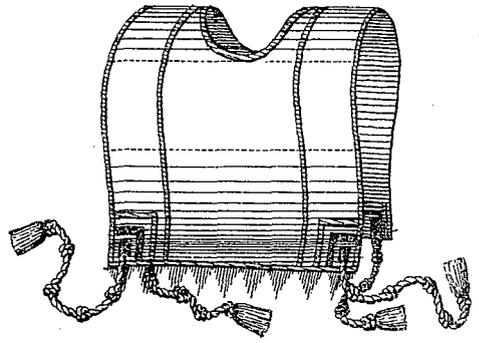
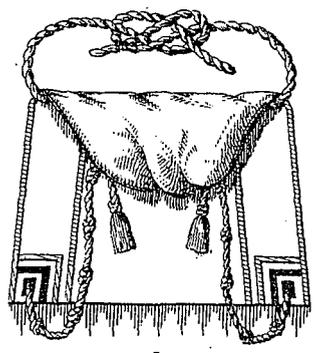


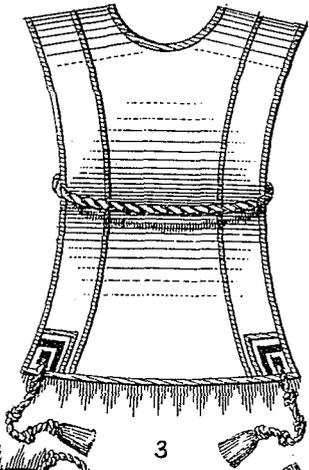
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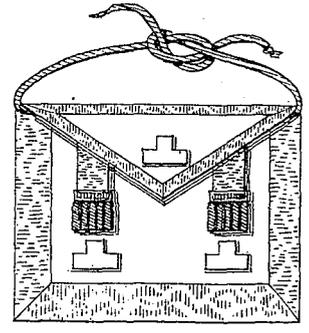
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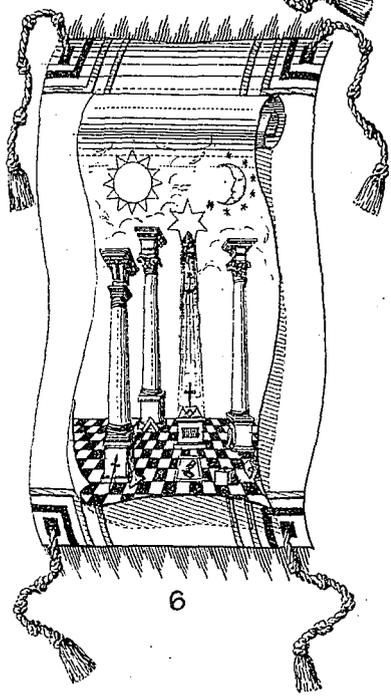
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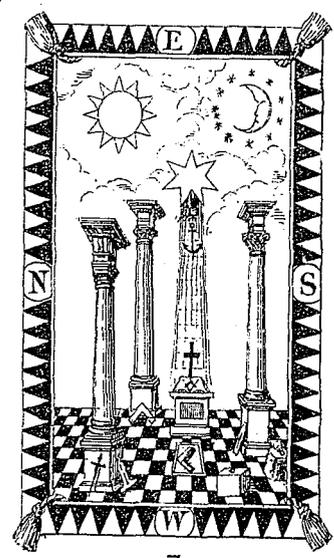
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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 29.—VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE principal event to record has been the departure of our Royal Grand Master for India. The sympathies of the entire Brotherhood accompany the august traveller, and we wish him "ex imo corde" a prosperous voyage, and a safe return. We doubt not but that his visit to India will be productive of great good in a variety of ways, and we understand that our Brethren in India are preparing for a loyal reception of their Grand Master by a special fête and assemblage of all Indian Freemasons. Our hearty good wishes attend them.

Beyond this, there does not seem much to note Masonically, except that the Roman Catholic "mot d'ordre" is just now, "persecution, persecution, persecution," of our innocent and benevolent Fraternity. The advocate Figari, a good man, and much respected, dies a Roman Catholic and a Freemason. The Roman Catholic authorities refuse him interment, whereupon the Patriarch Sefronios of the Greek Church at Cairo, buries him with a proper religious ceremony. All honour to the true liberality and kindly toleration of the good Greek Patriarch. May his name be honoured among Freemasons everywhere.

The "Monde Maconnique" tells us that fourteen Freemasons at Porto Rico have been sent to prison for several years, in varying sentences, simply because they were Freemasons. Can nothing be done to check and put an end to this "savagery" of intolerance, which is now actually invoking, when it can, the secular arm to harass, to punish and to burn? Indeed, if things go on as they are going, we may expect to hear of a Masonic "auto da fé" before long again. The only other blessing to humanity, civilization, and true religion which the hot-headed fanatics of the Ultramontane School could offer just now, would be to revive the legal proceedings and tender mercies of the Inquisition, for which many an ardent Romanist seems now to be fondly sighing, repeating as old Ovid once sang, "Adveniant utinam

sic mihi sœ pe dies," both of religious liberty, and ecclesiastical charity. Freemasonry, despite everything, is progressing at home and abroad, and our readers will see in the "Freemason" constant accounts of the Consecration of new Lodges; the planting of new saplings of our great Order. The only fear is, lest, as Freemasons, we should depart in any measure from our own true laws of care and caution, and hastily admit any who, for obvious reasons, will neither do credit to our Lodges, nor advance the cause of Freemasons, but rather retard its progress, and tarnish its high character.

We are glad to be able to announce that, as will be seen by a notice of ours elsewhere, the "Masonic Magazine" will be increased to 48 pages for the December issue, to be considered as a Christmas number.

We are also pleased to notice the increased interest which is now evidenced in England, and in the United States in the "Freemason" and "Masonic Magazine;" and we thank our good brethren in America for their fraternal sympathy and support. We are inclined to believe that the tide is turning, and that after much of apathy and neglect, the persevering efforts of our publisher, so far carried on, in hopes of better times, will be rewarded by a large accession of patronage and readers. 1875 has witnessed a considerable increase in the list of our correspondents and subscribers; and we trust that increased literary matter will lead to an increase also of intelligent approval and support.

We are glad to be permitted to call attention to the able papers from Bros. J. C. Parkinson, D. Lamb, W. Tebbs, G. M. Tweddell, and others which adorn our pages this month, and we trust we are not saying too much, or expecting too much, when we ask many of our most educated and cultivated Brethren to assist us by their literary contributions. There are many good Brethren of ours who can, if only they will, advance alike the cause of Masonic culture, and raise the intellectual character of our Freemasonry in England to-day.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

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

*P.G.D. and P.D.P.G.M. Middlesex, 31°
Ancient and Accepted Rite; Past Grand
Warden, Mark Degree; Great Prior's
Banner Bearer, Order of the Temple;
Grand Examiner, Red Cross of Con-
stantine, etc., etc.*

A FEW days ago I was gratified by the receipt of a letter I am about to quote, a letter which revived pleasant memories bearing on the universality of the Craft. My correspondent, a Bombay Parsee, acted as my private secretary on board the "Great Eastern" steam ship in the early part of the year 1870, when I was engaged in observing and recording the incidents connected with the laying of the Submarine Telegraph Cable between India and Europe. Only yesterday morning, the 6th of this present October, 1875, I passed a window in Leadenhall Street, a little after 2 p.m., and saw recorded the hours at which the most recent messages had been received from Calcutta and Bombay, and noted that they were dated only some twenty minutes before. The sight stimulated my belief that a Masonic introduction to my friend Sorabjee would not be unacceptable to the readers of this Magazine, and reminded me, alas! that in spite of the faithful promise I made its Editor a month ago, not one word of the article he is properly counting on has so far been committed to paper by me.

Permit me then without further circumlocution, to state the circumstances which led to my knowing my friend Sorabjee. In October 1869, I was honoured by an invitation from the Khedive to visit Egypt as the guest of his Highness, and to participate in the festivities connected with the opening of the Suez Canal. My autograph book contains the documents signed "Nubar," and sealed by the Egyptian Government, which were my passports, over railway and through palaces, during the memorable eight weeks I enjoyed in Egypt. Who that bore part in it can ever forget the scene on the yellow sands of Port Said, where there were three temples or altars erected, from which the professors of three forms of religion offered up publicly their praise and thanksgiving to the Most High?

The queen of the hour was the Empress Eugenie. Beneath a gorgeous canopy in a state pavilion facing the bright blue Mediterranean, she sat with the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia (who, not being an actually crowned head, was thought to be kept rather in the background throughout the celebration, and to have displayed annoyance thereat); Sir Henry Elliot, as the representative of Great Britain, the Queen of Holland (I think), and other illustrious personages of greater or less note. Facing these were three temples also erected specially for the occasion on the Mediterranean sands, and between the temples and pavilion stood a brilliant throng of naval and military officers of all nations, in full uniform, together with civil engineers of the Staff Corps, gay in scarlet and cocks' feathers, deputy-lieutenants looking like field-marshal at the very least, foremost among whom was Lord Houghton, the "Dickie Milnes" of London society forty years ago, the "Cool of the Evening" of Sydney Smith, but here in full cosmopolitan glory as the author of the exquisite poems on Eastern Life, "Palm Leaves," in which is the very best description of a Mohammedan mosque which has ever appeared in print. The only other English peer present was the Earl of Dudley and Ward, who was conspicuous by the absence of uniform, and for the conventional black "stove pipe" hat, and ordinary blue cloth frock coat he wore throughout the proceedings. Listen! there is the tinkling of tiny bells, and a smell of incense mingles with the sea air. There is a stir, too, in the Greek Church pavilion, and the gorgeously dressed ecclesiastics are in motion. Little boys in surplices and gaudy millinery pass up and down the altar steps, the priests make their obeisances before the altar, and all present join in spirit with the service carried on. This over, and the Mohammedan Mollahs rise, their turbans of sacred green bespeaking their rank as patriarchs who have made the Mecca pilgrimage, and with a simplicity which is very impressive after the genuflexions of the Greek priests, proceed with their worship. This consists of reading or reciting passages from the Koran, and bowing reverentially in the direction of Mecca—thanks and praise being thus rendered to the Great God who had permitted the mighty enterprise which

brought two hemispheres together, to proceed to a successful issue. The Roman Catholic service followed, and then Monseigneur Bauer, the Empress's private almoner, delivered a florid harangue, not a sermon, but a speech, with powerful declamation and with many a skilful and even graceful *pose*. I don't recollect much about it. We all thought it very clever, and that it had been most carefully prepared and studied; and I remember quite well that his corpulent Highness the Khedive went fast asleep during its delivery, and that his red fez was nodding so palpably that it seemed even betting whether or not the heir to the Pachas would roll over into the Empress's lap. There had been a good deal of anxiety as to whether the Canal would be ready for the triumphal opening next day, when a long line of steamers were to go through as far as Ismalia, headed by the Empress's steam yacht *L'Aigle*, and his Highness had been at work early and late, and as it turned out had to devote the best part of the next night to superintending personally the shifting of one of his own steamers which had stuck in mid-channel, and which he vowed he would have blown into the air by gunpowder rather than delay the opening of the Canal an hour—so with all this fatigue—past, present, and to come—the poor Khedive slept peacefully through Monseigneur's eloquence, while we humble people listened and looked on. But the feature of the day was, it seemed to me, Masonic. For the first time in the history of Christianity and Mohammedanism, professors and disciples of the two faiths stood side by side offering up praise and worship in their own forms to the same living God. Think of the religion of fire and sword, the fierce fanatical faith which makes the destruction of the Gaiour the passport to Paradise, submitting to pray with him publicly and to acknowledge, in dark old Egypt of all countries in the world, the principle of religious equality, and that each man is entitled to worship the Maker of all in the mode and form his conscience dictates. Think again of this crowd of European Christians in the East, not on a fierce crusade for the extermination of the Infidel, but to acquiesce in a religion which, according to its founder's lights, recognises the sacred principles of morality, and the glorious Architect of Heaven and Earth, and is, therefore, a potent influence for good.

Nor was the harmonious co-operation of the Greek and Latin Churches a less remarkable testimony to what I may be permitted to term the Masonic influences of the celebration. The hatred borne and displayed by these two branches of the Christian faith give rise to the most painful and revolting exhibitions. A few weeks later when I was in the Holy Land I saw the Moselm sentries, who guard the sacred spot at Bethlehem where the Great Teacher was cradled, despising both sets of pilgrims alike, and spurn with contempt the crowds of Russians and Armenians, while sneering at the anxiety each set showed to rush in before that of the rival Church. It is, alas! the stern and brutal hand of the Turkish soldier which alone keeps Christians in Palestine from flying at each other's throats and fighting to the death. The poor people who realise the dream of their life, and expend the savings of long years in a pilgrimage to the holy places, are in a large measure of the most debased and degraded class—as ignorant as hounds, and as abjectly obedient to the voice and whip of their spiritual ruler. You see them in troops of a hundred or two strong, headed by their priest, plodding their weary way on foot on the road from Jaffa by Ramleh to Jersusalem, there to be housed for a time in convents which are in fact large walled-in towns. The priests inculcate loving the Church and hating your brother over the way, as the true reading of the sublime precept; and it is not to be wondered at if the smouldering passions thus sedulously fanned should from time to time break out into a flame scorching, and as in some cases destroying all within its range.

I was at Jerusalem on the day the Œcumenical Council commenced its sittings at Rome, and mounting the flat roof of the house I occupied at night, I was struck by seeing the Latin convent illuminated with the little oil lamps formerly known as the "thousand additional" ones at Vauxhall. The effect of this incongruous association of ideas was just that which the traveller is constantly experiencing at Jerusalem. High-strung expectation, exalted feelings, reverent interest—and then, presto! indignant disappointment, humiliating indignation, and a desire to punish the hooded impostors who foist their lies upon their dupes. When a red composition set on faded brown leaves is shown as the original spots of blood on the Crown of Thorns, when the precise place is

pointed out upon which the cock was perched when his crow carried sorrow and self-reproach to the heart of Peter, and when a hole in the wall is vouched for as where the Saviour stopped to rest the Cross on his weary way to Calvary—what can the sober minded visitor feel, but indignation and disgust? The cause of the illumination of the Latin convent was explained to me next morning by one of the priests there. The text "Thou art Peter," would, it was thought, mortify the priests of the Greek Church if put forward prominently over the entrance to the convent as the prerogative of the Latins, on the day of the opening of their great Council at Rome—and this was the form in which the feeling of the hour found vent. Well might Swift write bitterly, "we have enough Christianity to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another."

It was after a sojourn of three months in Egypt and Palestine that I left Suez for Bombay, and proceeded up country in India, as far north as Delhi, returning to Bombay some weeks later, having visited and stayed at Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Futteypore-Sikri (the Windsor of Akbar the Great, a day's journey from his capital Agra, and deserted but kept up in the same condition as when he died a couple of centuries or so ago), Benares, Jubblepore, Nagpore, Calcutta, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and places of minor note. I saw plenty of Masonic symbols on the tombs, temples and palaces of the Great Moguls, and had abundant evidence that the true spirit of Masonry had been wanting in their day. The Pathans who, as Bishop Heber said, "designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers," have left many curious Masonic marks to be discovered by the investigator, and the same marks may be discerned on the walls of Jerusalem, and even on the old structure known as Absalom's Tomb. But leaving the precise significance and teaching of these marks to the care of the Masonic archaeologist, and taking the broad view of a Mason who places his trust for the future of his race in the recognition of the great doctrine of natural equality before God, and the mutual dependency of man, there is abundant food for reflection in the records and relics of the past in India. You shudder at the fierce intolerance of religions, and the bitter hostility of race, which has devastated the country at intervals for centuries; and you

endeavour to recognise in the spread of civilization, and the gradual breaking down of exclusive social barriers—harbingers of a better and more Masonic spirit having sway. Railway travelling in India is a wonderful smoothen of rugosities. At Allahabad station I observed (besides the English waiting rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and the admirable refreshment rooms with which the line is kept purveyed by Kellner of Calcutta, who, as a public benefactor is to India what the admirable Spiers and Poud are to us in England), "Waiting Room for Mahommedan Gentlemen," "Waiting Room for Mahommedan Ladies," "Waiting Room for Hindoo Gentlemen," "Waiting Room for Hindoo Ladies;" but I learnt on all sides that the necessity for these formal divisions is gradually dying out. When a great saving in railway fare can be effected by a slight sacrifice of the prejudices of caste, the prudent Hindoo thinks twice before he enters upon an expenditure for which there is no positive or tangible result, and so here again we see the gradual spread of toleration and some faint hints of that brotherhood of man and federation of the world, which one would fain hope is not merely a poet's dream.

I had met many English and Scotch Masons during my trip up the country, and at Calcutta and Bombay, and had derived most charming impressions from the zeal and kindness they exhibited. I had also been invited to the Parsee Lodge, or rather an English Lodge, which had many Parsee members, but this last invitation I had not been able to accept. Still I sailed from India with pleasant Masonic recollections. I had been much impressed by a conversation I had held in the train with a Parsee gentleman employed by the Government to collect rare manuscripts for the State library, and who told me with some pride he was about to become a Mason from the great, good and pure precepts which, as he had learnt from some eminent co-religionists, pertained to the Craft. Several days on the way to Aden, Sorabjee and myself were seated in my noble state room on the "Great Eastern," when we commenced a conversation on our respective religious beliefs. He explained to me, when I asked him to hand me a box of matches for the cigar I was about to smoke, that his religion would not allow him to strike a match, although it permitted him to hand the box

to me to obtain a light for myself. "My religion does not allow me to waste fire" was his simple formula, and from this brief text followed a long and to me most interesting discussion on the creed of the modern followers of Zoroaster. I had seen the Towers of Silence in the outskirts of Bombay, with thenoisme vultures hovering round them, sometimes with obscene flutterings, at others gorged and torpid, but always repulsive and loathsome. I knew that within these dismal receptacles the bodies of departed Parsees are laid on a wide barred grating to be picked clean by the birds of prey, and for the bare skeletons to drop blackened by the sun into their last receptacle below. I knew that these strange resting places for the dead are guarded jealously from all but duly authorized eyes, and that it would have been profanation for a European to attempt to peer within. I had enjoyed the hospitality, too, of wealthy Parsee gentlemen, and had no more dreamt of questioning them as to their tenets than I should an Englishman of my own station. But the familiarity engendered by a long sea voyage, the intimate relations which gradually spring up between a private secretary and his principal when there are mutual confidence and respect, and the long hours which Sorabjee and myself necessarily spent alone together, while I was dictating and he writing the stout volume which was placed in the printers' hands, and published by Messrs. Blackwood within a week or two of my landing in England, all helped to inspire the feelings under the influence of which men are not unwilling to unburden themselves of the thoughts which, in the ordinary wear and tear of this work-a-day life, they keep jealously sealed. Then it was that Sorabjee and myself pledged each other as Freemasons; and agreed that there was good in all religions; and that difference in forms ought never to divide good men and true. Sorabjee was and (as his letter will show) is, a steadfast believer in the principles inculcated by the craft, and without quoting his talk at length, I have pleasure in affirming that his views on many of the essentials to a pure God-fearing, law-abiding life, were such as most thinking men would be able to endorse. Patient, willing, conscientious and painstaking under circumstances which were occasionally trying, from abnormal pressure

and increasing exactions, he inspired myself and our shipmates with respect, and parted from me at Suez, when his special work was over, with hearty good will on both sides.

A few years pass, and in the course of a speech I deliver at a Masonic meeting, I allude to the various nationalities and and faiths in which I have known Freemasonry to flourish, and in doing so quoted my Parsee secretary Sorabjee. He, in his imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, imagines I "condemned" our late Grand Master for exercising those rights of conscience which the Mason claims for Jew, Mahomedan and Parsee; but I do not regret his error, as it has given me the opportunity of writing him a friendly letter, and of introducing him to the readers of the Masonic Magazine. His letter runs thus:—

"Bombay, 26th June, 1875.

"J. C. Parkinson, Esq., London.

"My dear Sir,—I have much pleasure to drop these few lines in hope that they will find self, Madam, and children in the enjoyment of excellent health. As I have not heard from you, since last three years, I am anxious to hear of your welfare. It is some months since I read an Indian Masonic record, in which you are reported to have expressed your condemnation for the change of his religion by our late Grand Master of England, and with it his retirement from our sacred institution.

"You have kindly referred to my humble self, for which I am deeply indebted to you in remembering me, after so long an interval. I am indeed very proud for so high an honour be done to me. Since I tell you, Sir, I was employed here in a merchant's firm (Messrs. Forbes & Co.), and afterwards in H.M.'s Mint, as assistant to the bullion keeper. I must say that I got the place solely from the good certificate which you gave me, and for which I must thank you, and shall never forget you as a good master.

"I am sorry you have not honoured me with your and Mrs. P.'s photo you so kindly promised on board ship. I yet hope you will not forget to send me. I send by this opportunity mine for your kind acceptance.

"I remain, your faithful servant,
"H. SORABJEE POONAGUR."

There is not much in the foregoing, but it has reminded me agreeably of a pleasant useful time, and it recalls how strongly the Masonic tie was felt between two men of widely different beliefs. The immediate cause of Sorabjee and myself resuming acquaintance, and shaking hands as it were over the vast span which separates East and West, has been Freemasonry. It seems appropriate, therefore, that I should tell the circumstances with which our friendship began in the pages of a Mason's magazine. If they teach anything it is toleration. If the Masonic events of the last year, great and pregnant as they appear, enforce their true Masonic moral, they will make us all more tolerant, and truly charitable; and lessen what Gibbon held to be the counterbalancing vice of the early Christians—spiritual pride. It is in this sense that I regard the peaceful establishment of a Masonic Lodge in the heart of Rome as the most encouraging and gratifying incident of all. Revilings, backbitings, and slander are met thus at their head-quarters charitably and kindly by the bestowal of Masonic Light, and by the genial approval and willing hand of the English brotherhood. Thus may we hope that the principles of Masonry will flourish and extend until the Random Recollections of a not far distant future may include pleasant Masonic experiences among the mistaken people who now think it right to vilify an institution based on those grand principles of morality, which it is their professed duty to uphold.

TO LOIS.

Ah! Lois, years and years have sped
 Since first I saw your pleasant face,
 And love is cold, and hope is dead,
 With vanished years and faded grace;
 For you are old, though "debonnaire,"
 And I am far on life's descent,
 Yet in those seasons bright and fair,
 Ours were joy, trust, and content.

We took the present in its fling,
 We let the glittering hours pass,
 What cheery songs you used to sing?
 You were a very pretty lass!
 And memory takes a random flight,
 To welcome days and blissful hours,
 To scenes of tenderness and light,
 To fairy meads and perfumed bow'rs.

I see you now, so full of fun,
 So quaint, so winning in your ways;
 I watch the race you fleetly run,
 I catch you in the winding maze;
 And merry hearts and laughing eyes
 Around me gladly seem to gather.
 Alas! fair Lois, how time flies,
 How tann'd we are by wind and
 weather.

Our lives in different scenes have past,
 We've met but seldom, hardly ever,
 We knew the dream it could not last,
 We knew our lots must sadly sever;
 And yet the dear, delusive dream,
 Like shadows, melted fast away;
 How different such visions seem,
 Which rise before our eyes to-day.

Yes, you and I have seldom met,
 To talk of ancient days and feeling;
 For our sun has long been set,
 We have no secret worth revealing;
 We've played the farce which others
 played,
 Which youth has often played before,
 We now are both most stern and staid,
 Our past is o'er for evermore.

Yet Lois, in those eyes of thine,
 I sometimes think I yet can trace
 A liquid brilliancy divine,
 A memory of witching grace,
 When you and I were young and true,
 When all we saw and all we sought
 Was brilliant in affection's hue,
 When hearts were brave and love
 unbought.

W.

THE DUVENGER CURSE

ELLA F. CLYDE.

(Continued from page 131.)

"It will do no harm to have the truth known," he went on; "it may save trouble. Remember, Cousin Isabel, 'not I, but Fate has dealt this blow.'"

"What is it?" she asked, startled.

"Why, here is Hathaway playing the devoted cavalier to you, when six months ago it was arranged that he was to become my brother."

"Is that true?" asked Nip.

"It is," answered Mr. Hathaway, concisely.

Isabel stood, white and still, with her long, black lashes drooped on her cheek.

"Are congratulations in vogue?" she asked in a cold, clear tone; "if so, accept mine, both Mme. LeFevre and Mr. Hathaway."

"Thank you," answered Mme. LeFevre; "but it was unfortunate Louis was so abrupt."

"Better so," he said; "it does away with some intrigue and deceit. Isabel — come, here some of you, she has fainted."

We all crowded around her, Maurice Hathaway and James Fairfax stooping to lift her.

"You have no right to her now," said the latter, and Maurice stepped back, while James Fairfax bore the unconscious burden to her room. His face was white and set.

"I knew that all the time," he said.

We brought her to herself, and she stayed in my room that night. I had slept some time, when I awoke with a start, and found Isabel sitting up in bed. There was a sound of music, that same weird singing we had heard before. Nip stole in, thoroughly scared.

"Girls," said I, "that comes from Marie Duvenger's room."

"Let us go and see," said Isabel.

"Very well," I replied; "only don't scream, either of you."

Silently we groped our way down the long hall, and around the turnings, until we reached the haunted chamber. Yes, the singing was there; we opened the door, and saw a white figure standing in the moonlight; Artemise Dupont.

"Three of you," she said, on seeing us; "are the wrongs of this house to come thronging up for ever?"

For the second time terror mastered us, and we fled precipitately, never stopping until we had reached our rooms.

"Girls, she is mad," said Nip; "oh, the house is full of wrongs."

Isabel had betrayed her secret, but she bore it with her own calm pride, avoiding Mr. Hathaway, and never referring to the discovery. James Fairfax, without intruding himself upon her, was so quietly friendly that it helped her. One day Nip came to me with wide open eyes:

"What do you suppose I heard? I was in the parlour talking with some one, when I heard footsteps, and slipped into the little ante-room. After I thought it was safe, I opened the door to go out, and who should be there but Mr. Hathaway and Isabel. He was pleading with her for one kind word, telling her she was the only woman he ever loved; and do you know, she listened to him in the laziest way, and swept from the room without a word."

Since I had found the shoemaker's daughter, the child was often at the house. One evening she had been singing in her rarest manner, when suddenly she dashed off a wonderful waltz. Louis crossed over to Nip, and held out his hands. She rose, and the two whirled down the long *salon*. No one else followed their example, but there seemed some magic in the child's playing that threw a witchery over us all. James Fairfax stood looking out of the window, apparently unconscious of two pairs of eyes that were meeting in a long, intense look; but Mme. LeFevre saw it and bit her lips. There was another face growing darker and darker; far away down the *salon* was that couple waltzing; burying the past, forgetting the future, living only in the bitter pleasure of the moment; they were conversing, too, in low tones. Starting up, his wife crossed down the room, and seized Louis' arm roughly.

"Let us have an end of this," she said; "I will not be insulted."

Louis shrugged his shoulders with a little laugh, and walked back with her, and Nachette's father coming for her at that moment broke up the restraint.

Few of us felt any regret when the last day of our stay came, matters were growing so unpleasant. In the afternoon Isabel and I were standing by the fountain, when Mr. Hathaway joined us.

"Perhaps you will hear me in the presence of your friend," said he. "God only knows how I love you, Isabel; if you knew you would not cast me off. Say one word more and this hateful marriage shall not be. Adrienne LeFevre's wealth tempted me before I knew you."

"No," she answered; "your choice is made, and nothing is left for me but to wish you every happiness, and I do wish it from my heart. But you and I are

placed so wide apart that nothing can ever bridge the gulf." And her decision was final.

Going up stairs that afternoon, I saw Louis bending over the cradle of his baby. Perhaps, I thought, the man's better nature is coming to him at last. Then, looking up, I saw down the hall Artemise, threading her fingers through her long black hair. Some impulse prompted me to go to her.

"Good bye," I said; "I am going to-morrow."

She caught my arm. "Look!" she said, "down in the darkness, there! what do you see?"

"Nothing," I answered,

"But I do," she went on, "ghosts and shadows of what should be, and is not; wrongs! wrongs! which must be burnt out with fire." And she vanished before I knew it.

The last evening a feeling of constraint was upon us. Our packing was all done, and we had nothing to do but start the next morning. Messrs. LeGrand and Fourier were there for a little while, and we did our best to keep up the conversation. Nip sat on a low stool at my feet, with her head on my lap, all the evening, silent for once. Even when we retired to our rooms she stood looking out of the window, while Isabel and I talked in a commonplace way about the arrangements for the morrow. She spoke at last:

"Girls, come here."

We saw, as we looked out toward the wing, a lurid glare in the haunted room; flickering, dying, springing up again, ever growing redder and stronger. The truth flashed upon us, even before a tongue of flame licked its way across the window. We gave the alarm, and the whole house was aroused. The stifling smoke crept up through the halls; the wildest consternation prevailed among the servants. A strong voice rang out:

"Silence! and listen to me."

It restored order, and James Fairfax rapidly assigned to each one an especial duty. The town was by this time awakened, and people came surging into the grounds, tramping down the flower beds, and even entering the house. Isabel and I went outside and looked up at the window, watched it as the flames died out, yielding before the power of man.

At last it was over; the crowd dispersed, and quiet gradually settled down again. No damage was done except in the wing.

We saw as we went in, a dim light in the parlour, and something lay there, covered with a white cloth. Josie stole softly out to us, crying bitterly.

"They found her in the room," she said; "you know her mind was completely shattered; we think she must have kindled the fire."

"Poor Artemise," said Isabel, "perhaps she has revealed the mystery. If insanity is in the family Marie Duvenger may have killed herself."

As we went upstairs I asked where Nip was.

"In her room I think," was the reply; "I saw her go there some time ago."

The door between was closed; it implied a wish for privacy, which we did not disturb. We passed a restless night, rising early in the morning, but long after Isabel and I were dressed there was no sign of Nip. I rapped on the door, and receiving no answer opened it, and called:

"Come, child, get up, it's late."

My voice sounded strange and hollow in the deserted room. The bed had not been slept in, and a note lay on the table for me:

"Don't waste your time in tears for me, you know I've no soul. You must think of me as having vanished away to fairy land, and taken Louis with me where he will find perpetual happiness. There goes a tear splash on the paper! Well, girls, if I haven't any soul I have some heart, and it hurts at being torn away from you all, but I have to choose between a blank life and Louis, and he is everything. Do you understand me? This is all I'm going to say, only don't think hard thoughts of

NIP."

Gone! our little Nip! We saw when we went down stairs the worst was known. Louis had left a note for the family. There was no need of pursuit, they would have sailed for France before they could be reached. We had come to St. Philippe light hearted and joyful; we left it sadly and tearfully.

* * * * *

A year had passed away. We had settled down into our old life. Isabel, after a short withdrawal from society, came out again, calm and superb as ever. She

smiled a little when she heard of Maurice Hathaway's marriage, but gave no sign of regret. We missed the bright girl who had always been our companion, and yet, we could shed no tears when we heard that the steamer had gone down with all on board, and knew that Nip's golden head was lying far below the restless waters, and the curse of the Duvengers was fulfilled for the last time.

But the romance begun in the old town was not yet ended. The next summer found Isabel and myself at Newport, and strangely enough it found James Fairfax there also. Of course, he was at Isabel's side constantly, until one day Mr. Hathaway and his wife arrived. It was not like Mr. Fairfax to make his uneasiness apparent, but he was far from comfortable. The bride and groom were as happy as could be expected.

"He seems in a state of chronic boredom," I remarked once to Mr. Fairfax.

"That's the result of having nothing to do," was the reply.

Mr. Hathaway's eyes would follow Isabel constantly, and I grow very nervous. I broached the subject at last. She and I were standing down on the sea beach, looking out over the opaline waters.

"Mr. Hathaway isn't as handsome as he used to be."

"No," said she, "he is degenerating; the dark intensity which made him so fascinating is fading out. Do you know he dared say words of love to me last night!"

The sands were all dotted over with gay groups; some one was coming down behind us. It was James Fairfax.

"Excuse me," said he, "I only came to say good-bye; I am going away to-day."

Her face paled. "Going away!"

"Yes," he answered, smiling a little bitterly; "I am not as strong as I thought myself. I find I cannot see you here under the influence of the old love, when I would lay down my life for one quarter of which you gave him, so I am going away."

A moisture came into her eyes. "You shall not go," she said. "I ask you to stay. It is not as you think, at all."

The light of a great, glad surprise broke over his face, and I left them, thankful that it had come out all right at last.

Voice of Masonry, America.

THE "BADGE OF INNOCENCE."

An Historical Sketch, and Explanation with Illustrative Plates, of the Origin of the Masonic Apron, and also of the Indented Border and the Tassels of the "Badge of Innocence" Board, by Bro. the Rev. Wm. H. ... M.A.

When the author of this work was first engaged in writing it, he was struck by the fact that the origin of the Masonic apron, and also of the indented border and the tassels of the "Badge of Innocence" Board, were subjects which had never been treated by any of our writers. He felt that it was his duty to attempt to do so, and he has done so, as far as may be, in these two volumes, that have perplexed so many, that these few pages have been written and committed to the consideration of the Craft at large.

"More ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle, more honourable than the Star and Garter, or any other order in existence." Such is the assertion made, and as it meets his ear, he asks "Can this be so?" Why! the Prussian orders of the Red and Black Eagle were founded respectively in 5795 and 5705 (A.L.), whilst the Roman insignia, from which they were doubtless taken, were used not only by the ancient Romans, but also by nations preceding them in history.—The Persians used them even in the time of Cyrus the younger, about 3600 (A.L.) The Austrian and Spanish orders of the Golden Fleece were founded 5433 (A.L.), whilst the voyage of the Argonauts, who are reputed to have captured from Æetes the Golden Fleece of Phryxus, must be dated as far back as 2741 (A.L.)—Our badge more ancient than these?"

"Again, our own noble order of the Garter, instituted by Edward III,* on St.

* King Edward III. revised the Constitutions of Masonry in 5362 (A.L.)

George's Day, 5348 (A.L.),* in imitation of the order of Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, founded in the 406th century (A.L.), is stated by Selden, to "exceed in majesty, honour and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world."—Can our Badge be yet more honourable than this? Questions easily answered in the affirmative, when we recognize in the time of the institution of our Badge the earliest age of the Jewish Church, and, in its founder, the Great Architect of the Universe Himself.

After the Children of Israel, then, had been formed into a Church and Nation, amongst other instructions given to Moses by God, we find, on turning to the volume of the Sacred Law, that one direction ran as follows:—

"Speak unto the Children of Israel and bid them that they make them *fringes*† in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a *ribband of blue*."

"And it shall be unto‡ you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the Commandments of the Lord, and do them; and that ye seek not after your own hearts and your own eyes * * *"

"That ye may remember, and do all my Commandments, and be holy unto your God."§

This injunction was laid upon them about 2514 (A.L.), some 200 years before the date fixed upon as that of the supposed Argonautic voyage before referred to.

This command we find thus repeated some 40 years later, but still more than 150 years prior to the expedition of the Golden Fleece:—

"Thou shalt make thee *fringes* upon the four quarters¶ of thy vesture wherewith thou coverest thyself."**

This appointment of a distinguishing Badge, like most of the Mosaic injunctions,

* This is the date fixed by Froissart. Stow makes it six years later, but Sir Harris Nicholas ("Orders of Knighthood") is of opinion that the former is the date of foundation, and the latter of its final organisation and choice of companions.

† More correctly *Tassels*, according to the Hebrew *tzitzith*, a derivation from *tzitz*, a flower.

‡ More correctly translated according to the Hebrew "be upon the fringe."

§ Volume of the Sacred Law; Book of Numbers, c. xv., v. 38-40.

¶ More correctly *twings* (Hebr.)

** Vol. Sacr. Law—Bk. of Deut., c. xxii., v. 12.

was very brief and concise, and the carrying out of the details was left, as was usually the case, to the spiritual rulers. Those learned Doctors of the Law, having regard to the spirit as well as the letter of the direction, decided to mark it with a high degree of symbolism; or, more properly speaking, found the matter, as it was worked out, become invested with a deep symbolical significance.

Now the Tassels were to continually remind the Jews of God and His Law, consequently the doctors determined that they should be formed in such a manner as to bring both before the worshipper's eye at a single glance, and they accordingly designed, and worked out, the details of them, so that by their numerical significance, they should typify at one and the same time the Unity of the Deity, and the precepts of the Sacred Law, the number of which precepts had been fixed, by the authorised expounders of them, at 613.

This was, to them, easy of accomplishment, as, inasmuch as each letter of the Hebrew alphabet had a numerical,* value, every word in the language could be represented by the aggregate number made up of the several numbers which were represented by the individual letters composing it.†

The learned doctors, therefore, determined that the combination of numbers formed by the convolutions of the threads, and by the knots which secured them, should represent, according to the system just mentioned, and known as the *Literary*

* Just as in the Roman alphabet the letters stood also for numerals.

† Thus the last letter *Tau*, being also the last numeral, represented completion, and was used by Ezekiel in his prophesy of the last days of Jerusalem to designate the seal affixed by the recording Angel to those who were to be saved from the general destruction. See 1. Ezek. c. ix., v. 4, where our word "mark" stands for the Hebrew

טו *Tau*—meaning as Gesenius states in his Lexicon, *signum cruciforme* (a cruciform mark); and he adds, that on the old Hebrew coins, the *Tau* was always made as a cross, which in its original shape, was thus T; in the vulgate the passage is thus translated: "Et signa Thau super frontes virorum gentium." This prophesy and its fulfilment are made use of as a type in 1. Rev., c. vii.

Inverted, thus:—J, the *Tau* forms the so-called "level" which, when affixed to the apron as in figure 5, is the distinguishing Badge of the attainment of the highest degree in Craft Masonry.

division of the Cabala,* a word or phrase signifying the Unity of the Deity. Such a phrase is the *Tetragrammaton*, or *Quadrilateral Name* of God.—*Jehovah* יהוה combined with *éhad* אחד “one,” (or, together, “*Jehovah is one*”).

Accordingly they took seven threads of *white* wool, † white being the emblem of purity or holiness, and one thread of *blue*, §

* It is not within the scope of this little treatise to give a detailed account of these terms; but, for a most interesting and exhaustive explanation of them, the reader is referred to the separate articles on them in Mackey's “*Lexicon of Freemasonry*.”

† *Seven* and *one*: All numbers, according to ancient nations, had a mystical significance. According to the system of Pythagoras (supposed to have been learned by him in Egypt), *seven* was called “the venerable number,” because it referred to the Creation of the Universe; whilst *one*—the *Monad*—referred to God, the point within the circle. Amongst the Hebrews, the etymology of the word *seven* at once shows its sacred import:—

From שבע (“*Shebang*”—seven) is derived שבע (“*Shabang*”—to swear), because oaths were confirmed by either seven witnesses, or seven victims offered in sacrifice, as in the covenant of Abraham and Abimelech (V.S.L., Gen. xxi. 28); whilst the radical meaning of שבע is “sufficiency” or “fulness”—and the number *seven* was thus designated, because on the *Seventh Day* God completed His great work of Creation—“hence *seven* was, both amongst believers and heathens, the number of sufficiency or completion.”—(Parkhurst's *Lexicon*, N.T.—in voc: ἑπτα.)

One, again, or *Aleph*, together with *Tau*, was the self-chosen name of the Deity. I am “*Alpha*” and “*Omega*,” the beginning and the end, the first and the last. —(Lib. Rev., c. xxii. v. 13).

‡ *White* wool—“*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*”—V.S.L.—I. Is. ci., v. 18.)

“*They shall walk with me in white.*”—(I. Rev. c. iii., v. 4, 5, and other parts of the Sacred Volume.)

In the heathen mysteries, too, colour had its distinct signification, for Cicero, in speaking of those of Eleusis says, “that *white* was a colour most acceptable to the gods.”

§ *Blue*—For the *Vails*: V.S.L., I. Exod. c. xxv., xxvi. and xxvii. and for the *Ephod* c. xxxviii., and xxxix. The former of which, according to Josephus (*Antiq.* vi. 4), represented the sky at the top of the Tabernacle, and (in vii. 7) the Heavens—hence the “*canopy*” surmounting our lodges.

(See also Cholin 89.)

This *Blue* was our *Ultramarine*; see Brannius *De Vestitu Sacerd.* Hebr. libr. i., c. 13, and Bochart: *Hierozyco*: P. ii., lib. v., c. 10 and 11.

Blue, in a Craft Lodge, teaches us that our *Brotherly Love* and *Charity* should be as widely extended as the canopy of heaven, by which only it is bounded.

The *Essenian* garment of investiture was *white* “bordered with a fringe of blue riband; “blue” being typical of “holiness.”

the emblem of the heavens, wherein the Great Architect sits enthroned. One thread was made longer than the rest in order that it might be twisted round the others, and so form a cord which should end in the tassel required.

To carry out their symbolism, they then, starting from a double knot, wound the long thread round the rest *seven* times, securing it with a double knot; then *eight* times more, fastening it with a double knot as before. The number of convolutions was thus *fifteen*, or “יה,” the first half of the *Tetragrammaton*.” They next wound it round *eleven* times more, again securing it with a double knot, giving the number *eleven*, or “יה,” the second half of the ineffable name. Finally, they wound it round *fifteen* times more, still fastening it with the double knot, thus giving the number *fifteen*, or “איהר”—i.e. *éhad* or *one*.

Whilst the collective numerals thus formed by the number of twists of the long thread round the others, gave the sacred name, together with its Attribute of Unity, the *five* knots, in each tassel (or tassel-cord), symbolized “The Five Books of the Law.”

And, yet again, the numerical value of the Hebrew word for *tassel*, ציצית (*tzitzith*) is *six hundred*, which, together with the *eight* threads and the *five* knots, gives *six hundred and thirteen*, the number of the precepts of the Law.*

The following was the prayer used when the “*taph*” † was invested with the tassels:—

“*Blessed art Thou, O Lord, King of the Universe, Who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and enjoined us to array ourselves with tassels.*”

The cords and tassels thus formed were attached to a garment formed of an oblong piece of cloth, with a hole pierced through the centre for the head to pass through—the aperture, &c., were trimmed round in the same way that the High Priest's

* Consult Brannius on the “*Gemara of Gittim*,” *de Vest. Sacerd.* Hebr. libr. 1, c. 3 and 16, also Buxtorf and Bishop Montagu in his “*Apparatus*,” c. vii. n. 32.

† Literally “*little trotter*” (from a child “*trotting*” by its mother's side); generally used in the Sacred Volume to designate all ages between the sucking-child and the adult.

*meeiv** was. The whole garment, thus formed, was called "talith," and was worn as a cloak.† It is shown open in fig. 1, and folded as worn, half showing in front, and half behind, in figure 2.

In after times when, to be recognised as Jews by the nations amongst whom they were scattered, meant being marked for scorn and persecution, and even, at times for death itself, the chosen people reduced the size of the robe, and wore it as an under-garment, secure from observation, and in this form it has been, and still is, worn by every orthodox Jew.‡

The tasseled robe, having been once put on, was always worn, whether in the synagogue or market-place,§ or on the journey,¶ or (which is more important) at work; for we read, in the *Talmud*,** that the father of R. Joseph b. Rabba, tore one of the threads whilst descending a ladder.

Now a garment like the *talith* with its pendant tassels would be terribly in the way of a man who was engaged in continuous work, and we could well imagine that he would confine it by a girdle;‡ it might then, especially by such workmen as might not be Jews, come to be worn simply as a badge, when the front half only might be retained; the top part would then fall over the girdle to which it was attached and thus form the flap of the apron, and at the same time, the suspensory cords would be shortened, and the tassels drawn up so as not to hang below the bottom of the apron and be out of the way.§ §

Years rolled on, but still the apron was regarded (as it seems ever to have been, by all nations and in every age¶ ¶) as not only

* Vol. Sac. Law, Exod. xxxiii, 29 (there called "robe of the ephod"), and Joseph "Antiq.," lib. iii, c. 7, § 4.

† The garment alluded to in Evangel. S. Matt. c. xxiii, v. 5.

‡ This fact has, recently, been kindly vouched for by a Brother who is of the Jewish faith.

§ Ev. S. Matt. c. xxiii, v. 5, et seq.

¶ Ev. S. Matt. c. ix. v. 20, and c. xiv, v. 36.

** "Sabbath," 118 b.

‡ See fig. 3.

§ § See fig. 4.

¶ ¶ Investiture with the apron (or some corresponding badge) formed a most important part of every ancient mystery; as, the *Essenians*; those of *Osiris* amongst the Egyptians; of *Eleusis* with the Greeks; of *Mithras* in Persia; and of *Brahma*, *Vishnu* and *Siva*, celebrated at Elephanta and Salsette in India. The ancient statues of the gods, again, as well Asian and American as Grecian, are found decorated with magnificent aprons. Even at the present day the apron is still the distinguishing badge of the Ecclesiastical Dignitary.

a useful, but also a symbolical vesture; consequently the Mason, whether Jew or Gentile, would feel it right to add to the Craftsman's garb these soul-inspiring adornments of border and tassels; and thus whilst giving to it a new feature of beauty, invest that which was a working garment with a fresh symbolical meaning.

Here, then, is our Badge, complete with its border and tassels;* and whether the *talith* merged into the apron, or whether the adjuncts of the former were added to the latter, we can clearly see that the *operative* Mason's garb, had, or acquired, a distinctly *speculative* character.†

Next let us picture to ourselves a Lodge of Instruction working, as was wont, in the open air with plan outspread in the centre; what so natural as that the demonstrator, or lecturer, to preserve his scroll from danger of dirt or damp, should first spread upon the ground his *talith*, and then lay upon it the parchment plan? Look attentively at this as shown in figure 6. There lies the scroll, with all the important portions—borders, fringes, tassels, complete—of the *talith* showing beneath. Imagine it conventionalized somewhat, as in fig 7, and then say what we behold, if not a perfect representation of our first *Tracing-Board*, with its *indented* and *tesselated* (or, perhaps, more properly, *tasseled*)‡ border.

This view acquires no little strength from the similar teaching that we ascribe to the Tassels of our *Tracing-Board* to that of the Tassels of the *Mosaic Injunction*. When the Great Architect appointed the tassels, they were to remind His people to keep His Commandments. The teaching of our Grand Master the Royal Solomon, is, that this keeping God's Commandments, or "fearing Him," is true wisdom; § that wisdom does a mighty *work* indeed, that "She is the *worker* of all things, and is *kind to man*;" ¶ and, yet again, that "Her *labours* are *virtues*;" for She teacheth *Temperance* and *Prudence*, *Justice* and

* See fig. 5.

† For the various stages of this development, see figs 1, 3, 4 and 5.

‡ An opinion held by some authorities, see article "Tesselated"—Mackey's "Lexicon of Freemasonry."

§ Lib. Prov. Sol., c. viii, v. 20; c. ix, v. 10; c. xiv, v. 8; et al.

¶ Apoc. Lib. Wisd. of Solomon, c. vii, v. 22 & 23.

Fortitude,"* we learn from the "Wisdom of Solomon."

Surely, if the teaching of the Mosaic Tassels with our own be thus identical, so must the Tassels themselves be.

Truly, we have here, a *Badge of Innocence, more ancient and more honourable than any other in existence!*

One word in conclusion:—

The reverence that the Jew paid to his tasseled garment was immense. It is set forth in the *Talmud* that when R. Joseph b. Rabba was asked by R. Joseph "which commandment has your father admonished you to observe more than any other?" he received as a reply, "the law about the Tassels. Once, when my father, on coming down a ladder, stepped on one of the threads and tore it off; he would not move from the place until it was repaired."†

The Commandment of the Tassels is held by some Rabbins to be as important as all the rest of the laws put together. ‡

In the time of Christ these borders and tassels were held in the highest veneration, as witness the prominence accorded to them by the Pharisees, who even enlarged them to give an outward profession of extreme regard for God's commands; § the conviction, again, of the Syro-Phœnician Woman that if she could but touch the hem (border) of His garment, she should be whole, ¶ which actually came to pass; as did also the same thing in the case of the inhabitants of Gennesaret who brought their sick into His presence with the same intent.* *

Such was the veneration of the Jew for the Badge bestowed upon him by the God of his fathers; such, again, on the one hand, the hypocritical purpose to which the Pharisee put it; such, on the other hand, the reward so earnestly sought, and as certainly found, through its means (as a channel of charity) to the faithful believer in the Divine power of the wearer. Surely there is here to us revealed a word of caution that our Tasseled Badge of Innocence be to us no empty mockery of profession without practice, no outward cleansing with a heart left foul and fester-

ing within; but that it rather prove to us the incentive, to high and holy aims, and lofty motives, leading us—by the aid of the four cardinal virtues—bequests of our Almighty Creator—to such work as shall neither disgrace our Badge of Innocence here on earth, nor lead it, wrongly used, to brand us with everlasting disgrace, at the Opening of the Grand and Eternal Lodge above.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

ARTICLE FIRST.

WE remember having once heard a gentleman say of Scottish Freemasonry that it was a blot upon the escutcheon of the craft; that the good points it had, were, as against the bad ones, so comparatively few as to render it nearly worthless. To those who hold such an opinion we would say:—"If you only knew a little more about us in Scotland you would think a very great deal better of us." We know that we are not in that position to which our rank, looking at the matter from a chronological point of view, surely entitles us, and knowing this, those amongst us to whom the interests of the craft are precious are doing our very utmost to reach it.

Every system has its two sides, its bright side, and its dark one, its lights and its shadows, and to attempt to assert that the Freemasonry of Scotland forms any exception to the general rule were to attempt a fruitless task.

Still we can by no means agree with those who tell us that the shadows are so great as entirely to obscure the lights, believing as we do that the lights are in themselves so bright and pure, as by their very brilliancy to render the shadows the more easily discernible.

In the present series of papers it is not our intention to deal at length with any particular feature, but simply to take a kind of cursory glance at some of those more prominent ones, which we fancy would be the most apt to attract the attention of the stranger.

Taking the less agreeable portion of our subject first, we see the greatest of our shadows, standing out in the light gloomily and conspicuously in the fact of our having

* Apocr. Lib. Wisd. of Solomon, c. viii., v. 7.

† "Sabbath"—118 b.

‡ See Rashi on V.S.L., l. Numb., c. xv., v. 38-40.

§ Ev. S. Matt., c. xxiii., v. 5.

¶ Ev. S. Matt., ix., v. 20.

** Ev. S. Matt., c. xiv., v. 36.

no National Benevolent Fund. Oh! what a great want is this! what a great black shadow whose chill is ever being felt. A great deal has been said upon this subject, and yet it seems almost as far off being set at rest as ever. Some few years ago an effort was made in the greater eastern and western provinces to lay the foundation of a scheme for the institution of a National Benevolent Fund, but it fell through, and we suppose it is now a thing of the past. The efforts of two or three, however great, will never encompass this national want. It is not one or two of the great provinces that can successfully grapple with this mighty scheme; neither can it be done by every provincial Grand Lodge giving its countenance or its aid, no, nor by every lodge, as a body; it can only be done by every Freemason as an individual throwing in his helping hand and contributing annually his mite, not as a matter of charity but as a matter of duty.

Numerically we are very much weaker than our brethren in England or Ireland, and we do not believe we can cope with either of them in the matter of wealth, but still our numbers are such as to warrant us saying, that the comparatively trifling sum of 2s. 6d. per man contributed annually to one common fund would for a time be amply sufficient to meet the demands upon it. We are well enough aware that a few of our more wealthy provinces are able to bestow very considerable sums in charity, but how many provinces are there, whose poorer brethren and their dependants, were it not for the individual efforts of the few, would be wholly unprovided for. That we have had many notable examples of individual and lodge charity, we are well enough aware, but such instances are not any the less common in England or Ireland where they have, besides, a National Benevolent Fund.

As a general rule the Freemasons of Scotland are poorer than those of the sister countries; but it is this very fact, which, to our thinking, ought to be one of the chiefest arguments anent the foundation of a Scottish Fund. They who are affluent need not any assistance, it is only they who are indigent. We do not believe that there are any who would seek initiation into our fraternity with a view to become pensioners on such a fund, but if while able to afford it they each contributed their

portion, when circumstances so conspired as to render them more likely to be recipients of, than capable of bestowing charity, would they not be receiving only that to which they were duly entitled?

To receive assistance from one common fund to which a man has himself contributed, savours far less of accepting a charity, than it does when one is the object of individual benevolence, and there are many who might thus be assisted when otherwise they would be left helpless.

It has been said that had we such a fund our lodge charity boxes would suffer, but we cannot afford to believe this, having a much higher opinion of our brethren than to fancy because they contributed 2s. 6d. a year to a national fund as a matter of duty, they would be the less willing to give another occasional trifle to the private boxes of their respective lodges as a matter of privilege. Nor can we conceive of any very great difficulty in floating the scheme if only every Freemason would interest himself in it, but so long as every man waits for his neighbour to take the initiative, the thing will never be managed. Let every master in Scotland set about forming a small committee to call upon the members of his lodge and ask their names to the movement, and we venture to predict that not a single name will be refused, but except every lodge take the matter up and work with a will, it will end as all similar movements have done, owing to lack of energy, in talk. Upon this we could say much more, but another feature claims our attention.

In roaming about through England and Ireland, we have often felt pleased at seeing in their large towns an Institution wholly devoted to the purposes of Freemasonry. That one of all others which excited our envy and our admiration most, is the noble edifice in the Corn Market in Belfast. There meet under one common roof all the lodges in the vicinity, there in their club room can the members enjoy each other's society, and discuss free from the presence and contact of the outer world the position and progress of the craft, and thither can the stranger bend his steps satisfied that he can gain that Masonic information which is most likely to be reliable. That such an institution in our large Scottish towns would be greatly advantageous to the cause of Freemasonry

we feel convinced, but, saving the Grand Lodge buildings in Edinburgh, there are none such.

Place a stranger, let us say in Glasgow. Where can he gain any information as to the movements of the craft? He finds the whereabouts of the lodge rooms duly set down in the Directory, and he proceeds to the place, but what does he find? A closed door. Nothing more, not even the resemblance of a Masonic character. Build such an institution as they have in Belfast, and we have our feet on the first rounds of the ladder of fortune. And surely if Belfast, with its Masonic proportion of a population of 170,000 inhabitants, can support such a noble edifice, Glasgow with its proportion of half a million ought to do it much more easily. Centralization, Centralization, that is what we want; and that of itself would greatly aid in removing those petty jealousies, not among us as individuals, but as the representatives of our respective lodges. We want common ground to meet each other upon, and it will be upon that common ground that the true nature of our fraternity will be the more apt to reveal itself. Where can the young Mason gain that information, which in many cases is most eagerly sought for? Not in the lodge room, because all the spare time is required for ordinary business matters; not from those two or three brethren who may have been appointed to instruct him, and whose knowledge in craft matters, is in very many cases limited indeed; nowhere so well as in the Masonic club room where the craftsman meet, not to transact any business, but to discuss the various matters pertaining to the craft.

There not one solitary opinion is heard, but the opinions and the experiences of the many, and depend upon it the weightiest and most profound will carry the day, and the Masonic character of the initiate will take altogether a superior mould. And ought we not to feel in duty bound to have some place wherein we could set down a visitor? Not every stranger cares about going to lodge meeting; there are many who would infinitely prefer to have a social chat, and the friendly exchange of opinions with those of our wellinformed brethren who would be the most likely to be met at such a place. And such a proceeding would be of great use to us; it would enlarge our ideas, which on many points are very

narrow, and give us an insight into the social character and workings of the fraternity in other countries. As we are we have got to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined"; we have got to be too much among our own particular set and are necessarily constrained to think and act, as it were in sections, each separate and quite distinct from the other. Throughout England there are many neat little club rooms where the brethren are to be met with in a social capacity, and we, ourselves, have a most pleasing recollection of spending a most agreeable evening in one of them only a few months ago in the quiet little town of Bury St. Edmund's. In our next paper under the present heading, we will endeavour to take up other two points:—the Fees, and Masonic instruction as regards the ritual.

X. Y. Z.

ODE.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD,
PRINCE OF WALES, &C. &C., PATRON OF
SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY; GRAND MASTER
MASON OF ENGLAND.

*By Rt. Wor. Bro. J. GREEN, Grand Bard,
Grand Lodge of Scottish Freemasonry in
India, P. M. 351, 18°, &c.*

All Hail, Illustrious Head of Masonry;
Grand Right-hand pillar of our Sovereign's
throne,
Ten thousand welcomes to our Eastern
shores!
Accept our homage, this auspicious day,
We, Loyal Brethren, true, who own thy
sway,
Wish thee a happy sojourn in the East.
We would convey, through thee, our grati-
tude
To our loved Queen, for freedom we enjoy
'Neath her benignant sceptre and just rule.
And here we pray, that He who rules on
high
May grant her yet full many happy years,
In peace, and health, and wealth, o'er us
to reign;
For what people had more cause to pray
God save and bless our Queen, than we,
the sons

Of free-born British fathers ; for our homes
 Are fill'd with peace. God give her peace
 again
 And lengthen out her days, that she may
 know
 What 'tis to hold a Nation's heart of love,
 Whose very beasts, could they but speak,
 would cry
 God save the Queen, below'd Victoria,
 The great and good ; of all our noble lines,
 Greatest, and best, and most beloved of all !
 And, when her earthly days of rule are o'er
 Grant her a brighter sceptre in the skies,
 To reign for ever under Him whose rule
 She and we own, Eternal King of Kings.
 And thou, beloved son of such a Queen,
 Heir to the sovereignty of this vast realm,
 Which, like our Masonry, knows not a
 bound
 Save Earth's deep centre and the firmament
 Stretching from sky to sky, from pole to
 pole.
 May the Most High make thee as Solomon,
 Give thee a wise and understanding heart
 Such as no other monarch had before,
 And grant that thou thy wisdom may'st
 transmit
 To the last heir of thy illustrious line,
 To rule us till all earthly rule shall end.
 That so, when God shall place thee on our
 throne
 Thy lands in peace may rest ; foes quake
 with fear,
 Nor dare disturb the rest that Heaven sends.
 Be all thy subjects still prepared as we,
 " Ready, aye ready," or for work or war ;
 Each handle well the trowel and the sword,
 To build in peace and to defend in need,
 Spreading the strong cement of brother-love
 And evermore maintaining what is done :
 And may the Almighty Architect of worlds
 Still rule the labour, laying stone on stone,
 Pillar to Pillar add ; in every arch
 Fixing the keystone firm, and the cape-
 stone fair,—
 " Grace, grace unto it," ever be the cry,
 Till this vast empire shall appear but one
 Vast temple to the praise of God Most
 High.
 In which mayst thou, as His vicegerent
 here,
 Sit throned, the wise Grand Master, years
 thy fill
 And whatsoever blessing still attends
 Adonai's word, be shower'd upon thee ;—
 The corn, abundant, for thy people's food,
 That so gaunt hunger never may be found

Within thy realm, and, 'neath thy boun-
 teous hand,
 All may be fed, full and abundantly ;—
 The wine of gladness still in rivers flow
 Throughout thy empire, cheering every
 heart,
 Bidding each saddened bosom leap and sing.
 The oil of joy, be pour'd on every head
 Till every eye be bright, each cup o'erflow,
 And all be fill'd, that so thy happy days
 May find no parallel since Earth began.
 May this thy visit to this favour'd land
 Prove a rich blessing, both to it and thee.
 May India's teeming millions learn to love
 And honour him who now amongst them
 comes.
 May loyalty grow fixed in every breast,
 And every hand be ready to defend.
 May millions bless thee, whereso'er thy foot
 Finds ground to tread, and blessing still
 return
 On India's millions, scatter'd round thy way,
 Thick as they strew thy path with Orient
 bloom.
 And when thou meetest India's subject-
 Kings,
 Take thou their hearts by storm ; false
 treachery
 Avoid thine eye and flee thee evermore :
 True loyal hearts go with thee, such as those
 That now surround thee, ever lovingly.
 May the Most High guide thee, from end to
 end
 Of this vast land, and guard thee aye from ill
 Till thou return safe to our own fair land
 And anxious hearts, that follow still thy
 course
 With fervent prayers for blessings on thy
 head ;
 That hang upon thy every step and word,
 Flash'd, by bound lightnings, to their eager
 ken
 And we, devotedly, will join our prayers
 Still, day by day and every waking hour,
 That health and peace and joy may tend on
 thee ;
 That Heaven may still its choicest blessings
 shower
 On those, thy nearest, dearest left behind.
 And, though some here may never look again
 On those lov'd features, still shall they be
 fixed
 Indelibly, sun-painted on each heart ;
 And every pulse shall send to Heaven the
 prayer
 We offer now—GOD BLESS THEE, PRINCE OF
 WALES !

Mas. Herald of W. India.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF
THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS
FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER II.

And of such mystic fancies, in the range
Of these deep covered sepulchres are found
The wildest images, unheard of, strange,
Striking, uncouth, odd, picturesque, profound,
That ever puzzled antiquarian's brain;
Prisoners of different nations, bound and slain,
Genii with heads of birds, hawks, ibis, drakes,
Of lions, foxes, cats, fish, frogs and snakes,
Bulls, rams, and monkeys, hippopotami,
With knife in pan, suspended from the sky,
Gods germinating men, and men turn'd gods.
Seated in honour with gilt crooks and rods;
Vast scarabæi, globes by hands upheld,
From chaos springing, mid an endless field
Of forms grotesque—the sphynx, the crocodile,
And other reptiles from the slime of Nile.

EGYPT.

MUCH has been written both in ancient and modern times, on the hieroglyphical learning of Egypt; which is a convincing proof of the great interest that has been uniformly excited on this curious and intricate subject in all ages of the world, and amongst all people. The means adopted by the hierophant for the concealment of his mysteries from the penetration even of the most acute philosophers of the ancient world, were eminently calculated to effect that purpose.*

Origen says, "*the Egyptian philosophers have sublime notions with regard to the divine nature, which they keep secret, and never discover to the people but under the veil of symbols and hieroglyphics.* Celsus is like a man who has travelled into that country; and though he has conversed with none but the uninformed, yet is induced to believe that he understands their hieroglyphics, the knowledge of which is hidden from all but those who have been initiated. The rest of the world see indeed the symbol, but are unable to understand its meaning.†

Sir William Drummond thinks that the theory, "which supposes the universe to be governed by a being, who can only be defined by abstraction, as infinite, immaterial, invisible and immortal; and who

guides nature in all her ways by the intervention of spiritual effluences and divine emanations, as difficult to be comprehended by human understanding, as the source whence they spring, was not easily intelligible to the people, and was not, perhaps, as it stood alone, entirely suited to the views of their rulers. Symbols were soon sought and found, which, it was thought, might help to explain to the vulgar and illiterate the abstruse language, and the metaphysical doctrines of the wise and the learned. The Sun, the most glorious object which the material world presents to our admiration, as the source of heat and light; and as the apparent cause of many of the blessings which this earth enjoys, was considered as the visible type of the invisible God. The Moon became the symbol of the passive principle; and represented material nature acted upon by the Divine Mind. Matter being considered as inert in itself, and in its original state as void of form and of motion, was supposed to have received its primary as well as its present impulses, with all its qualities, forms and organizations, from energies communicated to it by the spiritual Demigurgos. This doctrine was illustrated by a reference to the lunar orb, which shines only by the light that it receives from the sun. The five great planets were selected to represent the principal and most brilliant of the ethereal spirits that stand in the presence of the deity. The multitude of fixed stars was compared to a mighty host; and according to their different magnitudes, degrees of rank were assigned to these celestial bodies, which were considered as the types of the immaterial agents, who in countless myriads, perform the will and execute the mandates of the supreme Governor of the universe."*

Some think that the Israelites, when they were in Egypt, preserved in hieroglyphical characters, a history of the world from the Creation to their own time, and that it was from this document that Moses compiled the book of Genesis. Indeed, without some such method of preserving and transmitting the truth, it is incredible that this persecuted people should have continued to practice the patriarchal worship for four

* Plin. l. xxxvi. c. 8.

† Orig. con. Cels. l. p. 11.

* Origines, vol. ii., p. 82.

centuries amidst an idolatry of such a specious and attractive character as was that of Egypt. "If Moses," says Faber,* "had been the first who asserted a cosmogony, and a deluge, and had such events never been heard of until he, in the full sense of the word, revealed them, it is easy to perceive that he must have been immediately rejected as an impostor by the Israelites themselves."

The fact is, that the Egyptian priests, in order to preserve their learning, religion, and science, and to make it difficult for strangers to discover the occult meaning of their mysterious knowledge, made use of an hieroglyphic peculiar to themselves, and intermixing it with the common symbolical figures which were more generally understood, they inscribed their temples, catacombs, obelisks, and subterranean places thickly with them. And thus they became sacred to HERMES, who was esteemed by the Egyptians as the god of wisdom. Plutarch in his *Erotica*, speaks clearly of this difficulty. He says, "There are some slight and obscure traces of true history here and there to be found, as they lie scattered up and down in the ancient writings of Egypt. But it requires a person of uncommon address to find them out; one who can deduce great truths from scanty premises.

The project was successful; for the greatest scholars and the wisest philosophers amongst the Greeks and Romans were inadequate to the task of elucidating the great secret; and though Jamblichus, Diodorus, Horus Apollo, Clement of Alexandria, Plutarch, and many others, brought all their learning and talents to bear upon the subject, they signally failed; and the Hieroglyphics of Egypt remained a sealed book after the full exercise of their united erudition and ingenuity. Bryant thinks their failure arose partly from an ignorance of the Egyptian language; and questions whether any Grecian writer ever learned it. "Many negative proofs," he adds, "might be brought to show that neither Plato, nor Pythagoras, nor Strabo, were acquainted with that tongue. If any of them had attempted the acquisition of it, such was their finesse and delicacy, that the first harsh word would have shocked them, and they would immediately have

given up the pursuit. If they could not bring themselves to introduce an uncouth word in their writings, how could they have endured to have uttered one, and to have adopted it for common use.†" Their respective systems are plausible and specious, but modern discovery has proved them to be decidedly erroneous.

The great originator of the symbolical scheme, according to Egyptian tradition, was HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, who fabricated the figure before us. He is said to have been the first king of the ancient Egyptians; and it seems quite clear that the triple Hermes of Egypt, the triple Rama of India, and the Hermes Trismegistus of the Greeks, are one and the same person. And the ancients invested him with a three-fold glory, viz, the power of a king; the illumination of a priest; and the learning of a philosopher. The learned Faber seems to think that Hermes is nothing more than a corruption of Hermon or Ar-mon, the deity of the Lunari-arkite mountain. Bin Washih, or rather his translator, asserts that the oriental historians divide the Egyptian kings into three dynasties, viz., 1, the Hermesian; 2 the Pharaohs; and 3, the Coptic. To the first, and particularly to the triple Hermes himself, they ascribe the tombs, catacombs, temples, palaces, pyramids, obelisks, sphinxes, and all the royal, funeral, religious, and astronomical discoveries and monuments, which astonish the traveller in Upper Egypt. But incapable of distinguishing them, or of finding out their true appropriation, they believe all of them to have been constructed for the purpose of hiding treasures, of raising spirits, of telling fortunes and future events, of performing chemical operations, of attracting affection, of repelling evils, or of indicating approaching enemies. Impelled by the powers of the magician, the spirits had no option but to reply to all his questions. Thus Apollo exclaims when summoned by the sorcerer, "I am compelled to speak against my will." Various forms of invocation may be found in Jamblichus, Lucan, and other ancient writers; one of which was a threat that the magician would reveal the mysteries of Osiris, and deliver his members to Typhon.

The secrets which were contained in the Egyptian monuments, and the arts by

* Pag. *Idol*, vol. i., p. 203.

† Bryant, *Anal.*, vol. iv., p. 406.

which they were erected, were expressed, as was generally believed by the hieroglyphics upon them; which being invented by Hermes, and kept secret by his followers, were called the Hermesian alphabet.*

The writers of more modern times were equally unsuccessful. The laborious Kercher, who says that the pyramids were covered with religious inscriptions in hieroglyphical† characters, as well as the Abbe Pluche, having formed their theories on the basis of the ancient hypotheses, had to contend with so many impediments as to prevent them from arriving at a satisfactory result; and though they devoted much learning, and laborious research to the task, and were indefatigable in the pursuit of truth, their systems have been rejected, and their interpretations thrown aside; it is owing to the recent discovery of the Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, that a new and surpassing light has been thrown on this dark and intricate subject. This discovery has called into existence the talents of Aekerblad, Sacy, our own countryman Dr. Young, Champollion, Spineto, Rossellini, Wilkinson, and other laborious writers on Egyptian antiquities; and it is on the result of their combined researches that I have founded my interpretation of the compound symbol before us.

I subjoin the figure, which I take to be a pure anaglyph; a peculiar sort of hieroglyphic which appears to have been an enlargement of the use and meaning of symbolical compositions. Some understand the anaglyph to be nothing more than a sculpture in low relief; others consider it to be a kind of hieroglyphical anagram; but in my opinion the definition of Spineto is the most satisfactory. He says, "these anaglyphs are emblematical signs, or fantastic figures, which represent not syllables nor words, nor even real objects, but ideas, and even these are exhibited allegorically. They do not offer to our view scenes and objects belonging to private life, or to religious rites and ceremonies, but they seem and are, an extraordinary mixture of imaginary, as well as real beings, which, without having the least similarity together, are nevertheless so united as to

represent several ideas. These signs are not uncommon on Egyptian monuments, as you may easily ascertain by looking into the "Description de l'Egypte," but fortunately they are not in any; and they seem allegorically formed by the combination of several distinct qualifications or attributes belonging to different subjects."* Sir William Drummond considers the anaglyph to have been to sculptures, what the anagram was to written characters.†



The compound symbol before us was introduced into the Isiac or Bembine Table by its fabricators; but the copy exhibited above, and to which I shall more particularly refer, is extracted from the Arabian work of Ahmed Bin Abubekr Bin Washih on Ancient Alphabets; which varies from the other in some important points. As the translation of this work is not in many hands, I will quote the translator's observations on it in full, as they include a kind of initiation which may not be uninteresting to the fraternity, and at the same time contribute to illustrate the anaglyph under our consideration.

"The figure is expressive of the most sublime secret called Bahumed and Khamf, or the secret of the nature of the world,—the secret of secrets,—the beginning and return of everything. The Hermesians let nobody into this secret but their disciples, who had been regularly initiated into all the four degrees or classes. The first class comprehends the sect of the *Harámisah Alhawmíyah*, who were all descendants of Hermes the Great. They married daughters of their own race only, and were not allowed to have any kind of intercourse with

* Ancient Alphabets, Pref. ix.

† Œdep. Synt, p. 310.

* Spineto. sect. Hier., p. 411.

† Origines, vol. ii., p. 285 n.

strangers. No man in the world was acquainted with any of their secrets, they alone possessed them. They were the authors of the books commonly called the books of Edris (Enoch). They constructed temples dedicated to spirits, and buildings of magical wisdom. The few of those who are now acquainted with this knowledge live retired in some islands near the frontiers of China, and continue to tread in the steps of their forefathers.

"The second class of the Hermesians were called *Harámisah Alpinawaluciyah*, the sons of the brother of Hermes, whose name was Asclibianos. They married within their own families only, and far from giving their countrymen any kind of trouble, they became necessary to them in all their business. The difference between them and the former consisted in the use of perfumes allowed to them, and in the liberty they enjoyed to see their relations at the entrance of the sun into the several signs of the zodiac, and at the commencement of each season. On the latter occasion they had a feast of seven days. The *Alhawnyyah*, on the contrary, were continually occupied with reading the holy books, with acts of devotion, and with fasting. They had only one feast in the year, lasting 28 days, beginning at the entrance of the sun into the sign Aries. At that time they approached their relations, and enjoyed perfumes and other pleasures of life. They confessed the unity of God, the creator of all things. Blessed be His name! They never communicated their secrets, and Hermetic treasures to anybody, but they preserved them from generation to generation; and for this reason they were considered so extremely valuable as to preserve the initiated from all kinds of danger both by land and sea.

"When a child was born, the mother took it to the priest of the temple, and laid it down on the threshold without speaking a word. The priest then came with a golden cup of water in his hands, accompanied by six other priests. He said prayers, and sprinkled water over the child. If it moved and turned its face towards the threshold, the priest took it by the hand, and conducted it into the interior of the temple, where there was a coffin prepared on purpose. There they said prayers, and performed secret ceremonies for an hour.

Then the priest covered the face of the child with a silk handkerchief; a green one for girls, and a red one for boys; put it into the coffin, shut it up, and took in his hand a stick with three heads made of silver, and set with jewels and precious stones. This was the magical rod or staff, by the use of which divinations were effected, as tradition told of the Rod of Moses; and it was considered to be possessed of powers equally miraculous.

"The father, mother and relations of the child entered at this moment, and performed prayers and hymns in humble devotion. The priest then struck the coffin with his staff thrice, and cried out;—In the name of the Lord thy God who created thee, and by whose wisdom thou existest, speak out the inmost secrets of the events of thy life. Amen; for ever and ever! The whole assembly then performed seven adorations, and standing up, the child said, "Health and heaven's blessing to thee!" The priest returned his greetings and asked the usual questions, ending with,—I conjure thee to answer and promise, that as long as thou shalt exist in this world, thou wilt never reveal our secrets to any stranger. The child promised it in the name of TRUTH, which is written in the Table of Fate, preserved in heaven from the beginning of things; and was told that he was received among the number of the wise and learned, the sons of science. Then opening the coffin, they purified it with fumigations, and performed a sacrifice consisting of a quadruped or a bird. They burnt the blood, purified the body, and wrapped it up in a piece of fine white linen 120 folds for a male, and 60 for a female. They put it into a pot of earth, and deposited it in the pit of sacrifices. All this was performed according to secret rites known to nobody but themselves.

"The coffin was in the shape of a little chest made of olive wood, and adorned with gold and precious stones. If the child happened afterwards to mention this mysterious reception, they rejected it saying, this child cannot be trusted with our secrets and mysteries, for it may betray them. If an initiated person wished to withdraw from their order, he was sure to die within three days. One of their greatest secrets was involved in the sacrifice of their great feast, and appears to have been a practical illustration of the sacred number seven.

All this proves sufficiently the great care with which they kept their great secrets hidden. They said they received them from father Adam, Seth and Hermes, or Edris (Enoch) the triple.

"The third class was called *Ashrákiyón*, or the children of the sister of Hermes, who is known amongst the Greeks by the name of TRISMEGISTOS THOOSDIOS. This class was intermixed with some strangers and profane, who found means to get hold of the expressions of their hearts. Their sciences and knowledge are come down to us.

"The fourth class, denominated *Masháwun*, walkers or peripatetic philosophers, was formed by the strangers, who found means to mingle with the children and family of Hermes. They were the first who introduced the worship of the stars and constellations, and who forsook the worship of the God of Gods. From hence came their divisions; and everything that has been handed down to us, proceeds originally from these two sects, *Ashrákiyón*, eastern, and *Masháwun*, peripatetic philosophers.

"Learn then, O reader, the secrets, mysteries and treasures of the Hieroglyphics, not to be found and not to be discovered anywhere else. Formerly a knowledge of them could not be acquired but by immense pains and expense, by a great number of years, and a long course of travels; and now, lo! these treasures are laid open for thy enjoyment. Take possession of them, keep and guard them with the utmost care and secrecy. Profoundly learned philosophers, various students only have attained this knowledge."

In Philpot's *Heraldry*, published in 1672, we find the following exposition of this figure:—"In the Hieroglyphic Tables of Cardinal Bembo, so often mentioned by Athanasius Kircherus in his *Œdipus Copticus*, there is set down the figure of Scarabæus, a beetle for the trunk, but with the head and face of a man, supporting a little table, with this inscription, *Ουλο*. About the neck a number of concentric circles to express the orbs and motions of the heavens; upon the top of the head, a face of the increasing moon, to intimate her monthly revolution; within that a cross mark for the four elements weaving together all things; above a winged globe wreathed about with two serpents. [This portion of the anaglyph is wanting in my

copy; but it is, nevertheless, of such importance that I shall devote a chapter to its consideration.]

"The meaning is told you by Barachias Albenephi, in his book of the ancient Egyptian learning; and in that part of it where he treats of Pharaoh's obelisks. He affirms the winged sphere wreathed about with serpents to be the hieroglyphic of the soul and spirit of the universe. The human face is understood to be the Sun and his courses. For the holy beetle, which an old Egyptian durst not tread on, Horus Apollo asserts, it signifies the figure of the world."

Thus far Philpots. My own ideas respecting the true meaning of the compound figure; on comparing its several parts with the hieroglyphics on the monuments of Egypt, as explained by modern Egyptian antiquaries, will embrace a more extensive signification; and, it is hoped, be more in unison with the occult design of the Hermesian Freemasonry, of whose hidden doctrines it was so conspicuous a type. To simplify the elucidation as much as possible, I have considered the several members of the anaglyph separately; viz., the scarabæus, the concentric circles, the globe, serpent and wings, and the tablet or tracing board, which contains three series of symbols; and have devoted the Second Part to an explanation of their several references.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS.

I GIVE fair warning to all who turn over these pages, that if under the above heading they expect to meet with anything in the sensation-line so common now-a-days, and so fashionable "pour le moment," that they had better at once spare themselves a dissatisfying perusal. The very name "Shadows" most fitly will describe the following lucubrations, possibly not even very novel in their treatment, and certainly not very striking in their "tout ensemble," so that those of my readers who are looking, as so many profess to do, for novelty or excitement, or sentimentalism, had better skip my "Shadows," and pass on to higher topics, and more enduring matter.

Nevertheless, as these "airy nothings" of mine have found a "local habitation and a name," in the *Masonic Magazine*, I venture in all humility and friendliness to commend them to the mercy of the critical, and the sympathy of the cultivated.

It has been my lot for many years of my life to spend my time altogether in the country, and in a secluded and quiet village, where it matters not, but far away from the great and bustling scene of London life, to "daff the world aside," and let it pass, somewhat, may be behind, I am not ashamed to confess it, this advanced and advancing age.

There, with no more crosses than my neighbours, though not altogether without some customary cares, in the same one unchanging tenor of existence, in the simple round of allotted duty, in moments of contemplative calmness, or in moods of prevailing thought, I have seemed but to watch the onward current and passage of time, to stand on the banks of the great river, and gaze on the rippling waters moving peacefully by, in all the uninterrupted tranquillity, on the whole, of a sedentary calling.

All states of life, and all conditions of being have, we may rest well assured, their relative blessings and respective privileges; and if to some severely occupied, and to many laboriously struggling to-day, such a retired state and such a tranquil condition appear, at first sight, but as the repose of the indolent, or the dream of the sybarite; yet let them not too heartily condemn what, though strange to themselves, has been of designed good and blessing to many a fellow-wayfarer here.

And as it was not always so with myself, perhaps, the very contrast of such a sequestered and contemplative life, with the more active and gregarious existence of "auld lang syne," may have caused me to be more susceptible than I should otherwise, probably, have been of those influences which have coloured my every-day imaginations, and have led me thus imperfectly to describe to others what I myself have both fancied and felt in solitary yet meditative hours.

Not far from the spot, where in modest garb my "lares and penates" in cherished attraction had taken up their peaceful abode, rose, in its stately while silent beauty, the old parish church, a clear-seen

beacon far and wide. For full five hundred years it there has stood, as raised by the hands of cunning Craftsmen whose marks are on many a stone, on its own isolated plateau witnessing of God and speaking to man, surrounded by those lofty trees, which in the changing seasons lend their effective aid to the striking scene, sometimes whispering as it were in tones of gentlest cadence, sometimes murmuring as it were in voices of harshest displeasure.

That large square tower so massive and so compact, that well-adjusted and stately nave, that long and graceful chancel, those windows with their cunning tracery, these gargoyles in their fantastic cleverness, the old porch with its upreared cross, all bespeak an ever-living type of beauty and holy worship, which attracts alike the admiring homage of each passing traveller, and the reverent love of those who, from generation to generation, are content to live and die, and go to their long rest, under the slanting shadows of those old grey walls. Nor can that still and peaceful churchyard be left out of sight in the picture before us, with its turf ever green and fresh, suggesting calm repose after the sorrows and weariness of life; nor those crumbling tombstones lying in such familiar groups under the shady branches of those bending trees. And a churchyard always seems to me a very solemn and moving spot, deck it out as you will, bedizen it as you may. Still it is, and ever must be to human affection, full of tender, awful associations. Still it is, and ever must be, God's acre, in the simple yet earnest utterance of the Saxon vernacular.

Oh! yes, it is the long last home of all of mortal mould, of those whom we have buried out of sight, but never, never out of mind. They are lying there, kind readers, so still and silent now, whom we greeted daily in the market place, and listened to in the forum, and trafficked with, and communed with, and loved so hugely, and hated so intensely.

They are now sleeping there one and all, with their follies and their faults, their good and their evil, their strength and their weakness, their smiles and their tears, their grateful hearts and gracious memories, within the narrow limits of that little measured space.

All are, alas! but shadows of the past, fleeting, may be, across our lonely path to-

day, as without them we wend on our way, with hushed voices, and often faltering steps, to that far and shadowy land which lies beyond the "silent sea."

And if there are times in every life of ours when these shadows fall in startling vividness, or in solemn pathos over its stern reality, over the Broadway of business, profit, toil, trouble, nay, even pleasure, surely, even though they be but "shadows" they should have, as they are meant to have, a living and quickening influence on us all. When the voice is mute, when the heart is heavy, when fading one by one, are the soft visions of the "silvery land," when experience has but its own bitter and soft humiliating tale to tell, how good it is, if how chastening for us all, to linger amid that shadow-clime once more.

How soothing and yet how refreshing is it, to re-people the busy scene of to-day with the dear familiar faces of the long-buried dead, to rekindle the smile of old affection, to bow before the domestic shrine once more, long since sadly shattered to its base, to live amid those loved and loving shadows of the past, in engrossing reverie by day, in tender visions of the night. It seems but as yesterday we were standing side by side, to start so joyously together in the rapid race of life, that we were what we are not now, in all the freshness of early trust, that we were clasping hands and interchanging vows, with those whose unwithered memory and unfaded grace alone can move our cold and callous sympathies to-day.

Ah! that was "*amici et sodales*," a joyous time for you and for me, ere we had bridged over the intervening distance between the aspirations of youth and the realizations of maturity, ere change and chance and separation and sorrow, like the Harpies at the feast, had spoiled our viands, and driven us both famished and lamenting away.

Hail then to thee, thou Shadow-land!

Welcome, most welcome, are those thy shadows which dim the full sunshine of later, of busier, of more prosperous years, which take us from the present to the past, which surround with the fascination of awakened memory, with the moving retrospect of things that once were, yet never here can be more, the outer and inner life of our daily sojourning.

Perhaps, thus far, with these my shadowy

fancies, some of the friendly readers of the Masonic Magazine may have been inclined somewhat to sympathize, nay, may have kindly borne with so vagrant an imagination, and may have resolved to read on even to the end, if then to see these, like all other "shadows," assuredly fleet away.

W.

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter II.

THIS letter is believed to be of February, 15th, but as the date is missing, it is printed here, though whether quite correct in order is not clear. Ed.

Supposed date, Feb. 15, 1790.

No particular event has occurred since my last which has altered the situation of the capital, or that of the principal actors. Altho' I never heard on what ground 100 was supposed to be merely an intrigue, be assured that the aristocratic party have that opinion of her, and are firmly convinced jealousy of 16 and personal fears are one of the greatest obstacles they encounter.

Everything convinces me that the storm is approaching. 133 assured me it would not be long before it burst. I have every reason to be of his opinion. All the aristocrats are daily stealing off one by one, and the few that remain are preparing to follow their example, but to what quarter of the horizon to look for the black speck I know not. Your Hamburg friend says it must be from Germany; you will best know if there is power or inclination in that quarter.

The Assembly are certainly daily losing ground, but I doubt whether the people are not yet firm to them—firm to them, not from affection, but because they look upon the present state of affairs as assuring them that violent anarchy, which nothing but force or extreme misery will induce them to renounce; yet Normandy is universally aristocratic.

I know not who conducts at Turin, but I think there is some danger from the report of all the young noblemen who once were the companions of his sole

pleasures. The brother of M. Danton had been in this predicament, but had at the beginning of the revolution joined the Democratic party. It was intended to receive him ill, and shew the sense entertained of ingratitude and injuries received. I believe, after many representations, that conduct will have been charged. It was certainly impolitic, as many here who have since renounced their errors wait for that reception to decide their conduct, and it should be remembered that there is more joy in heaven, &c.; besides which, a smile, a gracious speech, an affectionate manner, cost nothing, and if his counsels are so loose that the eye of a looker on can penetrate them, he had better renounce his attempts.

Doubts yet remain on the fate of the assignats. The letter of M. Dupout certainly for the moment produced much effect on the lower classes, but I think it has since been destroyed, and that they are as violent as ever in their demands for a measure whose most serious consequences will fall upon themselves. My opinion is still the same, that they will pass, from the very circumstance of the violent opposition intended to be made against them by the aristocratic party, whose wish and interest it equally is, that they should *pass*. In that case a manifesto will be published from 16, declaring that they have beheld with profound grief the destruction of the kingdom in the ruin of the two superior orders, and in the proceedings of the Assembly, but that hitherto they had remained silent, because to personal interests might be attributed the part they took, but that now the national faith, to preserve which towards their creditors the nation had already undergone thus uselessly so much was entirely broken down and destroyed, it became him to enter his protest to that as well as to all other of their proceedings; to invite all good citizens to take up arms to drive away a set of ambitious democrats; to establish the royal proclamation of the 23rd of June, 1783; and to declare the present mode of liquidating the national debt fraudulent and nefarious; and promising, in the name of the clergy, the nobility and the parliaments, to mortgage the whole of their landed property; and to consent to whatever taxes or conditions might be found necessary to secure to the public creditors their principal and interest.

In two long conversations I had with — and 39, they both agreed that it was their last great chance, and would undoubtedly succeed if they had sufficient military force to be efficacious. They will have it in their power at the same time to open the eyes of the people on the taxes to which, according to the new system, they will be liable. The committee have established that 500 millions will be sufficient for the annual expenses, but that 500 millions must be clear of all deductions. 200 millions is to be laid on the landed property of the kingdom, but the 200 millions thus raised for the *general* use, there yet remains to be paid the clergy, the expenses of public justice, the poor, the hospitals, the public buildings, the elections, and establishments of district municipalities and departments, the roads and bridges; and these expenses can by no means be levied on any but those possessed of landed property. The next 200 millions, which is supposed to be levied on the monied property, is to be levied by a stamp duty, part of whose expense must thus fall equally on the landed property. Govt. is obliged to purchase money at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for its current expenses. The *Caisse D'Escompte* have already demanded near 5 millions as the indemnity for her expenses in procuring piastres, and remitted the whole of her remaining specie, about 3 millions. The expenses of receipt are also in the present system counted for nothing, although they will certainly exceed the former, which already eat up near a fifth of the annual income. The Assembly has refused to listen to the reclamations of the jailors at Brest on the new penal laws. This refusal will probably produce the most serious consequences, as M. Albert de Riony writes that all is quiet, because none dare give an order which may offend.

The dismissal of M. de la Lureme is determined on. Not that it will pacify the Colonies, but to throw powder in the eyes of the people here, is a certain remedy to those troubles which threaten the annihilation of the commerce of France. There is a report here that Tippoo Sahib has been completely drubbed, but we have lost a regiment cut to pieces.

Letter III.

Paris, 2nd March, 1790.

I dined on Friday with the Comte de

Lusignan, one of those noblemen who have sacrificed themselves to the idol of democracy. I met there all the leaders of that party, who are called the Enragés. Unluckily the conversation turned on the abolition of certain feudal rights, of which I am not competent to judge. But after dinner Neckar became the subject of their conversation. I did not in my last make use of a term too strong when I said he was despised by the Democratic party, they treated him as a man without resource, without genius, and at best, deserving to be a premier lommis de Finances.

The Duke D'Aiguillon said that he had frequent opportunities of seeing him on public business, as president of the Committee of Finances, that he had always found him "que sarci de palliatives, et jamais un remede."

The conversation afterwards became warm on the subject of the Colonies. Lusignan at last said I have adopted your party because at first I thought you were in the right; I continued with you when I knew you were going wrong, because the mischief was done, and retrograding would only increase our misfortunes. But I tell you, I repeat to you, that if you do not find some expedient to calm the public inquietude, and preserve our Colonies, vous nous ferez tous egorger. Oui fe precois que nous seron tous egorger.

You may imagine that this speech did not meet with approvers, but the Comte de Castellane, to whom it was addressed, did not contradict it.

I send you the Address of the city of Bourdeaux; so little was it admired in the Assembly, that they would not allow it to be inserted in the Procès Verbal.

This day was to have decided between France and her Colonies. The situation of the Democrats was difficult. The Aristocratic party called loudly for a decision on the slave trade. To have declared it legal would have militated against les droits de l'homme, and the basis of their constitution; to decide against it was to arm all the commercial cities, the capital itself against them, to deprive five millions of inhabitants of the means of subsistence, and to annihilate a trade whose balance in favour of the mother country exceeds eighty millions of livres.

The Democrats determined to encounter one enemy at a time; they have, therefore,

separated the other demands of the colonies from that which requires the legalization of the slave trade. But they have proposed in secret to leave that question for ever undecided, and to promise the Colonies that it shall never be agitated.

How they will steer between Scylla and Charibdis? how they will decide between Domingo and Bourdeaux, tomorrow, perhaps, may determine, but it is most probable the question will be adjourned, or the affair referred to a committee, whose report may be prorogued from time to time.

The demands of the Colonies, or rather which party in the Colonies is most powerful is as yet unknown. But those most affectioned to their mother country ask an assembly with the same powers as the French National Assembly, whose decrees are to be sanctioned by the Governor, and confirmed by the King; a declaration of the legality of the slave trade; and measures to be taken with France to facilitate the exportation of their produce, and the furnishing themselves with those articles of European manufacturing they may stand in need of.

The other party, and which it should seem is the weaker, declares for an absolute and unrestrained independence.

Bourdeaux, Nantes, and the commercial towns demand, as you may suppose, a continuation of those laws which confine the commerce of the islands to their mother country.

The fermentation and alarm at the first of those cities is very great, but however determined she may appear to oppose the National Assembly when they propose to wound her interest, yet are they equally jealous to maintain those principles which have led the merchant and mechanic to be the petty tyrants of their little republics, and decked the curile chair with the spoils of an oppressed nobility. Alénnér arrived yesterday with a denunciation of the parliament of Bourdeaux from the municipality of that city to the National Assembly.

A gang of revolted peasants and armed banditti infested the neighbourhood of that city; some letters were stopped from members of the assembly, which seemed, if not to authorize, at least not to condemn the outrages committed. The parliament have issued an edict against those who are in

arms, in which they accuse the National Assembly, or rather its decrees and more particularly the deputies whose letters they are possessed of as the authors of those troubles which lay waste the provinces. This the municipality have looked on as a crime de Lézé Nation, and probably willing to show the steadiness of their adherence on every point but one, they have sent to express their abhorrence of the act, and to demand the punishment of its authors.

I wrote you some time ago that false addresses to the National Assembly were always produced when any town was named as showing its discontent, not only that manœuvre is tried with success to conceal murmurs, which too often pierce through the attempts that are made to conceal them. The committee appointed to receive addresses takes no notice of those which are not favourable to their house; the Vicomte de Mirabeau has a list of 160 that have been thus buried in silence and oblivion.

There are no less than three corps composed of the proprietors of the provinces where the troubles have most prevailed under arms. One of 1,500 in Brittany, under the command of a nobleman of that province marches against all the plunderers in the vicinity. He is, as you may suppose, denoncé to the Assembly. M. de la Fayette has received a rebuff from the Minister of the War Department. He asked the rank of Maj. General for a M. de Gouvion, and is now Maj. General of the Paris Militia, who had served with him in America. The Minister refused to propose it to the King. M. de la Fayette insisted that the King would not refuse. The Minister answered, I never will propose it to his Majesty, and when I receive his order for it, "ma demission est toute prête."

A M. de Lezieres, an old officer in the French Guards, has been taken up and imprisoned for a libel against M. de la Fayette, Baillie, Mirabeau, &c. I send you a book* which is exposed to sale daily, impunément; I leave you to draw your own inferences.

The districts begin to revolt against the common council of Paris. I wrote you what they were last post; you may imagine how

* This book does not appear to have been received.

they regulate the police, when I tell you that nothing but gambling tables are seen on the quays and boulevards, where the people are cheated out of the little money they possess.

The committee of the commons, who have the regulation of the theatre, mean to demand the box occupied by the lords of the bed chamber, who formerly had the superintendance of the playhouses.

A club is established here under the name of the Club de 29.

Their institution is intended to sow the principles of liberty in all parts of the world; they will not exist long, for they are already nick-named la Propaganda.

The Queen is not yet informed of the Emperor's death, although the courier arrived at one o'clock to-day.

NARRATIVE OF AN UNRECORDED ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(BY THE SOLE SURVIVOR.)

'Twas in the Arctic Ocean,
And the wind filled all our sails,
For it was our *role* to find the pole,
And not to hunt for whales.
But we had not gone a furlong
Into the land of snow,
When we lost our mast, and the ship stuck
fast
In the midst of a thick ice-floe.

And such was our position
That we couldn't move an inch;
And, O dear me, it was sad for to see
The frost our noses pinch.
Then six of us were eaten
By a great big bear in the night,
And the ice broke through with other
twenty-two,
And buried them from our sight!

Our hatchets and our crowbars
We worked with might and main;
But every slice that we cut from the ice
Was frozen up again.
So we all sat down in a body,
And swore that it was no go;
And we "piped our eye" to think that we
should die
Forgotten on a cold ice-floe

We sat thus sad and sorrowful
 For a month, and nought us cheered,
 Till lo! one day, the ice gave way,
 And a big whale's nose appeared!
 "Hullo!" he said, "my hearties,"
 (We started when we heard him speak)
 "Have you seen the pole? my eye, how
 droll!—
 But it serves you right for cheek!"

We thought his speech unfeeling,
 And our captain told him so;
 But he said, "Look here, my hold buc-
 caneer,
 If you *really* want to go—
 I have a friendly sentiment
 Toward every brother sailor,
 And particularly toward you, d'ye see,
 Because you ain't a whaler.

"So listen, and do as I tell you,
 And don't be over nice;
 Just shove your boat half down my throat,
 And I'll paddle you there in a thrice!"
 We held some consultation,
 But Yankee pluck prevailed;
 So we shoved our boat half down his
 throat,
 And away to the pole we "whaled!"

We saw the pole at last, where it stands
 (Perhaps not quite so thick
 As the *Tribune* tower or the Column Ven-
 dome,
 But a good stout piece of stick).
 We thanked our big conductor,
 And prayed to be taken back;
 So he wheeled about, his fins struck out,
 And we reached our ship in a crack.

But alas! my doleful story
 Here reaches its dolefullest note,
 For just as he got to the proper spot,
He suddenly swallowed the boat!
 Now I am the sole survivor,
 For I just escaped his jaws;
 And not one man—since the world began,
 Has yet been where I was!

Our Archæological Corner.

CURIOUS OLD APRON.

To the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine."

Castle Green House, Hereford,

September 7th, 1875.

My Dear Sir and Brother,—I have had
 put into my hands what I venture to think

is rather a curiosity, viz., an Apron, and Certificate of a Brother holding under the Grand Lodge, "according to the Old Constitutions." The Apron, which is narrower at the top than at the bottom, is bound round with purple silk, and has long purple strings; on it are figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity: the latter on the flap, and the two former standing on each side; at the bottom on a platform of three steps with various Masonic emblems between, the Sacred Law opened at II Chron., chs. 2 and 3, with squares and compasses on, and behind, the sun, Jacob's ladder, Tuscan and Corinthian columns, rule, level, and plumb-rule; on each side, the moon, and seven stars; and above, the all-seeing Eye; underneath, the interlaced triangle with G in the centre, the three candlesticks with lighted candles, perfect ashlar, and lewis; rough ashlar, trowel and mallet: all these resting on the platform. Hope on the *right* hand, *as worn*, holds the traditional anchor, and Faith on the left, holds a cross in her right hand, and a bible under left arm with I H S on its cover. All these appear to be engraved on the skin. The Certificate has at top a female figure blowing a trumpet, from which depends a cloth on which is inscribed, "Grand Lodge of England," on each side of the Certificate, the three columns, the Ionic on the *left* as you *look at it*, with the Doric behind: on the right, the Corinthian: on the Ionic and Corinthian female figures, the first with a helmet, the second holding her hand to her mouth. At the foot of the columns is some wheat growing, and near a figure of Charity with children. At the foot, in front, resting against the Ionic columns, are the plumb-rule and trowel; and against the Corinthian, the level, compasses, and square. In the centre is the Certificate engraved in English and Latin, as at present. The English reads thus—"Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, according to the Old Constitution. To all whom it may concern. These are to certify that our Brother Jonathan Smith who hath signed his name in the margin hereof, is a regular Master Mason of Lodge, Number 258 on the registry of England, as appears to us by the Certificate of the said Lodge, and registered on the books of the Grand Lodge in London, the 4th day of December, in the year of Masonry 5800. In testimony

whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, and affixed the Seal of the Grand Lodge this 5th day of November, in the year of Our Lord 1801.

“ Robt. Leslie, G. Sec.

“ Edw. Harper, D. G. Sec.

The Seal bears the inscription “ Grand Lodge in London of Free and Accepted Masons, according to the Old Institution,” and is affixed under the signatures. The name “ Jonathan Smith” is duly signed in the margin, and beneath in the other margin, “ Lodge No. 258, Bear and Wheatshaf, Thames Street, London.” Such I think, is an accurate description of the above, though probably you may have seen similar ones before. The name of the Lodge is unfortunately not inserted, but in your most interesting “ Memorials” the No. 258 of the “ Ancients,” at 1813, is described as “ Hercules Tower, Thread-needle Street, London,” corresponding to the present “ Lion and Lamb, Cannon Street, London, No. 192.” I fear I have been somewhat prolix in my description, but I fancied you might be interested in its perusal. Trusting you are in the enjoyment of good health; believe me,

Very truly and fraternally yours,

J. HORDERN JUKES, P.M., 120, 892,

Past Prov. J. G. Warden, Herefordshire.

THE ATTACK OF THE CHURCH OF ROME ON FREEMASONS AND FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE attack which the Romish Church is now making on Freemasonry is not a new one, but it seems to be even more bitter, and is certainly more vituperative than the older imprecations and condemnations. We think it well, therefore, to present to our readers all the attacks in their official form, which we have found ourselves, or take on the faith of others. The first, in point of time, is a general decree which was passed by the Council of Avignon in 1326. Bro. Findel alludes to it in his history in a footnote. We have ourselves seen extracts before of the decree, and Bro. Albert Mackey, in America, has given us the first transcription “ in extenso” in English of it, in the “ Voice of Masonry” for Septem-

ber, at page 653. He has taken it from Hardouin’s well-known “ Acta Conciliorum et Epistolæ Decretales ac Constitutiones Summorum Pontificum, Paris 1714.”

The decree is a remarkable one, as it condemns all secret confraternities who “ congregate in some place once a year under the name of a confraternity, sometimes all wearing a dress with certain curious signs and marks, they elect one of their number as chief majorem, to whom they swear obedience in all things.”

Some have thought that this decree was directed against the “ Vehmish Societies,” but it appears to me that it was mainly directed against the “ Sodalities of Operative Masons,” in which opinion Bro. Albert Mackey concurs apparently. Of course one difficulty is plain, that at that time the operative lodges were under the active protection of the church, and their ceremonies and legends were purely in accordance with the dogmas and decrees of the Church. We cannot explain the seeming paradox, but proceed to give the decree from Bro. Albert Mackey’s paper in the “ Voice of Masonry” :—

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Concerning the societies, unions and confederacies called confraternities which are to be utterly extirpated.

Whereas, in certain parts of our provinces, noblemen for the most part and sometimes other persons, have established unions, societies and confederacies, which are interdicted by the canon as well as by the municipal laws, who congregate in some place once a year under the name of a confraternity, and there establish assemblies and unions, and enter into a compact confirmed by an oath that they will mutually aid each other against all persons whomsoever, their own lords excepted, and in every case that each one will give to another help, counsel and favour; and sometimes all wearing a similar dress with certain curious signs or marks, they elect one of their number as a chief (majorem) to whom they swear obedience in all things; whereby justice is offended, murders and robberies ensue; peace and security are banished, the innocent and the poor are oppressed, and the churches and ecclesiastics in a town infested by such societies, suffer various injuries and great damage to their persons, possessions, rights and jurisdictions. Wishing at once to check these

pestiferous designs and pernicious undertakings, and to provide an appropriate remedy and to restrain from sin those who are under us, as is the duty of the pastoral office, we do by the authority of the present council, invalidate, dissolve and make void all assemblies, unions, societies and confederacies which are called brotherhoods or confraternities hitherto instituted by clergymen or laymen of whatsoever degree, state, dignity or condition they may be, and also the compacts, agreements and regulations established among them, and we declare them to be null and void and of no effect, decreeing that all the oaths taken for the performance of the aforesaid acts are either illegal or worthless; and we ordain that no one shall be held to the observance of them, from which oaths we provisionally absolve them; so that, however, for their heedless and idle oaths they shall receive a salutary penance from their confessors. And by the aforesaid authority we prohibit them under penalty of excommunication to make use from this time forth as formerly, of the said unions, societies, conventions and oaths; they shall not institute confraternities of this kind; one shall not give obedience nor afford assistance or favour to another; nor shall they wear clothing which exhibits the signs or marks of the condemned thing, nor call themselves brethren, priors or abbots of the aforesaid society. And we ordain that this excommunication shall be "ipso facto," if they act to the contrary of the present statute after it shall have been published for two Sundays in the church of which they are parishioners. But indeed let each one within ten days from the time of the said publication seek a confessor to absolve him, so far as he can, from the aforesaid oaths, and let him publicly profess his unwillingness to be any longer a member of the aforesaid society. We also forbid their forming from this time forth such confederacies, conspiracies or assemblies under the name of a confraternity, otherwise we declare such attempts "de facto" invalid, void and of no effect, and we subject those forming and attempting them to the sentence of excommunication, from which they shall in no way be absolved, unless by a provincial council, except in the hour of death. But by this act we do not intend to disapprove of those fraternities formerly

instituted for the relief of the poor in which there are no obligations nor oaths.

From the time of Pope John XXII., in the tenth year of whose Pontificate this statute at Avignon was passed, until the year 1738, the Romish Curia slumbered, and the Popes were silent in respect of the Freemasons, or, indeed, we believe of secret societies. Some German writers say that Papal Bulls were granted in the interim to the German Masons, though the text of such has not yet been published, as far as we are aware, and Sir W. Dugdale, (no slight authority, as some of our readers know), is said to have traced back Masonry to wandering Italian Freemasons, incorporated and protected by Papal Bulls. But such Bulls have not yet been discovered, though they may well exist in some form. In 1738, however, the Romish Church woke up from its sleep of centuries, and Clement XII. promulgated a Bull beginning "In eminente Apostolatus Specula," April 27, 1738. This was a direct attack on, and a condemnation of Freemasonry. We give it from the "Pocket Companion" for 1759, in extenso:—

Clement Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to all the Faithful of Christ, Health, and Apostolical Benediction.

Placed (unworthy as we are) by the Disposal of the Divine Clemency, in the eminent Watch-Tower of the Apostleship, we are ever solicitously intent, agreeable to the Trust of the Pastoral Providence reposed in us, by obstructing the Passages of Error and Vice, to preserve more especially the Integrity of Orthodox Religion, and to repel, in these difficult Times, all Dangers of Trouble from the whole Catholick World.

It has come to our Knowledge, even from publick Report, that certain Societies, Companies, Meetings, Assemblies, Clubs, or Conventicles, commonly called *De Liberi Muratori*, or Freemasons, or by whatsoever other name the same in different Languages are distinguished, spread far and wide, and are every day increasing; in which persons, of what ever Religion or Sect, contented with a kind of an affected shew of natural Honesty, confederate Bond, according to Laws and Orders agreed upon between them; which likewise, with private Ceremonies, they enjoin and bind themselves, as well by strict Oath taken

on the Bible, as by the Imprecation of heavy Punishments, to preserve with inviolable Secrecy.

We therefore revolving in our Mind the great Mischiefs which generally accrue from this Kind of Societies or Conventicles, not only to the temporal Tranquility of the State, but to the spiritual Health of Souls: And that therefore they are neither consistent with civil nor canonical Sanctions; since we are taught by the Divine Word to watch, like a faithful Servant, Night and Day; lest this Sort of Men break as Thieves into the House, and like Foxes endeavour to root up the vineyard; lest they should pervert the Hearts of the simple, and privily shoot at the Innocent: That we might stop up the broad Way, which from thence would be laid open for the Perpetration of their Wickedness with impunity, and for other just and reasonable Causes to us known, have by the Advice of some of our venerable Brethren of the Roman Church, the Cardinals, and of our own mere Motion, and from our certain Knowledge and mature Deliberation, by the Plenitude of the Apostolical Power, appointed and decreed to be condemned, and prohibited, and by this our present ever-valid Constitution, we do condemn and prohibit the same Societies, Companies, Meetings, Assemblies, Clubs, or Conventicles, *De Liberi Muratori*, or Freemasons, or by whatever other Name they are distinguished.

Wherefore all and singular the Faithful in Christ, of whatever State, Degree, Condition, Order, Dignity, and Pre-eminence, whether Laity or Clergy, as well Seculars as Regulars, worthy all of express Mention and Enumeration we strictly, and in Virtue of holy Obedience, command that no one, under any Pretext or Colour, dare or presume the aforesaid Societies *De Liberi Muratori*, or Freemasons, or by whatever other Manner distinguished, to enter into, promote, favour, admit, or conceal in his or their Houses, or elsewhere, or be admitted Members of, or be present with the same, or be any wise aiding and assisting towards their meeting in any Place; or to administer any Thing to them, or in any Manner publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, by themselves or others, afford them Counsel, Help, or Favour; or advise, induce, provoke, or persuade others to be

admitted into, joined, or be present with this Kind of Societies, or in any Manner aid and promote them: But they ought by all Means to abstain from the said Societies, Companies, Meetings, Assemblies, Clubs, or Conventicles, under the Penalty of all that act contrary thereto incurring Excommunication *ipso Facto*, without any other Declaration; from which no one can obtain the Benefit of Absolution from any other but us, or the Roman Pontiff for the Time being, except at the Point of Death.

We will moreover and command, That as well Bishops and superior Prelates, and other Ordinaries of particular Places, as the the Inquisitors of heretical Pravity universally deputed, of what State, Degree, Condition, Order, Dignity, or Pre-eminence soever, proceed and inquire, and restrain and coerce the same as vehemently suspected of Heresy, with condign Punishment: For to them and each of them, we hereby give and impart free Power of proceeding, inquiring against, and of coercing and restraining with condign Punishments the same Transgressors, and of calling in, if it shall be necessary, the Help of the Secular Arm: And we will that printed Copies of these Presents, signed by some Notary Publick, and confirmed by the Seal of some Person of Ecclesiastical Dignity, shall be of the same Authority as original Letters would be, if they were shewn and exhibited. Let no one therefore infringe, or by rash Attempt contradict this Page of our Declaration, Damnation, Command, Prohibition, and Interdict: But if any one shall presume to attempt this, let him know that he will incur the Indignation of Almighty God, and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Dated from Rome at St. Mary's the Greater, in the Year of the Incarnation of our Lord 1738, the 4th of the Calends of May, (28th of April, N.S.) in the 8th of our Pontificate.

A. Card, Vice-Datary.

C. Amatus, Vice-Secretary.

Visa de Curia N. Antonellus.

The Place † of the Leaden Seal.

I. B. EUGENIUS.

Registered in the Secretary of the Briefs Office, &c.

In the above-mentioned Day, Month, and Year, the said Condemnation was fixed up and published at the Gates of the Palace

of the Sacred Office of the Prince of the Apostles, and in other usual and accustomed Places of the City, by me Peter Romolatus, Cursitor of the most Holy Inquisition.

E D I C T.

Joseph Cardinal Pirrao, of the Title St. Thomas in Paroisse, and of the Sacred Roman College Cardinal Priest

Whereas the Holiness of our Sovereign Lord Pope Clement XII. happily reigning, in his Bull of the 28th of April last, beginning *In eminenti*, condemned, under Pain of Excommunication reserved to himself, certain Companies, Societies, and Meetings, under the Title of Freemasons, more proper to be called Conventicles, which, under the Pretext of Civil Society, admit Men of any Sect and Religion, with a strict Tie of Secrecy, confined by Oath on the Sacred Bible, as to all that is transacted or done in the said Meetings, and Conventicles: And whereas such Societies, Meetings and Conventicles are not only suspected of occult Heresy, but even dangerous to publick Peace, and the Safety of the Ecclesiastical State; since if they did not contain Matters contrary to orthodox Faith, to the State, and to the Peace of the Commonwealth, so many and strict Ties of Secrecy would not be required as it is widely taken Notice of in the aforesaid Bull; and it being the Will of the Holiness of our said Lord that such Societies, Meetings, and Conventicles, totally cease and be dissolved, and that they who are not constrained by the Fear of Censures, be curbed at least by temporal Punishments.

Therefore, it is the express Order of his Holiness, by this Edict to prohibit all Persons, of any Sex, State, or Condition soever, whether Ecclesiastical, Secular, or Regular, of whatever Institute, Degree, or Dignity, though ordinarily or extraordinarily privileged, even such as require special and express Mention to be made of them, comprehending the four Legations of Bologna, Ferrara, Romagna, Urbino, and the City and Dukedom of Benevento; and it is hereby forbidden that any do presume to meet, assemble, or associate in any Place under the said Societies, or Assemblies of Freemasons, or under any other Title or Cloak whatsoever or even be present at such Meetings and Assemblies, under Pain of Death and Confiscation of their Effects, to be irremissibly incurred without Hopes of Grace.

It is likewise prohibited, as above, to

any Person soever to seek or tempt any one to associate with any such Societies, Meetings, or Assemblies, or to advise, aid or abet to the like Purpose the said Meetings or Assemblies, under the Penalties abovesaid; and they who shall furnish or provide a House, or any other Place for such Meetings or Conventicles to be held, though under Pretext of Loan, Hire, any other Contract soever, are hereby condemned, over and above the aforesaid Penalties, to have the House, or Houses, or other Places where such Meetings and Conventicles shall be held, utterly erased and demolished; and it is his Holiness's Will, that to incur the abovesaid Penalty of Demolition, any human Conjectures, Hints, or Presumptions, may and shall suffice for a Presumption of Knowledge in the Landlords of such Houses and Places, without Admission of any Excuse soever.

And because it is the express Will of our said Lord, that such Meeting, Societies, and Conventicles do cease, as pernicious, and suspect of Heresy and Sedition, be utterly dissolved: his Holiness does hereby strictly order, that any Persons, as above, who shall have Notice for the Future of the holding of the said Meetings, Assemblies, and Conventicles, or who shall be solicited to associate with the same or are in any Manner Accomplices or Partakers with them, be obliged, under the Fine of a thousand Crowns in Gold, beside other grievous corporal Punishments, the Gallies not to be excepted, to be inflicted at Pleasure, to denounce them to his Eminence, or to the chief Magistrate of the ordinary Tribunal of the Cities, or other Places in which the Offence shall be committed, contrary to Edict; with Promise and Assurance to such Denouncers, or Informers, that they shall be kept inviolably secret and safe, and shall further obtain Grace and Immunity, notwithstanding any Penalty they themselves may or shall have incurred.

And that no one may excuse himself from the Obligation of informing under the borrowed Pretext of natural Secret, or the most sacred Oath, or other stricter Tye, by order of said Holiness, Notice is hereby given to all, that such Obligation of natural Secret or any Sort of Oath in criminal Matters, and already condemned under Pain of Excommunication, as above, neither holds nor binds in any Manner, being null, made void, and of no Force, &c.

'Tis our Will that the present Edict, when affixed in the usual places in Rome and its District, and from the Term of twenty Days after, the whole Ecclesiastical State, comprehending even the Legations and Cities of Bologna, Ferrara, and Benevento, in the same Manner, as if they had been personally notified to each of them. Given in Rome this 14th Day of January, 1738.

JOSEPH CARDINAL FIRRAO, Jerome de Bardi, Secretary, Rome, In the Printing-Office of the Reverend Apostolick Chamber. 1739.

DECREE

The 18th Day of Feb. 1739.

The Sacred Congregation of the most Eminent, and most Reverend Cardinals of the Holy Roman See, and Inquisitors-Generals in the Christian Republic against heretical Pravity, held in the Convent of St. Mary Supra Minervam, thoroughly weighing that a certain Book, written in French, small in its Size; but most wicked in Regard to its bad Subject, intitled, The History of, and an Apology for the Society of Free-masons, by J. G. D. M. F. M. printed at Dublin, for Patriek Odoroko, 1739, has been published to the great Scandal of all the Faithful in Christ, in which Book there is an Apology for the Society of Freemasons, already justly condemned by the Holy See: After a mature Examination thereof, a Censure, and that published by our most Holy Lord, Pope Clement XII. together with the suffrages of the most Eminent and most Reverend Lords, the Cardinals, by the Command of his Holiness, condemns and prohibits, by the present Decree, the said Book, as containing Propositions and wicked Principles.

Wherefore, that so hurtful and wicked a Work may be abolished, as much as possible it can, or at least that it may not continue without a perpetual Note of Infamy, the same sacred Congregation, by Command as above, has ordered that the said Work shall be burnt publicly by the Minister of Justice in the Street of St. Mary Supra Minervam, on the 25th of the current Month, at the same Time, the Congregation shall be held in the Convent of the same St. Mary.

Moreover, this same sacred Congregation, by the Command of his Holiness, positively forbids and prohibits all the Faithful in Christ, that no one dare by any Means, and under any Pretence whatsoever, copy, print, or cause to be copied or printed, or retain

or presume to read the said Book, in any Language, and Version now published, or (which God forbid) may be published hereafter, and now condemned by this Decree, under the Pain of Excommunication to be incurred ipso Facto by those that shall offend therein; but that they presently and effectually deliver it up to the Ordinaries of such Places, or to the Inquisitors of heretical Pravity, who shall burn it, or cause it to be burnt, without Delay. Twenty-fifth of February, 1739.

Paul Antimus Capellorius, Notary-Publick of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition.

The Place † of the Seal.

Upon the 25th of February, 1739, the above cited Decree was fixed and published at the Gates of the Church of the Prince of the Apostles, at the Palace of the Holy Office, and at the other accustomed Places within the City, by me Peter Romolatus, Officer of the Holy Inquisition. At Rome, from the Printing-Office of the Reverend Apostolick-Chamber, 1739.

We hope to continue the papers until we have published all the existent Papal edicts against our tolerant, forbearing, and always loyal and peaceable order.

THE MYSTIC TEMPLE.

North, South, East, West, the world around,
In every clime are Masons found,
On hill tops high, in valleys low,
In 'Torrid Zone, 'mid Greenland's snow,
Her altars rise, her workmen meet,
The Mystic Temple to complete.

To each true brother is assigned
The task to cultivate his mind,
To learn his passions to subdue,
To love the good, the pure and true,
And learn this lesson, meant for all:
The equal rights of great and small.

Then ply with skill your tools of trade;
To every stone let plumb be laid;
With square and compass, rule and line,
Make every block, a block divine,
A true, tried stone, with chiseled face,
And fitted for its proper place.

So let the Mystic Temple rise,
Its base on earth, its top in sky,
Faith, Hope and Love, the ladder bright,
That leads us up to realms of light,
Till Hiram's foe is met and passed,
And all, o'er Death triumph at last,

Keystone, Philadelphia.

Rebiew.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. By Anthony Trollope.

The merring hand of a great novelist of our generation has drawn for us a sad picture of the "Way we Live Now." The "Times," a good judge of such matters, says this portraiture of his heroes and heroines, *our men and women, old and young*, his descriptions, in fact, of the great seething Vanity Fair of contemporary English society, despite its obvious pleasant word-painting, is true in every particular. Alas! that it should be so. We do not for one moment mean to deny the vivid likeness of Melmotte and Fisker, of Paul Montague and Sir Felix Carbury, of Dolly Longstaffe and Lord Niddersdale, of the good Bishop, of Mr. Cohenlupe, of Roger Crumb and of Miles Grendall, of the fair Marie and of Ruby Ruggles, of Lady Carbury and Mrs. Hurtle, of la famille Longstaffe, and of the young cubs at the Bear Garden. We do not dispute, we repeat, the colouring or perspective of the limner's facile pencil; but yet folly and perversity, and meanness and baseness, and dirt and vulgarity have long existed in this world of ours, and many have been the satirists and frequent the satire. So that, not being "laudatores temporis acti," or, at any rate, not being so to too great an extent, we feel bound to observe that the "Way we Live Now" is, we fancy, after all, only pretty much the way in which other generations have lived, and other acute and satirical observers have as loudly and as eloquently condemned. And, as with all bitters, also come the sweets. If the "way we live now" be not as wise, or as moral, or as honest, even, as it well might be, and indeed ought to be: if the picture we have before us is, we fear, a true one to a great extent, its darkness is yet lighted up with some flashes not only of brighter aspirations, but even of the better side of human nature. So we to-day, amid the din of our daily strife and the noise of pretentious disputants, amid the echoes of that Babel of folly and evil which seems closer to our own homes than of yore, we yet can feel how true the satirist intends to be, and can admire the sparkle of his wit, the clearness of his illustration; the

"dramatis personæ" he brings before us so happily and so well. We still can sympathize, for instance, despite much decadence of moral feeling, with honest Roger Crumb, and rejoice to think that Ruby Ruggles has got safe home at last from "Castle Dangerous," and that the bubble has burst, and the Bear Garden has shut up. As the French say, "pour les mœurs," we feel the satisfactory conclusion, in these respects, of Mr. Trollope's effective tale. Beyond this, to say the truth, we can have but little real sympathy for any other of the characters, or concern one way or other in their proceedings or their fate. We may feel, indeed, a certain amount of concern for Mrs. Hurtle, but yet we cannot approve of the proceedings of that courageous and strong-minded female, feeling persuaded in our own minds that they could only portend, what Mr. Justice Maule once called "the introduction of much irregularity into our parochial registers." For Melmotte himself what can we feel but aversion, in Sir Felix Carbury, what but contempt? And as for those parasites and glowworms who lived on the great Swindler in his prosperity, and cut him on his fall, what can we do but, as honest Englishmen, despise them? We do not even think much of Henrietta Carbury, she is too milk-and-water for us; while of Paul Montague our opinion is not high. The Squire, though somewhat sentimental, is as somebody said, "a sublimated gander." Despite her "sang froid" we wont say heartlessness, but like British Maidens she is cool and calm, we are inclined to laugh at Marie Melmotte's practical view of things and persons, and we wish her all happiness with her highly-intelligent husband, Mr. Fisker, at Frisco. Mrs. Melmotte and Herr Croll will do well on "diamonds and curacoa," and Herr Croll may even yet appreciate the value of a "strong order," more than he did on a certain memorable occasion. Still, say what we will, and look at it as you may, the story is a dispiriting one. To think that life, with its high aims, and youth, with its golden hours, is to be spent only in a sybarite's dream, or the slough of sensuality, is indeed a mournful look-out for us all. To realize the unpalatable fact, that duty is forgotten, and honour betrayed, that responsibility is a name, and decency a jest, is also an unpleasant vision. But to feel how surely and how sadly our whole social

life is sapped and marred by the dangerous pursuit after wealth at any price, by unhallowed lives, and unbelieving sneers, but above all is varnished over by the corroding veneer of plausible pretence, or sanctimonious hypocrisy, is indeed both alarming and depressing.

Such is our young England of 1875. Where is it all to end? If satirists exaggerate, if satire is, as it practically is, extravagant in some respects, still, as we know well, there is no smoke without fire, except in very extreme cases, and very scientifically constructed chimnies. The satirist himself could not be forthcoming, unlike the poet, "fit," "non nascitur," he would have no vocation, and no audience, unless he had to hear the bray of folly and of fools at our own very doors; the counterfeit of the smasher could not be surreptitiously moulded without the existence of the real "circulating medium." And hence we must believe that the cause exists for satire, the need is here for satirists. We fear that the world at large, and society in particular, heed but little the friendly advice, or the warning tone, take less notice of the smile or the frown. Such as they are, such they will continue to be, until in the good Providence of God something will arouse our youth once again to the sterner claims of duty, to higher aims, and nobler lives.

Some irrational writers have lately been amusing themselves by charging women generally, especially our younger generation, with being the cause of all the folly, frivolity, extravagance, and giddiness of the hour. Most perverse of accusations, and most untrue. All honour to the women, we say. They, on the contrary, despite the attributes of fastness and the like so liberally awarded to them, are still the very salt of this great English society of ours; they give to it what sweetness, what life, what purity it still possesses. Never at any time was woman's kindly influence more needed to restore and reform than now. Never was the honest-heartedness of women more required to elevate the tone of our decaying and corrupt society than at the present hour. Never was it so needful to have woman's grace and trust and uprightness and clear perception to bear on the reckless strivings of a diseased generation, to raise it from its "slough of despond," to animate, to vivify, and to adorn,

to "point to brighter worlds, and lead the way." And just as the patriot never despairs of his country, so we should never despair of humanity. It has passed through many epochs, and through many struggles, through fiery furnaces very heavy, and sad seductions not a few, and blighted and tainted, as it is, there still linger with it the traces of a glorious creation, there still belongs to it the likeness of its Divine original. It may be weak and wavering, perverted, betrayed and debased, but it still has before it ever the reality of its deathless mission, and the holy and blessed truth of its eternal destiny.

W.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

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

MR. HENRY WADE, Master of the Wolsingham Grammar School, and the author of an admirable prose volume, now out of print, entitled *Halcyon, or Rod Fishing in clear Waters*, as well as of *Country Lyrics, and other Poems*, has favoured me with the perusal of a lengthy local poem of his in MS., entitled *Richmond and Swaledale*, which he says "was written merely as a description of the beautiful scenery it professes to depict, interlarded with local legends, and not with any intention of correct chronological arrangement regarding the events themselves." My own opinion is, that it would have been almost as easy for a cultivated mind, like that of Mr. Wade's, to have preserved strict chronological arrangement, and thus have made his pleasant poem as truthful to history as it undoubtedly is to the sights and sounds of nature. Mr. Wade has the eye of a painter, and the ear and feelings of a poet; his summer leisure is spent in angling, and in sketching from nature, his winter leisure in painting and in literary composition; and with his intimate know-

ledge of the chronology and traditions of the district, he might make his poem the best, because the pleasantest, teacher of the history of Richmond and its picturesque and historical environs. Upwards of two thousand lines of verse, reminding one of the longest poems of "The Great Magicien of the North," and some of the couplets not unworthy of him, might just as well teach correct history, especially as regards the founders of monasteries, as have to render notes necessary from the author, here and there, to say who were the real founders. I sincerely hope that Mr. Wade will remove this blemish from his otherwise valuable local poem, and then at once open a subscription list for its publication in a neat, but not too expensive, form. I take the liberty of publishing an extract from the poem, not chosen as the best, but taken almost at random, that my readers may have, what Hamlet would call, a taste of the poet's quality. It is a digression on night, forming the nineteenth canto, of which there are fifty-five in all; with many valuable prose notes, which will keep a stranger well posted up in the history of *Richmond and Swaledale*, a district well worthy of a visit.

"Like rippling waves the Summer past,
 And Autumn golden waned at last.
 The gloom of dusky night spread o'er
 The woodlands wide and purpling moor,
 And wrapt her sable mantle round.
 Slow are her dark hours ever found.
 From guilt is shut the light it dreads;
 Fierce anguish thro' the soul far spreads;
 Misery deep draws her aching sigh,
 And oft she leaves no tearless eye;
 But this the hour, peace rests her head,
 In dreams her pleasing fancy's lead.
 'Tis night, when felons darkly prowl,
 And fiercer now the wild winds howl;
 Tempests sough more hoarse at night,
 And winds a drearier conflict fight;
 The wild storm seems more cold and chill,
 When driving sightless o'er the hill;
 The shepherd lone longs for the light,
 Strains through the storm his aching
 sight,
 Nor hopes his flock has wander'd far,
 But sought the shelter of some scar.
 At night, a sharper pang is given,
 To souls who dread nor hell nor heaven:
 Such dread to think—by which they
 prove,
 That men are ruled by powers above.

Sure conscience goads the inner man,
 And lures him, rack'd, his deeds to scan;
 Conscience, of justice the stronghold,
 That maketh cowards of the bold,
 How often unreclaim'd men go,
 From deeper to still deeper woe,
 Until at last, when past return,
 They cease to grieve, or fret or mourn.
 If hap repentance comes, they turn,
 And all their evil days then spurn,
 So love return'd with fiercer fire will burn.
 The virtuous fears, but deems not he
 Long here below can happy be;
 Bright hope his fainting soul inspires,
 And heavenly zeal his courage fires.
 The storm-king, Conscience, bursts his
 chain,

Rejoiced his liberty to gain;
 His onward path no pains annoy,
 Eternal rest his certain joy.
 Brighter at night the lightning's flash,
 And mountain torrents wilder dash,
 Sweeping along their madden'd course,
 And louder Boreas bellows hoarse;
 At night, rain-storms impel the rill,
 Whose waterfalls white mists distil;
 While wailing moans re-echo far,
 O'er woody dell and rocky scar,
 Like death-cries from the distant war.
 The drifting snow, far o'er the plain,
 Night revels in his white domain;
 The wanderer seeks for shelter warm,
 To hide him from the sweeping storm,
 And shivering looks into the sky,
 While tear-drops freeze upon his eye:
 Athirst and hungry sinks him down,
 Soft slumber comes his woes to drown;
 But when the snow from earth is fled,
 They find him stark, and stiff, and dead."

I have purposely avoided saying anything of the story, which binds together in one harmonious whole, what would otherwise be disjointed fragments. To me, however, the great charm of the poem is its truthful descriptions of nature, in which Mr. Wade is thoroughly at home, even to the barking of the fox in hunting its prey.

Those short-sighted persons who imagine that England will always be the workshop of the world, and that foreigners will always send their raw materials across the ocean to be manufactured here, and then taken back again, and sold cheaper than the natives could do the work for themselves, may some day be waking up to find that they have been in a dream. Perhaps they

are not aware that there are, for instance, sixteen cotton mills, seven of which are being made bigger, in Bombay and its immediate vicinage, and eleven new ones are in course of erection. These employ 2,206 women, and 2,533 children, 2,058 of whom, I regret to say, are under twelve years old. The hours of labour are sixteen a day, and Sunday is only kept as a holiday once a fortnight. This is not the place for "party politics," but surely humanity demands for those poor fellow-subjects of ours a shortening of the hours of labour. Some infants are said to be employed who are not more than five years of age! There are now 600,000 spindles in the Presidency of Bombay, and 500,000 more are fast approaching completion. Of 1,200,000 bales of cotton produced, 78,000 are now manufactured in India. With the raw material, cheap labour, moist, hot climate, coals, &c., even with a ten-hours' bill, and prohibition of infant labour Lancashire cannot long compete with India in its own market.

I am glad to see that *Cassell's Illustrated History of England*, which I regard as one of the best histories ever written, is about to be re-issued, in cheap monthly parts; the first of which is before me. A splendid portrait of our beloved Queen, 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 10 in., is given with the first part, and when neatly framed will form a handsome ornament to any house, be the occupant rich or poor. Here is an extract from the first part, explaining in a few lines who those "Danes" were who figure so conspicuously in the early history of Britain, and regarding whom there is still much ignorance, which the wide circulation of histories like the present will do much to remove:—

"Bound by a limited territory, in a climate where population rapidly increases, it is not to be wondered at that Denmark and Norway were overstocked with inhabitants, and, consequently forced to send away large colonies. Their natural inclination to a sea-life made these exiles readily abandon their country; and the great booty the first adventurers gained tempted the richest and most powerful of their countrymen to urge their fortune in the same manner; to which end they entered into associations, and fitted out large fleets to seek and ravage foreign countries. These associations were much of the same nature with those formed in modern times

by the corsairs of Barbary; and they became so entirely devoted to this mode of life, that very considerable fleets were put to sea. They had the authority and example of their highest leaders, who occasionally commanded them in person, for what they did. These leaders were known by the name of Sea-kings. Their fleets made great devastation in several parts of Europe, particularly France, England, and the Low Countries. In France they were called Normans—that is, men of the north, but in England they were generally styled Danes. There is no doubt that the Swedes and Goths very often joined with the Danes in their piratical expeditions; and it appears that the Frieslanders also were concerned with them in ravaging the coasts of France and England. The Saxon historians call them indifferently Getes, Goths, Jutes, Norwegians, Dacians, Danes, Swedes, Vandals, and Frieslanders."

I have received, and carefully read the whole of the July-August number of the *International Review*, which is issued six times a year for five dollars; and which, though printed in New York, is sold in London by Trubner & Co. of Ludgate Hill. The number before me contains able articles on "Freeman's Norman Conquest, and other Historical Works," by Henry Coppee, president of the Lehigh University; on "India in some of its Social and Political Aspects," by A. Phillips, barrister, of Calcutta; on "Deaf-Mutism," by E. M. Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington; on "The Survey of Palestine," by Walter Besant, secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund, London; on "French Literature under the First Empire," by the Princess D'Istria, of Florence; and on "John Stuart Mill as a Religious Philosopher," by Noah Porter, LL.D., president of Yale College; with some shorter but interesting papers. As far as I can judge from a single specimen, I should pronounce this an excellent review. Dr. Coppee well remarks, "Every great event in history is at once an effect and a cause. It is manifest that if we would study the Norman Conquest, we cannot begin with William and Harold, and the story of the Bayeux Tapestry; nor can we end with the establishment of William's power, the final subjugation of the Fen-land, or the death of William

himself. To understand the Conquest, we must understand the condition of Saxon-England; and to know these, we must go back to the coming of the Saxons into Britain; we must study their purpose and their growing polity; their efforts towards confederation; their conversion to Latin Christianity; the supremacy of Wessex, which led to consolidation; the growth of their constitution and laws; and the logical development, from free principles, of the Saxon monarchy and aristocracy—titles of simple government or command becoming infallibly titles of hereditary nobility." A "large field," as Dr. Coppee admits, but one, nevertheless, to be carefully examined by the real student of English history. The true Freemason needs no teaching as to the value of education in fitting us to become useful members of civilized society: it is one of the first lessons of the Craft. But we have all a great deal to learn as to how much farther education can be carried than we wot of. E. M. Gallaudet gives an instance, which fell under his own notice some years since, of "a girl who had been held as a household drudge or slave by her family, till in her sixteenth year she was brought, at the instance of her humane neighbours, to a school where she might be taught. On entering she presented evidences of idiocy that were thought to be unmistakable. Premature decrepitude of form, with crooked, claw-shaped fingers, and a face utterly expressionless, were taken as plain tokens of mental feebleness. A few months, however, of the ordinary treatment of a deaf-mute institution, wrought what seemed almost a miracle. Rest from exhausting labour allowed the fingers to relax, and the form to straighten; kindness lighted smiles in a face that had lost, if it had ever possessed, the power of changing its expression; patient instruction reached at length the awakened intellect, and at the end of a year, eager happy intelligence was in process of healthy development, where there seemed before to have been no germ of mental life." Mr. Besant's interesting paper, on "The Survey of Palestine," is alone worth double the price of the *Review*, and must be read entire to be properly appreciated. Jerusalem is too intimately connected with the teachings and legends of the Craft, ever to become an object of indifference to any true and faithful brother amongst us.

At the commencement of the year, Mr. James Clayton, of Bradford, began to issue a monthly literary periodical, under the title of the *Yorkshireman*, "with a view," he informs us, "of providing a succession of stories, essays, sketches, poems, humorous papers, dialect pieces, &c., which shall be especially interesting to Yorkshiremen." The publication is very neatly printed, and is supported by much local talent. When I have carefully read the nine numbers before me I may have more to say about it. In the meantime, I sincerely wish Mr. Clayton better success than was my own in attempting to establish a literary periodical for my native county. Certainly thirty years of improved education has not only very much increased the ability, but also the taste for reading. But, though encouraged by the free-will offerings of literary contributions from writers like Charles Swain, Bernard Barton, Grace Aguilar, Ebenezer Elliott, Spencer T. Hall, E. M. Heavisides, John Walker Ord, John Critchley Prince, John Bolton Rogerson, Mrs. F. B. Scott, January Searle, Camilla Toulmin, and others, and with the most favourable notices from the reviewers, after three years' hard labour of head and hands, not only were my efforts unrewarded, but I was a heavy sum out of pocket for a poor man. And yet—though it hung a millstone round my neck—*Tweddell's Yorkshire Miscellany* is a publication I can look back upon, after thirty years' experience, as a work not to be ashamed of, and one to which I have been indebted for the sympathy of many congenial souls.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE.

ON this interesting subject a very able paper, illustrated by diagrams, was on the 21st June, read by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, at a meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, held at the house of the Society of Arts, John-st, Adelphi. The rev. lecturer began his paper by adverting to the difficulty of the interpretation of the Etruscan language, a problem which Niebuhr, who had rightly recognised its vast importance, deemed insoluble. It was the only great problem of the kind

remaining, the Egyptian and Assyrian having been long deciphered and translated. The phonetic powers of the letters of the Etruscan alphabet were all known, and it was not the trans'iteration of the language which constituted the difficulty. Mr. Taylor then proceeded to give an account of the origin of the Etruscan alphabet. With the help of a diagram exhibiting that alphabet, with the Latin, Phœnician, and the corresponding Egyptian hieroglyphs, in four parallel columns, he showed the derivation of the Etruscan letters from the Egyptian through the Phœnician. The few bilingual inscriptions in Etruscan and Latin were referred to, and a copy of the principal one, that of Volumnius, consisting of little more than about half a dozen words, nearly all of them proper names, was exhibited and commented upon. It was with the aid of these inscriptions that the powers of the Etruscan characters had been ascertained as long as eighty years ago. But their paucity and brevity barred further progress for more than half a century. The discovery of a specimen of inscribed Etruscan dice, about thirty years since, opened up a prospect of penetrating deeper into the mystery, it being fairly presumable that the words on the six faces of the die are so many numerals. For it was admitted on all hands that the numerals of a language, especially its units, offer the very best means of ascertaining its affinities with kindred tongues, and so of revealing its translation and sense. Unfortunately, the die, soon after it was found, was lost again for many years, and its very existence began to be called in question by sceptical persons. Recently it had been recovered, and was now at Paris. Copies of an engraving of this important die were distributed amongst the numerous audience, and an enlarged model of it was exhibited. The words on the six faces were read in the following order by Mr. Taylor, who attributes to them the numeral values enclosed in brackets:—Mach (1), Huth (6), Ci (2), Sa (4), Zal (3), Thu (5). He admitted, however, that there were fifteen possible ways of arranging them. In answer to those eminent philologists—Professor Corsssen in particular—who denied their being numerals at all, he cited their occurrence as numerals in several Etruscan sepulchral inscriptions, of which there were no fewer than 3,000 extant. At the same

time the lecturer frankly owned that other scholars interpreted the expressions on the tombstones, which he regarded as statements of the age of the deceased, in a totally different manner. Professor Corsssen read the inscription on the die as follows:—“Mach Thu-zal huth ci-sa. Deeming the Etruscan language an Aryan one, and akin to the various Italic branches of that family, the Umbrian, Oscan, and Latin, he had proposed the translation:—“Mach cut with a chisel this gift.” Mr. Taylor, who perceives in the words on the die not only numerals, but numerals which can be identified with those of the Finno Ugrian group of the Turanian family of tongues ridiculed this rendering. He excited considerable laughter by remarking that, on Professor Corsssen's system, an equally felicitous explanation of the inscription might be arrived at through the Gaelic. He developed his own argument from the die in a very ingenious way, produced numerous proofs in its favour, and commented on the comparative grammar of the Etruscan and the Altaic and other Turanian languages. A full-length portrait of an Etruscan, copied from one of the very numerous tomb-frescoes, was exhibited, and excited much interest. Feature by feature Mr. Taylor compared the figure with the distinctive types of Laplanders and other Turanian tribes, remarking particularly on the obesity and high cheek-bones of all alike. With the same point in view, he referred the audience to the famous Castellani Etruscan sarcophagus in the British Museum, with the large recumbent figures of the Etruscan maguate and his wife. Copies of the beautiful Etruscan mirrors also, which often give subjects from the Græek mythology, but with the names of the gods in Etruscan, were pressed into the service of the learned gentleman's argument, *e.g.*, one representing the birth of Minerva from the Head of Jupiter. Here Vulcan, who with his axe splits open the god's head, is called Sethlans, which is well known to be the Etruscan name of the divine blacksmith. This name Mr. Taylor explains from the Turanian tongues as meaning “god of fire.” Mr. Taylor was inclined to think, with Count Conestabile, that the Etruscans were a mixed people, consisting of two elements, both Turanian. There was an earlier aboriginal stock, closely allied to the

Finnish, which was overborne by a conquering Tartar immigration.

The paper was listened to throughout with intelligent attention, and, on its conclusion, gave rise to considerable discussion, in which Lord Talbot de Malahide and others took part.—*The Linguist and Educational Review.*

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

Written in a country ramble, with a copy
of a favourite poet.

“A BORN CRAFTSMAN.”

Each tree's and green hill's shadow now
grows long,
And twilight's hour to veil the world
seems nigh.

Yet here I read and read, and linger—
why?

This bard hath, certes, a born craftsman's
tongue.

For, sure, each child of nature and of song,
True to his light, is born unconsciously
An unmade brother of the mystic tie.

And though, perchance, not visibly among
Light's sons enroll'd, and though as yet
hath ne'er

His outward eye beheld the rites sublime,
Rites, which sound Wisdom's hidden
laws enshrine,

Yet, doubtless, he no less doth largely
share

That wisdom, by whose breath from
earliest time

We, too, have been inspir'd with light
divine.

M. GORDON.

September 29th, 1875.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

It was somewhere about Christmas, when a snug party of tired hunters were assembled about a roaring fire of logs, enjoying the generous hospitality of the master of the hounds. A hard day's hunt-

ing over the mountain slopes had somewhat wearied them all; conversation languished a little, for everybody was more disposed to listen than talk. The village doctor, however, was free from this lethargy, as he had only joined the party at the dinner table. He was a lively little Welshman, full of shrugs and gestures, with a fresh, shrewd face in which good humour contended with touchiness.

“Come, tell us a story, Evans,” said the master, suddenly rousing from a gentle doze, and slapping the doctor vigorously on the knee, “we're all going to sleep.”

The doctor required a little pressing. He professed himself at a loss for a subject. Like the celebrated knife-grinder, he had no story to tell. “Unless, gentlemen, you would like me to tell you about the difficulty I have in getting my bills in.” At this there was a general murmur of dissent. “Shall I tell you, then, of the ghost that was seen by William Griffith Jones?”

The subject seemed a promising one, especially as the hero of the story was present, a young Welsh squire of shy and retiring habits, who was more devoted to the ancient customs of his race than to modern culture. “It is not right, indeed,” he remonstrated. But he was unheeded, and the doctor began:

I don't think that we Welsh are superstitious. There was a good deal of it once, but not now. It is only here and there, among some of our good old-fashioned families, such as that of our friend Jones here of the Plas, that you meet with some old stories belonging to them. It is said, for instance, that the family of the Plas had a tradition that on certain occasions a white horse appears to some one of their members, foreboding death or heavy misfortune. Well, whatever reason may tell us, there is no doubt that these things have a great influence on the mind; and William here was never free from a certain amount of dread of some day seeing this appalling vision. Thus, when he visited our little town, and spent an evening with a friend, he objected very much to going home alone. He was brave enough by daylight; but when night came on, and he had the prospect of facing the dark way to the Plas, his courage failed him, and he earnestly begged for company. But one murky night last winter William found

himself overtaken by midnight at the house of Morris of the Bryn, at the breaking up of a little bachelor party. Everybody was moving off in different directions—for Morris was an early man—but no one was going the way of our friend William, and he was afraid to traverse it by himself.

You must know that William lives at home with his grandmother and his brother John, and that, curiously enough, whilst William is a very good-tempered man, John is not a little quarrelsome. For that reason the two brothers are not always on good terms; and where you see one of them, the other is pretty sure not to be found. Indeed, like our young gentry of days gone bye, John is in the habit of roaming about the country, stopping first at one house and then at another, taking free quarters with his brother's tenants; who are not always well pleased to see him. John was not at the party at Morris', and he and his brother had quarrelled violently that very morning. I have good reason to know that, for it so happened that John had spent the evening with me.

I left William standing at Morris' door looking this way and that, and feeling his heart growing weaker and weaker every second; everybody had gone except young Meyrick, who lodged in the town and he stood on the steps lighting his pipe.

"I wish you would walk home with me Meyrick," said Jones; "its so lonely."

Meyrick laughed a sarcastic laugh.

"And who will walk back home with me?" he asked.

"Well, you can sleep on the bench in the hall at our house," said William.

"I prefer my own good feather-bed," replied Meyrick.

"But, my good fellow, do," said William, entreatingly. "Look here, are you hungry?"

"Yes indeed," said Meyrick.

For Morris had not given them any supper, and Meyrick had dined early.

"Then if you will come home with me we will have a capital supper—corned beef and red salmon, and plenty of good ale, with some whiskey-punch afterward—and you shall sleep on the dining-room sofa."

Well, that tempted Meyrick.

The way to the Plas at night is not pleasant. First of all comes the bridge,

with the water moaning and whispering down below, and there it is said that a maid who had been wronged threw herself into the river. After that you come to a dark hill-side, where the road winds through a thick wood, just the place for anybody to spring upon you and murder you; and when you come out of the woods you pass between two high rocks where they say that thieves and robbers were put to death a long time ago. And even then you are a good way from the Plas, that stands in the middle of a grove of trees, and looks wild and ghostly enough when you get there.

It was a tempestuous night; the wind howled savagely, making all kinds of strange noise among the trees, dark as pitch, for the moon would not rise for an hour or more. The two young men crept quietly along, starting and shivering at every noise. A sheep jumped before them out of a ditch and frightened them almost out of their senses. A screech-owl flew over the wood moaning and shrieking like a child, and then they gave themselves up for lost. But nothing happened after all till they came to the place between the two crags, when, in an interval of calm, they heard distinct sounds from the direction of the Plas. They stopped and listened intently. The sound was approaching; it came nearer and nearer. At last it proved to be the sound of horse's hoofs. Clop, clop, clop, clop.

"What can it be?" said Meyrick, seizing William by the arm. "There can be no horse coming from the Plas at this hour of the night."

William gazed and listened a moment longer, and then began to run as fast as he could in the opposite direction.

"Run!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper to his companion; "run for your life; if it catches us here we are lost!"

They just cleared the rocks as the horse's hoofs echoed behind them. William jumped into the hedge at one side and Meyrick on the other. The horse went past like the wind.

After a while they crawled out.

"Did you see it?"

"I saw something white."

"White, was it? Are you sure?"

"Yes; a white horse."

(To be continued.)