advancing intelligence, yet it is eminently worth reading by the craft of to-day, after it has slept more than half a century.—Editor *Masonic Review*. [Quite concurring, we have published it for our English readers.—EDITOR.]

Brethren and Fellow Citizens,—There exists in the human mind a sentiment of elevated and instinctive admiration for the more stern and lofty virtues of our nature. Thus when we contemplate the ardent patriotism of Epaminondas, breathing, as it were, along the line of his embattled countrymen; or the brave Leonidas, erecting his stately form in defiance of the storm of war; or the venerated Regulus, the destinies of contending empires resting on his nod, returning amid the agonized entreaties of his countrymen to Carthage, to death, our minds are filled with high emotion, and we catch with enthusiastic avidity the inspiration of their virtues.

There is something in the splendour of vast achievements that dazzles and bewitches; there is something in the pomp of successful ambition, which pours a tide of delusive joy over the human heart. Yet when we calmly investigate the deeds which attach such apparent dignity to the hero's

death, or shed such a lustre around the patriot's career, shall we not often find them cruel, bloody, and unchristian? Alas! what is the hero's fame but the wreck of human existence? Or, on what so frequently as the ruins of other nations, does the patriot erect the proud fabric of his own? Far different are the achievements which we are this day met to celebrate. The path of virtue is that of obscurity, and quietness, and peace. The light which shines along its rugged steep, unlike the meteor glories of the world, which dazzle to mislead us, and shine the brightest on the eve of their extinction, is steady and eternal. It enters the soul, and expands and elevates it to a region where the voice of human vanity is mute, and human splendours are but darkness.

This is the natal day of St. John the Evangelist. We are met to commemorate the birth and usefulness of one of the greatest benefactors of our species; one of the chosen messengers of heaven; the tenderest friend of the Saviour; the favourite disciple of our Lord. What more shall we say of him? Follow him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune; mark the depth of his self-devotion; the simplicity and dignity of his character; the sublimity of his conceptions; follow him through the splendours of his apocalyptic vision; then view him reposing on the bosom of his Master, and receiving at the cross the tenderest legacy the heart has to bequeath, and at every incident of his long life does not the heart leap with a prouder throb when we hail him as a brother and patron of our Order?

What has been said of this great contemporary may, with equal truth, be said of St. John. His powerful and diversified character seems to have combined the separate excellencies of all other sacred writers; the loftiness of Isaiah; the devotion of David; the pathos of Jeremiah; the vehemence of Ezekiel; the didactic gravity of Moses; the elevated morality and practical sense of St. James; the noble energies and burning zeal of St. Peter, added to the strong argumentative powers, depth of thought, and intensity of feeling, which so peculiarly distinguished the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Never was there a man more eminently fitted to combat the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and to fill up the glorious destiny which awaited him.

He who delineates the character of our existing and splendid institution is placed in the same situation with him who writes the biography of a living individual. Distinctive qualities cannot, indeed, be invented, nor the current of actions diverted from its channel; but every virtue may be made to shine with a lustre not its own; every excellence may be magnified; every imperfection veiled, and the unpretending rill, which wandered in silence through the mead, may become, if we accept the enthusiastic testimony of the admirer who traced its course, a majestic river, on whose broad bosom the wealth of nations floats. If, on the contrary, we view the picture as drawn by an enemy, we scarce recognize in the gloomy colouring and distorted countenance the least resemblance to those features which affection has engraven on our hearts. Prejudice has discontinued, or passion extinguished, the spring-blossom of their beauty; and though a faint likeness may be perceived, all the loveliness which endeared them to us is gone. It is one of the merciful effects of decay, that it scatters a benevolence of recollection around the objects which are subjected to its remorseless influence. It not only melts down prejudices, and extinguishes animosities, but it gives to affection itself a deeper tone of tenderness. It sheds a moon-light glory over its dominions, pale and pure, more serene and lovely than the flood of splendour poured from the meridian sun of life. That which is illuminated appears softer than when viewed in a stronger ray, while whatever was obscure or unsightly, sinks into masses of shadow, which the eye cannot penetrate, and which, while they conceal the deformity, give a character, a deeper solemnity to the whole scenery, and afford a pleasing contrast to the mild light, which sleeps upon it. Such are the more obvious difficulties which present themselves in the investigation before us. We profess not to be entirely free from their influence.

The science of Masonry consists of three departments, each in its nature distinct from the rest, yet all most intimately and beautifully connected. These departments are its symbols, its mysteries, and its principles. This is a distinction which, though not always made by Masons themselves, is not only intelligible, but absolutely necessary to the correct understand-

ing of the scope and design of the institution. Before the invention of letters, the knowledge of important events was preserved from generation by oral tradition. But the manifest danger that facts might be distorted, and concomitant circumstances embellished, by the fancy or prejudices of those through whom they were transmitted, pointed out the necessity of some more precise and restricted method for their communication.

Hence the use among all rude nations of symbolical figures. In the first dawnings of civilization, those representations were usually taken from the simplest and most common objects with which savages are conversant. As nations advanced in improvement, we find more obvious principles of science, and the implements for their practical use made subservient to the design of perpetuating the knowledge they possessed. Thus astronomy, agriculture, and architecture, have afforded materials for the most copious symbolic languages. From this latter are mostly drawn the hieroglyphics of Masonry, which constitute the most perfect system of the kind, of which any knowledge has been preserved. Their design is two-fold; through them has been transmitted to us the important occurrences in the history of our Order; and they afford besides the most beautiful illustrations of the precepts it inculcates, and the duties it enforces.

Whence may be seen their intimate connection in one of their uses with the mysteries, and the other with the principles of the institution. The former can be known to Masons only; the latter is ably explained in most of the numerous publications, which have treated of the subject. Of the mysteries of Masonry it is necessary to say but little. Their design must be known to all. They are the cord which binds us indissolubly to each other. It is by them that every Mason must vindicate to himself the rights and privileges of the order, and the peculiar immunities of each particular degree, which he may claim to possess. It is by their agency that we have been preserved, as we believe, from the foundation of the world, but as can be clearly proven, from the days of Solomon, a distinct and peculiar class. They constitute a science the most varied and beautiful, each degree complete in itself, yet the union of all

forming a symmetrical whole. They resemble the union of every colour in a ray of light.

When we reflect on their importance to the Craft; on the millions of human beings of every generation, who have been members of the Order, and on the strong communicative propensity of the species, we may be surprised that greater interest and anxiety are not evinced by the Craft generally, when the strong probability of their revelation is urged. This apparent apathy arises from the conviction that such suggestions are vain and false. The disclosure of the minutest mysteries of the Order would exhibit a degree of desperate and short-sighted villany but rarely to be found in the history of mankind. There is also another consideration which tends to produce the same effect. Mysteriously as our secrets have been preserved, and important as it certainly is that the knowledge of them should be confined to the members of the institution, its gradations of distinction and skill would render the disclosure of them much less ruinous than is generally imagined. He who is possessed of the mysteries of one, or even of several degrees of Masonry, is no more a Mason than an acquaintance with a few of the simplest mathematical axioms confers a knowledge of the stupendous operations of that boundless science, or than the smattering of a few sentences of unintelligible jargon can give a just perception of the rich and exhaustless beauties which the stores of classical literature unfold.

There are few inquiries more interesting in their nature than those institutions, which have occupied much of the consideration of mankind, or which could exert much influence over their happiness. Nor can we in any way more readily effect the object of our research, than by an examination of the principles by which their actions have been directed. For though the consequences of our actions may be frequently unknown to us, and are generally beyond our control, a scrutiny of the causes which have operated to produce them, and of the rules by which they have been directed, will supply us with some idea of the general result. Fortunately, in the present instance, the object of our attention is not of difficult attainment. The principles of Masonry are as widely diffused as the extent of creation. They

are drawn from the operations of nature, and the injunctions of nature's God. Formed at first by that reason, which so peculiarly distinguishes man above all other creatures, and perfected by the successive revelations which the Almighty has been pleased to make us of His will, they constitute a system of the purest and most perfect morality. The hallowed volume of inspiration is the depository of our faith, our principles, and our hopes. By its light we hope to be directed through the gloomiest dispensations of life; to be cheered by its influence in "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and covered with it, as with a mantle at the judgment bar of God!

The effects of such an institution upon society at large, and upon the individual happiness of men, cannot avoid being permanent and useful. That which exists only by system and order, cannot encourage confusion and insubordination, unless by the vilest species of moral suicide. That which seizes hold on the strongest and tenderest sympathies of the human heart, and wields them through a succession of years and of honours by the most powerful impulses which are known to our nature, must, by the plainest law of our intellectual constitution, strengthen our virtuous affections, and vastly increase the desire and faculties of knowledge. If this be to dupe and degrade mankind, then were our revilers right to spurn and despise us. But if we direct you to all the lessons of the past, and show you that government itself has derived its firmest support from those virtues which we most especially inculcate; if we point you to the smiles of the helpless, the benedictions of the widow, and the rich tribute of the orphan's tears cheering us on our way, then may we condemn the ignorance which derides us, and look forward with confidence to the track of glory which will illuminate our course, when the childish virulence of Robinson, and the learned malice of Baruel shall be buried amid the rubbish of a barbarous antiquity.

Masonry, the depository of virtue, of arts, philosophy, and freedom, enlightened our continent in the days of its barbarity, and now sheds its benign influence around the rising glory of another. Every part of created nature is the subject of its contemplation and its influence. From the

minutest ingredient of an atom, up through all the gradations of beauty and of being, to the spangled myriad of glories which surround and light us, it traces and reveals the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. Its principles, commensurate as we may say, with the existence of man, have survived the shock of time, and the decay of empires. Nations have arisen, and have triumphed, and have passed away, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might repose, or whence history could trace the story of their fame. The land of Maro, and Tacitus, and Tully, exists only in the decayless empire of the mind. Their descendants, standing amid the monuments of their country's freedom, and the decaying tombs of those at whose frown the nations trembled, in unblushing corruption hug their gilded chains, and smile over their infamy!

The canvas glowed beneath the pencil of Apollon, and the marble breathed under the chisel of Phidias; Athens was mute at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the waves of his rocky Chios were still at the sound of Homer's harp. Yet the land of Aristotle is now the abode of ignorance, and the descendants of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis live—and are slaves! The shade of Hercules no longer dwells on the top of Mount Cæta. The heights of Olympus, the banks of the Peneus, and the vale of Tempe no longer resound to the Muses' song, or Apollo's lyre. The glory of Achilles has departed from Larissa; Thebes has forgotten the martial summons of Cadmus. Mycenæ no longer dwells on the fame of Agamemnon, and Philippi could not learn from Brutus to be free! The altars of Ida, and Delos, and Parnassus, are crumbled into dust; Platœa has forgotten the triumphs of Pausonius, and the sea of Marmora that the wreck of an invader once rotted on its waves! Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects which would seem from their nature less liable to change or decay. Learning, arts, and accomplishments, have changed with successive generations, or perished beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism.

Not so with Masonry. Race has followed race, as wave chases wave upon the bosom of the deep until it dashes against the shore, and is seen no more. Thus our Order has withstood the concus-

sions of a thousand generations. The billows of every sea have lashed its sides, and the storms of every age have poured their fury round its head. Perfect at its creation, sublime amid all the changes which have convulsed the world, its adamant column will stand unshaken throughout all the revolutions of the ages which are to come; or, if it should fall crushed beneath the weight of its own incumbent magnificence, it will carry with it in its ruin half the happiness and half the wisdom of mankind. When the Eternal shall gather in his grasp the splendid retinue of worlds which constitute his train, and call into judgment all the souls which have peopled them, then will the principles we profess survive the general desolation, and be consummated in the glories of measureless eternity.

Such is the brief outline of our institution, which, from its remote antiquity—its unknown origin—its mysterious preservation, and its vast extent, forms the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of mankind. As far back as the human vision can penetrate, we behold her moving in quiet majesty along the stream of time, apparently unconcerned in the events which were transpiring, but really exerting an influence over the concerns of men—mute, indeed, but extensive as the countries over which her votaries were dispersed.

The sketch which we have given is but a distant external view of the temple of our Order. A superficial view of the cartoons of Raphael will not bring the observer acquainted with the style of that master. Much time must be devoted to each to feel its individual force and grandeur of outline and expression; for although they are all the productions of the same matchless pencil, and have all therefore a correspondent style, they cannot be judged of, one by the other, but must be diligently studied apart. Thus it is with this stupendous fabric. Every attitude in which it can be viewed is striking and magnificent; but every change of situation produces a correspondent change of appearance. To those who are not Masons we would say—study well its graceful proportions, its imposing aspect, its rich and gorgeous decorations. Every view will afford a lesson for future practice. Here the natural and dignified simplicity; the exquisite symmetry of Doric architecture,

solicits your admiration; there you behold the richer Ionic drawn, as we are told, from the matchless proportions of Diana, and made immortal by being used in her Ephesian temple. Moving on, you may contemplate the plain and solid strength of the Tuscan; the rude magnificence of the Gothic, and the light and graceful proportions, the delicate and rich decorations of the beautiful Corinthian.

Brethren and Companions :—To you we would say, enter the expanded portals of our consecrated dome. Contemplate with awe and admiration the splendours which surround you. Remember that you stand upon holy ground, and amid the labours of the best and wisest of mankind. The accumulated trophies of countless generations lie open before you. All that is lovely in nature; all that genius could create, or skill embody, solicits your admiration, and urges you to advance. Pause not with heathen indifference at the vestibule, but prosecute your search through the glittering apartments, until you shall arrive at the Holy of Holies, and gaze undazzled upon its flood of glory. Each step you advance will afford you a richer theme for admiration; a stronger inducement to virtue, an undiscovered source of usefulness and knowledge!

May your lives "become beautiful as the Temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as its most holy place. May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering. May the exercise of your charity be as constant as the returning wants of the distressed widow and helpless orphan. May the approbation of Heaven be your encouragement, and the testimony of a good conscience your support. May you be endowed with every good and perfect gift while travelling the rugged path of life, and finally admitted within the veil of Heaven to the full enjoyment of life eternal!" So mote it be. Amen.—

HENCKABY BUDGINTON'S LITTLE DINNER.

HENCKABY BUDGINTON, or as his friends mostly term him, plain Henckaby, is a



member of a most distinguished family, which came in with William the Conqueror. Drogo de Budginton is mentioned as presiding over the cooks at the battle of Hastings; and it is generally believed among the Budgintons, male and female, that this taste for "la cuisine" has been transmitted through succeeding generations to Henckaby himself, for he is famous for two things, his admiration of the fair sex, and his love of a good dinner. Though a married man now of some years, he often talks of the hour when, as he says, "militavi none sine gloria," and though since that time he adds "parma bene relicta," he has not changed. As his friend, Captain O'Leary, says, "Bedad sir, it's the natchur of the baste." Hence our friend, Henckaby, for I hope he is your friend, kindly reader, as well as mine, is always doing many gallant little things, and saying numberless pretty little words, which procure him much favour in the eyes of those angelic beings who constitute so much of the happiness, and so much of the "botheration" of us lords of the creation. Nothing so delights him as to take his fair friends to the theatre, or the opera; no one so well arranges a little luncheon for the dear and hungry creatures at Verey's or the Criterion; no one is so friendly to Blackwall or Greenwich; no one is so ready for an excursion to Richmond or the "Palais du Crystal," in the words of the enthusiastic Frenchman, as our Henckaby, always active, and ever full of "bonhomie." And then it is that you see him really in his element. "Doing the civil" is evidently, as Mr. Bushe would say, his "forte." His attentions to those gentle beings, those gushing angels, who constitute the grace and delight of his friendly circle, are most touching and unceasing. Nothing escapes his observation, nothing eludes his consideration, nothing is overlooked by his solicitous foresight. Henckaby is, therefore, in high favour, and peans to his name are continually arising, and to his good "intentions." You hear soft voices saying so pleasantly—how agreeable a woman's praise always is—"Henckaby is so pleasant," "Henckaby is so thoughtful," "Henckaby is so very nice," "Henckaby is so good-natured," "Henckaby is such a vivacious companion." If, like the chameleon who lives on flies, Henckaby could live on praise from liquid voices and bright

eyes—praise, as old John Jones says, "praise, sir, from good lungs and better digestions," Henckaby, I repeat, is, or ought to be, the happiest of mortals. Old John Jones, whom I have just quoted, a retired major of much service and more wounds, is evidently, as most of our "vieux militaires" are—though why I know not—of a cynical disposition. If we seek the recondite causes of things, it may be difficult to say why it should be so. Perhaps some unlucky brevet, some slipshod dispatch, some cruel beauty who ought to have been Mrs. Jones, and is Mrs. Hodgkin, may be at the bottom of our good old friend's "brusquerie." Be this as it may, John Jones vigorously shakes his head at Henckaby's goings on, and says in his loud voice, and "ore rotundo," "A married man, sir, in my opinion, ought to attend to No. 1. He is tied up, sir, manacled, sir, fettered for life, sir, to one and only one dear deluding seraph, and he has no business, sir, no business to constitute himself a general admirer, a 'Clumber spaniel,' sir, of the sex. My experience of females, sir, is not good; my opinion of them, sir, is not high. But I know it's no use talking. Henckabies will ever abound where women 'most do congregate,' and they will be always dubbed by that impressionable body of beings, 'so good natured; and so very useful.'" I for one do not agree with John Jones in his long tirade. As a rule, women have both the "savoir faire" and good sense, in a higher ratio than men. That they like attention is not blameable in itself, but none are more clear-sighted than they are as to the actual merits and sterling worth of men. If Henckaby finds any favour in their eyes, you may depend upon it there is some good in Henckaby, though, like the modest violet, as his friend, Dr. Bayley, says, "he is born to blush unseen, and hide his sweetness in the dusty air." The doctor adds, he believes that this quotation is from Shakespeare, either Coriolanus or Troilus and Cressida.

All this is what the Germans call an "Einleitung." Henckaby took it into his wise head the other day, as his spouse was going to the Derby in a break with some cheerful friends, to give a little dinner to a very charming person, "a great friend," as he remarked, "of my dear, dear wife." Accordingly, Henckaby arranged the follow-

ing little "Menu," which I have thought well to transcribe, for sentimental old gentlemen and hungry youths. "Printanier au Riz." Saumon, sauce Tartare. Petits Biftecks, and new potatoes. Tendrons de Veau, Sauce Sucree. Quartier d'Agneau roti, Haricots verts. Cannelons rotis, petits pois. Asperges. Gelée au Maraschin. Meringues Glacés. Mayonnaise a l'Homard. Champagne, Chateau d'Iquem, La Rose, Fromage de Neufchâtel, &c., &c., &c. Now this "Menu" does Henckaby great credit, and if two people or four people cannot enjoy themselves on it, all I can say is, they deserve to have Government skilly for dinner for the rest of their natural lives. Well, the dinner came, and the dinner was eating. The entrees were well cooked; the Champagne was "bien frappé;" and Henckaby was saying in dulcet tones, "another little slice," (I presume of the "Cannelons,") when rap rap, tap tap, went the door, and in bounced Mrs. Henckaby. Whether it was that that excellent female had not had a good luncheon at Epsom, or whether she had, as some ladies are said to have done, backed "Camballo," and not put anything on "Galopin," I don't pretend to know or say, but she evidently was a little startled, and not altogether pleased, as her voice was elevated, and her remarks abrupt. It seems that the astute Henckaby had understood that the Derby party, as they had lunched together, would dine together on their return, and so he had not exactly calculated on his angel returning so soon to her domestic shrine; and though her husband was only dining with her dearest friend—it is not all wives who encourage what Mrs. Partington calls "flatonic lesions." However, there she was. "Yes, sir," says John Jones, "she was there, by Jove, and no mistake." How the rest of the dinner passed over, I cannot tell you, as it is a subject which, for some reason inexplicable to me, Henckaby does not even like ever to allude to. It seems a great pity if so good a dinner should have been spoiled by any little domestic contretemps; or if so very agreeable a tête-a-tête should have been broken up by uncongenial elements, for some people do say, "two is company, and three is none." But such is life! The only moral I can dream of for the benefit of any of my readers from this

veracious little chronicle is, "do not give a bachelor's party on the Derby day, and unless you are quite sure that your 'petit soins' will not be thrown away." A moral did I say? Old John Jones declares that he thinks Henckaby was rightly served. "A married man, sir," he says, speaking loudly and emphatically, "ought always to think of his wife, sir. I don't approve of a chap like Henckaby forgetting that he is really a married man, sir." Dr. Bayley adds, "I should have managed better, I think, 'sub regno bonæ Cinaræ.'" But what do my readers—what do the ladies say? Verdict. Female foreman of the jury: "We find Henckaby Budginton guilty; but with extenuating circumstances." So let us all say. But I fancy that Henckaby will never give a dinner on the Derby day again, even to his dear wife's dearest friend, but will reserve his "agremens" for that domestic circle, where he shines so much, and always makes himself so agreeable.

T. T.

IMAGININGS.

O happy day-dreams of the heart,
Mid hazy clouds of care,
All hail! ye fair imaginings,
Bright castles in the air,
Which still can soften and can soothe,
Can comfort and beguile
Us all, as on life's way we wend
For many a weary mile!

The pulse beats high, fair weather ours,
Brave sunshine gilds the scene,
The earth is full of verdure,
The sky is all serene;
No hearts are sad, no tear-drops fall
In this our pleasant day,
But golden dreams and gracious fancies
Strew flowerets on our way.

Bless'd hour for suffering mortals,
Glad gift to toiling man,
Which lightened with exulting faith,
And with hope's rainbow span,
Bids troubles and despondent sighs
In the far distance stay,
Which summons from their soft retreat
The perfumed hours of May.

And then there come to all of us,
 High hopes and pensive joys,
 The gayer pageants of the brain,
 Like children's painted toys ;
 The calm resolves, the earnest will,
 And loyal love and true ;
 Fond aspiration's gay mirage,
 The heart which trusts, the lips which sue.

And o'er our being comes a spell
 Of fancy's bright regime,
 Imaginings of radiant power,
 Give to the things which seem
 The earnest of a higher sphere,
 Dear phantasies and fears,
 Which throw the glamour of their greatness
 O'er the march of toiling years.

Though common things and common cares
 Are here the lot of all ;
 Though ever in this wilderness
 The same events befall
 Us all in various measure still,
 Whether humble, whether high,
 There are for all imaginings,
 Memories which never die.

Yes, mid the heartlessness of years,
 By the dead sea of our joys,
 Mid the tumults and the echoes
 Of this earth's empty noise,
 That heart alone can aye be calm,
 That mind contentedly abide,
 Which finds its own long-treasured thoughts
 Its pleasure and its pride.

Dream on, dream on, O laughing youth,
 Dream on, maturer life,
 Drown your discordant sonnets
 Grey hairs and aged strife,
 In all those loftier longings,
 Imagination's bliss,
 Which tell you now mid mortal tears,
 Of a truer home than this.

There shall one day dawn upon the world
 A brighter, fairer scene,
 The present has faded from our gaze,
 With the follies that have been ;
 And then, brave heart and tender trust,
 Fond hopes which never cease,
 Shall find that their imaginings,
 Have chang'd to knowledge and to peace.

A. F. A. W.

THE MYSTIC ORDER.

THE approaching dedication of the Grand Masonic Temple at New York, which is to take place next June, is our apology, if any be needed, for presenting a brief sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of this world-renowned fraternity. Although the popular idea of Freemasonry is, or used to be, that of a secret conclave, having intrenched itself with mysterious and terrible rites and ceremonies, and bound together by fearful oaths and fiery ordeals ; yet a better acquaintance with the genius of the institution, is said to reveal so much to commend, as to leave comparatively little against which exception might be taken. True, it is environed with profound mystery, and this is by some urged—justly or unjustly—as an objection against it ; yet, as there is otherwise so much of interest connected with the Order, we will not disenchant the inquisitive reader by divulging any of its occult secrets, but glance at some of its works and results, that have become historic. Like almost every other influential institution, Masonry has been the object alike of extravagant encomium by its friends, and unmerited obloquy by its opponents. Without attempting to reconcile these dividing opinions, we shall steer between them, and thus, doubtless, arrive at a more just estimate. Viewed merely as an eleemosynary association, its generous benefactions are worthy of all honour ; but its aims and purposes are said to be more than these : it not only ministers to the necessities of suffering humanity, but its system of symbolism—a science that has ever been closely allied with poetry and religion—is replete with significance, teaching such lessons of morality and ethics as must win approval.

Freemasonry, in its theory, regards mankind as a common brotherhood, irrespective of colour, clime, condition, creed. It does not, therefore, reject from its fellowship any but the atheist, or those who are found to be deficient in personal morality, while all of an opposite character, whether Jew, Mohammedan, or Christian, are regarded as equally admissible to its privileges. Although it professes to derive its creed and code from the Bible—which is said to be ever found upon its altars—yet, since it thus liberally groups together men of such

diversity of creeds, *all* cannot, of course, strictly be called *Christians*, although many Christians are among its supporters. Freemasonry is to be regarded as an institution of human devising—whose principal design is to conserve the bodily well-being of men; while Christianity—of divine origin—has to do with their spiritual welfare. They can never, of course, become identical; all that needs be desired, perhaps, is that they come not into antagonistic conflict. Claiming, as it does, to be established upon the immutable principles of virtue, truth, and charity, it need not surprise us that under thegis of these good genii, its historic annals should be replete with glorious memories, and while these guardian angels keep watch and ward over its works and ways, the world can scarcely afford to dispense with its philanthropic service.

Man being essentially a gregarious and social being, there have ever existed in all civilized communities, associations of men, for the purpose of mutual profit and protection. Each department of human industry has, consequently, had its appropriate representatives among the various societies and guilds of science, literature, and in the arts of life. Hence, among other benevolent institutions, that of Freemasonry took its rise; and wider in the range and sphere of its benefactions than most others, it has lived through centuries, to bless mankind. Where the foot of the adventurous traveller may stray—from the thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice to the savannas of the sunny south, in the far-off east or remotest west—there the friendly greeting and aid of a Mason may, by a mystic sign, be secured by any brother in need.

Franklin thus speaks of Freemasonry: "It has secrets peculiar to itself, but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens which serve as testimonials of character and qualification, which are conferred after due instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains her power. Let the possessors of them be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned; let them be stripped of everything they have in the world, still

their credentials remain, and are available for use, as circumstances may require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the incontestable facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer, they have subdued the rancour of malevolence, and broken down the barriers of political animosity and sectarian alienation."

Many traditions are held as to the origin of the institution, but they are generally regarded as merely mythical and legendary. According to some writers, it took its rise from a band of Craftsmen in Tyre, who went to Jerusalem to assist in the erection of Solomon's Temple; hence the great prominence given in the ritual and symbols of the Order to that memorable edifice. By others it has been traced to the ancient Egypt, and again to the times of the Crusades, and the Masons of Strasburg, in 1275. Some bard has thus put the legend in verse:

"They're traced on lines in the Parthenon,

Inscribed by the subtle Greek,
And Roman legions have carved them on
Walls, roads, and arches antique.
Long ere the Goth, with a vandal hand,
Gave scope to his envy dark,
The honoured Craft in many a land,
Had graven its Mason-mark.

"The obelisks old, and the pyramids,

Around which mystery clings—
The hieroglyphs on the coffin-lids
Of weird Egyptian kings.
Carthage, Syria, Pompeii—
Buried and strewn and stark,
Have marble records that will not die—
Their primitive Mason-mark.

"Those Craftsmen old had a genial whim,
That nothing could ere destroy;
With a love of their art that naught could
dim,

They toiled with a chronic joy,
From Tiber to Danube, from Rhine to
Seine,

They need no 'Letters of marque';
Their art was their passport in France and
Spain,
And in Britain, their Mason-mark."

Baldwin's Monthly.

CONVERSATION.

THERE has been a great deal in the newspapers lately on the subject of conversation, suggested by the advertisement of a Professor of that art.

If we were professors of the art of Conversation, we should begin with the teeth. If, according to the philosopher, a lie is too good a thing to waste, so is the effect which may be produced in conversation by the judicious display of the teeth. Teeth is only, after all, another word for smile—in the nomenclature of the art of conversation.

How often, then, in every rank (except the lowest, and, in this matter, the wisest), by the clergyman, the lawyer, the editor, the dry-goods merchant, the artist, the woman of society especially, do we see the beautiful device of the smile utterly wasted and frittered away. There is nothing which can be more inane and ineffective; there is nothing capable of greater utility and force. The trouble is, that most people, who appreciate the power of this device, smile perpetually, from the beginning to the end of a conversation. The background of facial expression should be rather of a neutral, or perhaps even sombre tone—against which the high light of a sudden smile may be glowingly relieved.

At the beginning of the session with the person before whom your art is to be exercised, the smile, of course, is in order. The features should then take their natural position in repose; or should, if the circumstances seem to require it, assume a graver expression; it might, indeed, be well to show the lines of the brow somewhat drawn together, with a suggestion of trouble, or at least of concentrated attention. Above all things, remember that when your vis-à-vis begins what promises to be a prolonged humorous narration, your face must instantly relapse into quiet. The smile may begin early in the story—but should be very light and inconspicuous at first, gradually diffusing itself over the entire countenance and coming to a climax with the point of the story—either in an actual laugh, or, still better, in a radiant smile of appreciation, tip-toe on the verge of laughter, and a hundred times more effective for its reticence. No one who

has made use of this method will ever return to the old and inelegant system—tiring to yourself and unsatisfactory to your interlocutor—of beginning the facial audience, if we may so call it, at the highest pitch at the outset of his narration, and vainly endeavouring to keep up the strain upon the features to the end. The consequence of such a course is, that either the smile becomes hard and mechanical, or that precisely when most needed it altogether disappears, and you are forced to some clumsy substitute.

You may say that the rule just given is too simple to be regarded. But behold the disastrous results that have followed the ignoring of a method so simple—so entirely within the reach of all. History tells us of a man who rose to the highest political positions on the mere strength of a smile. A discerning and witty people associated the exercise of this gift with his very name. He knew how to smile; but he did not know how not to smile. The constant use of this method of conversation gave his features as decided a set as that which was more artificially produced in the case of Victor Hugo's "homme qui rit." His art was only half learned, and the old adage was again proved true, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

We might cite another case in which the art of a whole social life-time was betrayed—we will not say nullified—in ripe old age. There was a man who smiled subtly and successfully through fifty seasons. He then contracted the not unusual habit of falling asleep in company. There would not have been anything serious in this, had he taken the precaution carefully to re-adjust his features before letting himself drop into sweet oblivion. But no; instead of this, he would permit the nicely-arranged expression with which he had listened to the last pleasing commonplace still to linger meaningless and ghastly upon his countenance, while his head dropped against the wall or upon his shoulder.

We had nearly forgotten one important point. The most exquisitely proportioned smile will utterly fail of its effect, if the features too quickly resume their ordinary tone. The hand, or rather face, of the master is shown in nothing more conspicuously than in the delicate shading off of expression. This is the crowning art, by which the art is hidden.

We have no intention of entering at present upon the general subject of facial expression, and only suggest that there is no reason why the Delsarte system should be confined to the public stage. A Professor of Conversation should include in his curriculum a modification of this method, especially adapted to the shorter distances of the reception-room and parlour, and with reference to the direct and reflected lights, and the different tones of the street and the house, both by day and night. It is evident that the expression of the same temper and mental attitude—surprise, flattery, devotion, interest, pique, or what not—must require a different arrangement of the features according to the dress, surroundings, and especially the quantity and quality of the light.

That the utilization of the countenance in conversation is largely a matter of education there can be no doubt. We are well aware that there are persons who are conscious of a strange immobility of features; who feel that their faces are, in very truth, veils and disguises; who, at certain moments of their lives, feel that they would give all they possess if they could tear away the mask and expose their true feature, alight with appreciation. But it is a question whether early and persistent education might not have done something for unfortunates like these. On the other hand, you may have seen men who had carried this education to such a pitch that they could execute a visual storm-symphony with nothing but the face for orchestra.

As an example of what may be accomplished by concentrated effort in this direction, we should be glad if we could present here a photograph of the face of the fish vendor we met this morning on Fourth Avenue. He was carrying two pails containing fish, balanced one on each side from a shoulder-piece such as you see more frequently in foreign countries, and his whole countenance was given up to the shrill, concentrated, imperative statement of: "Wee-hi-ah,—striped bass!" There was no feature, no line or wrinkle of his crooked countenance that was not abandoned to this one end. A scientific study of a face—and of faces—like that, we are sure would be of incalculable benefit to a Professor of the Art of Conversation. He would be enabled, finally, by analysis and

classification, to read even in the silent countenance the inveterate phrase; and he could easily deduce his rules and suggestions. The knowledge so acquired would be of use in other ways. Every man has a favourite pun, or story, or sentence of some kind, which at last makes itself apparent in the set of his features.

"* * * There lies

A conversation in his eyes."

This should be a warning in your own case as to the manner of phrase permitted to dominate your outward presentment; and in the case of a stranger you might learn, by looking at him, the very pun or harangue that is sure to come—and in this way make good your retreat.

There are persons who, in conversation, have the faculty of putting you in the wrong on your own ground. You are, for instance, devoted to the Venus of Milo, so called. You have always considered that your "favourite statue." You have in your house the very best reproduction of it extant—cast from the original, and procured by you at great expense and no little trouble; and day by day you gain new pleasure in it, and new admiration for it. You meet Mr. A. B. C. in friendly discourse, and suddenly find yourself forced by his exclusive, appropriating *culte* of the Venus, into what, even to yourself, seems, for the time being, not merely a condition of ignorance and lack of appreciation, but into almost a virulent personal animosity toward the statue. It is as if, in some dream of horror, you had flown at your idol, and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

Against conversationalists of this kind you cannot be too assiduously on guard. One method of self-protection is this. Every intelligent man has, say fifty opinions about each topic of conversation that may be suggested. In his own mind, each opinion holds its proper relation, and although the two extremes might, detached, appear incongruous, yet, in his own consciousness, they all have sense and sequence. In conversing with the ordinary mortal, it is not necessary to marshal these opinions in solid continuous columns. Conversation should not be a battle, but a spring-day excursion into the country, with agreeable companions, in search of trailing arbutus. Yet there are times

when you must advance with your heaviest battalions. If you do not, you will find all your resources drawn upon for the defence at a disadvantage of some point in itself insignificant. In other words, state only your leading thought, the one that represents your reigning mood. This is the course to pursue, unless you are wickedly given to feints and alarms, and all sorts of tantalizing manœuvres.

Beware, also, of another kind of conversationalist—the man of negation, the cynic, the anti-enthusiast. Ten chances to one he is not the terrible fellow he seems. Ninety-nine chances in an hundred he is hiding his own conscious incapacities and ignorance under this shoulder-shrugging acquiescence, this well-bred doubt—well-bred it is, only superficially, for at heart it hides the very essence of ill-breeding, the desire to hold always the position of advantage at whatever cost to others—in a word, selfishness. Moreover, you are likely to find this very man deprecatingly given to certain select enthusiasms of his own. It is here that you can bring him to the test, and find him human.

There is still another sort of converser against whom warning is of no avail. There is no conversation possible with a person who talks in paragraphs, the separate sentences nicely balanced, and ending with monosyllables only when they are most effective; the thought embodied in these paragraphs—opinions of men and systems, no matter how complex—as finished as the stereotyped paragraphs themselves; and no modifications allowed except in foot-notes, also stereotyped!

We are inclined to believe it would be better to teach people how *not* to converse. Conversation, or what goes by that name now-a-days, is a hot-house growth. Good conversationalists seem to have lost their perfume in the over-development of certain showy parts. When a man begins to be a good conversationalist, he begins to lose ground as a man.

It is not at all silly, however, this Professor's advertisement. The fact that conversation can be taught, shows what an artificial thing it is. You can teach almost any one to make wax flowers. We know of but one man in America who can give

you the soul of a water-lily on canvas, and nobody taught him the trick.

Scribner's American Monthly.

LIVE MASONRY AS WELL AS TEACH IT.

BY J. R. BOYCE, M W., MONTANA.

In my address to them I have tried to urge upon the lodges the necessity of practical Masonry, especially calling their attention to the standing resolution of the Grand Lodge, passed in 1870, denouncing as high treason against the most vital tenets of Masonry, the crimes of gambling, drunkenness, licentiousness, and profanity, realizing that the time has now come in our history when we must assume our true position and place ourselves right before society, relative to these sinners. They are too flagrant a violation of our teachings, and too commonly practised to be lightly passed over; the mantle of charity will no longer cover them, and the hour for action has come; we may no longer shun the responsibility of respecting the opinions of society; the Grand Lodge has placed her seal of condemnation on these practices, and our sister Grand Lodges have approved, yet these wholesome regulations have remained on our statutes a dead letter, unpractised and unenforced. Brethren, otherwise good and true, have well nigh ruined themselves: our lodges have been mute; a mawkish charity has held them back from enforcing our laws, and our beloved Order has lost, in a great measure, her prestige as the harbingers of morality. Good Masons stand appalled at the fearful violation of the Masonic law, and society condemns the flagrant violation of what all know to be Masonic duty. These departures from duty must cease, or we lose our heritage. Brethren, we have good material; men as true as steel; men who would ornament any society on earth, if we will only break off the rough corners, and fit them for the builder's use. But we have rested in the glory of our beautiful ritual, admired its grandeur, and the drapery in which it is clothed, and forgotten that without exemplification in every-day life it is only a relic of the mystic past. Masonry is either something

to be practised, or its teachings are valueless. It teaches sublime truths; it arrays itself in gorgeous drapery; it points grandly to the beautiful, the good, and the true; it elevates the evergreen of immortality; it tells of high duty and glorious hopes; it lifts the veil of the future and points to immortality and a glorious resurrection and eternal life; yet how far below these grand visions and duties do we practice? Brethren, can we hope longer to maintain our heritage, and enjoy our birthright, unless we live Masonry as well as teach it? It is important that the minds of the Craft be constantly called to the vital importance of a more thorough investigation into the character and qualifications of candidates. You cannot take a candidate without he be worthy and well qualified, and make him a Mason by conferring degrees. He must be a *man*, God-like, his vision undimmed by vice, his thoughts elevated, his reason bearing full sway, stamped with the divine impress, or degrees will *never* make him a Mason. You may manipulate him, and restrain him for a time, but "Truth is mighty and will prevail;" his true character will develop itself, and when too late you will find that you have either a pestiferous meddler or a useless drone. Where were you taught to look first for the embodied principles of Masonry? At the heart. Will degrees make a Mason, and create what does not exist in a man? Never! never! Principles, eternal principles deeply planted by the *great I AM*, can only make Masons. Degrees make members; *Deity makes Masons*. Take one who only knows Masonry as the parrot is taught language, and when all is lovely he may seem to be what he professes, but let the hour of trial come, and you will find him ready to rebel against the principles and teachings of our Order, and exhibit the properties of the *thistle* instead of the *olive*. But, my brethren, are we not in a measure guilty in this, that we do not practise what we teach initiates? We present to the initiate our sublime ritual, explain its moral, and he is deeply impressed with all he sees and hears; he goes forth from the lodge with high resolves and glorious purposes; he meets his teacher and other members to whom he looks up for exemplification, and he sees and hears those for whom he has such reverence violating all the precepts of

the moral law, and he feels how are the mighty fallen, and concludes there is nothing in Masonry, only its high-sounding professions, and his Masonry is dwarfed by the influence of those to whom he looks up for example, and is either encouraged to violate our regulations or disgusted with our hypocrisy. Brethren coming up from the various camps, valleys and mountains of our lovely territory, entrusted with the watch-care of Masonry, it is your duty to make its laws, expound its principles, and reflect its high prerogatives, and to establish it permanently as the grand old mountains by which we are surrounded, laying broad and deep its foundation of fundamental principles, and crowning it with the evergreen of beautiful exemplification, drawing to it the good and true, and repelling all that is vicious and bad. See ye to it that true Masonry is reflected, its high and holy mission truly exemplified. Mankind, as well as the brotherhood of Masons, have claims upon you. Masonry is designed to benefit mankind, or it is the veriest humbug that ever disgraced the world. Go forth from the sacred temple of Masonry imbued with its spirit, teach its principles, and practise its precepts; thus will you bring glory and honour to our noble Order. You will be judged by an impartial world by your acts, and he that practises our beautiful moral lessons will receive honour rather than he who prates of *virtue* and practises vice.—*The Craftsman, Canada.*

MESSRS. FELTOE AND SONS' "Specialité" Sherry appears to be gaining great popularity, and, speaking from practical experience, we can honestly recommend it to the notice of our readers. A thoroughly good and pure wine, at a moderate price, has long been a great desideratum, and Messrs. Feltoe and Sons embrace in their wine all the above advantages, and far outdistance any competitor in the field. A large body of the medical profession speak in the highest terms of its purity, pleasant flavour, and special features in its composition, rendering it a very essential article in an invalid's diet.