



THE Illustration is a *fac simile* of an old Jewel now in use in the well-known Humber Lodge, Hull, and presented to it, we believe, by Bro. Martin Kemp.

It is taken from a photograph by Bro. Joseph Walker, of Hull, lately S.W. of the Humber Lodge. We have to thank Bro. Martin Kemp for calling our attention to it, and for his fraternal permission to copy it in the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 44.—VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not a great deal to report this month.

The Grand Lodge has accepted un-animously the Report of the Special Committee appointed to consider what form the grateful recognition of Grand Lodge for our Grand Master's return should take, and which recommends the endowment of two Life Boats with £4,000. The vote has to be confirmed at the next Quarterly Communication. Beyond this and the onward progress of the Craft in England, we have, as we said before, but little to note.

One fact is, however, very striking, namely, that during 1876 our English Fraternity sent up over £39,000 to the three great metropolitan charities, a fact which in itself speaks volumes for the reality of its professions, and the value of its humble work.

The new year brings us from the antipodes another senseless Ultramontane-attack on Freemasonry, proceeding too, from a Roman Catholic Archbishop, who is old enough to know better, so that in Old World as in New, at Home and at the Antipodes, the Ultramontanes seem desirous to curse and to crush all who venture to differ from their own opinions, or to diverge from their so-called infallible faith. We shall recur to the subject in our next.

SONNET,

For the "Masonic Magazine."

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

THEIR charms renew'd by each glad
summer's sun,
Deck'd are the flow'rs in vesture
radiant, as
No mortal artists skill can e'er sur-
pass;
So deftly Phœbus' hands their robes
have spun

In Nature's loom.—As not ev'n Solo-
mon
Himself, array'd in all his glory,
was
Apparell'd in such brightness as the
grass
Can show in flow'rs—so ne'er so fair
hath shone

His temple's stately structure, as doth
shine
One lowly heart which shows, in
works, its love.
By far a nobler—a more fragrant
shrine
This temple; where, enkindled from
above,
By thee, O Truth, and by thy mystic
fires,
Love's incense, sweet as flow'rs, to
heav'n aspires.

LETTER OF BRO. W. J. HUGHAN,
OF ENGLAND, TO THE GRAND
LODGE OF OHIO.

MY DEAR BRETHREN, — The zealous chairman of your "Foreign Communications Committee" has so frequently and kindly noticed my various contributions towards a universal Masonic history in his valuable and original reports, that I feel bound to fraternally respond to his *call*, and write a special Centennial letter to him and my warm friends in Ohio, and through them to the fifty Grand Lodges in the United States, whose prosperity is the delight of the Craft in Great Britain, and the joy in particular of the writer. The "*New Day and the New Duty*," alluded to by our esteemed Bro. Caldwell, has special reference to the United States, and so does not suit my pen. The longer I live the more am I convinced that the Grand Lodge jurisdiction theory, mainly propounded by my American friends, is the right one. One Grand Lodge only for each State, country, or dominion. I am also convinced that so long as a candidate *believes in God*, and is a *free man, of mature age, sound judgment, and strict morals*—these five conditions are the only desirable prerequisites for proposition in a Masonic lodge, all other questions with respect to *colour, physical qualifications*, and so on, being left to the secret ballot for *decision*. Carry this law in America, and the Eastern and Western Hemispheres will join "hand in hand" in Masonic legislation, and the *Centennial year* will be the Masonic year.

With respect "to the relation *Masonry bears to the early Guilds of London*," I have already, in connection with my brother, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, traced the connection plainly, and so have several of your leading Masonic scholars—Dr. Albert G. Mackey, General Albert Pike, and more recently George F. Fort. I have, however, recently been favoured with transcripts by my friend Bro. William Clarke, of Shepton Mallet, England, of several early allusions to Freemasonry of an important character, and which have hitherto been unnoticed by the Craft. They are of interest to Masonic students, and I have, therefore, decided to copy them for reproduction through the

medium of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and I feel sure the time and trouble involved in tracing and authenticating such references by me will be well employed.

With respect to *early Freemasonry*, you will be aware of the contents of that truly magnificent work, the "History of the Lodge of Edinburgh," from 1599, by my dear friend David Murray Lyon.

It is quite clear that the evidence submitted by Bro. Lyon proves that *Modern Freemasonry* was introduced into Scotland by Dr. Desaguliers in 1721. Before, however, the Past Grand Master was permitted to visit the Ancient Lodge of Edinburgh, he was examined, and found to be "*duly qualified in all points of Masonry*," so that whatever differences (or additions) there might have been between *Modern and Ancient Freemasonry*, they were not sufficient to obliterate the original character of the society or prevent visitation. Many lodges continued working in Scotland and in England for years after the Grand Lodge of England was formed in 1717 (and the Grand Lodge of all England at York, A.D. 1725, and the Grand Lodge of Scotland, 1736), which had been in existence prior to the advent of the first Grand Lodge in the world, and visitations between the *old and new regime* were not uncommon. At times an old operative lodge accepted a warrant from a Grand Lodge; at other times some *old lodges* were allowed to retain their *Ancient* privileges to meet without warrants so long as they gave in their adhesion to the new system, and of this class many still exist in Scotland, notably the Lodge of Kilwinning, No. 0; the Lodge of Edinburgh, No. 1; the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, No. 2 (an offshoot of mother lodge Kilwinning, in 1677); the Sevon and Perth, No. 3; the Ancient Lodge at Aberdeen; St. John's Lodge, Glasgow, No. 3; Canongate and Leith, No. 5; and the Journeyman Lodge, No. 8 (an offshoot of the Lodge of Edinburgh in 1704), and others. Also in England, the Lodge of Antiquity, London, No. 2, and the Somerset House Lodge, No. 4. Others also in England have joined the Grand Lodge who date now from their warrants, but their real origin goes back long antecedent to that period. Some, like the old lodge at Alnwick (whose history I have written from A.D.

1701, and which is to be found in the *Voice of Masonry*, Chicago, and the *Freemason*, London), never joined the Grand Lodge, and finally collapsed, while others accepted warrants and still exist, of which some of the following extracts furnish examples.

Then again there is the history of the old lodge at York to be considered, with records or MS. constitutions from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which constituted *itself* a Grand Lodge in 1725, but died out about 1790, not before, however, forming other lodges in England (*but nowhere else*), which children, however, also expired during the last century, no representative now being alive.

All these instances prove that Freemasonry was worked in lodges *before* the period of Grand Lodges; that they were mainly for operative purposes, though *not always*, for the Aberdeen Lodge in 1670 had more *speculative* or non-operative members *than operatives*, and an old lodge at Haughfoot, Scotland (extinct), was, so far as we know, not operative at all when there were no Grand Lodges, and also afterward.

The following extracts also serve to show the spread of Freemasonry through the medium of the Grand Lodge of England, which really gave the impetus to the progress of the Craft throughout the world, and the towns and cities mentioned generally saw the light of Modern Masonry for the first time as narrated:

St. James Evening Post, September 7, 1734.—"We hear from Paris that a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was lately held there at Her Grace the Duchess of Portsmouth's house, where His Grace the Duke of Richmond, assisted by another English nobleman of distinction there, President Montesquieu, Brigadier Churchill, Ed. Yonge, Esq., Registrar of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Walter Strickland, Esq., admitted several persons of distinction into that most Ancient and Honourable Society."

September 20, 1735.—"They write from Paris that His Grace the Duke of Richmond and the Rev. Dr. Desaguliers, formerly Grand Master of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, and now authorized by the present Grand Master (under his hand and seal

and the seal of the Order), having called a lodge at the Hotel Bussy, in the Rue Bussy, His Excellency the Earl of Waldegrave, His Majesty's ambassador to the French King, the Right Honourable the President Montesquieu, the Marquis de Lomurea, Lord Dursley, son to the Earl of Berkley, the Hon. Mr. Fitz-Williams, Messieurs Knight, father and son, Dr. Hickman, and several other persons, both French and English were present, and the following noblemen and gentlemen were admitted to the Order; namely, His Grace the Duke of Kingston, the Honourable the Count de St. Florentin, Secretary of State to his Most Christian Majesty, the Right Honourable the Lord Chewton, son to Earl Waldegrave, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Armiger, Mr. Colton, and Mr. Clement, after which the new brethren gave a handsome entertainment to all the company."

The origin of Freemasonry in France has yet to be written. The statements current for years that a lodge and Provincial Grand Lodge were started in Paris under authority of the Grand Lodge of England requires to be authenticated, and so far we have evidence only of the constitution of a lodge in that city, noted in the foregoing, which, according to the constitution of 1738, occurred under the Grand Mastership of Viscount Montagu. The list of lodges by Pine, published A.D. 1734, states that the lodge held at "au Louis d'Argent, dans la Rue de Boucherie à Paris," was warranted 3d April, 1732. This is the earliest lodge that is mentioned in any authorized publication of the Grand Lodge of England. In the list of "Deputations beyond the sea," inserted in the Constitutions, 1738, prior to the Parisian Lodge, we find the following: *Gibraltar, 1726—7*; *Madrid, 1727—28*; *East Indies, 1728—9*, *Lower Saxony and New Jersey, America, 1729—30*; *The Hague and Russia, 1732*. Doubtless, Freemasonry in France will yet receive the attention it deserves, and as a contribution toward the accumulation of historical facts we continue the extracts from old newspapers.

May 12, 1737.—"By a private letter from Paris we are assured that the Order of Freemasons, established long since in England, has become *lately* so much in vogue in Paris, there being great striving to be admitted even at the expense of ten

Louis d'ors. Eighteen or twenty persons of distinction have lately been created Masons, amongst whom was the Marshal D'Estrees, and five lodges are already established, which makes so great a noise and gives so much offence to people ignorant of their mysteries, that 'tis expected they will shortly be suppressed as they have been in Holland."

In the next issue of the *Post* the following brief announcement is made, "*The King forbids the lodges*," and of date April 26, 1737, it is noted that "there are spread about at Paris copies of an apologizing letter wrote by a Freemason. He says amongst other particulars 'that the things imputed to the disadvantage of the Brotherhood obliges him publicly to undertake the defence. That the views the Freemasons propose to themselves are the most pure and inoffensive, and tend only to promote such qualities in them as may form good citizens and zealous subjects, faithful to their prince, to their country, and their friends..... That the name of Freemason is far from being an insignificant title; that the duty it prescribes to those who bear it is to endeavour to erect temples for virtue and dungeons for vice.' He adds that he is by no means afraid of violating the secret imposed on him in publishing that their principal design is to restore to the earth the reign of *Astrea* and to revive the time of *Rhea*.' He assures 'the *fair* that the whole Brotherhood is full of respect and veneration for them, but that these sentiments are not exempt from fear, and that even this same fear obliges the Freemasons to exclude their sex from their assemblies.' He concludes in this manner: 'This exclusion ought by no means to provoke the indignation of those who are the objects of it. To prevent such an effect, they need only recollect from whom *Adam* received the apple. Sad present! Since had it not been for that fatal apple, *Adam* would have remained the first Freemason.'"

A collection of the various attacks on Freemasonry at home and abroad, from 1720 to 1750, would prove especially interesting, but can not now be made excepting in parts, for many have doubtless long ceased to exist, pamphlet literature being generally of very short duration. Many of the early "*exposures*" and

manuals published in France and Germany early last century, furnish information on many points of value, and especially as to the general work in the lodges, and the absence of all degrees but the *three first*. Then, as time rolls on, other degrees are gradually added, and the character of the *Third* is vastly altered. But, to continue the extracts, we furnish a few more foreign clippings.

September 13, 1737.—*Versailles*.—"The Lieutenant-General of the Police at Paris has published an order against the assembly of all unauthorised societies, and laid a fine upon the master of an ordinary for suffering a lodge of Freemasons to be held at his house."

In the so called "*Secrets of Masonry*, by S. P.," London 1737, is printed the "*Paris letter of January 13, 1737*," which purports to be "the secret of the Order of Freemasons and the ceremonies observed at the reception of members," and which is reprinted in the *St. James Evening Post*, with the date from Paris of January 2, 1738 O.S. Many of the particulars afforded are most ludicrous, and doubtless intended to amuse the brethren as well as the public. There is an evident intention on the part of the author to do justice to the Fraternity; for he makes the *orator* say to the candidates: "You are going to embrace a respectable Order, which is more *serious* than you imagine.* There is nothing in it against the law, against religion, against the State, against the king, nor against manners. The venerable Grand Master will let you know the rest." The editor states that the foregoing and other particulars are taken from the *Utrecht Gazette*, and if the *exposé* be continued his correspondent promises not to fail in communicating all to the public. It is substantially the same as the Paris letter, and reads like a copy, which it doubtless is.

There are other references to Continental Freemasonry in these "*Posts*."

Holland, November 4, 1734. "Besides the lodge of English Freemasons at Rotterdam, another is erected at The Hague, depending on the Grand Lodge here (London)

* Quite a necessary explanation to a candidate, if all the preliminaries took place as narrated in the letter!

where six members were admitted on the 19th inst., N.S."

November 6, 1735.—*They write from The Hague* "That on Monday, 24th October, N. S., there was opened a Dutch Lodge, at the new Doole, of the Noble and Ancient Order of Freemasons, with all the order, regularity, and magnificence due to that Illustrious Society. The solemnity was honoured by the presence of their Grand Master, William Cornelius Rudemaker, Treasurer to his Highness the Prince of Orange, etc."

Then again; *Lisbon*, of date June 3, 1736. *They write from Lisbon* "that by authority of the Right Honourable the Earl of Weymouth, the then Grand Master of all Mason's lodges, Mr. George Gordon, Mathematician, has constituted a lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in that city; and that a great many merchants of the Factory and other people of distinction have been received and regularly made Freemasons. That Lord George Graham, Lord Forrester, and a great many gentlemen belonging to the English fleet, being brethren, were present at constituting the lodge, and it is expected that in a short time it will be one of the greatest abroad."

Florence, Leghorn, Smyrna, Aleppo. *Letter from Florence, dated May 24, 1738.*—The Freemasons' lodges, which had been interdicted here during the life of the Great Duke, are now held again with all the liberty and freedom imaginable, and without any dread of the Inquisition, which has no right to attack a society of which the new sovereign is a member. The Freemasons of Leghorn have also reopened their lodges, and we hear from Constantinople that the lodges of Smyrna and Aleppo are greatly increased, and that several Turks of distinction have been admitted into them."

The Constitutions of 1738 say but little of all these Masonic interdictions and deputations. It appears therefrom that Viscount Weymouth granted a deputation to "Bro. George Gordon for constituting a lodge at Lisbon, in Portugal," which was numbered 135 on the list of 1736, in which the lodge at Boston appears as 126. Under the Earl of Strathmore a deputation was granted "to eleven German gentlemen, good brothers, for constituting a lodge at Hamburg," numbered 124, another for

"Valenciennes, in French Flanders," being No. 127, and for the Hague, No. 131; also one for the Duke of Richmond, at his Castle d'Aubigny, in France, was No. 133.

There must have been many more lodges constituted than appears on the regular list of lodges to account for the rapid increase of Freemasonry throughout the habitable globe, and we know that in several instances lodges were constituted whose names have not been found, on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England in early days. In many cases Provincial Grand Masters issued warrants without the signatures of any of the Grand Lodge officers, and were allowed to do so, not only in England, but also abroad. Apparently at times the Provincial Grand Masters neglected to report such constitutions, for which reason at the present time we are in ignorance as to what lodges (if any) were formed in New Jersey and New York by virtue of Coxe's Deputation, though we know one was instituted at Philadelphia (if not more) in 1730. We might multiply instances of this kind, but forbear; for year by year we are accumulating facts instead of theories, and ere long shall know more as to Freemasonry during the last century.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES AND MODERN FREEMASONRY; THEIR ANALOGIES CONSIDERED.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M.D.

From the "Voice of Masonry," for
November.

THE "Ancient Mysteries" have been a very fertile topic of misconception among those who have treated of them in connection with their influence on modern Freemasonry. The earliest school, instituted by Drs. Anderson and Desaguliers, followed to some extent by Hutchinson, and diligently and thoroughly cultivated by Dr. Oliver, taught that they were the legitimate predecessors of our present

Masonry, and that there was scarcely any appreciable difference between the rites and ceremonies practised in those mystical associations of paganism and those adopted by the Masonic lodges of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These believers in the lineal and direct succession of Freemasonry from the ancient mysteries have, of course, discovered, or thought that they had discovered, the most striking and wonderful analogies between the internal organizations of the two institutions. Hence, they have not hesitated to call the "Hierophant," or the explainer of the Sacred Rites in the mysteries, a "Worshipful Master," nor to style the "Dadouchos," or torch-bearer, and the "Hieroceryx," or herald, "Wardens," nor to assign to the "Epibomus," or altar-server, the title of "Senior Deacon." All this is, of course, absurd. It is in violation of historical truth, and, in the mind of the real scholar, it produces the inevitable effect, that all pretentious statements must, of weakening the real and well-founded claims of Masonry to an early origin. Modern Masonic students have, therefore, with great unanimity, rejected this theory.

The theory of the Abbe Robin, although less preposterous than that of Anderson and Oliver, is yet untenable. He held that many of the Christian knights who went to Palestine in the time of the crusaders, underwent the ancient initiations, and, on their return, brought them with them to Europe and introduced them into the secret societies, which, in time, assumed the form and name of Freemasonry. This theory was adopted also by the chevalier Ramsey, who made it the basis of the Masonic Rite which he established, and who chose as the motto of his order the apothegm that "every Templar is a Freemason." This doctrine is still maintained in most of the "hauts grades," of the modern rites of Masonry, but it is so symbolically explained as to divest it of all historical value.

The Rev. Mr. King, the author of a very learned and interesting treatise on the Gnostics, has advanced a theory much more plausible than either of those to which I have adverted. He maintains that some of the pagan mysteries, especially those of Mithras, which had been instituted in

Persia, extended beyond the period of the advent of Christianity, and that their doctrines and usages were adopted by the secret societies, which existed at an early period in Europe, and which finally assumed the form of Freemasonry. I have said that this theory is a plausible one. It is so, because its salient points are sustained by history. It is a fact that some of the mysteries of paganism were practised in Europe long after the commencement of the Christian era. They afforded a constant topic of denunciation to the fathers of the church, who feared and attacked what they supposed to be their idolatrous tendencies. It was not until the middle of the fifth century that they were proscribed by an edict of the emperor Theodosius. But an edict of proscription is not necessarily followed by an immediate abolition of the thing proscribed. The public celebration of the mysteries, of course, must have ceased at once when such celebration became unlawful. But a private and secret observance of them may have continued, and probably did continue, for an indefinite time—perhaps even to as late a period as the end of the fifth century or the beginning of the sixth. During all this time it is known that secret associations, such as the Roman Colleges of Artificers, existed in Europe, and that from them ultimately sprang up the organizations of Builders, which with Como, in Lombardy, as their centre, spread throughout Europe in the middle ages, and whose members, under the recognized name of "Travelling Freemasons," were the founders of Gothic Architecture. There is no forced nor unnatural succession from them to the guilds of Operative Masons, who undoubtedly gave rise, about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the Speculative Order, or the Free and Accepted Masons, which is the organization that exists at the present day. There is therefore nothing untenable in the theory that the Mithraic mysteries which prevailed in Europe until the fifth, or perhaps the sixth, century may have impressed some influence on the ritual, form and character of the associations of early Builders, and that this influence may have extended to the Travelling Freemasons, the Operative Masons, and, finally, to the Free and

Accepted Masons, since it cannot be denied that there was an uninterrupted chain of succession between these organizations. The theory of Mr. King cannot, therefore, be summarily rejected. It may not be altogether true, but it has so many of the elements of truth about it that it claims our serious consideration. But, after all, we may find a sufficient explanation of the analogy which undoubtedly exists between the rites of the ancient mysteries and those of the modern Freemasons in the natural tendency of the human mind to develop its ideas in the same way, when these ideas are suggested by the same circumstances. The fact that both institutions have taught the same lessons by the same method of instructions may have arisen, not from a succession of organizations, each one link of a long chain leading directly to another, but rather from a natural and usual coincidence of human thought.

Although in ancient times, and under the benighted rule of pagan idolatry, the doctrine of a future life was not the popular belief, and men were supposed to have been created "*veluti pecora*," like the beasts of the field, to live, to grovel on the earth, to die and to rot beneath it; yet there were always some who aspired to a higher thought—philosophers and men of culture who, like Socrates, and Plato, and Pythagoras, nourished with earnest longing, the hope of immortality. Now, it was by such men that the mysteries were originally organized, and it was for instruction in such a doctrine that they were instituted. But, opposed as such instruction was to the general current of popular thought, it became necessarily and defensively of an esoteric character. Hence the secret character of the mysteries; hence, too, the symbolic form of the instruction. Symbolism is, in fact, a secret alphabet or cipher; every symbol is a letter, and the combination of many symbols constitutes words, the meaning of which is known only to the initiates.

Freemasonry also teaches the doctrine of a future life. There was no necessity, as in the case of the pagan mysteries, to conceal this doctrine from the populace, yet there is a proneness in the human mind, which has always existed, to clothe the most sacred subjects with the garb of

mystery. It was in this spirit that Jesus spoke to the Jewish multitudes in parables which the disciples were to comprehend, but not the people; so "that seeing, they might not see, and hearing, they might not understand."

The Mysteries and Freemasonry were both secret societies—not necessarily, because the one was the successor of the other, but because both were human institutions and both partook of the same human tendency to conceal what was sacred from the unhallowed eyes and ears of the profane. This is the first analogy between the two institutions—their secret character, their esoteric form of instruction. But when once the esoteric character of the instruction was determined on, or involuntarily adopted by the force of those tendencies to which I have referred, it was but natural that the esoteric instruction should be communicated by symbolism, because in all ages symbols have been the cipher by which secret associations of every character have restricted the knowledge which they imparted to their initiates only. Here, then, we find another analogy—although, perhaps, an incidental one—between the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry.

Again: in the Ancient Mysteries the essential doctrine of a resurrection from death to eternal life was always taught in a dramatic form. There was a drama in which the aspirant represented, or there was visibly pictured to him the death by violence, and then the apotheosis, or the resurrection to life and immortality of some hero in whose honour the peculiar Mystery was founded. Hence, in all the Mysteries there were the *thanatos*—death, or slaying of the hero; the *aphanism*, or the concealment of the body by the slayers, and the *euresis*, or the finding of the body by the initiates. This was represented in the form of a drama, which, from the character of the plot began with mourning and ended with joy. The traditional "*eureka*," sometimes attributed to Pythagoras when he discovered the forty-seventh problem and sometimes to Archimedes when he accidentally learned the principle of specific gravity, was nightly repeated by the initiates, when, at the termination of the drama of the Mysteries, they found the hidden body of their Master.

Almost every country of pagan antiquity has its own mysteries peculiar to itself. Thus, in the island of Samothrace we find the Mysteries of the Cabiri; at Athens they celebrated the Elusinian Mysteries; in Egypt they had the Mysteries of Osiris; in Persia those of Mithras, which were the last to perish after the advent of Christianity. These Mysteries, differing as they do in name, were essentially the same in general form. They were all dramatic in their "getting up;" each one presented, in a series of theatrical scenes, the adventures of some god or hero, with his sufferings from the attacks of his enemies, his death at their hands, his descent into the grave, or into Hades, and his final rising again. The only essential difference between those various mysteries was that there was to each one a different and peculiar god or hero, whose life and adventures, whose death and resurrection, or apotheosis, constituted the subject of the drama. Thus, in Samothrace it was Atys who was slain and restored, in Egypt it was Osiris, at Athens it was Dionysus, and in Persia it was Mithras. But in all of them the essential ingredients of the plot were identical, and the dramatic form, the theatrical representation of the allegory, was everywhere preserved. This dramatic form of the rites in the Mysteries—this acted allegory in which the doctrine of the resurrection was inculcated by the visible representation of some fictitious history—was, as the learned Dr. Dollinger has justly observed, "eminently calculated to take a powerful hold on the imagination and the heart, and to excite in the spectators alternately conflicting sentiments of terror and calmness, sorrow and fear and hope."

Now, the recognized fact that this mode of inculcating a philosophical or religious idea by a dramatic representation would naturally lead to its adoption by all other associations where the same lesson was to be inculcated as that taught in the Ancient Mysteries. The tendency to dramatize an allegory is universal, because it is the most expedient, and has proved to be the most successful. The drama of the third, or Master's degree of Masonry is, as respects the subject and the development of the plot and the conduct of the scenes, the same as the drama of the Ancient Mysteries. There is the same *thanatos*,

the same *aphanism*, or concealment of the body, and the same *euresis*, or discovery of it. The drama of the third degree, like the drama of the Mysteries, begins in sorrow and ends in joy. Everything is so similar that we at once recognize another analogy between the Ancient Mysteries and modern Freemasonry.

The facts that in both the Mysteries and Freemasonry there was a solemn obligation of secrecy, with penalties for its violation, and that the members of both were in possession of certain methods of recognition known only to themselves, constitute other analogies between these two systems, but which may be safely attributed to the fact that such peculiarities are and always will be the necessary adjuncts of any secret organization, whether religious, social, or political. In every secret society, isolated from the rest of mankind, we must find, as a natural outgrowth, and as a necessary means of defence and isolation, an obligation of secret and a method of recognition. On such analogies it is, therefore, scarcely worth while to dilate.

Finally, I have to speak of an analogy between the Ancient Mysteries and modern Freemasonry, which is not only important as showing an identity of design and method in the two systems, but is also peculiarly interesting. I allude to the division—call it what you may, either steps, classes, or degrees—to which both were subjected. In the progress from the lowest to the highest arcana, from the mere inception to the full accomplishment of the instruction, the aspirant in the Ancient Mystery, as in modern Freemasonry, passed through three gradations, and, as it were, ascended three steps of a mystical ladder, by which, beginning at the foundation, he finally reached the summit or full fruition of all knowledge. These three steps, grades, or divisions of the aspirant's progress were, in the mysteries of antiquity, as they still are in the Freemasonry of the present day, *Lustration*, *Initiation* and *Perfection*. Through these three steps of gradual progress in the course of instruction every aspirant in the Ancient Mysteries was compelled to pass, and similar steps of advancement, whatever may be the name by which they are designated, has the candidate in Freemasonry to ascend.

Lustration is the ceremony of purifica-

tion by water. In the Christian system, where the rite was borrowed directly from the Jewish religion, it is called "Baptism," and the same word has recently been appropriated by certain ritualists, to the ceremony of lustration in the higher degrees of Masonry. But such an application of the word is, I think, inexpedient and improper, because it may lead to a misconception, and needlessly give offence to some who think that the word "baptism" should be confined to a strictly religious use. I prefer, therefore, the term "lustration," which was always used in the Ancient Mysteries. It must, however, be admitted that the ceremony of baptism under the name of lustration is very much older than Christianity. It was practised, as everybody knows, by the Hebrews, who, by its use, introduced and consecrated their proselytes or new converts. It was in use as a ceremony of purification in all the Ancient Mysteries from India to Egypt and Greece, and even in Gaul, in Britain, and in Scandinavia very long before the solemn day when St. John consecrated Christ to His life-work by the same sacred sign. Lustration was, in the Ancient Mysteries, the symbol of purification, and hence it was the preparatory step previous to initiation. Water, from its natural cleansing quality, has, in all ages and in all countries, been deemed a symbol of purity. It was undoubtedly with respect to this quality that it was adopted by Christianity as a sign of entrance into the church. It is true that to this was also added, by the ceremony of total immersion, as practised in the primitive church, the symbolism of a burial and a resurrection in Christ. But the first idea was that of symbolic purification suggested by the purifying or cleansing virtue of the element used in the ceremony. This was surely the predominating thought in the mind of St. John the Baptist when he said on the banks of the Jordan, "I indeed baptize you with water, but He that comes after me is mightier than I, and he will baptize you with the Holy Spirit." I indeed give you the symbol of purification, I teach you by this washing of the body the necessity that the soul should be washed clean from all sin, but He who comes after me will, by his mightier power, go beyond the symbol, and will, not with water, but with

the power of the Spirit of God, purify and cleanse your hearts. With the same original idea of purification, the ceremony of the bath was practised on the introduction of the Orders of Chivalry. The new knight was required to bathe, and special reference was made in its explanation to the Christian sacrament, for, as Sir Hugh of Tiberias says, in the mediæval poem which bears his name, that "as the infant comes out of the baptismal font pure from sin, so should the new knight come out of the bath without any villainy or impurity."

(To be Continued.)

LINES TO THE CRAFT.

BY BRO. FRANK B. COVELL.

From the "Keystone."

[A member of Vienna Lodge, N, 440, F. and A.M., Vienna, Oneida County, N.Y. Composed while in Camp, U.S. Army, at Standing Rock, Dakota Territory, Sunday, Oct. 1st, A.D. 1876.]

Hail! members of the votive throng,
Linked to Truth by virtue's chain,
Now the welcome notes prolong—
Proudly sound the Craft's great name.

For each other's weal we seek—
To pure affection strive to rise;
To cheer the brave and help the weak,
We're bound by strong fraternal ties.

We here our Brethren all invest
With secret rites and mystic signs,
By which, when wronged, or sore distressed,
Each, one another's woe divines.

Within our Temple all agree—
Men of every creed and clime;
From selfishness and passion free,
All meet in harmony sublime.

Unmoved by time, our Order stands,
By wisdom, strength and beauty crown'd;
Our union, of both hearts and hands,
Extends to earth's remotest bound.

OLD LONDON.

ON Monday evening, December 11th, Mr. G. H. Birch, A.R.I.B.A., read by request, before the Royal Institute of British Architects—Mr. Henry Currey, V.P., in the chair—a paper, profusely illustrated, on the Domestic Architecture of London in the Seventeenth Century. He took a retrospective glance at old London under two widely different aspects. On the one hand, we had the mediæval city, with the accumulated historic glories of several centuries crowded within its walls, the stupendous cathedral towering above the narrow and tortuous streets and gabled roofs of private houses. In the London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the long roofs of several of the monastic churches were still to be seen in spite of wanton spoliation and destruction. What things had that London seen “done at the Mermaid!” What words had it heard “so nimble and so full of subtle flame!” But its sun set for ever in the red glow of the Great Fire. Then the curtain rose on the London of the latter half of the 17th century. Amid the smoking embers Wren and Evelyn were elaborating, and the city was slowly rising again from its ruins. The building Act (19 Car. II.) ordered that symmetry should take the place of irregularity, and thus was ushered in the London of the last four Stuart Sovereigns, which is now so surely and swiftly being elbowed out. Attention was then called to the waifs and strays yet left us of the wreck. The districts of the City richest in relics of Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline times are, of course, those wards which either wholly or in great part escaped the Great Fire of 1666—viz., Bishopsgate, Portsoken, Aldgate, Tower, Lime Street, and Broad Street. Before the Fire the London houses were half timbered and covered with rough cast and plaster. Brick did not become universal until the reign of James I. The ward of Bishopsgate was especially rich in such remains, which had been exhaustively described in the Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Association by the Rev. Thomas Hugo. The best preserved and most characteristic example was the well-known house of Sir Paul

Pinder (+ 1650) in Bishopsgate Street. It had been sadly mutilated, but enough was left to give us no bad idea of a wealthy citizen's house at this period, a man rich enough to give £10,000 towards the restoration of Old St. Paul's, and to leave, notwithstanding his vast sacrifices for the Royal cause, princely benefactions to Christ's Hospital and to those of St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, Bridewell, and Bethlehem. On account of alterations, additions, and partial demolitions, it was impossible to give a plan of the house; but Mr. Birch had very little doubt that the houses in Half Moon Street were portions of the mansion. The ceilings are exceedingly rich, one representing in flat relief the Sacrifice of Isaac; others being divided into geometrical patterns by projecting ribs, with foliage and pendants. In Great St. Helen's, he said, immediately opposite the old priory, are some very beautiful mansions of cut red brickwork, with pilasters, cornices, and rustications, all in brick. A date, 1646, is on one of the pilasters. There is little doubt that it is from the hand of Inigo Jones. He is known to have been employed on the priory church, where some screenwork and doorways are still left, bearing witness to his exquisite taste in design and proportion; and on comparing this work with the woodwork and general design of the houses in Great St. Helen's, and again with those on the west side of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Mr. Birch thought there could be very little room for doubt. In No. 9 on the first floor is a good fireplace, which is reproduced by Mr. Hugo, and there is another in No. 12 of the same style. Here again, the house front is adorned with red brick pilasters, but of rather bolder proportions and closer together, and instead of supporting a cornice brick pins are carried up from the caps, and a plain wall masking the roof and dormers. This, however, is probably an alteration. Over one of the windows is a very graceful tablet with pediment and side scrolls in moulded brick. Crosby Square, built immediately after a fire which partially destroyed Crosby Hall in 1676, occupies the great quadrangle of that magnificent specimen of mediæval art. The square still retains its old houses, one of which has a very fine projecting canopy over the door, delicately

and beautifully carved, and many of the rooms are most handsomely panelled and have fine staircases. Hard by, at 25, Bishopsgate Street, Crosby Hall Chambers, is a very noble chimney-piece. Mr. Birch attributed this house again to Inigo Jones, owing to the peculiar rustication of the ground floor. Passing on to Lime Street, the author of the paper described *con amore* a house of which he took drawings in 1872, before it was unhappily destroyed, and on which he has published a monograph. The quarter was the Belgravia of Old London, when the Court was habitually kept at the Tower. The gate was inscribed with the year 1631, but successive modernizations had robbed the outside of all interest, save, perhaps, to the antiquary. It was impossible fully to trace the history of this relic of London before the Great Fire. But there were names stirring enough identified with it. Before the 15th century ended the site was occupied by the town house of the powerful Scropes of Bolton. For Lime Street was then inhabited wholly by the wealthiest and greatest nobles—the Nevilles, Bohuns, Fitzalans, Whittingtons, De Burleys, De Veres. The identification of the house in question with the Scropes was established by the will of one Richard Kuyht Hastings, dated in the 20th of Henry VII. (1505). The names of the next lessees were lost by the destruction of the archives of the Fishmongers' Company, to which it had been bequeathed, in the Great Fire. But eventually the house was leased to Sir Thomas Abney, Lord Mayor of London in 1701, and the patron of Dr. Isaac Watts. In his time it underwent changes, which Mr. Birch described in detail, and the owner kept his mayoralty there. The name and estates of the Abneys passed by marriage into the Hastings family, and became extinct in the direct male line on the death of the late Rawdon Plantagenet Abney Hastings, Marquis of Hastings. The Bordieus, very eminent merchants, were the next possessors, who lie buried in the neighbouring church of St. Mary Undershaft. Mr. Birch's drawings of this fine old mansion were shown, and the details fondly dwelt on. It was mentioned that the Fishmongers' Company generously presented some of the noble fireplaces to the South Kensington Museum, and one to

the Guildhall. Some of the oldest London Inns were much passed in review, the Tabard, the Swan with Four Necks, or "Nicks" rather, as Mr. Birch said it would be, and the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane. The views of the last taken by the society for photographing Old London were exhibited, and their beauty of chiaroscuro was lovingly dwelt upon. The Oxford Arms was rebuilt immediately after the Great Fire, as a contemporary advertisement of Edward Bartlett, an Oxford carrier, whose head quarters the Inn was, demonstrably proved. These old Inns were built on a sort of traditional plan, so that the present Oxford Arms resembled the old model. Old river-side houses, ancient tenements in Hoxton High Street, Wapping, Blackwall, Aldgate, Mile End Road, and Gray's Inn-lane were next spoken of, and then followed more detailed accounts of Lambeth Palace, Middle Temple Hall, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, with a slight mention of the minor Inns of Court. The history and architecture of the Charterhouse were sketched more fully. Before concluding the lecturer spoke of "one little gem of a room" in the Ward Schools of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, all panelled in oak, and in each of the panels an excellent painting in chiaroscuro in a very perfect state of preservation. Attention was also called to a house in Mark Lane—not the well-known old house on the right going from Fenchurch Street, but on the left, close to the Corn Exchange, in which there was a very perfect room, with a high chimney-piece, elaborate architrave and pediments to the door, with a very richly-decorated plaster ceiling. Unhappily, it was about to be pulled down. The paper was repeatedly cheered, and a discussion followed.

ON READING.

SOME short time back the annual meeting of the City and Spitalfields School of Art—unique of its kind in the City of London, and well worthy of imitation in other parts of the metropolis and in large provincial towns, for the good it is doing

and the benefits it confers—was held at its head quarters, a large, lofty, and well-ventilated building, situate in the heart of Bishopsgate. The School, which has been popular and successful from the very first, was established in 1842, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., Rector of Bishopsgate, aided by most of the principal citizens in the Ward, among whom he is exceedingly popular. The occasion of the meeting was the annual distribution of prizes, and the ceremony attracted a very large audience, including the representatives of the Ward in the Court of Common Council, and most of the principal inhabitants of the district; the members of the committee of management: Sir John Bennett, Mr. John L. Ogle, M.A., honorary secretary, and other gentlemen. Mr. Anthony Trollope on whom the duty of distributing the prizes devolved, was much cheered on rising to discharge it. He said there was nothing, he believed, in this world so variable as success, and he could conceive nothing more typical of success than the giving away of prizes. Therefore he had been asked to take part on that very interesting occasion. But he had not unnaturally asked himself the reason why. He was a man who had devoted his life, not to the instruction, but to the amusement of his fellow-creatures. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and unless they could amuse themselves by means of recreation they could hardly be successful. He was going to recommend them to become readers; but he was not going especially to recommend them to read novels, though he was a writer of novels. From reading good novels they might derive good lessons; but if they would condescend to read bad novels they would certainly get very bad lessons. He hoped that every young boy that heard him would have to earn his bread. Ninety-nine out of a thousand who had to earn their bread were much more happy than the unfortunate person who got his livelihood without labour. Each one of those he was addressing had to ask himself what he meant to do with his life. Let their trials and struggles be what they might, there would be many hours to each of them in which their happiness would depend on the recreation which they might

be able to obtain for themselves. He remembered when he came to London as a young lad, and when he went into a public office to earn his bread, that an old relative of his—a dear old lady—wrote him a letter recommending him when he left his office for the day to be sure to go home to tea and read a good book. That was all very well in its way, but it did not bring to him a sufficient idea of the life he was going to lead. There was no doubt that the reading of books, whether with tea or without, ought to be the recreation which they mainly proposed to themselves for their future life. With reference to the reading of books he would ask a question which would perhaps insult them all; but if they were indifferent, as some of them might be, he would ask them to stay their hands and not cut him at once. The question was, could they read? (A laugh.) He had no doubt that every young person present who heard him would answer, "Certainly I can; what business has he to come here and ask me such a question? Of course I can read." Let him (Mr. Trollope) tell them, however, that among his friends—among those who were dearest and nearest to him; among some who were among the wisest he had—he found men and women who could not read. They could take a book and open and read it as well as any whom he was then addressing; but they did not read. Macaulay once said a man who was a scholar was one who could sit with his feet on the fender at his ease and read Plato. Mr. Trollope was not going to recommend his audience to read Plato; but again he asked them could they read? There was, no doubt, many present who said to themselves that reading was rather dull work; but he had learnt to read, and could read, a book as fast as anybody. If those among the friends he was addressing never read books when they were young, they might be assured they would never read them when they were old. (Cheers.) He had written down a passage from a well known author in Latin, which he would read to them in English—namely, what Cicero had said of literature. He had been speaking of the pleasures of the world, and he said, in effect, speaking of literature, it nourished our youth and delighted our old age; it adorned our prosperity, and tended to rob

adversity of its sting. Now (continued Mr. Trollope), let those whom he addressed think what all that meant. There were many very praiseworthy delights. There were the theatres, where the people received additional amusement, and certainly a knowledge of the world and of nature; but a book people could take to bed with them if they pleased. And, again, how great was the pleasure of walking into our National Gallery and gazing at such masterpieces in art as his friend Mr. Frith, for example, had painted. There were noblemen who had very grand picture galleries, which they could not take to the seaside; they could not always play cricket; but a good book went with them everywhere. Some were fond of hunting, but there was a deal wanting before people could enjoy that recreation: whereas they had always got their fox if they knew how to read a good book. If, however, they did not read from 20 to 40 years of age, they would never read from 40 to 60. He advised them, therefore, to sit with their feet on the fender, as Macaulay had said, and thus enjoy the book they were reading. After this brief address, which at times was cheered, Mr. Trollope proceeded to deliver the prizes gained by the more successful of the students. Many hundreds of the best families in that part of the City were present on the occasion, including a large proportion of young ladies, who contributed some excellent glee singing in the course of the evening.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

Stay, let us keep the first rough copy, though
 'Twill serve again. There's but the name to alter,
 And love that needs must knock at every portal
In forma pauperis. We are but mortal!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ALL earthly amusements must have an end, and well for us all it is, when the garish splendour of some "festive scene" has passed, well for us all, as we say, if there

then survives for us with the faded flowers, and extinguished lights, and hushed strains, no sadder memories and no haunting shadows.

Too many of this world's idle shows are but the prelude to lasting sorrows, too many of its fantastic groupings but the commencement of unending remorse. But I must not become all at once too sentimental or too prosy, and will pick up once again the dropped skein of silk, and proceed with my "floss-work," duly and properly.

When the croquet was finished and the tea was over, on the last occasion to which your chronicler has referred, and when all the guests one by one had departed, some of them very loath to go, Miss Margorison and Lucy Longhurst had rather a dull dinner, and spent (the first in their lives), a duller evening.

It was quite clear that the good old lady had something on her mind—wished to say something to Lucy, (as people often do in family life), and yet could hardly muster up courage to do so, and as the young lady, who, as we have already seen, was not at all deficient in acumen, had a half suspicion what it all meant, she determined to give her aunt no opening, if she could help it.

And so when the lamp was lighted and the curtains were drawn, by the attentive Mr. Walters, both Lucy and her aunt relapsed into arm chairs and silence, the one being extremely interested in a piece of tapestry work, and the other hugely taken up with a new novel.

Mr. Walters on retiring to the house-keeper's room, had expressed his opinion that there was "something up," and then proceeded to convince his attentive hearers that he firmly believed his "old missis" was going to "bring Mr. Williams and Miss Longhurst together," a fact which his female auditory at once scouted, and which he himself denounced as a "base proceeding."

While the storm was raging below stairs, above all was placid quiescence, only broken by the advent of tea, only altered, by what Col. Mackintosh called "tattoo," the retreat for the night.

Lucy in her room heard a great deal from her faithful and confidential Mrs. Murray, who was loud in her encomiums of Mr. Mainwaring, and indignant in her denunciations of Mr. Williams, while, as

Miss Margerison's old friend, Madame Diarmid, as they called her, said the next morning, "my mistress never spoke a word, but was mighty silent and glum-like."

What could it all mean?

On what a little often hang the fate of an empire, the fortunes of a government, or the happiness of a family!

How strange it seems to the philosopher to-day to note the little springs of human action, and the petty differences which often result in great consequences.

If old Chancellor Oxenstern's adage is still true, "See with how little wisdom the world is governed," what shall we say of that un wisdom by which our individual and domestic life are often marked and marred?

It would be ludicrous, were it not so very serious, to remember on what insignificant trifles we make often, in our perversity to-day, to depend our family arrangements and our personal relationships, how caprice or ill humour, how likes and dislikes, fancies and prejudices hem us in on every side, and leave their tokens alike on our private engagements and our life-long career.

As a curious illustration of what I am laying down, let us take the following episode, and which, look at it in whatever light you may, is alike "bad form" and worse policy.

Henry Maitland and Alice Vane are thrown, by some good fate, much together, and as a natural consequence, when a good-looking young man and a better looking young woman consort a great deal, with the full leave and license of all, they begin to get, (as his uncle in the navy observed, a gallant commander), "as good as spliced."

These two were always together, and always talking of each other, in fact, the world, (which meant their own little family circle,) gave out that they were positively engaged—that the day was fixed, the bridesmaids selected, and the dresses ordered. But old Mrs. Vane had a quarrel with old Mrs. Maitland, and in consequence peace-loving Mr. Maitland had to wage a deadly warfare with good-natured Mr. Vane.

The quarrel spread, the two families were brought into it, and at last it ended in Henry Maitland and Alice Vane "parting to meet no more."

They were for a time broken-hearted; but as all the world knows—she married that rich Mr. Spooner, and he picked up a pretty heiress with £40,000. Well, who can say that there is not compensation here? But who equally can lay down what may have been the altered consequences to them, or how afterwards, amid the prosperity of life, there may not have been for them many hours of secret sorrow, and all owing to the ill temper of two foolish old women, and the weakness of two weak, unwise old men? For let us bear in mind that we are all creatures of circumstance here. Like the beaver, we build our earthly habitations in which we have to live, with the greatest circumspection, and then others destroy them with equal skill and cleverness. We accommodate ourselves to many things which we do not like; adversity gives us strange mates and stranger "bed-fellows" (I use a Shakespearian figure of speech, which I trust does not shock any one), but nevertheless the wrong remains unaltered and unalterable.

Yes, it is a wrong where without any due cause, for insufficient motives, or on frivolous grounds—or mostly no grounds at all—the happiness of a life is wrecked, and we have, as it were, to rebuild that castle of cards, which, reared by us with great assiduity has tumbled down in a moment, or to re-colour the scene, so to say, with lights and shadows, which have faded out.

But what a digression I have made. I must "hark back."

The morning brought no change in the position of affairs.

Breakfast was eaten in comparative silence, and when, about 11 o'clock, Miss Margerison returned from her matutinal communings with her cook, Lucy said to herself, "now for it, its going to begin; and so I had better 'sit tight' and be ready to 'square up.'" I will not actually aver that she uttered this remark in very words—she was too well brought up to do so; but she thought it all, and perhaps a good deal more, and like a true and trusty chronicler, I feel bound not only to record her utterances, but to pourtray her thoughts. Great privilege of an author!

"Lucy," said Miss Margerison, after a short silence and a few "clicks" of her

crochet needles, "Lucy, what a very promising young man is Mr. Williams!"

"Ah!" replied Lucy, burying her face in her work basket.

"Yes, my dear," continued Miss Margerison, slowly and solemnly, "I think he is a very rising young clergyman, indeed; and, moreover, Lucy," she added, "I believe that he admires you."

Lucy looked up from her work but said nothing.

"You see, my dear Lucy," her aunt went on, not heeding her silence or her looks; "Mr. Williams will do very well. He has a little matter of his own—he has the promise of a family living, and if his wife brings in something, as the lawyers say, to 'hotch-pot,' he will have as much as it is good for a clergyman to have, and he and his wife will be most comfortable."

And here Miss Margerison paused, but still Lucy was silent.

"You know, my dear," she continued, "I always have liked the clergy, and if you and Mr. Williams can 'get together,' to use Col. Mackintosh's words, I shall be ready to do my part to make your money affairs quite easy. You have a little of your own, I will add to it, and, when I go, all that I have will be yours."

This unusually long speech for Miss Margerison had caused Lucy's eyes to open wider and wider, and when at last Miss Margerison's gentle voice stopped, they were very wide open indeed, far-seeing and much-knowing British maiden as she was. For a moment there was a pause, and then Lucy, bursting out into one of her silvery laughs, said, much to her good aunt's astonishment, "Well, my dear old woman, what have you been talking about? Who has put all this nonsense in your head? I marry Mr. Williams! why I had rather marry Mr. Walters, positively, for I do trust him. Mr. Williams!"—and here Lucy for once in her life got savage—"one of the most conceited, unintellectual donkeys I ever met."

"Oh, Lucy!" said, her aunt, as Lucy in her gathering indignation paused for breath.

"Really, aunt," added Lucy with great animation, "I'm going to speak to you about my own little affair this very morning. The truth is, that Mr. Main-

waring and I have agreed to 'set up shop together'" (these were the very words she used,) "and to have the 'same nest,' and 'all that sort of thing'" (whatever that sort of thing is),—"and, as Colonel Mackintosh quite approves, I want you to give your consent, and I shall be the happiest of young women. Mr. Mainwaring is so fond of you, and he is the very pleasantest person I know of, aunt, and, as Mr. Carrathers told me yesterday, 'is the best of mates and the king of good fellows.' So, aunt," said Lucy, running to her aunt's chair and kneeling by it, "say the word, and we will very soon settle everything quite comfortably."

Oh, ye gods and little fishes! here is a nice state of things. Young ladies arranging everything before hand, and settling everything afterwards, and "we, the old birds, actually ignored and not consulted at all!"

Dreadful dilemma! What is coming upon Society and the world? Awful impropriety!

The good old lady appeared thunder-struck at Lucy's tirade and Lucy's appeal, and was apparently on the point of "testifying" and opening out what was on her mind, when Lucy, who had heard a ring at the bell, jumped up as quickly as she had knelt down, and, almost immediately afterwards, Mr. Walters announced in sonorous tones, but with ill-concealed annoyance—"the Rev. Mr. Williams."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WE take this interesting review from the *Times*.—

As a thin octavo volume of nearly 100 pages, entitled "Saint Peter's and Saint Paul's," Mr. Edmund Oldfield, F.S.A., Member of the Executive Committee for the completion of St. Paul's, has published a letter to the Dean, with suggestions for proceeding with the completion of Wren's great edifice. With above £40,000 in hand, which the Committee are bound to apply to the purposes for which that money was collected, it is impossible, says the writer, either for the public or for those responsible for the administration of

such a fund to acquiesce permanently in doing nothing. The letter is the result of a recent Italian tour to note any characteristics in the decoration of the churches most resembling St. Paul's in style, which might furnish instruction for any future plans as to the latter. The aim of Mr. Oldfield was to investigate the examples of ornamentation belonging, broadly speaking, to the 16th and first half of the 17th centuries, the former exhibiting the style which, by general agreement, has been selected as most suitable for the completion of St. Paul's, where Sir Christopher Wren's designs are wanting, though his intentions are known. The specimens of that class of work of sufficient merit to deserve detailed consideration will be found in the Capella dei Medici, at Florence, the churches of the Annunziata and the Gesu at Genoa, the church of San Vittore al Corpo at Milan, and the chief churches at Rome. As the practical conclusion of his researches Mr. Oldfield urges that the proper step now to be taken is to apply the £40,000 or £50,000 the Executive Committee already possesses in decorating the cupola of St. Paul's with mosaics similar in style to those in the cupola of St. Peter's. This proposal Mr. Oldfield bases on a passage in Wren's "Parentalia" which was composed mainly from Sir Christopher's papers, preserved and arranged by his son, and finally published by his grandson, and which may, therefore, be taken as the most authentic record of the great designer's view:—

"The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner it is now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter's in Rome, which strikes the eye of the beholder with a most magnificent and splendid appearance; and which, without the least decay of colours, is as lasting as marble or the building itself. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved; it was imagined also that the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in

the execution, but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued."

Mr. Oldfield exhibits a woodcut section of the central part of St. Peter's, looking towards the south transept, and gives a general description of the dome:—

"Sixteen ribs, radiating from the lantern as the centre of the cupola, run, like meridians of longitude from the poles of a globe, down towards each pair of pilasters in the drum. The sixteen spaces between the ribs descend in like manner over the windows between the pairs of pilasters. This arrangement at once establishes an architectural continuity between the cupola and the drum. At the same time, by distributing the cupola into mathematically exact and equal sections, it shows the primary motive of its ornamentation to be not pictorial, but architectural. The ribs are all coloured blue, with gilt stars. The intermediate spaces are each divided vertically into six compartments, narrowing as they rise from the drum to the lantern; not, indeed, separated by horizontal lines resembling parallels of latitude which would have been thought too formal, but resting one upon another in symmetrical curvilinear panels. The lowest compartment is each a lunette, and contains on a blue background a half-length figure of one of the Popes or Saints buried in the crypt of the church. The second, which is the largest and most important compartment, is of a nondescript quadrilateral form, arched above, and hollowed out below. It contains a full-length colossal figure, seated and seen in full face. The persons represented in the 16 compartments of this row are our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul and the twelve Apostles. The third compartment is a curvilinear quadrangle, hollowed out both above and below, and is occupied by an angel resting on clouds, and holding one of the instruments of the Passion. The fourth is a circular medallion, with the head of a cherub surrounded by wings. The fifth is another quadrilateral panel of nondescript form, its under side hollowed, its upper horizontal, and its vertical sides converging as they ascend. Within it is an angel standing. The sixth compartment is a small rectilinear quadrangle, of tra-



CHURCH GARDENS.

from the "Garden."

pezoidal form, containing the head of a cherub in gold, surrounded by white wings on a dark ground. All the five lower compartments have their figures in colours, and all but the highest and lowest have grounds of gold; the surrounding mouldings are white relieved with gilding. Above the highest compartments round the opening to the lantern runs a blue band enriched with large gold stars. Over this is another band, with an inscription in blue or black letters on a gold ground referring to the completion, not of the mosaic decorations, but of the construction of the cupola. Through the opening is seen the hemispherical ceiling of the lantern, on which is a mosaic by Provenzale, representing the Almighty, but, owing to its distance, barely distinguishable from below."

Mr. Oldfield then asks wherein lies the superiority of the Dome of St. Peter's over the many other cupolas adorned in various colours with figure-subjects of the highest religious interest, which since the days of Brunelleschi have sprung up throughout Italy; and he finds an answer in the fact that it conforms more nearly than any other he knows to the principles which ought to regulate the ornamentation of cupolas. The decorator, he says, has set off the size and form of the dome itself by appropriate treatment of its surface: second he has suggested by figure subjects such a tone of thought as accords with the purpose of the building; third, he has gratified the eye by combining richness and harmony of colour; the first an architectural, the second a religious, and the third a sensuous end. Such is the way in which he would have the dome of St. Paul's decorated, and there are special reasons, he thinks, for now selecting this part of the Cathedral as the field for beginning the work of completion, particularly as this is the part of the work which may be attempted with least risk of fanning anew the now smouldering embers of former controversy. If his views are approved in principle, Mr. Oldfield thinks the execution of them is a question of mere detail.

THERE is no place where our backwardness in all that is best and most essential in gardening is more apparent than in the churchyard. All the advantages that could be desired for a charming garden are sometimes combined in these places, yet the rule is to see them as bare as a housetop, and much less interesting as regards vegetation than the very ditches by which they are surrounded. This is true, not of churchyards in towns, but in the fairest parts of our fairest counties. Indeed, in cities and towns, trees and shrubs often embellish the space around the church, whereas in some beautiful parts of Kent, or Surrey, or Warwickshire, it is common to see a church without a particle of graceful vegetation on either the walls of the church, the ground, or the low walls that sometimes surround the whole, yet no spots are more easily converted into lovely gardens; and in these days of costly church decorations from Southampton Street one may surely not in vain, call attention to the wants of the church garden. Thousands spent on the most elaborate artistic decorations indoors will never produce such a beautiful and all-satisfying result as a few score pounds judiciously spent in converting the churchyard into a church garden. There are several reasons why churchyards are more than usually favourable spots for the formation of gardens of the best kind. The site and situation in the country at least are frequently favourable and picturesque, the soil is generally suitable, the tree planter has usually the assurance that what he does will remain for ages, the associations of the spot are such as to make the mind awake to the influences of great natural beauty, the walls of the church usually offer the finest opportunities for the display of the noblest hardy climbers, the walls of the churchyard advantages for the development of those of more humble growth, the ground is generally admirably adapted for noble trees, and the very turf may easily be converted into a garden of delight. These we should begin with trees. One, the yew, is even more endur-

ing than architecture itself; and it should never be forgotten that gardeners have observed and propagated varieties of this tree which differ greatly from the ordinary type, and are no less beautiful. The Irish yew for example, one of the most precious trees in existence, because it is as hardy as it is distinct from all other trees in beauty. It would be easy to adorn many a churchyard with varieties of the common yew alone, and of these we should certainly give preference to the green as against the variegated kinds; but though we shall never get any finer tree than our native yew and its varieties, it must be remembered that our gardens now contain many noble evergreen trees from various countries, and from which a selection may be made; but in that selection there should never be a tender tree. It has long been quite fashionable to plant quantities of evergreen trees not hardy enough for many districts of the country, and even where they seem so far to be hardy, anybody who knows anything of the quick growth of the trees in their own and in more favourable climes knows also that they will never attain their natural dignity or beauty in this country. There are, for example, many places where the Deodara, the Wellingtonia, or the Araucaria should not be planted, not to speak of others. The church garden being usually limited in space, for this reason alone, only trees certain to be long lived in the situation should be planted. Evergreens have been mentioned first. Summer leafing trees should, however, not be neglected, as among these are our most beautiful flowering trees, and many of them give also refreshing shade and pleasant foliage fresh and green long into the autumn, as, for instance, the locust tree. Where the space is limited and it is desirable, as it nearly always is, to leave some room between the trees for views, &c., the various pyramidal or tapering trees will be useful. In planting, it is essential not to hide the building itself from important points of view. To enhance and not to conceal beauty should be the planter's object, and he can scarcely pay too much attention to points of view both from and to his site. In all the results of planting there is nothing more lovely than the contrasts afforded by the leaf builders and the

stone builders when their works are seen in association. All who know how readily and simply the walls of churches may be made into charming gardens of evergreen or flowering plants, must regret that so many of them are bare of even ivy or Virginian creeper. On Caunton Church there is a large and free blooming specimen of *gloire de Dijon* rose, and many of the finest flowering climbers could be grown in such positions. Fresh foliage or roseate blooms are never seen to greater advantage than against the worn gray or brown stones of our churches. The several sides of the church may each have its appropriate plants, choice roses and the least hardy subjects having the warmer and more sheltered walls. Where ivy is used it should not be allowed either completely to cover the walls, or to wholly exclude other and less common subjects. The low walls often placed round graveyards offer also a desirable position for wall plants, such as the various ivies, clematis, cotoneaster, &c. Sometimes tombs may offer opportunities here and there for the growth of a plant of similar character; and here we would say that we would countenance no disturbance of any monuments or graves for planting of any kind. Intelligence will be best employed in beautifying, not concealing or obliterating such objects. Flower beds of the common type are quite out of place in a churchyard. A group of yuccas or of lilies may be planted, but they do not need formal beds; but the tasteful gardener may make at least one beautiful large bed—the whole of the turf. In this one of the ideas of the “wild garden”—dotting bulbous flowers through the grass—may be most effectively carried out. It is scarcely necessary to state here that many of our brightest spring flowers are easily naturalized in grass. The surface of the churchyard is often suitable for this, because the grass in it is not mown so early or so primly as that in gardens. There are usually in churchyards little variations in surface or soil which favour the development of a variety of spring flower life, and the flowers are very welcome among the budding grass in spring. The scillas and snowdrops do exceedingly well in turf, and so does the Appennine-anemone. It may be urged that the occa-

sional needful disturbance of the ground would interfere with these plants, but once well established they would not mind this in the least. Groups of daffodils of various kinds would look exceedingly well in the turf; they perhaps would require watching, but they would repay it by their noble blossoms, which seem quite regardless of harsh weather in spring.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE OF THE SEA.

A Fairy Tale.

BY SAVARICUS.

PART III.

AND *Amphitrite* arose, with grace and mien,
 In look, and form, and step, a very queen.
 Fair sister to Victoria, Queen of Earth
 And Empress of the Sea, above whose birth
Superior Planets most benignly shone,
 And Her Ascendant Star ruled England's throne,
 For many years Britannia's Flow'r and Pride,
 And many more may the Blest Reign abide.
 The gay Sea-Queen to smiling courtiers bowed,
 'Midst joyful acclamations long and loud;
 Across the dazzling *Hall of Stalactite*,
 Far at the end, were arches red and white,
 Of coral made, and of the gothic form,
 By massive *Astreams* built secure from storm.
 These zones of wondrous growth, for ages grown,
 In rugged masses piled, and cone on cone,
 The grandest columns made, and fair to view;
 In serried length they formed an avenue,
 That lab'rinthine led to the Ballet Hall,
 Where Tragic scenes would oft the senses thrall.
 The Queen and company soon enter'd here,
 And fairy sport provided mental cheer.

The Throne on noble *daïs* grandly stood,
 A thing of beauty, costly, rare, and good;
 The floor diaphanous appeared inlaid,
 Mosaicly, with tints that never fade.
 The steps were gems, enchantingly arranged,
 Prismatic and camelion-like, that changed;
 Above a silken canopy well gilt,
 On cedar wood, and golden tridants built,
 A charm, a grace, shed o'er the glowing scene,

Superlative, and yet 'twas sub-terrene:
 And like the glory of a *Northern sky*,
 Where brilliant tints in loveliness outvie
 The rose's beauty, with its boreal light,
 And all is perfect, vast, and infinite!
 And now the music of that heavenly sphere—
 The zone of melody—smote on the ear;
 Sweet flowers exotic, balmy odours
 breathed,

Inspiring, as they fairy columns wreathed.
 And Neptune led th' enchanted child
 along,

When nigh the throne they met a fairy throng:

The King was asked for grace, and to permit

The child to see his haunts so exquisite.

In regal form the King issued a decree,

To all the things and subjects in the sea;

He will'd that to the child they homage pay,

Whene'er they met, down here, or far away.

'Twas now the purport in the merry court,
 To witness play, and revelry, and sport.

The nymphs and sprites, in character well dressed,

Around the throne and through the Hall
 now pressed;

With flowers link'd and loop'd the roof
 was hung,

Anemones tentacular all strung,

In living garlands of *Actinæ*---

Self-wrought, and wreathed, and wonderful to see.

A lake within the centre of the place

Two whales contained, and these in turn
 apace,

Ejected jets beyond the dizzy height,

And trackless to the wandering sense and sight.

At the Hall's end where glittering caverns
 stood,

The sea appeared restrained by arts that
 could,

The water keep from any place, though seen,
 And here it looked as clear as glass, and green ;
 And it was calm, and beautiful, and bright,
 Affording views which were a novel sight,
 Of rocks and hills, of dales, and grots,
 that lay
 Desporting in the shade, far, far away,
 Resplendent made by *Sol's* bright piercing rays,
 Reflected through the sea's calcareous ways.
 And here was light contending with the power
 Of darkness, day by day, and hour by hour ;
 The same design down in the deep's domain,
 Immutable, as on the earth, where reign
 Creation's laws, and unity of spheres,
 Complete for ages and enduring years.

Now, through the Hall bewitching music flowed,
 And twirling nymphs and sprites fantastic toed,
 In mazy dancing, troops fast crowding came ;
 To act, and play, and please the Court their aim.

Th' Electric'd Sea, with phosphorescent light,
 Now glorious shone, *Dionè* — goddess, bright—
 Emerged, and Beauty's roll was made complete ;
 The Queen arose, her latest guest to greet.
 The goddess smiled, and said, " Dear Queen,
 once more,
 We meet, this day I heard old *Triton's* roar,
 And through the sea I came in haste to view
 The festive sports, and pay my court to you.
 Your guests I freely greet with joy and love ;
 The darling here, from the bright world above,
 I long to kiss : her tender heart I find,
 Is full of love, and all her ways are kind ;
 A gem from earth—a type of Royalty—
 A Princess fair with English courtesy.
 A fairy gift to her, anon, I'll give,
 A charm to bless her long as she may live.

And Father Neptune, I of you entreat,
 An earnest interest for the child most meet."

Fair *Amphitrite* replied.

The Sea-God King,
 Assured *Dionè* " 'Twas the very thing ;
 And from his heart her wishes he'd obey,
 And show his favour in a royal way."

Then from each side three fairy cars approached ;

The God of Love his friendly mission broached.

" Brave King, Fair Queen, sweet Goddess and dear child,

With fairy sports the court will be beguiled ;

Tho' I am Love, I'm often called a boy,

'Tis wrong ! I am a God ! allied to joy.

I know I " rule the camp, the court, the grove,"

And all beneath the sea, where e'er I rove,

And men on earth, and angels blest above,

For 'love is heaven, and heaven is love.'

My darts have jealous points, that wound at times,

And these are keen, like Winter's with'ring rimes ;

But mortals who in wisdom's ways e'er walk,

In me may find a friend, none true I balk,

My boon companions, Mirth and Joy, I send

To every heart that's faithful to the end,

And deep within the new made mother's breast

I dwell, 'till life is done, her soul's bequest.

When youths do fondly sigh and long for me,

I touch their gentle hearts, and laugh with glee,

To hear them vow with love's ensnaring art,

That nought but death their souls shall ever part.

Your wish, dear Queen, I'll hasten to fulfill,

And *Ballet* play where Love rules with goodwill."

And Love, and Mirth, and Joy, with lightning speed,

Sped through the Hall, each drawn by prancing steed.

The whales, that sported in the basin wide,
 Now fairy boats brought to the lake's broad
 side,
 And these, by beauteous beings, soon were
 fill'd,
 To glide about and show their swan-like
 build ;
 Whilst streaming rays of particolour'd
 light,
 Illum'd each nook, and cave, and grotto's
 site.

Each one their part, with pleasure, well
 performed,
 And Love supreme, in fairy fun was
 stormed ;
 The boats then came unto the basin's brim,
 And Love embark'd o'er beauty's lake to
 skim,
 And Mirth and Joy soon followed in the
 wake,
 To mimic war, well fought for honours
 sake,
 The snorting whales impetuous dash'd
 about,
 And rolling billows made with tail and
 snout ;

Within the lake a boisterous sea arose
 As rough and wild as when a cyclone blows.
 The waves with fury raged, the fairy boats,
 Rode over all, and buoyantly as floats
 The noble life-boat o'er the surging sea,
 To aid the ship distress'd—a service free,
 By courage prompted, and by stout hearts
 given,
 In danger's hour to those who tempest
 driven

In their life's struggle are so nearly done,
 Until the rescue's made — the victory's
 won !

To trumpets sound the entertaining war
 Soon ceased, the boats becalm'd lay par
 and par,
 The monster mammals close to them drew
 nigh,
 And swimming gently, passed them idly by.
 By currents made the boats were borne
 along,
 And to the brink, with shouts of joy
 and song ;

The blithesome actors gleefully debarked,
 And *Amphitrite* her sense of pleasure
 marked.

Then from the crowd *three nymphs* re-
 nowned advanced,
 And beauty, by their presence, was enhanced.

They claimed the child for an especial care,
 "To show her every cave and sea-beast
 lair,
 And secret haunt in grove and deep sea
 dell ;
 Beneath the sway of her they lov'd so well.
 Each one this wish'd, and Neptune will'd
 it too,
 His Ocean home, and snug retreats to
 shew."

'Twas *Doris* foremost of the three that
 spoke,
 Her words the silence of the court just
 broke ;
 The sister nymph, the sailor's friend,
Panope,

In winning way endorsed her sister's hope,
 And *Adcona*, with her accents mild,
 A promise gave to guard the favour'd child.
 The Queen consented, and the maiden bade,
 Accompany the nymphs through copse and
 glade.

They went, and passed the coral arches
 through,
 The sea's fair sylvan scenes, and springs to
 view.

Some lively sprites came tripping by that
 way,

To lead, to follow, and the nymphs obey.
 Then through the caves, where sparkling
 jewels shone,

And gardens by sea-oaks, and moss o'er
 grown,
 The child was led, and still her wonder
 grew,

At each fresh sight shown by the retinue.
 Here grottos crowned with *Algae* grandly
 stood,

With *Fuci* grown to be an ocean wood,
 And fountains streaming close to rippling
 rills,

Enchantment gave to adamantine hills ;
 These miles away were most distinctly seen,
 By jasper fringed, and beryl tipped made
 green.

Around, above, the sea, pellucid, made
 A well, a dome, of crystal fixed and stay'd ;
 The Ocean's denizens went sporting by,
 A sight sublime to the accustomed eye.

The nymphs the marvelling child escorted
 back
 To brightest *Ballet Halls* symposiac.

The Queen addressed her courtiers and the
 Maid,
 Her voice, a touch of sadness just betrayed.

The joyous day was drawing to a close,
And list'ning fairies twirled themselves in
rows.

"This day of joy, dear friends, is nearly
o'er,
Ere long we part, I hope, to meet once
more,
And you fair child the earth will soon
receive,
Let her fear not, nor let her spirit grieve ;
I shall protect her till I cease to reign,
And to this court, each year, she'll come
again."

To Earth's kind Queen our greetings now
we send,
And to the Princes, this Princess commend ;
The English Court—Victoria's Family—
Above all else receive fidelity.
Her Sons are good, Her Daughters more
than fair,
And all are bountiful beyond compare,
The happy unions with the Danish Rose
And Russia's Flower, sweet harmony dis-
close,
And every Prince and Princess in the
Realm,
With loyal love the people overwhelm.
And this fair child our wishes will convey,
To England's Queen, and Empress, this I
say :—

"The World is surely blest with thee and
thine.
And may your Indian dynasty long shine."

But there are things connected with the
sea,
That somehow happen terrible to me ;
The ships now lost, the Ironclads gone
down,
A blemish give to *Albion's* renown.
The sore distress made by the *Captain's*
loss—
The human sacrifice—the ship was dross—
We sympathized with, and by command,
The ship and crew were buried in the sand,
And then again the *Vanguard's* recent
fate,
Has not received a full and fair debate ;
In time of "Men o' war," such things were
rare,
And *Nelson* and *Napier* their honours wear,
Still first in seamanship, as in the fight,
Aye ready for their Country, King, and
Right.

THE BYZANTINE AND TURKISH EMPIRES.

The following extract, translated from a chapter of Professor Paparrigopulo's "History of the Hellenic Nation," pointing to the contrast between the depth of misery wrought by four centuries of misrule and the capacity of the Provinces forming the Turkish Empire to recover under a more humane administration, may interest some of our readers just now :—

"With regard to revenue, we may boldly say that the Byzantine Empire obtained results such as few countries in the world have been able to effect. When at the beginning of the 13th century, the Latins captured Constantinople, it was said by them that Baldwin, who was made Emperor of the East, had a daily income of 30,000 gulden. Hope, who takes this to be the allowance for the Palace, doubts the truth of it ; but it is obvious that the question is not about Palace allowances, as 30,000 gulden daily are equal to about 6½ millions sterling per annum, and it is most probable that the question is about the annual income of the Emperor Baldwin ; and, considering that Baldwin did not succeed but to one-fourth of the whole Empire, it follows that the revenue of this Empire must be put down, approximately, at about 26 millions sterling. This amount seems at first sight extraordinary, especially as the coin had greater value in those times, and those 26 millions would at the present day have the value of 130 millions. Neither England, nor France, nor North America, have such revenues even in our day, when the resources of the people have been multiplied, and when the economical administration has been perfected to such an extent. Moreover, the authority on which we based ourselves in fixing that amount belongs to the beginning of the 13th century ; and at that period the Byzantine Empire had not the extent of territory which it possessed during the ninth and tenth centuries. The greatest part of Asia Minor had been occupied by the Mahomedans ; Lower Italy had been seized by the Normans ; the Crusades had brought about catastrophes which could not but tend to reduce

the public revenues, and the most important of all the colonies of the Venetians, of the Genoese, and of the Pisans which had been established in Constantinople and elsewhere, had received so many privileges and immunities from taxation that the public revenue, and especially that accruing from the Customs, had necessarily diminished. We come thus to the conclusion that the revenue was incomparably greater during the ninth and tenth centuries. And, however excessive the amount may seem, all the information that we have upon the subject permits us more or less to accept the highest figure as true. Benjamin Tudela, who visited the Eastern Empire during the reign of Manuel Comnenos, after expressing his admiration at the magnificence and the luxuriousness of the capital, avers that, according to information with which he was furnished, this city was paying daily to the Prince 20,000 gulden, which were collected from shops, taverns, markets, and the numerous merchants who resorted to the city from Bagdad, Mesopotamia, Media, Persia, Egypt, Palestine, Russia, Hungary, Italy, and Spain, 20,000 gulden daily being a year about $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. So it is not impossible, considering that the capital alone was contributing the above amount, for the whole Empire to give $21\frac{1}{2}$ millions, more especially during the tenth century. Constantinople was, indeed, the richest and most commercial city of the Empire, but not the only rich and commercial city. From the official list of towns in which the Comnenoi permitted at a later period the establishment of commercial colonies, it becomes clear that, besides Constantinople, there were in the Empire at the time the following important towns:—In Asia—Laodicea, Antiocheia, Mœmistia, Adana, Tarsos, Attaleia, Strovilos, Chios, Theologus, Phocœa. In Europe—Dyrrachion, Avlona, Coreyra, Vonitza, Methone, Lerone, Nauplion, Corinthos, Thebæ, Athens, Eubœa, Demetrias, Lalonica, Chrysopolis, Peritheorien, Abydos, Rædestos, Adrinople, Apros, Heraleia, and Selgoria. And let it be remembered that this list only includes those commercial towns in which colonies had been established, and it is well-known that within the Empire there were many more important towns, especially on the

east of the Euxine in Cyprus and in Crete. Of these towns and islands, Coreyra, in the 12th century, contributed annually about 1,840,000 francs, which is equal to about 10,000,000 francs—that more than double of what the kingdom of Greece at the present day collects from the whole of the Ionian Islands. Athens and Thebes were so rich that the Dukes of Athens, whose jurisdiction did not extend beyond Attica and Bœotia, were soon able to support one of the most luxurious and splendid Courts in Europe. Crete, Cyprus, Cos, Rhodes, Lesbos, Naxos, formed Frank Principalities more or less independent, and all of them were famous for their wealth and their power. From these and other testimonies it becomes evident that no surprise ought to be felt if all these countries united together under the sceptre of the Emperor of Byzantium were able to contribute the amount which is mentioned above. Else how could we account for the extraordinary amounts which some of the Emperors of the Eastern Empire were able to treasure up after all the expenses of the internal administration of foreign wars and the building of innumerable grand edifices? There is besides another reason which explains the above seemingly exaggerated amount. The Byzantine Empire, especially up to the 11th century, was in respect to manufacture and commerce in its dealings with the rest of Europe and with large portions of Asia and Africa, not what either England, or France, or Germany, and North America, taken individually, is at the present day; but its position must be compared to that which all of these most commercial and manufacturing modern States taken together occupy towards the rest of the world. Most of the objects of luxury or of comfort that people then required were made in the Byzantine Empire only, and many of the raw materials necessary for the production of those objects were there only cultivated or produced. Moreover, it was here that articles made of gold, or silver, or glass, or earthenware, or wood, or of precious stones, such as onyx, alabaster, crystal, and even of glass, and of every other material, were worked, and these were adorning the residences of the magnates and the churches, or were exported in all direc-

tions. Besides sending these objects of art to every known region of the world, there can be no doubt that incalculable sums of money were flowing into the Byzantine Empire. The consequence was that public and private incomes amounted to sums which may now be thought fabulous, but which are by no means incredible, when we bear in mind the exceptional position which this Empire was holding in the world. We must also confess that taxation, both direct and indirect, was far more oppressive than it is now, and that the inhabitants of the Empire were taxed not like the inhabitants of the present civilized nations, with a lenient consideration for their income, but in a more rapacious fashion according to the absolute judgement of the Sovereign. But we must say that this oppressive taxation had its limits, and never reached such a point as to render agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and, in fact, all life impracticable. If this had not been the case, it would have been impossible for the Empire to last for 700 years or more, and to continue during all this while to levy those enormous supplies."

GERARD MONTAGU :

A Winter's Tale.

BY EMRA HOLMES,

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

(Continued from page 379.)

CHAPTER V.

DE MORTUIS.

THE end of July, 1870, Gerard came in upon us at Weston quite unexpectedly. Mildred was shocked at his appearance, for he looked haggard to a degree, and almost wild at times.

He had lost a great deal of money lately through some unfortunate ventures, and he had been to his lawyer in London about the estates, and evidently had not received good news, though for some days he was

taciturn, almost morose, when we approached the subject. He had heard that Lady Muriel was at Sneyd Park, but seemed to expect that she would have been home again ere this.

My wife was distressed about him. He didn't seem to know what to do with himself—he was always in and out, but he seemed restless and not himself at all.

He was very anxious to hear everything about Muriel, how her relatives treated her, how she liked her cousin, and above all, when she was coming back. My wife had her suspicions, from certain letters she had received from the little lady, that all was not as it should be, and Gerard's chance was small, but she didn't seem to have an opportunity of saying anything, because he neither made her or me his *confidante* in the matter.

The last night he was with us (I had gone down to Falconbridge's for a quiet smoke, as he was rather lonely in Muriel's absence) he seemed more hopeful, Mildred thought, but he was bewailing his poverty, and wondering how it was poor men ever got married.

"Well," Mildred said, "I suppose it all depends upon whether people love each other very much; but if people marry when they are poor the love must not be all on one side."

"Well, I've nothing to marry on now, he said.

Then Mildred answered quietly, whilst she took little Ethel on her knee, and was apparently busying herself in fastening baby's shoe—

"It would not be honourable, would it, for any one to propose if there were not enough to live on?"

"Now, baby dear, I will sing you one of your own little nursery rhymes, and Mr. Montagu shall listen to us, shan't he, dear?" and she warbled to baby, much to that little innocent's delight, who tried to join :

There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed,
wed, wed?
I have a little more to say, then will you
yea or nay?
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded,
ded."

The little maid replied, some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in, make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

When Montagu rose to go, he said—
"Good-bye, Mrs. Beverley. Baby has taught me a lesson to-night. I shall not forget it."
A month afterwards I received a letter from his great friend, Dr. Evans, which shocked us all very much.

It ran as follows :

Darlington.
31st Aug, 1870.

My dear Mr. Beverley,
I am sure you will be very grieved to hear that our mutual friend, Montagu, is no more.

He died on the 28th of this month, in the Lunatic Asylum at York. I had long feared that his brain was becoming affected, and warned him not to overtask his strength, but it was unavailing. Almost immediately after his return from the South, a marked change was observed in him. It began by his fancying that he was always followed about by a man whom he was instrumental in bringing to justice some years ago in a highway robbery case. Then he got a scheme into his head, and went about for signatures to get an act of Parliament passed about some estate near Ipswich, which he said was his.

The poor fellow had been prosecuting his claims for some time, and it was thought he was approaching a successful issue, when his lawyer discovered that although he was the undoubted heir, the last purchaser had about a hundred years ago, suspecting some flaw in the title, protected himself by a special Act of Parliament. Montagu had paid something like £1000 to this man, and all to no purpose. Then, poor fellow, it appears he had formed an attachment to a young lady in the South, living somewhere near you I understood, and from what transpired during his stay at Weston, he gathered that his hopes were at an end in that quarter.

This, together with the losses in business he had recently sustained, preyed upon his

mind to that extent, that fearing he would do violence to himself, we took him to York. Strange to say, when we got to the Asylum he was to all appearances as sane as you or I ; so much so indeed, that the doctor, turning to us said pleasantly, after a pause, "And which, gentlemen, is the patient?" Then he laughed in our faces, accused us of conspiring to shut him up ; and we were obliged to take him home again. Soon, however, he had a recurrence of the attack, he was removed to the Asylum, grew rapidly worse, and succumbed at last. I have lost a good friend in poor Gerard Montagu, who was universally liked and respected here, and as you may suppose, his death has made a most painful impression in this neighbourhood. I should add that I found amongst his papers a little packet, which I enclose, addressed to Lady Muriel Mandeville. As I do not know her ladyship's address, may I beg you to give it to her.

Your's truly,
Geo. Lloyd Evans.

Mildred could not help crying when she heard the distressing news, and I was also very much cut up.

Ethel (who was her mother's almost constant companion) seeing the tears in her eyes cried too, out of sympathy, as children do ; but poor little thing she cannot understand why her kind friend never comes now, and she often asks her mother when "good Midder Montadu," as she called him, is coming again. It is a trite saying but a true one, that misfortunes never come singly. My dear friend Falconbridge never seemed himself after Muriel left, and I was alarmed to find him in a fit one night, when I strolled in to have my accustomed cigar with him.

We telegraphed immediately for Lady Muriel, who came late the next evening, too late, however, to see him alive.

Poor little dear, she was dreadfully distressed when she found her dear guardian was no more.

My wife thought she would be really ill ; it seemed to have such an effect upon her.

It was not for some days that we dared to break to her the news of Gerard's sad fate. She had a kind, warm heart, and

wept gentle tears of sympathy when Mildred read Dr. Evau's letter to her.

I don't think she had any idea of the depth of Gerard's affection for her. He had been too honourable to say one word, until he felt he should be in a position to offer her marriage. But she took the little packet, opened it, and found therein a beautiful emerald ring.

"Will you not wear it for his sake?" Mildred said, "it can do you no harm."

"Oh, yes, if I may; if he will let me."

Mildred looked up askance and saw pretty Muriel's face suffused with blushes.

Mildred went up to her and whispered something.

Muriel blushed and smiled.

"I am so glad, dear."

"What does it all mean?" I asked.

"Nothing dear."

I afterwards learnt that there was a sort of tacit understanding between Muriel and somebody else; and about a fortnight after the *Morning Post* announced:

"That an alliance was contemplated between Lord Chelmondiston, only son of the Earl and Countess of Kilpatrick, and his cousin, Lady Muriel Mandeville.

THE END.

BURMAH.*

From the "Times."

UNDER the title of "Our Trip to Burmah," Mr. Gordon has given to the public a lively narrative of some 250 pages, interspersed with numerous illustrations of various degrees of interest and merit. As our readers would find it exceedingly difficult, even with the aid of his journal and his maps, to track him from point to point, we do not propose to give any consecutive account of his travels. It is enough to say that he set out from Madras on December 23, in company with Sir Frederick Haines and some other English officers; that in

* "Our Trip to Burmah, with Notes on that Country," by Surgeon-General Charles Alexander Gordon. London, Baillière, Tindall and Cox.

due time he arrived at Rangoon; that from Rangoon he proceeded some distance up the Irrawaddy and back again; and that he finally returned to the place from which he had set out. But what he or his companions were about all this time his readers are left to conjecture; and, for aught that he tells us to the contrary, the whole party might just as well have been a body of Cook's excursionists. We shall pick out, therefore, from his desultory but animated and amusing narrative such sketches and observations as seem likely to be most generally interesting, without any regard to the chronological order of events.

The first thing which amused him was the behaviour of a "representative Hindoo" whom he met at dinner at Vizag. This gentleman sat at table, but refrained from touching any of the delicacies displayed on it till his resolution finally succumbed to a bottle of sparkling Moselle. He did not take any in presence of the company, but signalled to one of the servants to take some into an adjoining room, whither he immediately followed him, returning after a few minutes with a most benignant expression of countenance, stroking his long beard and smiling upon all the company. A few minutes later, and he began to talk very fast and to shake hands with everybody. Again a few minutes, and he was fast asleep in his chair. In Burmah there are nuns as well as priests and monks, but they are not locked up in convents. They are styled Virgins of the Temple, and are sometimes young and pretty. But Mr. Gordon does not hint at the existence of any scandals concerning them. Another feature of Buddhism which Mr. Gordon records with some unction is the purchase of steps towards "Nirban," or the final state of divine perfection, which is openly carried on in the neighbourhood of the principal temple. Birdcatchers are always to be found in these places at certain hours of the day, offering their wares for sale, and these are bought by pious Burmese in order that by setting them at liberty they may gain another step on the road to Nirban. As the birds are only caught to be sold for this purpose, there is a frankness and straightforwardness about the whole contrivance which deserves Mr. Gordon's admiration.

Passing on from religious to more mundane topics, we may notice the great

material prosperity and comfort which he observed in the people of British Burmah. There is an air of plenty wherever you go ; and the poorest class are clean, well-dressed, and healthy looking. On the other hand, very rich men are rare, and if any individual does amass a fortune he spends all on a pagoda, so that his children are none the better for it. The Burmese seem to be great fowl fanciers, and Mr. Gordon gives us a picture of the poultry yard of his host at Rangoon, which reads like the well-known one of Martial. Pure Burmese game fowls, pure bred jungle fowl, bantams, and other valuable breeds are kept under baskets. Numerous varieties of pigeons are perched all round, or strut about among the children with perfect confidence. In one corner a cow is being milked for the benefit exclusively of the visitors, as the Burmese never touch milk ; and in another are some lean sheep, these animals not thriving well in the country, though, on the other hand, the beef is excellent. Good beer, too, is to be had at Rangoon. It is made without malt, but with hops, sugar, yeast, and isinglass. There is sufficient sale for it to support a good brewery ; but no Burmese man or woman is ever seen drunk in the streets—a fact which supplies Mr. Gordon with an opportunity for a little moralising, of which he is particularly fond, though, as it belongs to the trite order, we could very well dispense with some of it. Mr. Gordon tells us little of the *feræ naturæ* of the country through which he passed. He has heard that in some of the paddy fields thirty couple of snipe may be killed in a day, but says generally that the shooting in Burmah is far inferior to what can be obtained in India.

Of the social peculiarities of the people Mr. Gordon has preserved several curious illustrations. In regard to money, they always prefer such coins as have a female head on them, being under the impression that male coins are unproductive and do not make money, though there is something so exquisitely absurd in this idea that one can hardly stifle a suspicion that Mr. Gordon is either hoaxing his readers or has himself been hoaxed by his informants. The marriage tie sits very loosely on the Burmese, and it is therefore not so much to their credit that other connections are condemned. When a husband and wife wish to separate, they light two

candles, "with the understanding that he or she whose light goes out first has the privilege of quitting the house with whatever property originally belonged to him or her." Mr. Gordon has an interesting note on the medical profession in Burmah. Surgeons and surgical operations are unknown there ; but physicians are divided into three orders—those who use mineral or vegetable medicines ; those who attribute all disease to some derangement of the elements which constitute health, and trust chiefly to the effect of diet ; and, thirdly, the "witch doctors," who proceed by spells and incantations. Fees range from eight annas to five rupees a visit, or sometimes the patient adopts the principle of payment for results, when a successful cure often brings a large reward. Whether the Burmese enjoy the blessings of a Bar or not we are not informed. But they live under laws which, it is said, they reverence very highly, though the procedure of their Courts is peculiar. Suitors are expected to acquiesce in the judgment given, and in token thereof to eat "pickled tea," which one would naturally suppose must be Burmese for humble pie, but Mr. Gordon seems to take it quite literally. If, however, the defeated litigant declines this edible and elects to take his case elsewhere, various alternatives are before him. He may proceed by ordeal, in which case he may either employ the candle test, as in divorce, although in this case the principle would seem to be reversed, he whose candle burns out first being adjudged the loser ; or he may try the ordeal of immersion, when the suitor who remains longest under water is declared, as in the witch ordeal with us formerly, to have justice on his side. A third one, in which molten lead is the agent for the discovery of truth, is too complex to be described here. If ordeal is rejected, the parties may go at once before the King, in whose presence it is supposed that no man is able to say what is false. His Majesty accordingly, who is the first lawyer in his kingdom, extracts the truth by cross-examination, and his decision, we presume, is final.

Mr. Gordon writes, as we have said, with a good deal of spirit, and is not without some sense of humour. He is never tedious, and if we only take up his book in the right frame of mind, we may derive much amusement from it.

THE MASONIC ANGEL.

BY JEFFERSON.

WE take this interesting story from the *Masonic Advocate*.

“When winter comes so dreary,
And our hearts are sad and weary
Of its wearily protracted, and forbidding
chilly reign.
Like a gleam of light and gladness,
To dispel our heavy sadness,
Comes the promise that the cheerful spring
will bloom for us again.
“The winds will loose their keenness,
And the trees will bend with green-
ness,
And the warbling birds, in shady groves,
will sing their sweet songs o'er;
And by rill and lake and river,
As beautiful as ever,
Shall the wild rose and orchis bud and
sweetly bloom for us once more.”

We can never forget the angel face of little Stella Gregg, for in her infancy she was a bright child, for she was full of all those indescribable attractions which give to children their fascinating and all-conquering divinity.

Stella's eyes were blue, her cheeks plump, and her little tongue was touched as with an angel's power. Her brains were full and broad, indicating fine perceptive faculties, as well as exalted sensibilities. We thought then as we think still, that the child is mother to the woman. Nature, indeed, always has its lines of development, and even in childhood the manifestations are evident of subsequent history.

The daughter of an eminent and liberal minded physician, and the offspring of a mother whose substantial, unpretending accomplishments made her a model, Stella's early advantages were of the best, and diligently and well did she use them. None excelled her in her honest efforts to learn, as but few surpassed her in the shrewdness of her observation. Thoughtful and sedate, respectful and benevolent, she grew up to her young girlhood years under the careful guidance of her parents, with all the promise about her of the most amiable and useful developments.

Her father's library was her favourite

place of study. His books, medical, historical, literary and Masonic, entertained her and filled her mind with thoughts of scholarly devotion, and impressed her nature with the convictions of relative responsibility and practical humanity. She has always been deeply interested in reading an old copy of “Webb's Monitor,” a book which she knew was highly prized by her father, and which she early learned contained the philosophic outlines of the Masonic faith, and set forth the eminent virtues of what should be the practical lives of all the Fraternity. She often pointed to the four female figures illustrating the cardinal virtues of *temperance, prudence, fortitude and justice*, for she thought they were beautiful combinations of a high moral order of life, and well designed to build up an honourable manhood, where the brotherhood had the stamina and intelligence to measure up to them.

Though only in her teens this mystic book became her *vade mecum*, and she read it over with critical intelligence, without a thought of condemning it, because women could not be made Masons. She had faith in her father, and knew that Masonic integrity would not allow the tender sex to be wronged. Jealously of masculine rights had no place in her heart. She was contented and proud to know that her father was a Master Mason, and she read his Masonic books because she saw that they diligently taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. She also saw that there was no bigotry, no intolerance, no sectarianism, no jealous inclusiveness in the system, and she embraced its faith because of its intrinsic worth, and of its practical value.

“Pa,” said she one day, with a smile which told of her simplicity, “I believe I'm a Mason myself.”

I wouldn't wonder, daughter, responded the doctor, “for every good woman is a Mason.”

“Without initiation, pa?” she asked.

“Why, yes,” he answered.”

“Well, then, I'm one, pa,” said she, “I've read your books, and I know I like their teachings, and I am glad you've told me I'm a Mason, for I shall try and keep the faith, so as never to dishonour my profession.”

"That is right, daughter," said the doctor with a smile, "let your light shine in rays of humanity, in sympathy for the unfortunate, and you'll never dishonour yourself or any one else."

Long after her father was gone Stella sat looking out of the window at the passing throng of humanity, still wondering in her mind how it was that so many suffer and die in want, and are so soon forgotten, while the whole land is so full of churches and societies and benevolent institutions. The thought was painful to her young heart, and deeply did she feel the necessity of a careful guardianship over the pride and selfishness of her own nature. Grey's lines came to her memory :

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Late in the evening, after the family had taken tea, Stella was leaning over the banisters of the front porch, gazing with devout abstraction upon the glittering of the stars. The night was beautiful, and the very heavens seemed to look down upon the world beneath with complacent sympathy. It was a night for the acknowledgement of the goodness of the Maker of All Things, as well as for the exercise of gentle pity for such as could not enjoy the splendour of the scene.

Just then the front gates opened, and a tall and spare woman leading a little girl, came up the walk and asked, "is Dr. Gregg at home?"

"He is not; he is at the office, if he is not out visiting a patient," responded Stella.

"Do you wish to see him?" she enquired.

"Well, yes," answered the lady. "Yet I fear," she said, "it will all be in vain."

"O, my dear, I can scarcely tell you," the lady responded, "for fear I shall fail with the doctor, just as I have with several others."

"Why, if there is anything," said Stella, "that pa can ever do for you, it will be done cheerfully, I've no doubt."

"I hope so, I hope so," the woman repeated, "for I feel that death itself will be a relief to me if I cannot save my son."

"Why, where is he? What has he

done?" asked Stella as she grew excited as well as interested in the case of the new patient of her father before her.

The woman seemed to hesitate in giving the story of her distress to the daughter which she intended for her father, and she was about to turn away to find the doctor's office.

"My dear son is in trouble," said she, "and I want to see the doctor, I think he will be willing to protect me in this persecution." The woman's voice trembled as she spoke, she was evidently in deep distress, and the tears coursed down her cheeks, as was visible even in the starlight. "I must see the doctor to night, for my son is in jail, and if it is possible I will have him out to-morrow. O, it is terrible, miss, for an innocent young man to be treated in this way."

"I know he is not guilty," she again defiantly affirmed.

"I will go with you to the office," said Stella, confidently, for she saw before her one of the very cases which could but call out her spirit. A soul was in trouble, and her own heart was touched, and she could but feel that wrong should be righted, and she was ready to do what she could to accomplish the purpose.

"Who is he? What is he?"

She stooped not to ask.

Lift him up, care for him,

This was her task."

In a few moments she had her mother's consent, and was on her way with the heart-stricken woman to the rescue of the son.

"Pa," said she, as they entered the office, "here is a good lady in trouble, will you hear her story?"

"Of course, daughter, I'll listen to any trouble she may have."

Mrs. Robinson looked at him through her tears as she said, "Doctor, I am perhaps a stranger to you, and yet I come to you with some assurances of your sympathy, in my present affliction. My son George has been book-keeper for the firm of Wood, Jones & Co., for a year and more, and to-day they had him arrested under the charge of embezzlement. There is a great wrong in the matter somewhere, Doctor," said she.

"What do you want done, madam?" asked the doctor.

"I want him out of jail, first," said the afflicted woman, "and then we'll meet them in the courts the best way we can."

"What's his bail bond?" the doctor asked.

"The sheriff told me it would be six hundred dollars."

"Can you meet me here in my office at nine o'clock to-morrow morn'g?" asked the doctor.

"I will," she answered.

Then thanking the doctor for his generous sympathy, and Stella for her kindness, Mrs. Robinson left the office, leading her little girl, who that night would be her only company in her sad and widowed home.

"Pa," said Stella, when they were left alone, "if that young man is innocent of the crime charged against him, as his mother says he is, it would be a burning shame to let him remain in prison."

"We'll see in the morning, daughter, what the case is," responded the doctor, "and if I am satisfied of his innocence, we'll see that he eats a free dinner to-morrow at his mother's."

The following day, prompt to the hour, Mrs. Robinson was at the Doctor's office, where, in a half-hour's talk she convinced him that her son was the victim of one of the partners of the house, who had purloined the funds for his own use, and defaced the books to hide his tracks, and then accused the young book-keeper of the theft.

The Doctor did not hesitate, but went at once on the young man's bond, and released him to the great joy of his mother. Public opinion, of course was suspended until the trial came off, which was not until two months, which time had been prudently economized by the wicked partner, for he had, under false pretence, closed up his interest in the house, and when the trial of young Robinson came on the ex-partner was *non est*.

Through Stella Gregg's influence and her father's generous management, the widow's son was fully vindicated on the trial, and the jury gave a unanimous verdict of *not guilty*.

Public indignation ran high against the absconding partner, and the fair fame of young George Robinson shone brighter than ever before. With choking emotions

he thanked Dr. Gregg for his generous interference in his behalf, and assured him that until the day of his death he would ever remember him as one of the best friends of his life.

The house generously restored him to his desk again, with assurances of an interest in the house, which he has since obtained, where his integrity, probity and modest intelligence have given him a character even above suspicion. Miss Stella Gregg, has become one of his most intimate friends, a rumour has it that the Doctor himself may yet become his father-in-law.

"Thus fate builds hopes for honest men,
And gives them back their rights again."

A LEGEND.

From the "Noah's Sunday Times."

I HAVE heard of a mystic legend,
That comes from the days of yore,
Of Those, who in Salem's Temple
Square, Level and Plumb-line bore.
The fame of their Strength and Beauty
And Wisdom all hands had heard,
And they spake 'neath the echoing arches
The Grand Omnific Word.
But the column of one was broken
When he fell at the Temple gate,
Where his jubilant foes in ambush
For their noble victim wait.
There was sorrow in all the chambers,
For the trestle board gave no sign
Of the hand that had wrought its patterns
With a skill that had seemed divine.
They sought him o'er hill and valley,
From East to the distant West,
And they found him beneath the acacia,
Silently laid to rest.
Is there no help for the lost one?
His brethren in sorrow cry—
There is help in One that is Mighty
For those who in darkness lie.
And oft as the sprig of the acacia
Blooms green on our darksome way,
It tells us that *Faith* shall rise us
From night to the realms of day.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(Continued from page 325.)

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE, OR RITE OF GRAND INSPECTORS-GENERAL OF THE 33°.

IN a pamphlet which the Supreme Council could not repudiate, Bro. Piron, who called himself Chancellor of the Holy Empire, has published the following remarks:—

“The Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite was, at the date of 1762, composed of only 25 degrees, of which the last was the Valiant and Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret. These 25 degrees were practised throughout France.

“In 1786, Frederick II., King of Prussia, Sovereign of Sovereigns of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and Grand Master, Successor of the Kings of England and Scotland, foreseeing that his days would not be of much longer duration, wished to consolidate for ever the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, for which he had a particular regard. He desired to invest each state and empire in which it was practised the power necessary to liberate it from the trammels with which it was bound on the part of that brutal ignorance which attempted to change everything, or from the ambitious pretensions of some other systems, or, finally, from a destructive pre-eminence rejected on the principle of universal equality and reciprocal intolerance, which would have the effect of converting the different Masonic systems into a single branch emanating from the same tree.

“In consequence, Frederick II., personally presiding on the 1st May, 1786, over the Supreme Council, by the aid of which he ruled and governed the Order, raised to 33 degrees the hierarchy of 25 degrees consecrated by the Grand Constitutions of 1762.

“It is this Rite of 25 degrees also, perfected, amended, corrected, and augmented, which the Comte de Grasse-Tilly, calling himself Grand Inspector General, imported into France in 1804, and on behalf of which he made, with the veritable Rite of Heredom, the treaty previously mentioned.

The Scottish Lodge of the Philosophic Rite obligingly lent him its lodge rooms until the time when the proceedings of Roettiers de Montaleau and of Bro. Piron produced the Concordat, which was signed on the 5th December, 1804.

“We have not here to enquire how the Scottish Rite of Perfection united itself with the Rite of Perfection established by Frederick; how the Comte de Grasse-Tilly procured the Constitutions signed by the King of Prussia, in 1876, and which no one in France or in Prussia had any knowledge of in 1804; it will suffice us to know that the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite exists, that it has accomplished in the world a development—owing to the principles of which it was the propagator—like all other masonic bodies. Whatever may have been its origin, we wish to establish but one thing, that is that the Council of the 33 degrees was annexed to the Grand Orient in 1804, and that this last is still, as it always has been, the sole Supreme Council regularly constituted in France.

“When the Concordat, which was signed on the 5th day of the 19th month of the year 5804, the duplicate minute remained (we know not why) in the care of Bro. Piron, Commissioner of the Supreme Council, and it was but the first day of the first month of the year 5805, summoned by the Lodge Saint Napoleon, of which he was the Orator, consented to read it, and to allow a copy to be taken.

“This act bears the following construction:—‘The Grand Orient of France, regularly assembled under the Geometrical Point, known only to Freemasons, desiring them to participate, not only with those lodges composed in the circle, of which it is the centre, but still procuring a certain and distinguished acknowledgment in all the lodges on the surface of the earth.’

“‘Thinking that it could include in one constellation all the masonic lights, and thus embrace the generality of the rite, it declared that it united itself to all the brethren of whatever rite they might belong to.’”

Here closes the version given by Bro. Piron in his pamphlet. He purposely suppresses the remainder:

“In order that in the future all Masons should instruct themselves without hind-

rance in the sublime knowledge, as they increase in age and capacity, they shall enjoy the advantages of a unity of self-government, to ensure uniformity of working in the Lodges and Chapters, to maintain harmony with foreign Grand Lodges, and to reflect its light in those places where no lodges have yet opened their treasures of wisdom."

The Grand Orators declare that the Constitutions of the Grand Orient of France are determined as follows

This is how the Grand Orient of France makes its Constitution !

Bro. Grasse-Tilley was named special Grand Representative of the Grand Master ; Bro. Hacquet, Vice-President of the General Grand Chapter ; Bro. Pyron, Orator ; Bro. Thory, Secretary.

These Constitutions are too long to be reproduced here, but we shall remark on the following articles :

"The Grand Orient of France claims the right to govern in the Grand Chapter General, the Grand Council of the 32nd degree, and the Sublime Council of the 33rd degree. The attributes of the 33rd degree, independently of those which belong to its functions, are to occupy itself in the attainment of the fullest mystic knowledge and in the regulation of the work. It pronounces upon everything that tends to maintain the point of honour. It can suspend an officer of the Grand Orient, after complaint and denunciation, which can be made only by brethren of the lodge to which the officer inculpated belongs, in Masonic form. The Sublime Council of the 33rd degree only can reconsider or revoke its decisions."

The Supreme Council of the 33rd degree had therefore disappeared altogether as a Masonic power, like the Grand Consistory of the Princes of the Royal Secret, Rite of Heredom or Perfection.

But this situation did not suit Bro. Pyron ; he had failed to carry into effect the objects of the Act of Union in the session of the Lodge Saint Napoleon, on the 1st March, 1805 ; and on the 13th of the same month a judgment of the Grand Chapter General declared that Bro. Pyron had brought against nine officers of the Grand Orient of France a calumnious denunciation and had placed them under accusation. The 5th April following, by a

majority of 69 out of 71 votes, it declared this brother deprived of his dignity of Grand Orator, and erased his name from the list of officers of the Grand Orient of France.

A man with a spirit of such inquietude could not accept so just a condemnation ; he intrigued so successfully that, on the 6th September, 1805, an assembly of Scottish Rite Masons, to the number of 81, under the presidency of the Grand Administrator-General of the Grand Orient of France, declared that the Ancient Scottish Rite ceased to be united with the Grand Orient, and that the Concordat of the 3rd day of 10th month of the year 5804 would be regarded as non-existent. In general, in order to break a contract concluded between two bodies, it requires the mutual consent of both parties thereto, or a decision of a superior authority ; this declaration was therefore without any proper authority, the more so that since the Act of Union the Grand Orient of France having had to pay the debts of the Supreme Councils, so that it might well have been said, not that it had annexed the Ancient Rite, but that it had purchased it.

Bro. Pyron forgot to return the money, but, to complete his coup d'etat, he decided that Bro. de Grasse-Tilly, who was but a captain of cavalry, had ceded all his rights to the Illustrious Bro. Cambacérès, who was created 33°, and installed on the 13th August, 1805, as Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite.

What could be done by the Grand Orient, of which the Duc de Cambacérès was Grand Master *adjoint*, under the Grand Mastership of the king, Joseph Bonaparte.

However, a kind of compromise was effected in the course of the month of September, 1805. It was said that the Council of the 32nd and the 33rd would no longer possess any status in the Grand Chapter General, that all the Rites would be represented by commissioners in the directorate of the united Rites, that the Grand Orient should confer only the first 18 degrees, and that the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree should have the sole right to administer the degrees from the 19th to the 33rd, and deliver certificates therefrom.

(To be continued.)

"BLIND."

WE take this from the *Herald and Presbyter*.

Only an old blind fiddler playing in a deserted street, before an empty house, on the walls of which is a placard reading: "Premises to be let."

Who cares for an old blind fiddler? Perhaps his dog does; the dog that is attached to him by a string. Who knows a dog's heart? There they stand before the vacant house in the deserted street, and no one sees them but the old gray cat prowling over the long black rafters. No one cares for this blind man in all London. The wind is blowing, and small flakes of snow are falling, ever and anon alighting on the withered cheek and hardly melting there, because his cheek is so cold, and he is shivering from head to foot.

When he feels the snow falling faster, he turns from the house where he has waited, hat in hand, for the chance penny, thinking: "Surely I have earned something." But he has found that people will listen to his music and never dream of paying, just as though they needed charity.

Aimlessly he turns down one street and up another, and the snow is falling faster. He must walk to keep warm, and has no place on which to "lay his head." So up and down the streets they go—the dog and he. He has grown bewildered in the turns of the streets, and so at last they are back before the empty house.

He is so weary now that he must rest. They find their way to the broad stone steps, now white, and he sits down thinking: "It's a quiet street; may be a policeman won't tell me to 'move on' for a while, and I must rest."

"Miriam," he says, talking to his dead wife, who he fancies can always see and hear him, "ask the angel to come for me soon. Ask God to let him come."

So whispering to his spirit-wife he begins to feel warmer, and falls asleep.

He dreams that the angel came and took him up through the snow-flakes.

Up! up! And at last they reached a golden gate which stood ajar. The angel touched it, and as it opened wide they entered in.

The Lamb was the light thereof.

The angel had changed his robe while coming through the snow-flakes, and it was white and glistening.

Then Miriam met him just within the gate. "Reuben" she said, "I'm glad you came. I asked the Lord, and he sent the angel. Reuben, my husband."

Just then came One of soft and beautiful presence, who took him in his open arms and kissed his forehead, and blessed him; and when he stood aside for the approach of the angels they saw where the kiss had left its impress, a new name, and the name was "Beloved." Then came the dear disciple, the Lord's beloved on earth, and took his hands, uttering the one word "Beloved!" and the sweetness of the tone echoed through the vaults of heaven, and the angels sang the chorus, "Beloved! beloved! beloved!" till the arches rang again.

* * * * *

Next morning the piteous moaning of a little dog drew the attention of the passer-by. They saw a peculiar looking heap on the door-steps, which was found to be the body of an old blind man, still clasping in his arms his bow and fiddle. On his face such a smile as made their hearts stand still, and the rough hands tremble, as they lifted him into the cart that was to bear him away, and one man whispered to another, "He looks as though he saw an angel."

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

From the "Keystone."

"YES, sir," said the brakeman, as he stood by the stove warming his numbed hands, after coming in from braking. "People think, as they sit in their warm seats and only hear us call out the different stations, that we have a nice, soft, easy time. But we know better. Imagine yourself out on a flat car all night, with the snow dashing into your face, your hands on a cold iron brake, and think if that's easy; or up on top of a freight car, running along, the wind cutting like a

knife, dark as pitch, and watching for fear you may rush suddenly under a bridge and be swept off, and perhaps left to die in the snow. Is that easy? Does that look like a soft job? To be sure when we are transferred to passenger cars, the work is nice enough, but the dangers we have to go through (for we generally have to go on freight cars first), entitle us to something better on a passenger car, and we ain't sorry when we get orders to take the head end of such a regular train.

"There are very few brakemen who can't tell some never-to-be-forgotten incident connected with their life on the rail. To explain, let me tell you a story from my own experience. I remember one night, it was fearfully cold, right in the middle of winter, and snowing hard, I was braking in the middle of a freight train. It was running along on slow time that night, and we were about two or three miles from the station. I was standing by the brake of a flat car, trying to get warm by stamping, wishing we were at the depot, so that I could go back to the caboose out of the bitter cold, when suddenly I felt the train bumping and jumping like as if a wheel had broken, and I knew something was wrong. The whistle blew for brakes, and in a mighty short time we had the train stopped.

"With the rest of the men I went back to see what was the matter, thinking that I might get a chance at the stove, for I was nearly frozen. Going back about three hundred feet, we found that one of the rails had got loose and was out of place, but, as we had been going slow, we had run over the spot safely. Our conductor looked up and seeing me said:

"'Jim, get back and signal the passenger train. She will be along in a short time now; and take this,' he said, handing me a red-light lantern; 'we'll go on. You can come along with the other train.'

"With that all hands got on board, and soon there was nothing but myself and the lantern left.

"A cold gust brought me to myself with a quick turn, and then I remembered what I had to do. Holding the lantern up, I saw that the light was flickering, and shaking it, found it almost empty. Then I began to feel the responsibility of my

position; a lamp with no oil in it, and train due in ten minutes, with the chance of it being thrown off the track, and no telling how many poor people killed or wounded. In a case of this kind, sir, even a brakeman will do his best to save human life, although he sometimes loses his own in the attempt; and all he gets for it is having his name in the paper, and being called a brave fellow.

"Quicker than I tell it, I made up my mind that the train must be signalled, lamp or no lamp. But how to do it was the question? If I ran ahead, without a light, the engineer might think I wanted to stop the train for robbery, for such things have been done, you know, and would not only dash right on, faster than ever, but (may be) try to scald me as the locomotive rushed by. I tell you I felt like praying just then; but brakemen are not selected for their religious feelings, so I didn't pray much, but looked around and saw a light shining in a window some distance off. I laid down my lantern carefully on the track, made a bee line for the house, and soon brought a woman to the door, who looked more frightened than I was, at my excited appearance. It was useless to ask for sperm oil (the only sort we use), so I cried out:

"'For God's sake get me some straw.'

"She seemed to realize the position, and quickly brought a bundle. Feeling in my pocket, I found three matches, and grabbing the straw, I made my way back to the track.

"Laying the straw between the rails, I struck a match and shoved it into the bundle. It flashed an instant and then went out. I felt and found the straw damp.

"Just then a dull, faint rumbling sound come down on the wind, and I knew she was coming; the train would soon be there.

"I struck the second match and touched off the straw—a blaze, a little smoke, and it was dark again, and raising my eyes I saw the headlight away in the distance. But trains don't crawl, and the buzzing along the rail told me to be lively.

"The red light was burning but faintly; five minutes more and it would go out.

"For an instant I stood paralysed, when a shrill scream from the engine brought me

to my senses, and I saw that inside of two minutes she would be there.

"Seizing the lantern with one hand, I struck the last match, and bending down, laid it carefully inside the straw, and then dashed forward, waving the red light. The glare from the head light shone down the track, and the engineer saw me, but did not notice the red light—the sudden waving had put it out—only screeching he came straight on. When the train was almost on me I jumped one side, and slinging the lantern over my head, dashed it straight into the cab. The engineer saw the lamp as it broke on the floor, and seeing the red glass and the battered lantern, whistled the danger signal, and tried to check up.

"Looking down the track, I almost screamed from excitement, the last match had found a dry spot, and the straw was blazing up bright. The train came to a standstill. She was saved; that's all I remember.

"The next I knew I was in the baggage car. They said they had found me lying by the train, in a dead faint, and—excuse me, we are going to stop now.

"Stamford!" he sung out. The train stopped, and the writer went home, satisfied that a brakeman's life is an exciting one.

A LAY OF MODERN DURHAM.

From the "Durham University Journal."

THE Warden of the Purple,
By Beda's bones he swore
That his degrees, though easy once,
Should easy be no more.

By Beda's bones he swore it,
And fixed the fatal day;
And sent his letters special forth,
To bring stern doctors to the north
From Oxford grim and grey.

From the thousand spires of Oxford
Come back the stern replies,
And swift through Hall and College
The deadly rumour flies.

Woe to the passman grinding
O'er Vergil's classic tome,
When Rawlinson and Creighton
Have said that they will come!

From ancient Canterbury,

Where towers the hoary pile,
Forth comes the bearded Canon,
With a most peculiar smile;
And Fathers grave, and Doctors
Come lumbering in his wake,
The scanty brains of passmen
To torture and to rake;

Milman in thirty volumes,
And Liddon in a score,
Lactantius and Origen,
And half a hundred more;
And doctrines, dates, and councils
Pile up the paper high,
While the Warden of the Purple
Regards complacently.

Creighton from cloistered Merton,
With true scholastic skill,
Rubs up his rusty logic
From Mansel and from Mill,
And o'er forgotten ethics
Runs his unwonted eye,
And thumbs the page of many an age
In ancient history.

In Hatfield by the river,
In the Castle's stately tower,
The studious oil is burning
Till wanes the midnight hour.
No more the nightly revel
Disturbs tutorial rest,
No more nocturnal ramblers fly
To nooks and alleys, when they spy
The Proctor's velvet crest.

And now the day is on us,
And now the schools are full;
And many a pallid artsman
His downy tuft doth pull;
And some are weak in grammar,
And others weak in facts;
And not a few of Trollope's crew
Make Shipwreck in the Acts.

Now dawns the day decisive,
The session of the three,
When *viva voce* turns the scale
Of dubious degree.
Then forth stood Cuthbert Cosins,
An apterous divine;
He trembled as he crossed the floor
To face the frowning trine.

They gave him *viva voce*
Full fifty minutes long,
And, though his papers had been weak,
Yet Cuthbert came out strong,

And, when upon the portal
 The fatal list was seen,
 And eager scores of gownsmen
 Came thronging o'er the Green,
 The name of Cuthbert Cosins
 Emblazoned high appears,
 Leading the class which got a pass ;
 While loud resound the cheers.

MEMBERSHIP OF LODGES IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

WE think the following worthy of reproducing from the *Voice of Masonry* for September.

The interesting communication from Brother Gouley in the *Voice* for July on the "Status of English Masons Sojourning in the United States," has led me to write the following, respecting membership of lodges under the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland ; and I have given the laws on the subject, so that it may be at once seen that the statements made are authoritative. I have considered the question under the eight divisions of Bro. Gouley's article, so that my addition may be the complement of his condensed facts, and be as his, for the information of all concerned. I have purposely left out the Grand Lodge of Scotland in the enquiry, as unfortunately membership in that body is on quite a different footing to the other two Grand Lodges, and indeed almost unique in the experience of Freemasonry, for many lodges require *no annual subscriptions* from members whatever ; neither is there any annual fee payable for each member to the Grand Lodge, as there should be. It is to be hoped an improvement will ere long be inaugurated in this respect, for under present circumstances, the income of the Grand Lodge of Scotland is quite a paltry sum, and its present liabilities ought long ago to have been met, and would easily have been, under the system of management prevalent in England, Ireland, and elsewhere. Those who want the benefits and privileges of Freemasonry for *nothing*, should never be

admitted into the Order, for whether they are unable to pay, or have not the inclination, their circumstances are clearly such as to constitute them unfit material for reception into our Masonic Lodges.

1st. The Grand Lodge Certificate has to be applied for on behalf of every new member, by the Lodge authorities, and the fees so payable are compulsory. No lodges under England or Ireland have the power to issue certificates, excepting of a purely formal character, such as a dimit, etc., and not in anywise of the nature of a certificate of the brother having legally taken certain degrees. The Grand Lodge certificate is simply an evidence of what is stated thereon, and *nothing more*. The holder thereof may subsequently be unfit to visit or join a lodge, and so, as Bro. Gouley states, "*such evidence must be obtained by subsequent enquiry,*" and concluding with the *Tyler's O.B.*

2nd. Whenever a brother desires to join a lodge under the Grand Lodge of England, he cannot be accepted "without a regular proposition in open lodge, nor until his name, occupation, and place of abode, as well as the name and number of the lodge of which he is, or was last a member, or in which he was initiated, shall have been sent to all the members in the summons for the next regular lodge meeting, *at which meeting the Brother's Grand Lodge certificate, and also the certificate of his former lodge* are to be produced, and the decision of the brethren ascertained by ballot. When a lodge has ceased to meet, any former member thereof shall be eligible to be proposed and admitted a member of another lodge, on producing a certificate from the Grand Secretary, stating the fact, and specifying whether the brother has been registered, and his quarterage duly paid."

Under the Grand Lodge of Ireland the law is, "*nor shall a brother be affiliated until he has produced his Grand Lodge certificate, and also when possible, a clearance certificate from the lodge with which he had been last connected.*"

There is no limit as to the number of lodges a brother may be a member of, neither has there been for about a century and a half. The same regulations, however, have to be observed *each time* a brother seeks to join a lodge.

3rd. An *English* Mason does not become *ipso facto* a member on his initiation, unless he so expresses himself at the time, and from the night of initiation his membership and subscription to the funds commence, if he desires, accordingly.

"Every lodge must receive as a member without further proposition or ballot, any brother initiated therein, provided such brother expresses his wish to that effect on the day of his initiation."—*Laws of Grand Lodge of England.*

It is evident from the foregoing that the membership on the night of initiation depends upon the wish of the "candidate," as he is *not ipso facto* a member, but only if he so desires.

Under the Grand Lodge of Ireland membership does not actually commence until the Third Degree is attained.

4th. All applicants for relief (if members under the Grand Lodge of England), have to conform to the following law *re Fund of Benevolence* :

"No Mason shall receive the benefit of this fund unless he have paid the full consideration fee, have been registered on the books of the Grand Lodge, have continued a subscribing member to a contributing lodge for at least two years, and during that period, paid his quarterly dues to the fund of benevolence. The limitation of two years, however, does not apply to the cases of shipwreck, capture at sea, loss by fire, or breaking or dislocating a limb, fully attested and proved."

The Grand Lodge of Benevolence also grants relief to indigent widows or children of Masons who would themselves have been qualified to receive assistance ; or of brothers who shall have died within two years from their initiation, or of their having joined from foreign lodges, and who shall have continued subscribing members to their decease.

The laws also provide that "brethren under the constitution of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, as well as of foreign Grand Lodges, and members of the colonial lodges, may be relieved on the production of certificates from their respective Grand Lodges, or other sufficient certificates and testimonials to the satisfaction of the Lodge of Benevolence, and proof of identity and distress, and of

having paid at least two years' subscription to a regular lodge."

Not being a contributing member at the time of application, or indeed for many years being a non-affiliate, would be no barrier to relief, if the foregoing conditions are acceded to.

5th. The annual dues have to be paid for all contributing members whether at home or abroad, and membership lapses unless they are paid within due time. Many lodges charge less annually for members whilst abroad, and what is termed "*Dining Lodges*" would not expect the extra subscriptions for banquets if members cannot attend. This law and custom prevails under the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland.

6th. The law respecting visitors under the Grand Lodge of Ireland, is as follows, and that of England is an agreement therewith :

"No visiting brother shall be permitted to be present at the opening of any lodge unless properly vouched ; nor shall he be entitled to admission thereto during the time of labour, unless properly vouched or duly qualified to the satisfaction of the Master, and has, if required, produced his Grand Lodge certificate."—*Laws of Grand Lodge of Ireland.*

"No visitor shall be admitted into a lodge unless he be personally known, recommended or well vouched for, after due examination by one of the present brethren ; and during his continuance in the lodge he must be subject to the bye-laws of the lodge."—*Laws of Grand Lodge of England.*

If not a subscribing member, a brother can only visit a lodge in the town or place where he resides once during his secession from the Craft, and no visitor of any kind can be accepted without his certificate. That document, however, is but the necessary preliminary—with others—to the regular examination, and not in lieu of the matter.

7th. A brother wishing to leave the lodge, has simply to state so by letter or personally, and on discharging his dues, he ceases to be a member.

The law of the Grand Lodge of England provides that "whenever a member of any lodge resigns, or shall be excluded, or whenever at a future time, he may require it, he shall be furnished with a certificate

stating the circumstances under which he left the lodge; and such certificate is to be produced to any other lodge of which he is proposed to be admitted a member, previous to the ballot being taken."

8th. Brethren, by ceasing to subscribe, and after due notice, forfeit their membership, *ipso facto*, without any trial whatever, under the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland. Such arrears must be discharged before joining another lodge, and under England and Ireland, membership of the Grand Lodge is forfeited by all Past Masters who are not contributing members of lodges.

It simply amounts to this: Cease to subscribe to a lodge for twelve months, and there and then all privileges obtained by having served as Master of a lodge, are lost, and after due notice, and no payment made, the name is erased from the roll of members. The elaborate machinery of a trial is avoided, for if the brother has received notice, and still continues a defaulter, the *onus* rests on himself, and by his own tacit refusal, the membership lapses.

There must be an *annual* subscription paid to the funds of a lodge under the constitution of the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland, or membership ceases, and all privileges are forfeited in the lodge and Grand Lodge in question, save those before noted, and as respects relief in cases of distress.

I should not have thus alluded to the subject and at such length, after my esteemed Brother Hervey's letter to Brother Gouley (two model Grand Secretaries), but the importance of the questions considered appear to me to demand it.

A CIGAR SCIENTIFICALLY DIS- SECTED.

From the "Scientific American."

To the world in general a cigar is merely a lightly rolled packet, having brittle fragments of dry leaves within, and a smooth silky leaf for its outer wrapper. When it is burnt, and the pleasantly-flavoured smoke inhaled, the habitual smoker claims

for it a soothing luxury that quiets the irritable, nervous organism, relieves weariness, and entices repose. Science, scouting so superficial a description, examines first the smoke, second the leaf, third the ash. In the smoke is discovered water in vaporous state, soot (free carbon), carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, and a vaporous substance condensable into oily nicotine. These are the general divisions, which Vohl and Eulenberg have still further split up; and in so doing have found acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, and carbolic acid ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, ludine, collidine, parvoline, coridine, and rubidene. These last are a series of oily gases belonging to the homologues aniline, first discovered in coal tar. Applying chemical tests to the leaves, other chemists have found nicotia, tobacco camphor or nicotianine (about which not much is known), a bitter, extractive matter, gum, chlorophyll, malate of lime, sundry albuminoids, malice acid, woody fibre, and various salts. The feathery white ash, which in its cohesion and whiteness is indicative of the good cigar, yields potash, soda, magnesia, lime, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, silica, and chlorine. Our friend has kindly left us a fine cigar; had it been a poor and cheap one, the ingredients we should extract would be fearful and wonderful to contemplate. Here is the list from an English parliamentary report on adulterations in tobacco. Sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpetre, fuller's earth, starch, malt comings, chromate of lead, peat moss, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lampblack, gum, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red, iron, and liquorice, scraps of newspaper, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves, and straw brown paper.

Returning now to the smoke, or rather its ingredients, Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his "Diseases of Modern Life," considers the effect of the same on the body at considerable length, basing his conclusions on actual investigation. He tells us that water, of course, is harmless; free carbon acts mechanically as an irritant, and tends to discolour the secretions and the teeth. Ammonia bites the tongue, exercises a solvent influence on the blood, excites the

salivary glands, and thus causes a desire to drink while smoking. The tendency of carbonic acid is to produce sleepiness, headache, and lassitude. When a cigar is smoked badly, that is, when combustion of the tobacco is slow and incomplete, carbonic oxide is produced in small quantities, and is an active poisoning agent, resulting in irregular motion of the heart, vomiting, convulsions of the muscles, and drowsiness. The nicotine tends to cause tremour, palpitation of the heart, and paralysis. The volatile empyreumatic substance produces a sense of oppression, and taints the breath and surroundings of the smoker with the well known "stale tobacco smoke" smell. The bitter extract causes that sharp nauseous taste peculiar to a relighted cigar or an old pipe.

By trying the effect of tobacco smoke on lower animals, we can obtain an idea of its influence on ourselves. Small insects are stupefied rapidly, but recover in fresh air. Cold-blooded animals succumb slowly to the smoke, birds rapidly. Some animals, such as the goat, can eat tobacco with impunity; but none escape the effects of the fumes. Persons suffer most from tobacco while learning to smoke. Dr. Richardson says that the spasmodic seizures are sometimes terrible, especially in boys. There is a sensation of imminent death, the heart nearly ceases to beat, and sharp pains shoot through the chest. Examination of inferior animals under such conditions show that "the brain is pale and empty of blood; the stomach reddened in round spots, so raised and pile-like that they resemble patches of Utrecht velvet." The blood is preternaturally fluid, the lungs are as pale as those of a dead calf, and the heart is feebly trembling; such is the primary action of one's first cigar.

After a time, however, the body becomes accustomed to the influence of the poison; and with the exception of constant functional disturbances (owing to the excretory organs, notably the kidneys, being compelled to do work not essential to their duties) no distressing results are felt. There are numerous instances where the evil effects are scarcely appreciable, the physical and nervous constitution of the smoker being capable of resisting the influence. In many cases copious salivation attends smoking, and in this circumstance

the opponents of tobacco have found a strong argument. Still, either to expectorate or not to do so is a choice of two evils. In the latter case the result is to swallow the saliva charged with a poisonous matter; in the former, the saliva needed to prepare food for digestion is lost, and besides as it contains salts of lime in solution, the effect is to produce large formations of tartar on the teeth. "Smoker's sore throat" is a special irritable state of the mucous membrane induced by cigar smoking, which soon disappears when the habit is broken off. Tobacco smoke does not produce consumption or bronchitis, but it tends to aggravate both maladies. Its effect on the organs of sense is to cause, in the extreme degree, dilation of the pupils of the eye; confusion of vision, niesbright illminious, or cobweb specks, and long retention of images on the retina, with other and analogous symptoms affecting the ear, namely, inability to define sounds clearly, and the concurrence of a sharp ringing sound like that of a whistle or a bell. Its effect on the brain is to impair the activity of that organ, and to oppress it if it be duly nourished, but to sooth it if it be exhausted. It leads to paralysis in the volitional and in the sympathetic or organic nerves, and to over-secretion from the glandular structure.....

And yet, despite all that science can say, the habit is increasing. Two centuries ago the Turks regarded smoking as a religious offence, and paraded a smoker through the streets of Constantinople with a pipe stuck through his nose as a warning to others. Who can disconnect the Turk now from the idea of chibouque or arangileh, or fragrant Latakia? Look at the best cigar wrappers the world can produce, raised on Tobacco fields in the heart of New England, where the Puritan fathers once visited the direst of blue law vengeance on the wretch who profaned his Maker's handiwork by "making a chimney of his nostrils." The value of tobacco crop last year reached nearly 30,000,000 dollars. We consume annually some 75,000 hogsheads of the leaf. We imported about 83,000 bales of cigars, etc., from Cuba in 1875.

What is the end of it all? Effects on individuals likewise affect the communities; these in turn influence the nation.

No person that smokes can be in perfect health, and an imperfect organism, cannot reproduce a perfect one. Therefore it is logical to conclude that, were smoking the practice of every individual of a nation, then that people would degenerate into a physically inferior race.

NOTES BY FATHER FOY ON HIS SECOND LECTURE.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

AT Father Foy's request we have published the following notes of his, which he wished printed as the justification, apparently, of his sweeping statements. We do so, though we can ill afford the space, and though, above all, the notes are neither new in themselves nor important as contributions to the history of Freemasonry. They are all well known, accessible to all students, and, practically, "nihil ad rem." For the "Illuminatism" to which they mainly refer is "a thing of the past," lasting only from 1782 to 1786, in Germany, when it was suppressed; and though it may have flourished for a short time in France and Paris, and included men like Egalité Orleans in its ranks, it also soon disappeared there. It has never been known in Great Britain, Canada, or America, and, therefore, as all this proves nothing as regards Anglo-Saxon Freemasons, we may unanimously repudiate alike Illuminatism and Bahrdt's German Union, which quickly came to grief in Germany itself, and never had any real importance. In fact Freemasons know about as much of the "Illuminati" as of the "Man in the Moon."

But we should remember that Weishaupt was a Jesuit, a R. C. Professor of Canon Law at Ingoldstadt, and that other Jesuits and Roman Catholics had undoubtedly something to do with the earlier movements of the Illuminati. Von Knigge, who began as a Protestant in the Illuminati, died a Roman Catholic, and was buried before the high altar in a Roman Catholic church in the Wurzburg district. It is but fair to note that he quarrelled with Weishaupt. We have no evidence that Weishaupt ever

left the Roman Catholic Church, though he died at Gotha, we believe, under the protection of the reigning Grand Duke.

If any one wishes to know what Jesuits will teach as regards government, and political and social law, and why it is that various States have successively declared them to be dangerous to order, peace, and liberty, let them read De la Chalotais' Report on the Constitution of the Jesuits, delivered to the Parliament of Bologna on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 6th December, 1761.

As Freemasons we smile at all this bugbear of revolutionary teaching, of which as a loyal, religious, peaceful, charitable, tolerant Order we know positively nothing about.

There is probably no more well-affected and patriotic body of men than the million of Freemasons who belong to our Anglo-Saxon Masonic Family. That in parts of the Continent some Freemasons may use very violent language and do very foolish acts we do not deny; but in Holland and in Germany, in Sweden and in Denmark, the Freemasons are most numerous, loyal, intelligent, and peaceable; while in Portugal and in the Grand Lodge of Rome, and in Spain, we do not believe that any such thing as Illuminatism exists.

Even in France, as far as we are aware, the Grand Orient has never yet countenanced irregular proceedings, and though French and Belgian Masonry are not in a satisfactory state, according to our views, and just now they are making a great mistake, we believe that they know nothing of the doctrine of the Illuminati.

WILLIAM MORGAN.

From Blackie's "Encyclopædia."

"WILLIAM MORGAN was a native of Virginia, but for some time previous to the autumn of 1826 had been an inhabitant of the western part of the State of New York. As early as the month of August of that year it became generally known that he was engaged in preparing for the press a work by which the obligations and secret proceedings of freemasonry were to be divulged. Some members of the fraternity in and about Batavia, where Morgan then resided, were alarmed, and eventually became much excited on account of the contemplated publication. Remonstrances and inducements to dissuade him

from such a course of conduct were resorted to by his brother masons, but in vain. At length a conspiracy was formed, including in its origin, or at its subsequent stages, no inconsiderable number of persons, for the purpose of separating Morgan from those who had engaged him to undertake, and were encouraging him to go on with the development of the secrets of the masonic order. Given up to an unaccountable infatuation, they commenced the execution of this ill-advised project, by taking him, on the 10th or 11th September, 1826, from Batavia under the pretence of a charge for petit larceny to Canandaigua. The criminal charge was abandoned and a civil suit instituted against him. A judgment for a small amount was recovered, and he was committed by virtue of an execution thereon to the jail of Ontario county. On the evening of the 12th September he was discharged by the interference of some of the conspirators, and as he passed out of the door of the jail was seized by them, taken a small distance, and then forcibly put into a carriage. He was carried in the course of that night on to the Ridge Road, about two miles beyond the village of Rochester. During the next day and night he was taken to Lewiston, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, and from thence to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara river. Soon after his abduction, it was ascertained to a reasonable degree of certainty, that he had been taken to Fort Niagara, but for some time an almost impenetrable obscurity seemed to shroud the events subsequent to his arrival at that place. The disclosures which were at length made before grand juries, and on the various trials of those who were indicted for carrying him off, have, in a great measure, removed the veil which hid these events, and established in a satisfactory manner that his life was in a few days brought to a tragical end. He was secured in the magazine of the Fort, which was at that time unoccupied by any forces of the United States. Soon after he was brought to that place, those who had him in charge were much embarrassed to devise what to do with him. Consultations were held on the subject, and some of the party proposed to take his life, which they alleged he had forfeited by violating the

obligations he had voluntarily taken on himself, when he became connected with masonic fraternity, or in the subsequent stages of his advancement to its higher distinctions; but others protested against such a violent and wicked course. When all the circumstances are considered, and the evidence given on this point is well weighed, they seem to be sufficient to bring any candid mind to the conclusion that this proposition was finally adopted and executed, but it is not fully known who adopted it, or by whose hands it was executed. The number of those directly concerned in the final catastrophe is believed to be small; it is also believed that those who first formed the conspiracy to carry him off and those who subsequently became connected with it by lending their aid in carrying him to Fort Niagara, did not intend or anticipate the termination to which this affair was brought. Indeed, it is reasonable to conclude that the design upon his life was suggested by the embarrassment which those felt who were called on to make a further disposition of him after his arrival at Fort Niagara. This outrage upon the liberty of a fellow-citizen, and contempt of the laws of the land, from the protection of which this citizen had been violently taken, roused the indignation of the community in the midst of which the offence was committed. They demanded their fellow-citizen—he was not produced nor could he be found. They anxiously sought to know his fate, but they long sought in vain. The public excitement increased in intensity, and spread over a wide region of country. Those who partook of it largely did not stop to discriminate. The single circumstance that an individual had a high standing in the masonic order was sufficient evidence in their minds of his participation in the crime. Finally, the whole fraternity were regarded as in some manner implicated in the transaction. It is believed by some, and perhaps alleged by more, to have been the natural consequence of the discipline of the Masonic Institution. A current of feeling so strong and so deep was soon turned to political purposes. An anti-masonic party was immediately formed; it predominated in several of the counties in the western part of New York, and had

converts in every part of the Union. The party was numerous, active, well-organised, and everywhere sought political ascendancy, not only in the several States, but in the general government of the country."

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MANICHÆISM, AND THE OCCULT MYSTERIES OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

(From "*Barruel*," Vol. II., p. 409.)

"If the mysteries of masonry really are to be traced back to *Manes*, if he be the true father, the founder of the lodges, we must first prove it by his tenets, and then by the similarity and conformity of their secrets and symbols.

"1. With respect to tenets—till the existence of eclectic masonry, that is to say, till the impious sophisters of the age introduced into their lodges their impious mysteries of Deism and Atheism, no other God, no other Jehovah is to be found in the masonic code, but that of *Manes*, or the Universal Being, subdivided into the God Good, and the God Evil. It is that of Cabalistic Masonry and of the ancient Rosicrucians; it is that of the Martinists, who seem to have copied the Albigeois adepts. A most extraordinary fact is, that in an age when the gods of superstition were to disappear before the gods of our modern sophisters, the God of *Manes* should have preserved his ascendancy in so many branches of masonry.

"2. *Manes*, in particular, is the founder of that religious fraternity which the occult masons interpret into a total indifference for all religions. *Manes* wished to gain over to his party men of every sect.

"3. But, above all, there is the similarity in the code of *Manes* and the occult lodges on the principles of disorganising Liberty and Equality. That neither princes nor kings, superiors nor inferiors, might exist, *Manes* taught his followers that all laws and all magistracy was the work of the evil principle.

"4. The same conformity is to be found in the degrees of the adepts before initiation in the profound secrets. *Manes* had his Believers, his Elect, and his Perfects. These three degrees correspond with those of Apprentice, Fellow-craft, and Perfect Master. The name of elect has been pre-

served in masonry, but it constitutes the fourth degree.

"5. The same terrible and inviolable oaths bound the disciples of *Manes* as bind the adepts of the occult lodges to keep the secrets of their degree. *St. Austin*, before he was a Christian, had been elected to the degree of believer nine years, without being initiated into that of elect: 'Swear or forswear yourself, but be true to your secret,' was their motto.

"5A. The same number and almost identity of signs. The masons have three which they call the sign, the grip, and the word. The Manichæans also had three—the word, the grip, and the breast.

"6. Every mason wishes to ask by offering his hand whether you have seen the light; it was precisely by the same method that the Manichæans recognised each other, and felicitated a brother on having seen the light.

"7. If we penetrate the interior of masonic lodges we shall find representations of the sun, of the moon, and of the stars. These are nothing more than *Manes's* symbols of his God Good, that he brings from the sun, and of the different genii which he distributed in the stars. If the candidate is only admitted into the lodge blindfold, it is because he is yet in the empire of darkness, whence *Manes* brings his God Evil.

"8. In the degree of master, everything denotes mourning and sorrow. The lodge is hung in black, in the middle is a sarcophagus, resting on five steps, covered with a pall. Around it, the adepts in profound silence mourn the death of a man whose ashes are supposed to lie in this tomb. This man is at first said to be *Adoniram*, then *Molay*, whose death is to be avenged by that of all tyrants. The allegory is rather inauspicious to kings, but it is of too old a date not to be anterior to the Grand Master of the Temple.

"The whole of this ceremony is to be found in the ancient mysteries of the discipline of *Manes*. This was the ceremony which they called *Bema*. They also assembled round a sarcophagus on five steps decorated in like manner, and rendered great honour to him whose ashes it was supposed to contain. But these honours were all addressed to *Manes*. It was his death that they celebrated, and

they kept his feast precisely at the time when the Christians celebrated the death and resurrection of Christ. The Christians frequently reproached them with this, and in our days the same reproach is made to the Rosicrucians of renewing their funeral ceremonies at the same time, that is, on the Thursday of Holy week.

"9. In the masonic games Mac Benac are the two words which comprehend the secret meaning of this mystery. The literal signification of these words, we are told by the masons, is, 'the flesh parts from the bone.' This very interpretation remains a mystery, which only disappears when we reflect on the execution of Manes. Manes had promised by his prayers to cure the King of Persia's child. The young prince died, and Manes fled, but he was flayed alive with the points of reeds. Such is the clear explanation of *Mac Benac*, the flesh leaves the bones—he was flayed alive.

"The very reeds bear testimony to the fact. People are surprised at seeing the Rosicrucians begin their ceremonies by seating themselves sorrowfully and in silence upon the ground, then raising themselves up, and walking each with a long reed in his hand. All this is easily explained when we reflect that it was precisely in this posture that the Manichæans were used to put themselves, affecting to sit or lay themselves down on mats made of reeds, to perpetuate the memory of the manner in which their Master was put to death. And it was for this reason that they were called *Matarii*."

REAL SECRETS.

From "*Barruel*," Vol. III., p. 171.

"In the first degree of Scotch Knight-hood, the adept is informed that he has been elevated to the dignity of *High Priest*. In this degree he receives the masonic science only as descending from Solomon and Hiram, and revived by the Knights Templars. But in the second degree he learns that it is to be traced to Adam himself, and that it has been handed down by Noah, Nimrod, Solomon, Hugh, the founder of the Templars, and James Molay their last Grand Master, who, each in their turns, are styled the masonic *Sages*.

At length, in the third degree, it is revealed to him that the celebrated word, lost by the death of Hiram, was this name of Jehovah. It was found, he is told, by the Knight Templars, at the time when the Christians were building a Church at Jerusalem. This was the famous word lost by Adoniram. The Knights Templars of Scotland took that word there, and transformed themselves into Knights of St. Andrew. Their successors are entrusted with this secret, and are at this day, perfect masters of freemasonry, *high priests* of Jehovah.

"This secret, however, cannot be difficult to understand. It is only to view the Scotch Master in his new character of high priest of Jehovah, or of that worship—that pretended Deism—which we have been told was necessarily the religion of Adam, Noah, Nimrod, Solomon, Hugh, the Grand Master, Molay, of the Templars, and which to day is to constitute the religion of the complete mason.

"These mysteries ridded them of all the mysteries of the gospel and of all religion. But, who is the person who wrested the famous word, and who was the real assassin of Adoniram, against whom the hatred of and the vengeance of the sect was to be directed? To grasp this, we ascend to a new degree, called the Knights Rosæ Crucis, or the Rosicrucians. Christ, himself, in their eyes is the destroyer of the unity of God, he is the great enemy of Jehovah; and to infuse the hatred of the sect into the minds of the new adepts, constitutes the grand mystery of the new degree, which they have called Rosicrucian."

"Here, then, we shall see everything relates only to the author of Christianity. The ornaments of the lodge appear to be solely intended to recall to the candidate the solemn mystery of Mount Calvary. The whole is hung in black, an altar is to be seen at the bottom, and over the altar is a transparent representation of three crosses, the middle one bearing the ordinary inscription. The brethren in sacerdotal vestments are seated on the ground, in the most profound silence, sorrowful and afflicted, resting their heads on their arms to represent their grief. It is not, however, the death of the son of God, who died victim for our sins, that is

the cause of their affliction ; but the grand object of it is evident by the first answers which is made to the question with which all lodges are generally opened.

“The master asks the senior warden ‘what o’clock it is’? The answer varies according to the different degrees. In this it is as follows : ‘It is the first hour of the day, the time when the veil of the temple was rent asunder ; when darkness and consternation was spread over the earth ; when the implements of masonry were broken ; when the flaming star disappeared ; when the cubic stone was broken ; when the word was lost.’”

The adept requires no further lessons to understand the meaning of this lesson. He hereby learns that the day on which the word Jehovah, that is mere natural religion was destroyed, is precisely that on which the son of God—dying on the cross for the salvation of mankind—consummated the grand mystery of our redemption.

Neither is this word, which he has already found, any longer the object of his researches : his hatred has further views. He must seek for a new word which shall perpetuate in his own mind, and that of his brethren, their blasphemous hatred for the God of Christianity, and for this they adopt the *inscription of the cross*.

“Every Christian knows the significance of I.N.R.I. : Jesus of Nazareth, King of Jews. The Rosicrucian is taught the following interpretation :— ‘*The Jew of Nazareth, led by Raphael into Judea*’—an interpretation which, divesting Christ of His divinity, assimilates Him to a common man, whom the Jew, Raphael, conducts to Jerusalem, there to suffer condign punishment for his crimes. As soon as the candidate has proved that he understands the masonic meaning of this inscription, I.N.R.I., the master exclaims : ‘My dear brethren, the word is found again!’ and all present applaud the luminous discovery. They repeat this word to each other, when they meet, and I.N.R.I is to perpetuate their spite against Him who loved them to the death of the cross.”—*Ibid.* p. 311.

(To be Continued.)

LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

BY BRO. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From the “Keystone.”

[Lindisfarne Abbey, England, is situated on the coast of Northumberlandshire, ten miles from Berwick-on-Tweed. It is an extensive and splendid ruin, of unknown antiquity. The venerable Bede calls it “a storied spot.” It stands on the mainland opposite to Holy Island, so called from having been formerly inhabited by the monks of Lindisfarne. It was first built in Saxon times. St. Cuthbert was its Bishop in A.D. 685. Eadbert in A.D. 688 removed its thatch roof and covered both roof and walls with plates of lead. The famous Grace Darling often periled her life to save shipwrecked mariners in this vicinity, and there is a monument to her memory near by. She died of consumption at an early age.—EDITOR KEYSTONE.]

As to the Port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery’s halls—
A solemn, huge and dark red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.
In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and road
That rose alternate, row on row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,

Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleys walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain ;
And needful was such strength to these
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds’ eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years with-
stand

Winds, waves, and Northern pirates’ hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler’s hand had been ;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar’s carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consummate power,
The pointed angles of each tower ;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE
AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

THE origin of almost all important inventions are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Had any one been bold enough to assert, even as late as the days of the "Nuremberg living egg," that it would not only be possible, but would one day become common, to manufacture accurate time-tellers small enough for the most delicate young lady to hide in her mouth without difficulty, he would have been universally regarded as fit only for "a whip and a dark room,"—the then prevalent mode of treating poor lunatics. Yet in all ages men have done their best to ascertain how the time was passing, whether they might spend their lives wisely or no. "All the ancients who were reported as skilful in mechanics seem to have obtained a modicum of credit as clock inventors," says Mr. James W. Benson, in his neatly-illustrated book on "*Time and Time-tellers*," alluded to in the January "MASONIC MAGAZINE." "Archimedes and Posidonius before the Christian era, Boëthius in the fifth century, Pacificus about the middle of the ninth, Gerbert at the end of the tenth, Wallingford near the beginning of the fourteenth, and Dondi at the end of the fourteenth, have each in their turn been asserted to be the inventors of the clock. The sphere of Archimedes, made 200 B.C., as mentioned by Claudian, was evidently an instrument with a maintaining power, but without a regulator, and therefore could not measure time in any other manner than as a planetarium, turned by a handle, measures, or rather exhibits, the respective velocities of the heavenly bodies; and the same may be said of the sphere of Posidonius, as mentioned by Cicero ('*De Natura Deorum*'). The clock of Boëthius was a clepsydra, as was also that of Pacificus, according to some, for Bailly, in his History of Modern Astronomy, asserts that Pacificus was the

inventor of a clock going by means of a weight and a balance, and, if so, the invention must be ascribed to Pacificus; but Bailly gives no authority for his assertion. Gerbert's horologe is said to have been merely a sun-dial. Wallingford's horologe, called the Albion, must have as much resembled a planetarium as a clock, for the motions of all the heavenly bodies appear to have been conducted by the maintaining power, whatever that was, without controlling mechanism. This instrument, made in 1326, is also described as having shown the ebb and flow of the sea, the hours, and the minutes. There, are, however, still earlier data as to clocks in England than this of Wallingford's, for we find that, in 1288, a stone clock-tower was erected opposite Westminster Hall, with a clock which cost 800 marks, the proceeds of a fine imposed upon Ralph de Hengham, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. The tower mentioned was still standing in 1715, and in it was a clock which struck the great bell known as Tom of Westminster, so as to be heard by the people in all the law courts. In Queen Elizabeth's time, the clock was changed for a dial upon the clock tower, which, however, bore upon its face the same Virgilian motto, '*Discite justitiam monti*' ['Being warned, learn justice'] referring to the fine inflicted upon the Chief Justice for making an alteration in a record by which a poor dependent was made to pay 13s. 4d. instead of 6s. 8d. A dial with this motto was still to be seen in Palace Yard, Westminster, within the last dozen years, but was removed with the houses which were then demolished, to make way for the gilded palings which have since been erected between Palace Yard and Bridge Street, Westminster." The *clepsydra*, or water-clock, alluded to in the foregoing extract, was used, no doubt with many variations and improvements, by the ancient Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and was in use in India as late as the twelfth century. The name of *Clock*, as Mr. Benson observes, "may be derived either from the French *la cloche*, a bell, or from the German *die gloke*, or *die kloke*. There is no doubt that the word *cloche* was meant to distinguish the instrument which marked the hours by sounding a bell, from the *montre*, or watch, which (derived from

the Latin *monstro*, to show) merely shows the time by its hands. In ancient books the word *cloche* simply stands for a bell—the monks being accustomed to ring a bell at certain periods marked for them by their sun-dials or hour-glasses, and ‘What’s o’clock?’ in old writers is often merely equivalent to the inquiry, ‘What hour was last struck by the bell?’ In the year 1292—when Edward the First was forcing John Baliol upon the Scots as a king, and Dante had only made his unhappy marriage the year before—a clock was procured for Canterbury Cathedral at a cost of £30; and the great Italian poet a few years afterwards alluded to a clock, or horologe which struck the hours, in the conclusion of the tenth canto of his *Paradise*, as thus Englished by Cary (“the spouse of God,” of course, meaning the church):—

“As clock, that calleth up the spouse of
God
To win her bridegroom’s love at matin’s
hour,
Each part of other fitly drawn and urged,
Sends out a tinkling sound, of note so
sweet,
Affection springs in well-disposed breast;
Thus saw I move the glorious wheel, thus
heard
Voice answering, so musical and soft,
It can be known but where day endless
shines.”

I have quoted this passage in full because it is the earliest mention known in all literature of a clock striking the hours. Our own Chaucer distinguishes between “a clock or any abbey orloge.” But, though I may glance from time to time at the amount of historical and scientific information which Mr. Benson has given us in his excellent volume, those whom I may succeed in interesting in the subject will do well to buy and study his interesting and instructive “*Time and Time-Tellers*.”

A new white violet, with double flowers, has been raised as a seedling by a gardener of Ghent, and sent out under the impracticable name of *Viola odorata alba fragrantissima plena*; in other words, “Violet, odoriferous, white, most fragrant, full.” The Low Countries have been famous for centuries for the cultivation of

flowers; and, though the old Dutch landscape gardening is far too formal for my taste, no doubt its introduction into England by the Prince of Orange did much for the civilization of “our tight little island.” And if poor Oliver Goldsmith had never done a more foolish thing than to spend the last penny he had in the world when in Holland over buying a fine assortment of tulip bulbs for his good uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine (a man well worth spending one’s last penny to please) there would not have been so much to shrug one’s shoulders about after all. But surely the Ghent gardener cannot be so ignorant of the ways of the world as to imagine that people will not speedily abbreviate the long, stiff name he has given to his modest flower. The name of a cabriolet is little known, even in London, whilst every child knows a *cab*; omnibus is shortened into *bus*; leading members of a “literary and philosophical society” will constantly speak of it to one another as the “lit and phil”; even the long names of many of the earth’s greatest men are cut very short; as, for instance, every well-read man is familiar with Horace, whilst only a few scholars know the name of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. I hope, too, that the day is not far distant when a radical reform will be made in our English spelling, so as to economise the time poor children have to spend in learning to read, much of our present orthography being really as cruel as it is ridiculous.

The “Yorkshire Post” says:—“In the district round Ripon, Boroughbridge, Knaresborough, Wetherby, Tadcaster, Aberford, Pontefract, Wakefield, and Doncaster, arable husbandry is in an advanced state. Beef and mutton are largely made from the seeds and turnips which are so thoroughly cultivated, and wool of the first quality is raised. In Airdale, Wharfedale, Nidderdale, and on the pastures by the banks of the Nidd, the Üre, and the Derwent, the grazing lands are full of the best beef.” And yet we are forced to go to Australia and New Zealand for tinned cooked meats, and glad of carcasses from America, and withal cannot succeed in bringing the price of butcher’s meat within the reach of all the people. The fact is, the land in England might easily be made to produce double the food

it does at present, either animal or vegetable, and our so-called "Agricultural Societies," which abound now in profusion all over the country, ought to become teachers of both the theory and practice of the important art of agriculture, instead of mere organizations for showing fat animals once a year.

The farce of creating a newly-appointed judge a serjeant-at-law, because none else could be legally made judges, being now played out, and the dignity of serjeant-at-law not only no longer required, but no more barristers to be so created, Serjeant's Inn, Chancery Lane, will soon also become a thing of the past, being about to be offered for public sale by auction.

The "Whitby Gazette" has just published thirty-four verses composed by the late Dr. George Young, the historian of Whitby, written when he was about arriving at manhood, but never before printed. Sternhold and Hopkins, with their coadjutor, Dean Whittingham, might have been the writer's model. The subject is the death of his eldest brother, John, who died Nov. 13th, 1797, at Charlestown, South Carolina.

"His mother's first-born, well-beloved,
His father's rising joy;
They hoped he would comfort old age;
Death did their hopes destroy."

Dr. Young, who had not a particle of poetry in his matter-of-fact and theological mind, did well to abandon verse-making for antiquities, where he was really at home. Mr. Horne has done well to preserve the verses as a fragment towards the learned antiquary's biography, but few judges of poetry will endorse his statement that they are "beautifully and pathetically" written.

A "soap mine" is said to have been discovered on the coast of California.

Some of the American and English papers are circulating a staggering statement on the dangerous properties of lamp black. According to them, a drop of water, a bit of grease, a sprinkle of oil, or the touch of a sweaty hand, will set lamp black into a sudden conflagration. The statement appeared to me so incredible, that I at once tried it; but added a drop of water to one portion of lamp black,

and a drop of oil to another, without the least signs of either fire or smoke; so that I thought of the old English proverb:—"It will be a fire when it burns, as the fox said when it [did something] among the snow."

According to a paper read before the directors of the Highland Society, by Mr. William Gorrie, of Rait Lodge, Trinity, Edinburgh, we are likely to have a new plant brought into cultivation, for feeding cattle and making paper, two important objects in the present day. Mr. Gorrie says:—"A selected variety of the tree mallow, *Lavatera arborea*, the natural habitats for the normal form of which in Scotland are the Bass Rock, with other islets of the Firth of Forth, and Ailsa Craig, has an ordinary height varying from six to ten feet, but it can be grown to more than twelve feet. It is a biennial, but the first year it may be planted after the removal of any early crops, and matured in that following. From the limited experiments I have been enabled to make, its productions in seed, bark, and heart wood are estimated at about four tons of each per acre. Chemical analyses by Dr. Stevenson Macadam and by Mr. Falconer King of its seeds show these to be fully equal in feeding properties to oil-cake, the present value of which is about £10 per ton, and paper-makers offer the same price at least for the bark that they now pay for esparto grass, which is also about £10 per ton, thus showing a return of about £80 per acre for seed and bark. In various parts throughout the western coasts and Orkney Islands the mallow has invariably been found to thrive well: and I feel confident that it might there be made to yield higher pecuniary returns from hitherto comparatively worthless ground than ordinary agricultural crops do in the best cultivated districts of Britain."

The Cleveland Literary and Philosophical Society (the meeting for the formation of which, some years ago, I had the honour of being the second speaker at) have just opened their handsome new hall at Middlesborough with a really creditable Fine Art and Science Exhibition, which will be closed before this meets the eyes of my readers. Many articles of interest have been lent from the South Kensington

collection ; the porcelain and majolica ware, embossed shields, etc., are remarkably good ; whilst hundreds of fine oil paintings have been kindly lent from private collections. Amongst the painters, too numerous to particularize fully, are works by Maclise, Ansdell, Faed, Frith, Cooper, Verboeckhoven, Landseer, Turner, Cox, Collins, Creswick, John Martin, Marshall Claxton, J. Phillips, Romney, Wilkie, Rosa Bonheur, and a host of others. Whilst spending a day there, I could not help thinking how easily we might have similar exhibitions, from time to time, throughout the world, in connection with the Craft, the profits to be devoted to the Masonic charities. There would be no great difficulty in procuring loans of articles, both from Masons and others, for so good a cause ; for we should be spreading abroad higher tastes among the people, at the same time that we were benefitting our noble charities. The Lodges in one province, if necessary, might unite in the work. Who will be the first to begin the movement ?

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE WIDOWED SISTERS.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

Authoress of Rhymes and Sketches to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," etc.

[Brothers Andrew Allison Boyle, surgeon and physician, Hutton Rudby, and John Hall, wine and spirit merchant, Stokesley, both first saw the light of Masonry in the Cleveland Lodge, No. 543, Stokesley, married two sisters, died May 23rd, 1876, and were buried May 26th, their deaths and funerals being within three hours of each other. The following verses were composed by Mrs. Tweddell whilst her husband, after accompanying to the grave the last mortal remains of Bro. Hall at Stokesley, was paying the same mark of respect to those of Bro. Boyle at Rudby.]

Both in one day were widowed,
Both shared the self-same fate ;
All feeling hearts must pity them
In their sad lonely state.

Each in her home is desolate,
Neither can give relief ;
Both sisters mourn their husbands dead,
Quite overcome with grief.

Their children, too, are sorrowing,
And their sad loss deplore ;
The fathers whom they dearly loved,
Have gone for evermore.

They came as strangers to our town,
And were respected then ;
But now they were endear'd to all,
For both were kindly men.

One was a noble, generous youth,
To know him was to love ;
Deal gently with his faults, for all
His kindness well can prove.

To rich and poor he was alike,
And heal'd or soothed their pain ;
But now, alas ! we never more
Shall look on him again.

Sickness long had kept him down—
We knew his death was nigh ;
But, ah ! how little did we think
His brother first would die.

In two short days *his* die was cast—
Death summon'd him away ;
We know not in our health and strength
How long we here may stay.

And he, too, had a feeling heart,
His neighbours loved him well ;
And all were shock'd and sad to hear
For him the passing bell.

Within a few short hours they died—
Each met an early doom ;
On the same day they both were laid
Within the silent tomb.

May God protect these sisters twain,
We for them both should pray,
That He may strengthen them to bear
Their griefs as best they may.

May blessings on them both be shower'd,
And on their children dear ?
This month of May has been to them
The saddest of the year.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.