

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

No. 53.—VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

We have nothing to report this month except the onward progress of our Craft. On every side of us new lodges are springing up, and the *Freemason* of October 13th recorded the consecration of three Lodges in consecutive order on our Roll, Nos. 1713, 1714, 1715. This, perhaps an unprecedented coincidence, is not without its meaning to those who carefully note what is going on amongst us.

Though some look upon the rapid increase of English Masonry as an evil, more or less, indeed we hold on the contrary that it is a great good in many ways.

Though not unattended with drawbacks, as is everything of earth, it clearly is not to be condemned in itself, and is a not inconsiderable "factor" in the greater question of the onward progress of the beneficial principles of pleasant toleration and humanitarian benevolence. Yes, we say, "Prosper the Art."

The Girls' and the Boys' Schools have had their half-yearly elections, and have manifested as usual a numerous list of candidates, and a small proportion of elected pupils. Both institutions are being enlarged, and in 1878 we shall have 200 girls and 200 boys under careful training.

We mentioned last month Bro. Emra Holmes' little Volume of Tales, and we wish to commend it to the notice and approval of our brotherhood.

The work will repay perusal, is creditable to all concerned in its production,

and as an act of Masonic kindness, as well as an effort of Masonic literature deserves the liberal patronage of a large circle of readers.

WORK OF THE CRAFT.

—
BY MARSHALL B. SMITH, GRAND MASTER
OF N. J.
—

A nobler work than this we need not seek :

To weld the broken links, to make the chain—

As at the first—entire. The mystic word to speak

That binds in loving fellowship, again,
Brother to Brother ; stays the impassioned word ;

Calms the fierce billows, erst in fury stirred.

The friendly deed, in kindness to do ;
Covering, with love's fair mantle, many a stain,

And sin, and scar ; relieving pain ;
Aiding the needy, all our life-way through ;

With GOD our helper, and our watchword
PEACE,

Toiling and loving, until labour cease,
And filled is all the outline of the Master's plan—

The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood
of Man.

—*Freemason's Repository.*

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES
OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS
FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REFERENCE TO THE GENERAL RESUR-
RECTION OF THE DEAD.

(Continued from page 190.)

To ascertain the merits of the deceased, that there might be no mistake as to his ultimate destination, he was subjected to a death judgment. The body was placed in state within the vestibule of the tomb, and an account was then given of the life and conduct of the deceased. It was permitted to any one present to offer himself as an accuser, and the voice of the people might prevent a sovereign from enjoying the funeral obsequies; a worldly ordeal, the dread of which tended to stimulate the Egyptian monarchs to the practice of their duty, far more than any feeling inculcated by respect for the laws, or the love of virtue.*

His actions were then formally weighed in a balance, which was placed before the image of Osiris; and is supposed to have had its origin or prototype in the handwriting on the wall, which predicted the death of Belshazzar. And on the Bembine table, and other Egyptian monuments, we find the figure of Orus, as acquitted and purified from all earthly pollutions, rising from the dead in his mummy bandages, and bearing the hermetic cross as a symbol of everlasting life.

We have already noticed the singular opinion of the Egyptians, that the souls of the deceased hovered about the body, and were not subjected to any transmigratory process so long as its earthly tabernacle was preserved from corruption. But this extraordinary people had another tenet which consigned the dead to a place called by the Greeks Hades, by which was meant a place of punishment for the souls of wicked men in a region of everlasting darkness. Thus Nazianzen says that "the

house of Hades is full of mist and darkness." Chrysostom adds that "Hades is a dark mist." Eustathius calls it "a dark place under the earth." Nicetas, "the dark and dreadful tabernacle;" and to close these authorities, Phavorinus says it is "a place void of light, and full of eternal darkness."

It was termed by the Egyptians Amente, and had Osiris for its president, who entertained several inferior spirits under him, and Phtha appears to have acted as a kind of judge, to whom was committed the ultimate destiny of souls. The deified Hermes was also considered an associate of Osiris in this duty. Thus the Roman poet in his address to this deity, says:—

Tu pius lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus, et imis.

To Hermes was assigned the office of determining the passage of souls from one body to another according to their respective merits. He was placed in the moon for that purpose, and the transmigrating process was divided and subdivided into thirty-two parts or degrees of perfection, through which the souls were destined to advance by greater or less degrees, according to the state of purity which they presented at the tribunal of judgment, until they were ultimately absorbed in the divine essence, and floated freely in the empyreum as the human Scarab or emblem of the deity or perfectly purified soul, is represented to do in the figure before us.

The knowledge which heathen nations possessed respecting the immortality of the soul and a future state of existence was, however, of very little practical utility. It is true the Greeks and Romans had their Elysium and Tartarus, and the Hindoos their Siverga, or Nirvani and Patala; and the manner in which eternal punishment was supposed to be inflicted consisted of burning fire or freezing snow, of serpents, dragons, and other hideous reptiles, and broiling in tormenting flame. But their faith in these things was merely a speculative feeling and not a practical belief, for their religion consisted chiefly of observances in which vice was canonized and obscenity encouraged, while virtue existed only in the imagination as a bright

* Wilkinson, cited by Taylor, Eg. Mon. p. 15.

but unattainable good, wholly absorbed amidst the endless jargon of philosophical speculation.

Thus the doctrine of the resurrection, and a state of rewards and punishments after death, derived originally from the patriarchal religion, was used by the Egyptians, and after them by the Greeks, as a powerful engine to establish and confirm the influence of the hierophant; and accordingly it was taught in the exoteric or preliminary doctrines of the initiatory degrees. Indeed, it would be difficult to pronounce how their influence could have been supported for so many centuries without the assistance of a belief capable of being converted to such a powerful use.

The doctrine was enforced by a means so horrible that the most sceptical gainsayer was made to feel and tremble under an exhibition which penetrated at once to the very deepest point of superstitious awe; for while he beheld virtuous men shining with a transmitted glory in the blessed mansions of light, during the initiations, he was struck with horror at the sight of his most valued friends and relatives in the gloomy regions of darkness, under the guardianship of Hermes and his associates, and attended by evil demons, who inflicted upon them the most excruciating tortures without pity or remorse.

(To be Continued.)

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 152.)

IV. APPLICATION OF NATURAL SCIENCE TO THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE WORLD.

But, for the purpose of further illustrating the advantages of Philosophy, its tendency to enlarge the mind, as well as to interest it agreeably, and afford pure and solid gratification, a few instances may be given of the singular truths brought to light by the application of Mathematical, Mechanical, and Chemical knowledge to the habits of animals and plants; and some examples

may be added of the more ordinary and easy, but scarcely less interesting observations, made upon those habits, without the aid of the profounder sciences.

We may remember the curve line which mathematicians call a Cycloid. It is the path which any point of a circle moving along a plane, and round its centre traces in the air; so that the nail on the felly of a cartwheel moves in a Cycloid, as the cart goes along, and as the wheel itself both turns round its axle, and is carried along the ground. Now this curve has certain properties of a peculiar and very singular kind, with respect to motion. One is, that if any body whatever moves in a cycloid by its own weight or swing, together with some other force acting upon it all the while, it will go through all distances of the same curve in exactly the same time; and, accordingly, pendulums have sometimes been contrived to swing in such a manner, that they shall describe cycloids, or curves very near cycloids, and thus move in equal times, whether they go through a long or a short part of the same curve. Again, if a body is to descend from any one point to any other, not in the perpendicular, by means of some force acting on it together with its weight, the line in which it will go the quickest of all will be the cycloid, not the straight line, though that is the shortest of all lines which can be drawn between the two points; nor any other curve whatever, though many are much flatter, and therefore shorter than the cycloid—but the cycloid, which is longer than many of them, is yet, of all curved or straight lines which can be drawn, the one the body will move through in the shortest time. Suppose, again, that the body is to move from one point to another, by its weight and some other force acting together, but to go through a certain space,—as a hundred yards—the way it must take to do this, in the shortest time possible, is by moving in a cycloid; or the length of a hundred yards must be drawn into a cycloid, and then the body will descend through the hundred yards in shorter time than it could go the same distance in any other path whatever. Now it is believed that Birds, as the Eagle, which build in the rocks, drop or fly down from height to height in this course. It is impossible to make very accurate observations of their

flight and path ; but there is a general resemblance between the course they take and the cycloid, which has led ingenious men to adopt this opinion.

If we have a certain quantity of any substance, a pound of wood, for example, and would fashion it in the shape to take the least room, we must make a globe of it ; it will in this figure have the smallest surface. But suppose we want to form the pound of wood, so that in moving through the air or water it shall meet with the least possible resistance ; then we must lengthen it out for ever, till it becomes not only like a long pointed pin, but thinner and thinner, longer and longer, till it is quite a straight line, and has no perceptible breadth or thickness at all. If we would dispose of the given quantity of matter, so that it shall have a certain length only, say a foot, and a certain breadth at the thickest part, say three inches, and move through the air or water with the smallest possible resistance which a body of those dimensions can meet, then we must form it into a figure of a peculiar kind, called the *Solid of least resistance*, because, of all the shapes that can be given to the body, its length and breadth remaining the same, this is the one which will make it move with the least resistance through the air or water or other fluid. A very difficult chain of mathematical reasoning, by means of the highest branches of algebra, leads to a knowledge of the curve, which, by revolving on its axis, makes a solid of this shape, in the same way that a circle, by so revolving, makes a sphere or globe ; and the curve certainly resembles closely the face or head part of a fish. Nature, therefore, (by which we always mean the Divine Author of nature,) has fashioned these fishes so, that, according to mathematical principles, they swim the most easily through the element they live and move in.*

Suppose upon the face part of one of these fishes a small insect were bred, endowed with faculties sufficient to reason upon its condition, and upon the motion of the fish it belonged to, but never to have discovered the whole size and shape of the face part ; it would certainly complain of

* The feathers of the wings of birds are found to be placed at the best possible angle for helping on the bird by their action on the air,

the form as clumsy, and fancy that it could have made the fish so as to move with less resistance. Yet if the whole shape were disclosed to it, and it could discover the principle on which that shape was preferred, it would at once perceive, not only that what had seemed clumsy was skilfully contrived, but that, if any other shape whatever had been taken, there would have been an error committed ; nay, that *there must of necessity* have been an error ; and that the very best possible arrangement had been adopted. So it may be with Man in the Universe, where, seeing only a part of the great system, he fancies there is evil ; and yet, if he were permitted to survey the whole, what had seemed imperfect might appear to be necessary for the general perfection, insomuch that any other arrangement, even of that seemingly imperfect part, must needs have rendered the whole less perfect. The common objection is, that what seems evil *might have* been avoided ; but in the case of the fish's shape, it *could not* have been avoided.

It is found by Optical inquiries, that the particles or rays of light, in passing through transparent substances of a certain form, are bent to a point where they make an image or picture of the shining bodies they come from, or of the dark bodies they are reflected from. Thus, if a pair of spectacles be held between a candle and the wall, they make two images of the candle upon it ; and if they be held between the window and a sheet of paper when the sun is shining, they make a picture on the paper of the houses, trees, fields, sky and clouds. The eye is found to be composed of several natural magnifiers which make a picture on a membrane at the back of it, and from this membrane there goes a nerve to the brain, conveying the impression of the picture, by means of which we see. Now, white light was discovered by Newton to consist of differently-coloured parts, which are differently bent in passing through transparent substances, so that the lights of several colours come to a point at different distances, and thus create an indistinct image at any one distance. This was long found to make our telescopes imperfect, insomuch that it became necessary to make them of reflectors or mirrors, and not of magnifying glasses, the same difference not being observed to affect the reflection of

light. But another discovery was, about fifty years afterwards, made by Mr. Dollond,—that, by combining different kinds of glass in a compound magnifier, the difference may be greatly corrected; and on this principle he constructed his telescopes. It is found too, that the different natural magnifiers of the eye are combined upon a principle of the same kind. Thirty years later, a third discovery was made by Mr. Blair, of the greatly superior effect which combinations of different liquids have in correcting the imperfection; and, most wonderful to think, when the eye is examined, we find it consists of different liquids, acting naturally upon the same principle which was thus recently found out in Optics, by many ingenious mechanical and chemical experiments.

Again, the point to which any magnifier collects the light is more or less distant as the magnifier is flatter or rounder, so that a small globe of glass or any transparent substance makes a microscope. And this property of light depends upon the nature of lines, and is purely of a mathematical nature, after we have once ascertained by experiment, that light is bent in a certain way when it passes through transparent bodies. Now birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection; but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies, and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can thus see the

smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcase stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water.

A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were—and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air, and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward. If you wish to draw a thing towards any place with the least force, you must pull directly in the line between the thing and the place; but if you wish to draw it as quickly as possible, and with the most convenience, and do not regard the loss of force, you must pull it obliquely, by drawing it in two directions at once. Tie a string to a stone, and draw it straight towards you with one hand; then, make a loop on another string, and running the first through it, draw one string in each hand, not towards you, but sideways, till both strings are stretched in a straight line, you will see how much more easily the stone moves quickly than it did before when pulled straight forward. Again, if you tie strings to the two ends of a rod, or slip of card, in a running groove, and bring them to meet and pass through a ring or hole, for every inch in a straight line that you draw both together below the ring, the rod will move onward two. Now this is proved, by mathematical reasoning, to be the necessary consequence of forces applied obliquely; there is a loss of power, but a great gain in velocity. This is the thing required to be gained in the third eyelid, and the contrivance is exactly that of a string and a loop, moved each by a muscle, as the two strings are by the hands in the cases we have been supposing.

A third eyelid of the same kind is found in the horse, and called the *haw*; it is moistened with a pulpy substance (or mucus) to take hold of the dust on the eyeball, and wipe it clear off: so that the

eye is hardly ever seen with anything upon it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture. The swift motion of the haw is given to it by a gristly, elastic substance, placed between the eyeball and the socket, and striking obliquely, so as to drive out the haw with great velocity over the eye, and then let it come back as quickly. Ignorant persons, when this haw is inflamed from cold, and swells so as to appear, which it never does in a healthy state, often mistake it for an imperfection, and cut it off; so nearly do ignorance and cruelty produce the same mischief.

If any quantity of matter, as a pound of wood or iron, is fashioned into a rod of a certain length, say one foot, the rod will be strong in proportion to its thickness; and if the figure is the same, that thickness can only be increased by making it hollow. Therefore, hollow rods or tubes, of the same length and quantity of matter, have more strength than solid ones. This is a principle so well understood now, that engineers make their axles and other parts of machinery hollow, and therefore stronger with the same weight, than they would be if thinner and solid. Now the bones of animals are all more or less hollow; and are therefore stronger with the same weight and quantity of matter than they otherwise would be. But birds have the largest bones in proportion to their weight; their bones are more hollow than those of animals which do not fly; and therefore they have the needful strength without having to carry more weight than is absolutely necessary. Their quills derive strength from the same construction. They possess another peculiarity to help their flight. No other animals have any communication between the air-vessels of their lungs and the hollow parts of their bodies; but birds have it, and by this means they can blow out their bodies as we do a bladder, and thus become lighter when they would either make their flight towards the ground slower, or rise more swiftly, or float more easily in the air; while, by lessening their bulk and closing their wings, they can drop more speedily if they wish to chase or to escape. Fishes possess a power of the same kind, though not by the same means. They have *air bladders* in their bodies, and can puff them out, or press them closer, at pleasure; when they want to rise in the

water, they fill out the bladder, and this lightens them; when they would sink, they squeeze the bladder, pressing the air into a smaller space, and this makes them heavier. If the bladder breaks, the fish remains at the bottom, and can be held up only by the most laborious exertions of the fins and tail. Accordingly, flat fish, as skaits and flounders, which have no air-bladders, seldom rise from the bottom, but are found lying on banks in the sea, or at the bottom of rivers.

If you have a certain space, as a room, to fill up with closets or little cells, all of the same size and shape, there are only three figures which will answer, and enable you to fill the room without losing any space between the cells; they must either be squares, or figures of three equal sides, or figures of six equal sides. With any other figures whatever, space would be lost between the cells. This is evident upon considering the matter; and it is proved by mathematical reasoning. The six-sided figure is by far the most convenient of those three shapes, because its corners are flatter, and any round body placed in it has therefore more space, less room being lost in the corners. This figure, too, is the strongest of the three; any pressure from without or from within will hurt it least, as it has something of the strength of an arch. A round figure would be still stronger, but then room would be lost between the circles, whereas with the six-sided figure none is lost. Now it is a most remarkable fact, that *Bees* build their cells exactly in this shape, and thereby save both room and materials beyond what they could save if they built in any other shape whatever. They build in the very best possible shape for their purpose, which is to save all the room and all the wax they can. So far as to the shape of the walls of each cell; but the roof and floor, or top and bottom, are built on equally true principles. It is proved by mathematicians, that, to give the greatest strength, and save the most room, the roof and floor must be made of three square planes meeting in a point; and they have further proved, by a demonstration belonging to the highest parts of Algebra, that there is one particular angle or inclination of those planes to each other where they meet, which makes a greater saving

of materials and of work than any other inclination whatever could possibly do. Now the Bees actually make the tops and bottoms of their cells of three planes meeting in a point, and the inclinations or angles at which they meet are precisely those found out by the mathematician to be the best possible for saving wax and work. Who would dream of the bee knowing the highest branch of the Mathematics—the fruit of Newton's most wonderful discovery—a result, too, of which he was himself ignorant, one of his most celebrated followers having found it out in a later age? This little insect works with a truth and correctness which are perfect, and according to principles at which man has arrived only after ages of slow improvement in the most difficult branch of the most difficult science. But to the Mighty and All-wise Creator, who made the insect and the philosopher, bestowing reason on the latter, and giving the former to work without it—!o Him all truths are known from all eternity, with an intuition that mocks even the conceptions of the sagest of human kind.

It may be recollected that when the air is exhausted or sucked out of any vessel, there is no longer the force necessary to resist the pressure of the air on the outside, and the sides of the vessel are therefore pressed inwards with violence; a flat glass would thus be broken, unless it were very thick; a round one, having the strength of an arch, would resist better; but any soft substance, as leather or skin, would be crushed or squeezed together at once. If the air was only sucked out slowly, the squeezing would be gradual, or, if it were only half sucked out, the skin would only be partly squeezed together. This is the process by which *Bees* reach the fine dust and juices of hollow flowers, like the honey-suckle, and some kinds of long fox-glove, which are too narrow for them to enter. They fill up the mouth of the flower with their bodies, and suck out the air, or at least a large part of it; this makes the soft sides of the flower close, and squeezes the dust and juice towards the insect as well as a hand could do, if applied to the outside.

We may remember this pressure or weight of the atmosphere as shown by the Barometer and the Sucking-pump. Its

weight is near fifteen pounds on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our two hands, they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands; and if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, the hand would stick fast to the wall, being pressed on it with the weight of above two hundred weight, that is, near fifteen pounds on every square inch of the hand. Now, by a most curious discovery of Sir Everard Home, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which *Flies* and other insects of a similar description are enabled to walk up perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows, and to walk as easily along the ceiling of a room with their bodies downwards and their feet over head. Their feet when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins, or flaps, like the feet of web-footed animals, as ducks and geese; and they have by means of strong folds, the power of drawing the flap close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and thus squeezing out the air completely, so as to make a vacuum between the foot and the glass or wall. The consequence of this is, that the air presses the foot on the wall, with a very considerable force compared to the weight of the fly; for if its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies, since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room (provided it made a vacuum) more than our whole weight, namely a weight of above fifteen stone, the fly can easily move on four feet in the same manner by help of the vacuum made under its feet.

(To be continued.)

THE SHADOWS OF EVENING.

THE shadows of evening falling
Seem to darken the hazy scene,
And distant voices calling,
Whisper of what has been;

And echo now is telling
Of soft music far away,
And the heart, the heart is smiling
With the grace of an ancient day.

But, alas! how dim and dreary
Is this poor life of ours!
How passionless and weary
Are earthly aims and powers!
The sun has sunk in darkling haze,
The twilight has wrapped us in,
All but blinding our wistful gaze
With its vapours dull and thin.

The day has gone, the night draws
near
In its isolating shade;
Vanished the hopes which once were
dear,
The flowers but doom'd to fade;
Hushed are the songs of gladness,
Around, increasing gloom,
The serenity of sadness,
The silence of the tomb.

Oh, life of man, how idle seems
Thy gathering mist of years!
How transient all thy brighter gleams,
How plentiful thy tears!
Like to the daylight waning,
Under a lowering sky,
Our life is a dull complaining,
A lengthened irony!

Such is the psalm we all must sing,
Who wander on to-day,
As Time to each in turn must bring
Its message of decay.
Alas! alas! with the evening shades,
Life flickers and departs,
How all of earthly glory fades,
Broken the fondest hearts!

Vain is the song we seek to raise,
As we linger on awhile,
Fleeting is all of human praise,
Shortliv'd the dearest smile.
For earth's vanity depresses,
And man's treachery appals,
As the things which ban, and bless,
Stern memory recalls!

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER V.

"A faded note, a lock of hair,
A flower within a book,
A little locket lying there,
In long forgotten nook.
Trifles are these? Ah, so they seem,
To those who do not know;
For me they bring a golden dream
Of long, long years ago."

WEATHERLY.

How wondrous, and often how startling, is our retrospect of life! We go on our wonted way, we mix with our great or little world, we live and move, and have our beings, like the other ordinary mortals with whom we consort, and, for the most part, ours is a very well used and common highway of Time's moving years. The lots we share, the sights we see, the scenes we take part in, the avocations we fill, all constitute a long dull level, perhaps of contented and useful mediocrity. The aspirations of the heroic and the great, the very true and the very real, have long since gone the way of all such airy phantasies! But on a sudden moment, at an unexpected turn of the road, before a speaking mile-stone, or in the midst of some pathetic incident, memory unlocks her store-house of years, and straightway overflows in a flood-tide of irresistible power—all those recollections which give a clue to our little history, or colour our humble romance, our most unpretentious personality. We see as in a glass the forms and faces of other days! we hear voices long since prematurely hushed; we breathe the fragrant of hopes and expectations, which have faded for us for ever, passed away utterly from our outer and inner life, for long, long years.

And so Paesello, in his later autobiographical journal, has this simple, if touching, entry:—

"Rome calls to me the scenes and dreams most strikingly of ancient days—of sympathies which have never left me, of associations which will go with me to the grave."

NEMO.

At Rome our hero stayed some time, and made the acquaintance of some of those "classic friends" who were so greatly to influence his after career, and to whom I shall venture, in due course, to introduce my readers.

Rome has, and it must have, attractions for all who think. Some there still are to whom as a "daisy is only a daisy, and nothing more," so Rome—is only Rome, to be done with a "Cicerone," to be looked at in the light of this busy, noisy, peddling nineteenth century. But to most Rome speaks happily with a voice of grateful interest, from out a "mighty past." It is surrounded with imperishable "souvenirs," it is associated with much that is very grand, very heroic—if also very tragic and very dismal, not to say degrading, in the history of the world. It takes us back to its old Roman grandeur, to its historic worthies, mighty citizens of Time; Regulus and Numa, Pompilius, Cicero, and Cato, Scipio and Livy, Pompey and Julius Cæsar, Augustus and Titus, Trajan and Constantine, Virgil and Horace, and Tacitus and Juvenal, and then it links us on to those wondrous annals which tell of Christianity, and which speak so full of reality and tenderness to the serious student of to-day. And further there comes in its purely papal history, which throws such wondrous light alike on the waves of civilization, the struggles of religion, the passions and pettiness of men. Must we not add, alas! that Rome ever witnesses, of that darker side which weakens religion in the eyes of the man of letters and science, which lends strength to scepticism and offers weapons to unbelief?

But still Rome is classic ground, for all these reasons and many more, and if the "Niobe of Nations," it still has a great share in the interest and sympathy of the world. Rome is full of charms to those in whom imagination and intellect have not been deadened by the more active materialism of the day, those to whom all the romance and chivalry and poesy of life are not idle tales or unmeaning symbolism. Rome is still Rome, despite the episodes of the past, the changes of the present, and always must preserve a freshness and a meaning on account of its ancient history, which,

except Jerusalem, is possessed by no other city upon earth.

Many other mighty aggregations of men have no doubt wondrous attractions and associations for us all alike. Paris specially speaks to the appreciative, to the citizen of the world, with a power and keen admiration which few others can equal, and we all of us can probably recall in some form or other special attributes and prevailing memories which Rome, London, or Vienna, Berlin or St. Petersburg, Naples or Venice, Stockholm or Copenhagen, Brussels or Constantinople—yes, and many other historic localities—have for us, I say, deeply imprinted on our hearts and souvenirs with the records of affection of friendliness, of culture, of happiness. For man, who is a "gregarious animal," is ever characterized here by all those graceful emotions, and all those gratifying sensibilities which seem to tell us how the Great Architect of the Universe has implanted in us all alike those inner yearnings and those intense companionships which are not only for time, but eternity.

But I have wandered far from my story!

At Rome, Paesiello, who was lodged in rooms which once had been the habitation of a prince, found everything to delight the imagination and to refresh the mind. He mused in the Coliseum, and became reverential in St. Peter's; he wandered through the Vatican, and was "Civis Romanus" in the Forum. And if Rome above ground had the deepest interest for him, alike in the names it recalled and the episodes it summoned up, his piety and fervour were warmed and excited in "Roma Sotterranea," among those wondrous catacombs which so silently yet solemnly attest the faith and sufferings of the early Christian—that victory which overcame the world.

It was in Rome that Paesiello made the acquaintance of the Abbe Bartolo, a learned and tolerant ecclesiastic, and of the amiable family of the Allegri, which consisted of their still stately "madre" and two blooming daughters, in all the grace and fascination of early youth. Here it was, too, that he became, for his happiness, the friend and companion of Count Stanelli, a young Venetian, and

Baron Bechner, a gay "Tyroler," who happened then to be also looking at Rome, and with whom all his later years were so closely connected.

Stanelli was one of those charming natures—fresh, free, gay, impetuous, loyal,—which so often bless us, and help us along the dusty and dirty highway of life.

For them friendship means friendship; for them friendship is no cold, calculating profession of polished or frivolous society—but is a real thing, a most living actuality. Such a friendship transforms earthly isolation into closest companionship, and casts the halo of congenial unison over warm-hearted and intelligent minds.

He was, as the foreigners say, very "simpatico," a good mate, an agreeable companion, a true friend.

Baron Bechner had travelled much and long. A retired soldier, now holding his ancestral possessions and an old castle, he possessed that gay polish and that amount of pleasant information, which you ever find amongst cultivated soldiers. A stupid soldier is a great bore, a man who has no interest in his profession is in my opinion an ass, but a soldier who understands his profession, and likes it, and is an observant, genial citizen of the world; at the same time, is mostly not only very good company, but a most trustworthy and kindly associate.

It was not long before all three, living together "enbuon camarado," found themselves one day in the pleasant garden of the Allegri House.

The Allegris were mutual friends of all. And now what shall I say of the young ladies? The eldest was Anna, the youngest was Eva, and two more charming, if strikingly contrasted beings, it was impossible to see. Whereas Anna was a brunette, all fire and vivacity, the sparkling eye, the gleaming hair—a sort of purple black, Eva was the blondest of the blonde, calm and demure, silent and reserved.

You always knew what Anna thought; you seldom understood what Eva felt. And whereas the one put you at your ease from the very first—if she liked you,—the other, though courteous, kept you at a distance, until she was certain of your good qualities, and then no truer friend could be found than Eva, though always in the same undemonstrative way. When then

all these various figures formed part of the fantastic scene, when these differing dispositions amalgamated in daily converse, in hourly intimacy in that close and congenial living together which is so pleasant for many a poor wayfarer, here it was impossible but that some little difficulties should arise.

Paesiello, who was both young and sentimental, attached himself to Eva. Don Balthazar was mightily struck with the "espieglo" and merry Anna!

But, as often happens, the little god, bent on mischief, had already equally affected the careless Stanelli, who had become the devoted servant of Eva, while the graver Bechner had been equally allured by the innocent, witty, and pleasant Anna. The good mother, comely in her comeliness, and kindly in her kindness, smiled on all these little matters, and good and sensible warmhearted woman as she was, unlike some I have met with in life, left the young people to "suit themselves." For, as she used to say, "I did not like people interfering with me when I was young, and why should I, who have had my day, bother these girls of mine, who are quite able to choose for themselves, and, above all, quite able to take care of themselves."

How much better it would be for us all if everybody would act on such befitting principles, but the love of interference seems almost innate in us all, and especially in mammas and maiden aunts, and elderly married females! But I must leave this gay coterie for awhile, and revert to an incident which for a time greatly worried Paesiello.

Bartolo, the abbé, had a friend—the Abbé Pantaleoni—a keen and learned Jesuit, and no sooner had he seen Paesiello than he "marked him for his own." Bartolo, who grieved for his youthful friend, and did not admire that remarkable body of men, did not venture openly to resist his influential acquaintance, and so poor Paesiello was daily plied with arguments as to his duty to do something for Religion, which meant, "selon" Pantaleoni, Jesuitism; and, in fact, if Pantaleoni could have had his way, our hero would have become a member of that secret and sagacious order.

Not indeed as that able man would say,

"do we covet your gold and silver, and olive-yards and vineyards. No, caro Paesiello, it is because I see in you qualities of the highest order, which are sure to be lost, thrown away in the baneful vortex of corrupted society."

But Paesiello had no taste that way, and I am afraid was also both mundane and shaky in his views. That is to say, though orthodox and religious, and well-behaved, he had a liberal and humanitarian spirit, which revolted from the extremes of anything. He did not like "faggots," he had a great detestation of the Inquisition,—he thought people might live and die in peace, and that all violent denunciations of everybody else were detestable. Some may think him a doubtful member of his Church, I do not, but only that he was, what many others are, far better and more tolerant than the loud-mouthed teaching of intolerance would lead you to believe. And so Pantaleoni failed with him. Antonio, when he heard, got frightened and angry at the same time.

"What does the Abbate mean?" he said to Bartolo, "mio padre, by putting such ideas into my young master's head? A Jesuit, indeed! Ah! Don Paesiello has something better to do than that; and, to tell you the truth, in my humble opinion, those enlightened folks do more harm than good."

Happily for Antonio the Inquisition was then in its last throes of decadence and dissolution, or there is no knowing what might have happened to him for so indiscreet and daring a speech.

But this mental struggle had a great effect upon Paesiello; it rendered him more friendly, large-hearted, and sympathetic than ever; and to the latest hour of his life, though he never joined in the outcries against them, he learned to retain a wholesome dislike of Jesuitism and Jesuits!

THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone;
 We hold ourselves too far from all our
 kind;
 Too often we are deaf to sigh and moan,

Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
 Too often, when distress and want abide,
 We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
 By footsteps passing idly all the day;
 Where lie the bruised ones who faint and
 mourn,
 Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
 Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide,
 They lead us all too oft upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
 Into the bleeding wounds of stricken
 ones;
 To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
 And bear them where the stream of bless-
 ing runs;
 Instead, we look about—the way is wide,
 And so we pass upon the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the
 years,
 Humanity is calling each and all,
 In tender accents, born of grief and tears;
 I pray you listen to the thrilling call—
 You cannot, in your selfish pride,
 Pass *quillless* upon the other side.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

V.—NOVEMBER.

"Not in an hour are leaf and flower
 Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;
 By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
 Make ready the sap-veins for falling away!
 And so is man made to as peacefully fade,
 By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that
 he heaves;
 For he's loosened from earth by each trial-
 cloud's shade,
 Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn
 leaves!"

How vividly we can picture to ourselves
 the last few faded leaves still clinging by
 their almost-severed foot-stalk to the sup-
 port which renders them sustenance no

longer, until a gust just a little stronger than usual of

—“ Chill November's surly blast
Makes fields and forests bare,”—

and altogether snapping the thread of life, sends the dead leaf fluttering down to its last resting place in the tender bosom of its Mother-Earth; and gladly, too, it goes, for its work is done, and the biting frost and the burning sun, shall now alike for ever to it remain unknown:—

“ O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, feel thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!”

And yet, when it comes to the point, there are but few of us who would be more ready than was the weary old man, whose interview with Death is narrated by Æsop that friend of our childhood, to welcome the final catastrophe. Why give way then to

“ The tear that we shed, and the sigh that we
heave ”

if by their means we hasten the process of decay? Surely there are but few of us so burdened with the weight of our earthly troubles but that we would rather

—“ Bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

No!

“ Too often we wander, despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
' A silver lining to every cloud.’

May we not walk in the dingle ground,
When nothing but Winter's dead leaves
are seen,
But search beneath them, and passing
around
Are the young spring tufts of blue and
green.

‘Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The Immortal illuming mortality's crowd;
‘Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
' There's a silver lining to every cloud.’”

Whilst, then, we know of the coming Spring and its myriad beautiful blossoms, we can well bear with that Winter dullness which gives that bright season its

birth. Besides, is there any period when there are absolutely no flowers? A very short one indeed, if even there be one at all. It is true that at this time of year the blossoms may be few and meagre, but still there they are; and, what is more, very beautiful they are, quite as beautiful if we only examine them sufficiently to note their excellencies, as any of their more showy Summer neighbours. It is your cursory observer, striding along with nose high in the air, for whom there are dull times of year; but to the true student of Nature these do not exist, for Nature's God has so formed Nature's Law that there shall be—

“ Good in everything.”

Man's duty it is, no less than his pleasure, to search it out and be thankful to the Almighty Father who can, although He be the Great Architect of the Universe, for the sake of His earthly children, stoop thus to “ clothe the lowly grass of the field.”

Proceeding in this spirit, then, we shall turn our walk to good account, and find our search rewarded by plants which retain their bloom even thus late in the year. Whilst their gayer companions of the mead were in their glory our humble friends were quite in the shade, but now that those brilliant but fragile blossoms are gone, we are glad to welcome our more steadfast, albeit humble, friends.

What a picture of existence with its companionships does the silent mead afford us; the loud, flashy, evanescent acquaintanceships of the hour in strong contrast with the quiet, unobtrusive, lasting friendships of a life.

Here, then, is the Ivy-leaved Speedwell, with its light blue blossoms. so common in cultivated lands and hedgerows. Country people call it Winter-weed, from its continued blossoming. From the winds and frosts of earliest Spring, to the frosts and winds of latest Autumn, midst rain, midst snow, are to be found the azure flowers of one or other of our sixteen species of Speedwell.

The blossoms, from their colour, sometimes get these little plants mis-named Forget-me-nots, but they can be easily recognised from the fact of the lowest of the four segments into which the

flower is divided being always narrower than the rest.

Formerly this family was considered to possess medicinal properties, and was called by the Dutch "Honour and Praise"; one of the species used to be eaten with salads and is even now gathered and sold for this purpose in Scotland; it is however very pungent, so much so indeed as to have earned its Flemish name "*Beck-pmgen*," or Mouth-smart.

The Annual Meadow-grass and the Ivy-leaved Snap-dragon still retain their flowers, the latter pretty little creeper making the hedgerow bright with its tiny purple blossoms.

Another little late-stayer is the favourite of our younger days, the Common Fumitory (French "*Fume-de-Terre*"; North-country, "Earth-smoke"), all names bestowed on account of its peculiar smell, which however is not that of smoke. Kentish children call this pretty little plant "Wax-dolls." The Japanese, according to Thunberg, use it medicinally, whilst our own ancestors held it in great repute in cutaneous disorders. Clare speaks of its use as a cosmetic:—

"And Fumitory too
Whose red and purple mottled flowers
Are cropped by maids in weeding hours,
To boil in water, milk, and whey,
For washes on a holiday,
To make their beauty fair and sleek,
And scare the tan from summer's cheek;
And oft the dame will feel inclined,
As childhood's memory comes to mind,
To turn her hook away and spare
The blooms it loved to gather there."

And so we may go on, even in this dreary month, filling some empty corners of our brain; well for us if we do, for we know what a family poet has said about "idle hands," and assuredly the same is true of idle brains, for "Nature abhors a vacuum." Do we not find the principle carried out in her own work? Where is the piece of land, neglected by the hand of man, that we do not find presently covered with vegetation of some sort, if even it be only with the stems of the irrepressible and ever-recurring Nettle?

Insignificant though it may be, we are tempted to add a word or two about our poor old friend, culled from a recent article of Mr. David Fitzgerald's on "Basque and

other Legends," in which he incidentally mentions the cure for consumption, revealed by the Scottish mermaid:—

"Would they but drink Nettles in March
And muggins in May,
Sae mony braw maidens
Wadna gang till clay."

In the German legends the Tree-Woman says:—

"Valerian eat and Burnet-root;
So shall the sickness reach you not."

Whilst the less communicative Tree-Dwarf of the Grisons was beguiled to disclose a specific against the plague:—

—"I know it well,
Boar-Wort and Pimpernel!
But I'm not going it you to tell!"

By the above-mentioned muggins we are to understand Mug-wort and by Boar-Wort either Southernwood or Carline Thistle.

The hedgerows may now be getting more bare of leaves, but this only brings into greater prominence the rich stores of beautiful berries. Like bunches of Coral hang the lovely beads of the Honeysuckle or Woodbine, which is the Caprifole or Goatleaf of Spenser and Shakspeare; similar names prevail for it amongst the French and Italians, *Chevre-feuille*, *Capri-foglio*. This fruit, which is very insipid, is probably consumed solely by birds and children. One peculiarity we ought to notice in passing is, that all climbing plants follow an universal law in their seemingly careless twisting—every species of the same plant following in the same unvarying direction, whether it be to right or left; most of the British climbers follow the apparent course of the sun, from left to right.

The berries of the Bryonics, both white and black are equally beautiful, if more loosely hung. The stem of these plants is slight, yet—

"Now climbing high with random maze,
O'er elm, and ash, and alder strays;
And round each trunk a network weaves
Fantastic."

These berries are poisonous, but the black tuberous root of the latter species is useful, being sometimes employed as a stimulating

plaster. Internally they are white and full of starch; there is, however, as well, some very bitter, and not improbably unwholesome, property. Heat and repeated washings will render them both wholesome and palatable eating. The young shoots boiled and dressed with oil and salt are eaten by the Moors; but although in spring they possess with us a mild and, to some, an agreeable flavour, they can hardly be said to repay the risk of the experiment.

From the climbers we naturally come to those trees which support them, amongst which we find many very beautiful at this season; amongst such are the Wild Service Tree, which grows luxuriantly on the chalky hills round Caterham in Surrey, as well as in many other places in the suburbs of London. Leaving a description of the leaves and flowers of this ornament to our landscape to their proper season, we may notice its fruit, which, when touched with frost, is strung round sticks and taken to market for disposal by the country-people. The wood is hard and close grained and esteemed by turners.

A somewhat similar tree is its not unfrequent neighbour the White Beam Tree, the fruit of which is pulpy, and, when frosted, agreeable eating; from it, by fermentation, can be obtained a kind of beer, and by distillation a very strong spirit; it seems, however, hardly fair for so little result to deny the worthy Hedge-hog this one of his greatest dainties.

The wood of this tree, although small in size, is of more value than that of the Service Tree, as, wherever iron has not superseded it in mill-work, it is much employed for the cogs of wheels; musical instruments, too, are made of it, as well as handles to cutlery, spoons, and many small articles for which Box-wood must otherwise be used.

Another beautiful berry-bearing tree is the Mountain Ash, or Roan Tree. The Thrush is very fond of the fruit, whilst Evelyn says that "ale and beer brewed with these berries, being ripe, is an incomparable drink, familiar in Wales." Coleman adds: "These berries are even eaten raw as a fruit, but we cannot recommend them, except as curiosities, for they are harsh and austere, with a nauseous undertaste, so that, with most poisons, one will suffice for a dose." The other names of

the Mountain Ash, Rowan, Wigen, or Witcher Tree, relate to its supposed power against witchcraft: a superstition which still lingers in the more beighted parts of Scotland and Wales. Amongst the old burying-places and within the stone circles used by the Druids it is not unusual to find the Roan Tree stump, having probably been planted by them on account of its sacred shade.

Another neighbour of these trees, and one perhaps still more appreciated, especially when cultivated, is the Medlar, which may be always known by its peculiarly twisted branches. The fruit of this tree is one of those known to our French neighbours as "*fruits de fantaisie*;" not so, however, that of one of our noblest English trees, the Walnut. Walnut-wood is too well known to need description here, whether it be employed in the boudoir or the camp; for the purposes of the latter it became during the Peninsular War extremely valuable for musket-stocks; and about the year 1806 some twelve thousand trees were required annually in France. This fact so deeply impressed itself upon a money-loving knight in one of our Midland Counties, that he actually planted an immense area with young walnut-trees, from the timber of which he hoped to add considerably to his already large fortune. Like himself—

"Wars have come and wars have gone,
But those trees grow on for—"

—well—the present!

Of the dish of walnuts with the bottle of port (of which latter, by the way, so much is not consumed now that the farmers keep smaller hedges; whether it is owing to the consequent diminution in the size of the Sloe bushes we should not like to say for certain) most of us are acquainted, as well as with the dish of pickled walnuts, which, although not so readily liable to adulteration as one of the former articles, may yet be susceptible of unwelcome additions. A friend of ours, towards the close of luncheon, wanting just one more, fished up one with no less than four unmistakable legs and an equally patent tail. Verb. sap.—keep the jars well covered if you have any stray mice about!

The connexion of Nuts and Mice brings to our mind one very extraordinary fact,

which is just one of those pieces of apparently undesigned evidence of an all-wise as well as all-powerful Will permeating and regulating the whole course of Nature, which, when it thus incidentally crops out to the surface, stamps all Creation as the handiwork of God. The common Hazel or Wood-nut is eagerly devoured by three well-known, because commonly occurring, kinds of animal life—the Squirrel, the Field-mouse, and the Nut-hatch; but each gets at the kernel in a different way, so that finding, in the course of our walk, an empty nutshell, we are quite able to tell the creature that has opened it. Sitting on his haunches and holding the nut in his forepaws, the squirrel rasps off the pointed end, and then splits the shell into two parts, just as a man would do with his knife; the mouse merely drills a hole, so regularly round that it seems impossible that the work can have been done without some revolving instrument like a gimlet, and equally impossible that the kernel can have been extracted through so small an opening; whilst the nut-hatch picks an irregularly-shaped ragged hole with its beak: and here crops out a remarkable feature in the little creature's proceedings, which, if it be not actuated by reason, seems brought about by a quality very near akin to it; the quadrupeds have paws wherewith to hold the nut firm; not so the bird; but Nature teaches it to make up for the deficiency by making an extemporised vice of the cleft of a tree, crevice in a stone, or chink in some convenient gate-post. Whilst thus occupied the tapping of the bird's bill may be heard at a considerable distance; this, mingling with other sounds, and making up the whole of Nature's concert, led good Gilbert White to propound the query in his "Natural History of Selborne" as to why passages of music, produced either vocally or instrumentally by human beings, should possess the disagreeable property of continual recurrence, even at most inopportune times, so as at last to become well-nigh unendurable, whilst the music of Nature's choir produces no such annoying effects. White quotes Gassendus in *Vita Peireskii* upon the point, and Wood, who edits White, enlarges upon it, mentioning the fact of various repeated sounds, such as the rattling of a railway carriage, resolving

themselves into a species of weird music. This latter circumstance is, we think, simply a case of memory or brain-adaptation, for we know a lady, very musical in instincts and taste, who can tell instantly any ordinary melody when drummed out with the finger-end upon a table. With regard to the former, the fact mentioned by Gassendus and White seems to us to supply one more link in the chain of evidence of the impassable gulf between Man and the animals. Soul-less Nature may charm, but cannot strike a responsive chord in soul-moved Man. The Music of Nature is soothing, even to the production of a pensive and holy calm; that of Man's invention is soul-stirring, even to warlike deeds of blood. The music of Human moulding is the stimulant, that of Nature's forming is the sedative. Both will one day be merged into the holy "music of the spheres," the soul-expected perfection of the Divine Art—

"The triumph-song of Heaven."

Cold and crisp though the air may be getting now, we shall still find one or two denizens of it fluttering about on their gauzy wings on the few brief days of sunshine. There are the Clouded-Yellow, the Brimstone, and the common Copper, amongst the Butterflies, the caterpillar of which last species may be found on the leaves of the Dock as late as the middle of December. Several Moths may also be observed, the Red-green, the Red-headed, the Autumnal, and, of course, the pale greyish-brown November Moth.

Amongst our migratory or partially migratory birds is that pretty little, active, dashing Hawk, the Hobby, which never builds a nest if it can find an old one in any way likely to suit it; it usually affects the deserted tenements of the Crow or Magpie. Other tiny friends that come to us now are the Gold-crest and the Fire-crest, whilst towards the end of the month the beautiful, but rather scarce, Waxwing or Bohemian Chatterer makes its appearance. This bird has, upon some of the secondary feathers of the wing, a flat, horny, scarlet plate, looking as if made of red sealing-wax, whence its name; the bird possesses, too, a handsome crest, which it can raise or lower at pleasure.

We reach the water-side, with just

enough of light left to see the movements of that most accomplished diver the Pochard, Red-headed Poker, or Dun Bird; its ruddy chesnut head separated from the pencilled body by a velvety band of black, makes it a conspicuous object amongst the rest of the duck family. The last migratory bird that we must stay to notice is the pretty little Widgeon, with its warm chesnut cheeks and neck, reddish breast, handsomely marked body, green-streaked wings, and yellow crest. This beautiful little duck is, however, much less frequently seen on the water than on the table, which fact reminds us that it is getting late, and that there is rising round us that accompaniment, the fog, which renders November so damp and dismal, and makes us coincide with the poet's lament—

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered
leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the
rabbits' tread.

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood!
Alas! they all are in their graves! the gentle
race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed with the fair and
good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold
November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again."

Yet, once more, let us not lose heart,
for—

"Nature in Spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom."

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS' SOCIETY.

VISIT TO LLOYD'S PAPER MILLS, BOW.
7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria St., S. W.
THE society during the Autumn recess has visited the following interesting works:—
Truman Hanbury & Co., Brewery,—Richmond Water Works—New Law Courts,

South Metropolitan Gas Works, and Lloyd's Paper Mills. The visits to Works supplement the Annual reading of papers on Engineering and Scientific subjects during the Winter Session, and form instructive and social gathering for the members and their friends. On the last of these visits to Lloyd's Paper Manufactory, on the 22nd ult. there was a numerous assembly, and the kind manner in which they were received, and the very lucid description given of the whole process of paper manufacturing fully recouped the visitors for their attendance. Owing to a previous engagement, Mr. Frank Lloyd was unable to guide the Company through the various departments of the establishment but appointed Mr. C. Waite, his Foreman, who took considerable pains to explain both verbally and mechanically the manufacture throughout, from the delivery of the English and Belgian straw, Esparto Grass, palm-leaves and waste paper, from the wharf on to the premises, cutting up the vegetable matter and separating all knotty substances from it, being unfitted for paper making, sorting the paper—filling the revolving boilers with the various materials and the necessary quantity of caustic soda, emptying the boilers and converting the straw, &c., into pulp, bleaching it with chloride of lime and finally passing it as *pulp* in at one end of the machine and seeing it come out at the other *paper* such as is used for our various daily and weekly journals.

The works find employment for 180 men, women and boys. The mechanical power is supplied by 5 boilers to 10 engines of 300 horse power collectively, and the quantity of paper manufactured weekly at this establishment alone is 42 tons, the proprietor having other mills at Sittingbourne. The company also inspected the two presses used for printing the Sunday Edition of Lloyd's newspaper, each press being capable of printing 20,000 copies per hour. The total circulation of the paper being over 600,000 weekly.

Amongst the visitors and friends present, we noticed the President, Bro. R. M. Fancroft of the Great Northern Railway, E. Perrett and A. Payne, Members of Council, W. C. Street, Hon. Treasurer, &c. The company were upwards of 2½ hours inspecting the works, and upon leaving

unanimously passed a vote of thanks to the proprietor for his kindness in granting permission to the society, and also to Mr. C. Waite, who had, at considerable inconvenience attended to explain the various workings of the establishment.

The next Session of the Society will commence in December, when the President will deliver his Inaugural Address, and the Enrolment of New Members will take place at the close of the Meeting.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, August 6th, 1790.

ALTHO' the appearance of tumult and discontent continued for some days after my last, all is now perfectly quiet, and the calm which exists I can only compare to the Lethargy and Stupor which often in desperate cases follows the violence of the fever.

I can not think that any Progress is making to a fixed and stable Government, and altho the excesses which desolated every part of the Empire are at present subsided, All Exercise of Law or Power is impossible, and to the popular propensity to crimes, and insurrection, may be applied the famous line or Messalina that if they are peacable it is *Lassata non Satiata recessit*.

No tax is paid, or will any tax be submitted to, the Barriers of Lyons are not, nor cannot be re-established and the Creditors of that City as well as its Public Establishments look up to the Assembly for the replacement of an *annual income* of 3 Millions of livres.

Yet this moment have the Assembly chosen as the most proper for an Act of Indemnity to all those whose cruelty have disgraced their Revolution, and whose crimes have devastated their Provinces. Chapelier last night proposed and without opposition, a general pardon to the criminals confined in the different prisons for all the murders, plunders and incendiaries which the avidity of freedom have occasioned, and Oppression sanctified.

Yet the proposer of this Decree is firm in his attachment to Mirabeau, and that Mirabeau equally adheres to the present

Administration cannot for a moment be doubted.

The attack on the Prince de Condé was intended to divert the attention of the Assembly from the Ministers, it succeeded, and they escaped the storm which threatened them not only from the popular fury, but the Indignation of the Assembly. The conduct of M. de Montmorin has naturally excited all the hatred of the Aristocratic Party, yet his influence with his Master is certainly great. I begin to believe that imbecillity and irresolution are not the only qualities of the king, but that a sensual selfishness has hitherto dictated and still directs his conduct.

That he regrets more the pleasures, than the Power he has lost, has always been my opinion, but that a desire to obtain a speedy repossession of them, should induce him to proscribe his family and sacrifice the Interests of his Country and his crown at first exceeded the utmost stretch of my ideas. Yet Montmorin is his chosen servant—the friend and companion of his youth, and, however he may be inclined, had never dared denounce the Prince de Condé without the King's consent.

It was he who persuaded the King to issue the proclamation commanding all to wear the National Cocade, and unnecessarily censuring those who disapproved of the Conduct of the National Assembly. When the Proclamation was made public, the people in the Thuilleries surrounded the Palace with *Vive le Roi*. The Queen, astonished, asked the cause of this exultation; the King stammered an answer that he did not know, unless it was the proclamation. What proclamation? He then, for the first moment showed her a writing so contrary to her sentiments and which probably even her prudence deemed unnecessary. She retired immediately with Madame Elizabeth to her apartment where the King followed her, and found her in tears. On her complaining that she had too many causes to shed them he said it is only your having waited too long for your supper.

The Party de la Fayette are again obtaining their superiority in the Assembly. The letter of the Ambassador of Spain declaring that she would seek new allies *without exception* amidst the other Nations of Europe produced much sensation, and

had not your *simulacre* of a Treaty arrived I have little doubt the decision would have been in her favor. Indeed a few at present cry out that it is improbable England should be contented with the satisfaction that was offered three months ago, but they are not listened to, their wishes blind the greater number, and it is the interest of the Democratic leaders to delay to the utmost the Discussion of a Question which must either confirm or destroy the Regal Power or rather the Remnants of Regal prerogative.

I say little of the Election of M. Baillie, because it has been productive of no remarkable event. I have only to observe that of 80,000 Electors, 14,000 only voted on so important an occasion. Such indifference argues ill for a Government which places its basis not on *Personal Interest* concurring to the General Good, but on *Personal sacrifices* to the General welfare.

SONNET.

ON THE "DUNMOW FLITCH." ADJUDGED
JULY 23RD, 1877.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the "*Masonic Magazine*.")

REJOICE ye Essex fields, woods, streams,
and shores!—

Dunmow, rejoice!—true, wedded love
thy crown,

Thy sceptre yon huge Flitch of vast
renown,—

Thy county's pride, 'mid its uxorious roars.
About this flitch which Hymen so adores

And others praise, I've scruples of my
own,

Why placed upon the jury should be
none

But inexperience'd maids and bachelors.

For if upon th' aforesaid jury were

Impanell'd, husbands and their wives
instead,

Methinks, they would unanimously de-
clare,

By long experience and long schooling
led

In wisdom's ways—that Flitch could ne'er
be claim'd

By *any* in the marriage archives nam'd.

LOST AND SAVED; OR NELLIE
POWERS, THE MISSIONARY'S
DAUGHTER.

A Tale of the Ocean.

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. I.

WE take this powerful story from
Loomis' Musical and Masonic Journal.

It was one of those cold, disagreeable days in December. The wind whistled around the corners of the streets, and between the cracks of the doors and window sashes of the houses, as a warning for those within doors to remain where the fire burned bright, and where the drifting snow would not, despite all efforts, find its way between the shirt collar and the neck of the most careful man.

It was one of those days on which no one was supposed to feel particularly happy, especially those whose duties called them out into the driving storm, or whose poverty compelled them to remain where no fire cast its cheerful glow. It should be particularly understood that it was a cold day, for only in this way can we account for the red noses of the men who were known to have just left a temperance ship, and who were, at the time our story opens, gathered around a wood stove, in a certain shipping office on South Street, in our great metropolis, rubbing the aforesaid noses in a manner calculated to make them look more suspicious. The owner of the afore-mentioned shipping office, and also the owner of a nose as red as any of those gathered about the fire, and which had not just left a "temperance ship," had, with his usual generosity, given the men, who had congregated in his office, the privilege of using his stove to heat his own office, provided they furnished the fuel, and the men who owned the noses mentioned, had obtained the blush, which graced this prominent portion of their features, gathering the wherewith to make the fire, along the docks opposite the office.

The shipping office spoken of was one of the first class kind, and consisted of a

small unfurnished room, around which a pine board seat had been made. One corner was partitioned off for the private office of the proprietor, while the larger room was for the use of sailors in search of berths on some vessel.

The fire had just begun to get the better of the wind that whistled under the door, and the men, who had been waiting patiently for the first touch of its warmth, had begun to realize what a short time it took for all their fuel to burn out, when the door was suddenly opened, and a man wrapped in a stout coat, and having all the appearance of being a son of old Neptune, made haste into the apartment. Placing himself in front of the dying embers, he spread his legs to their most convenient extent, pushed his sou'wester on the back of his head, thrust his hands into his pockets, and opened as follows:—

"Have you heard?"—

He had proceeded thus far when he was interrupted by a voice in the corner which said:

"Have you heard how you left that door open? if you have will you accommodate by shutting of it.

This request was complied with by the new comer; then he returned to the stove, and spreading himself as before, took a small black pipe from his pocket, which he proceeded to fill, while at the same time he resumed his remarks.

"Tommy, have you heard that the 'Sparkler' has come home?"

This seemed to be a piece of interesting intelligence to the listeners, whose names might have all been Tommy, at least they all answered "No," and then looked up into the weatherbeaten face of the speaker, in surprise, for further information.

"Well," answered the new comer, "she has, for I saw her pretty face comin' up the harbor as I came from the ferry."

"Well, thin," said a short, awkward-appearing man, who sat in front of the stove, and from whose speech the reader will infer, and correctly too, that he was a native of Erin, that green isle of the sea. "Well, thin, I'll not be after sindin' mysilf to sea along with that blasted down-easter, and with no advance. May the loikes of him sail to the East Indies with a crew of jacknapes that never handled a rope. Now that's my good wishes for him."

Having relieved his mind by these remarks, he too took from his pocket a short pipe, or the remains of one black and charred, and began to follow the example of his predecessor by filling and lighting it.

"No more don't you go without any advance," said the first speaker again. "It's these fellows what don't give any advance what is spoilin' the profession," and as he spoke he looked about him to see what the effect of this profound remark would be on the minds of his hearers. The only response he got, however, was a silent nod of a dozen heads, which in that nod seemed to say, "Them's our sentiments."

At this juncture a boy, somewhat overgrown, who had been leaning against the wall fast asleep, awoke, and ventured to question the men, by asking:

"What is meant by advance?"

The first speaker again acted as spokesman, and proceeded to enlighten the mind of the fat boy.

"Before you have sailed the seas thirty years you will have occasion to know what advance money is, and besides findin' out that you can't get any of it from a down-easter, you will find out that you can't get along very well without it if you aspire to the profession of a seaman. For every seaman knows that he would be obliged to sail without pot or pannikin, sou'wester or blanket, if it was't for his advance."

This piece of information seemed to satisfy the fat boy, for he again leaned back against the wall and went to sleep.

While this conversation was going on in the shipping office, the subject of our sketch had run alongside the dock and tied up. Her name was the "Sparkling Sea," but she was known among the followers of the deep as the "Sparkler."

She was one of those trim, neat looking brigs which are a source of delight to every experienced eye. Her stays, shrouds, yards, and masts were always in as good condition as new paint, scraping, and fresh tar would make them. Her decks were kept as white as a well-scrubbed kitchen floor, while her sails were always free from stain. She was the pride of her part owner and master, and the pride of every man who had sailed in her. Good sailors had been known to wait months for her, and forfeit all

their advance for a chance in the Sparkler. She always made the quickest trips, and at square sailing beat any vessel of her tonnage out of New York. And it is for this reason that we find the man called Tommy so emphatic in his remarks at the beginning of our story. He had, on the morning before, after having become discouraged waiting for the long expected "Sparkler," shipped on a down-easter, and without any advance. Having just returned from a long voyage, and having spent all his dues, he would consequently have been obliged to sail without many needed necessities, but for the way he emphasized his remarks his companions knew that he intended to forfeit his agreement with the down-easter, and ship on the "Sparkling Sea."

While the "Sparkling Sea" is furling her sails, we will give the reader a description of the man who entered the shipping office in such haste, and after leaving the door open, and then shutting it, gave the sailors there congregated the first information they had of the arrival of the "Sparkler."

His was the sublime and historic name of Peter, Peter Dibble. He was a man verging on fifty years of age, of English parents, medium height, well built, had black hair, black eyes, and a heavy black beard. But he had a white heart, as his shipmates would say, for a better seaman, in all the particulars that go to make such a man, never trod a deck. He was an out and out sailor, one who had followed the seas all his life. His father had been second officer on the old emigrant ship, "General Putnam," and he was born while his mother was on the voyage from Merry England to the New World, in the vessel on which his father was an officer. So as Peter often remarked he was born a sailor, and from the first took to it as naturally as a duck takes to the water. The longest time he had ever remained on shore at any one time to his knowledge, was when on the voyage from London to Calcutta he was cast away on an island in the South Seas, and was ashore two months. Then he was very willing to be taken off by a passing vessel, having been ashore long enough to suit him.

He had doubled the Horn times without number. He had sailed the seas over and over from pole to pole. He had been on whaling voyages in the South Seas, and on

voyages of discovery in the North Seas. He had been captured and had escaped from the cannibals of the Fee Jee Islands, and he had fought bears on the ice in Bhering's Straits. Once on a whaling voyage, the boat in which he happened to be, was struck by a bull whale and "knocked into splinters," he being the only man of the crew that was saved. The others became entangled in the ropes and boat's tackle, and were drowned.

He was a seaman who—

Had sailed across the raging main
To foreign lands and back again.

The adventures of his life he always took great pleasure in relating—and a fore-castle was always lonely after Peter Dibble had left the ship.

The short, chunky man with the Irish tongue, and who answered to the name of Tommy, was no other than Thomas Mooney, Esq., at least that was the way he always gave it out among his shipmates. He, too, followed the occupation of a sailor on the billowy sea. In appearance he was a remarkable individual, short and stubby in stature; his figure-head, which was large, was dotted with a pair of little round eyes, which peeped out from under a pair of long sandy eyelashes; a turnup nose figured prominently on his face, while a beard of reddish hue hid his mouth from the curious gaze of a criticising world.

In consequence of having been too smart when he was young, and walking before his time, his legs bowed, his shipmates used to say, as much as any pair of legs had a right to do. But withal, he was a large-hearted, straight-forward, square-acting seaman, and one who could hold his own and stand the brunt of the jokes that are often thrown recklessly around in a fore-castle, and keep his temper.

When from the shipping office window our new acquaintances saw the "Sparkling Sea" fairly docked, they drew their coats around them, pulled their hats firmer over their ears, and laying well against the wind, soon made their appearance on the deck of the aforementioned vessel.

They were recognized by her jolly captain, and immediately shipped for the return voyage, the date of the shipment to be on the day the vessel began to unload.

"Now, if I wasn't to sail on a tim-

perance ship, Peter," said Tom Mooney, "I would just take a drop of somethin' to warm myself inside. My coat does well enough for my outside, but with my nose for port holes, an' my mouth for an open hatchway, the inside of me is uncommonly cold at this minute." The jolly captain of the "Sparkler" heard this remark, we think perhaps Tom intended he should—at any rate the captain turned to the men and said:

"If you are cold, men, come down into the cabin, and we will have a good cup of my favourite beverage, coffee, which is all the "something" I allow men aboard my vessel, and which will do you more good than all the "something" you get up the dock, will do you harm, and that's a good deal.

Thus invited the men took seats about the cabin table, and their insides were soon as warm, Tom said, as the day Jack Griffin was sunstruck in the tropics.

That coffee was what Tom wanted. The taste of the coffee he had drunk two years before on the "Sparkler," still lingered on his tongue.

When the men left the cabin to procure their kit (sailor's outfit), the captain told Tom that if he wanted to keep that coffee warm he must keep his hatchway shut, and his port closed to the windward—which was the short for telling him not to talk too much on a cold day.

The shipping papers which Tom and Peter had signed, held them to break out cargo. With Peter Dibble in the hold, and Tom Mooney tending guy with a sufficient number of stevedores to bear a hand, before many days the cargo of the "Sparkling Sea" had been delivered on the dock, and from thence distributed far and near throughout our great country.

The same men superintended the loading which was about the same cold and laborious task as the unloading had been. But as loading a vessel is one of the least tasks the workers in this world of ours have to perform, the last task was soon stored away in the hold; the hatch battened down, the vessel cleared and made ready for sea.

The "Sparkling Sea" had lain at the dock two weeks, when the orders came to get immediately under weigh.

The day selected for her departure was

just another such day as the one on which her arrival had been proclaimed in the shipping office. The wind blew hard from the northwest, and the snow lay in great drifts along the shore. The streets were blockaded with the fleecy element.

It was such a day as one on which the railroad trains are sure to come in behind time, and on which the angry voices of merciless horse car drivers can be heard, above the din of the storm, urging their weary horses to greater efforts in a way not generally characterised as Christian-like, and belated travellers use words not consistent with their early teachings.

The ice floated in great flocs on the East River, impeding the passage of ferries and crafts of steam or sail. But seamen are not to be detained by such a small display of nature's handiwork, but rather long to be wafted away to scenes less illustrative of ice and snow. To scenes where the winds of heaven bring not the chilling blasts from arctic climes, but where balmy winds make life a pleasure, especially a sailor's life.

The necessary preliminaries of getting a vessel under weigh were soon gone through with. The pilot, a long, lank personage, but a man whose qualities of good seamanship were apparent, came aboard. The boarding master brought down the "Sparkler's" crew. The bow line was cast off, and as she swung gracefully out into the stream, a tug boat made fast to her. Her stern line was then cast off, and she let go her hold on the New World, gently gliding out into the icy stream.

The sun for a few moments appeared, to smile on her departure, and as its rays glistened on the icy rigging of the "Sparkler," it gave her the appearance of a glass ship or some weird spectre from fairy lands.

(To be continued.)

MAIMOUNE.

FORGOTTEN POETRY.

From the "Etonian."

CANTO II.

THE fair Badoura had conceiv'd a whim in
 Her lovely head, of wisdom most profound ;
 Her brain in wild fantastic dreams was
 swimming,
 Such as with maidens now and then
 abound,
 But rarely vex the pates of married
 women—
 She fancied she might search the world
 around,
 And find no husband in its dreary waste,
 To suit her very reasonable taste.

And much she argued on the wiles of
 men,
 Their base deceit, their gross dissimula-
 tion,
 Their falsehood and their cruelty ; and
 then
 She prais'd the virtues of a single
 station :
 And "if she should be married, when oh !
 when
 Could she enjoy such mirth and re-
 creation,
 Such joyous freedom, such unbounded
 sport,
 As she was used to at her father's
 court ?"

Ah ! poor Badoura ! in a luckless hour
 Thou com'st to urge thine innocent
 entreaty ;
 No, thought thy bright and eloquent eyes
 should shower
 A sea of tears upon thy father's feet, he
 Will never yield to their persuasive
 pow'r !—
 He had, in fact, just ratified a treaty
 By which his daughter was declar'd the
 Queen
 Of the young hopeful heir of Fadladeen.
 For six whole months the mischief had
 been brewing

With such sagacious secrecy, that few
 Suspected half the plans that were
 pursuing,
 And not a soul in all the kingdom
 knew
 That his respected Monarch had been
 doing
 What none but Monarchs have the face
 to do ;
 And sign'd the contract which he felt
 would sever
 His child from hope and happiness for
 ever.

Alas ! poor Royalty ! how far remov'd
 Art thou from all the blessedness of
 earth !
 Is't not enough that thou has never
 prov'd
 The bliss of friendship, nor enjoy'd the
 mirth
 Of happy spirits, loving and belov'd ?
 Is't not enough that thou must feel the
 dearth
 Of cheering looks, and languidly repress
 The hollow smiles of palace heartlessness ?

Is't not enough that tranquil sleep is
 driven
 From thy uneasy pillow ?—that thy
 brain
 Must throb for ever, and thy heart be
 riven
 With weariness and care, and scarce
 retain
 A dream obscure, a wandering ray of
 heav'n,
 So closely fetter'd by the earth's dull
 chain ?
 Is't not enough that Fancy's self hath
 left
 Thy broken slumber of her joys bereft ?

Oh ! is not this enough ! but must thou
 link
 Thy care-worn heart to an unloving
 mate,
 And for the bliss of chaste affection, drink
 The bitter cup of carelessness or hate,
 Unsolac'd and unpitied ?—Canst thou
 think
 There is on a thing earth so desolate
 As thou, who yieldest for thy tinsel prize
 Love's self, our last faint ray from
 Paradise ?
 So felt perchance Badoura, as she knelt

Before her father with her strange
petition :
Oh! in her voice what sweet persuasion
dwelt!
How moving was her look of meek
submission!
I don't know how her gracious father
felt,
But he was far too great a politician
To let absurd, intrusive feelings glance
Through his profound and passionless
countenance.

He simply answer'd, that "he quite
agreed
In every single syllable she'd said ;
Such notions were most amiable indeed,
And did much credit to her heart and
head.
He only griev'd that there was urgent
need
That she should set off instantly to
wed
The heir apparent of a distant State—
Her resolution had been formed too late."

This was not what Badoura had expected,
And a distracting scene of course
ensued ;
The Maid declar'd the match must be
rejected,
The King swore roundly, "bless him
if it should :
She ought to jump to be so well con-
nected,"—
She still persisted that she never
would :
He swore that she must do as she was
bid,
And should be lock'd up closely till she
did.

Poor girl, they shut her in a lonely tower,
(Oh! subject meet for melancholy
verse ;)
Nor would the old hard-hearted brute
allow her
One poor companion, save her kind
old Nurse.
'Twas a sad stretch of arbitrary power,
For the convenience of his privy
purse :
(I own to me it seems extremely funny
How money matters mix with matri-
mony.)

In the meantime, while all the Chinese
court
Was in confusion with this pleasant
scene,
Another, quite as pleasant of the sort,
Was acting by the Prince and Fad-
ladeen.
But 'twould be indecorous to report
Such angry squabbles as should ne'er
have been.
The Youth, in short, was of the Lady's
mind,
And like the Lady was the Youth
confin'd.

Judge not, fair dames, too harshly of his
heart,
Nor deem it quite to your attractions
blind,
Insensible and dead to Cupid's dart,
And careless of the eyes of woman-
kind,
Perhaps some luckier beauties had the
start
Of poor Badoura in his wayward
mind ;
Perhaps some young Court-Siren's fascina-
tion
Within his breast had caused a palpi-
tation.

Perhaps—but no—the truth must be
confest ;
No woman had dominion o'er his
soul ;
His eye had wander'd o'er earth's love-
liest,
And still his heart was free from their
control :
Yet did he madly love, and o'er his rest
Dreams of such bright and passionate
beauty stole,
As oft in slumber to the Poet's eyes
Disclose the long-lost joys of Paradise.

He was, I said, a Poet from his birth,
And fairyland around his boyhood
shone ;
His soul drank in the beauty of the
earth
With fervent joy, but near his father's
throne
How did he feel of kindred souls the
dearth!

How sigh for some belov'd and loving
 one,
 To whom he might in solitude reveal
 Bliss which the hearts around him could
 not feel!
 So he grew pensive, and at times would
 wander
 Through lonely dell, and unfrequented
 wood;
 And on his fate in deep abstraction
 ponder,
 And in his more imaginative mood
 Would picture to himself a dream of
 wonder,
 A lot he would have chosen if he could;
 And shadow out a creature who would
 be
 The gentle sharer of his sympathy.
 And then he search'd the tomes of old
 romance,
 (I don't know how he got romances)
 there
 He cull'd from many a heroine's counten-
 ance
 The traits he thought most exquisitely
 fair;
 From one he stole her eyes' o'erwhelming
 glance,
 And from another clipp'd her auburn
 hair:
 From this her lips, from that her blushes
 stole,
 And from five hundred form'd one lovely
 whole.
 And then for taste and feeling, sense and
 wit,
 With which this dainty creature must
 abound;
 Again he search'd all Tales that e'er were
 writ,
 And chose the brightest models that he
 found;
 Which blending with his dreamings, in
 a fit
 Of joy he swore that all the world
 around
 No living beauty could be found so bright
 As that which swam in his Quixotic
 sight.
 'Twas ever with him, this imagin'd form,
 And as the wayward fancy stronger
 grew;
 The bright creation shone in hues so
 warm,
 So palpably apparent to his view,

That he grew quite enraptur'd, and a
 storm
 Of such wild passion on his bosom
 blew,
 That in his fits he deem'd the vision real,
 And fell in love with this bright shape
 ideal.
 It was a silly fancy—never mind;
 It made him happy, if it made him
 mad:
 The worst on't was he could'nt feel
 resign'd
 To execute the orders of his Dad.
 But when he was, in consequence confin'd,
 Wrapt in this vision he was seldom
 sad,
 The King imagin'd that the boy was
 frantic,
 Though the fact was he only was romantic.
 The good old Monarch lov'd his headstrong
 son
 (Though 'twas a cruel measure, I must
 say,
 A thing which no wise Father would have
 done,
 To lock him up in that outrageous
 way),
 And, fearing sorely that his wits were
 gone,
 He bled and dosed him every other
 day.
 'Twas all in vain,—no physic could remove
 His wild, ideal, solitary love.
 Affairs bore now a most forlorn appearance,
 Both Monarchs were confoundedly
 afraid,
 That, spite of their parental interference,
 The marriage would be grievously
 delay'd.
 Though both had hopes, they said, "that
 in a year hence
 They might perhaps contrive to be
 obey'd."
 So in this state we'll leave them for the
 present,
 And turn to prospects rather less un-
 pleasant.
 I don't know how for many a weary line
 I've pros'd of courtship, wedlock, love,
 and fighting,
 Till I've arriv'd at Stanza forty-nine,
 And grown half-weary of the stuff I'm
 writing;
 And yet (confound this stupid head of
 mine)

Ne'er thought, one single moment of
 inditing
 A strain of soft and eulogistic flummery,
 On your approaching nuptials, Miss
 Montgomery.
 A little while—a few short weeks—and
 thou
 Shalt go forth gaily in thy bridal dress ;
 Serene, yet bearing on thy modest brow
 The timid blush of virgin bashfulness.
 And thou shalt pledge the irrevocable
 And utter (if thou canst) the fatal
 "Yes"
 At which most ladies' lips are apt to
 falter,
 When they come fairly to the marriage
 altar.
 Thou hast done wisely—thy young elo-
 quent eyes
 Long might with gentle victories have
 shone ;
 Well dost thou choose, for many a fleeting
 prize,
 The better triumph of securing one,
 Well dost thou choose, for many a lover's
 sighs,
 A husband's smile ; and since we can't
 but own
 That you were form'd for doing execution,
 The more praiseworthy is your resolution.
 But we shall miss, beside our quite hearth,
 The delicate form the sunshine of thine
 eye,
 The frankness of thy laughter-loving
 mirth,
 Thy voice so rich in sweetest melody ;
 And when I seek this dearest spot of
 Earth,
 From my world-weary roving, I shall
 sigh
 To meet no longer in my Father's hall
 The fairest face, the lightest step of all.
 I'll write a fine description in the papers
 Of the proceedings of your wedding
 day ;
 And give old maids and bachelors the
 vapours,—
 Telling how bright your looks, your dress
 how gay ;
 And then I'll praise your milliners and
 drapers,
 Beginning somewhat in the following
 way :
 "Married last week, at — in this
 Shire,

Miss H. Montgomery to T. S —,
 Esquire."
 Fie on my giggling Muse, who can't be
 serious
 For half a stanza on so grave a theme ;
 But 'tis in vain for me to be imperious,
 When she's determined to rebel ; I
 deem,
 Most courteous readers, that this strain
 will weary us,
 And I shall sadly sink in your esteem
 If I pursue it longer ; if you please
 I'll breathe awhile, and give your Worships
 ease.
 Yet, ere I close my Canto, I must mention
 What should have been declar'd some
 stanzas back—
 That 'twas not my original intention
 To follow so irregular a track ;
 And I must own I merit reprehension
 And punishment for having been so
 slack
 To introduce you to the sportive dame,
 From whom this wondrous story takes its
 name.
 I must implore your pardon, and will try
 (If you get through this Canto) in my
 next
 To check the roving of my Phantasy,
 And stick a little closer to my text.
 "I've wandered from my theme, yet scarce
 know why,"
 As sings a friend of mine,—for I'm
 perplext
 For time ; could I but polish as I would,
 I'd make my Poem wonderfully good.

Reviews.

SYSTEMATIC TEACHING.*

WE Englishmen are occasionally prone
 to indulge in a somewhat self-satisfied
 smile, not perhaps quite free from a

* "The Standard Guide to Knitting"—"The
 Standard Guide to Needlework"—"Diagrams of
 Patterns"—and "Broadsheet of Subjects" of
 above—by 'The Lady Manager.' London : The
 Central School Depot, National Society, Home
 and Colonial School Society, and all Booksellers.

"Some account of a new system of Elementary
 Teaching," by Edward Barrington de Fonblanque.
 London : Pickering.

pitiful condescension, when we hear our neighbours, on one side and another, boasting of their civilization and the enlightened education of their people.

When our German Connexions used to tell us of their wonderful Normal schools and of every child born in the country being compelled by its step-father, the State, to attend them, we used to think of a certain quality known as 'bombast'; and when our American Cousins were boasting that, notwithstanding the large importation of ignorant 'Britishers,' there was no natural born citizen of 'The States' that could not read and write, we were apt to give them credit, if not for strict veracity, certainly for a considerable use of the figure of speech called by them 'high-falutin.'

As for ourselves?—Well! we had a free and open Bible, a Bible so free, so open, and withal so cheap, that we put it, if it were not there already, into the hand of every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. One thing we quite forgot to ask or even think about—could they read it? Of course we pooch-pooched any such absurd question, and should probably have gone on pooch-pooching it till the end of time if certain philanthropic individuals—amongst whose names stands prominently forward that of a distinguished brother, Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, M.P. for Banbury,—had not have kept their eyes open when travelling abroad, and casting aside our insular prejudices, have been ready, not only to recognise, but to introduce any really good points in our neighbours' educational modes into our own system of national teaching.

It is quite true that before this time there were numerous schools, chiefly maintained by philanthropic bodies or individuals, scattered up and down the country, and a capital work they did, and doubtless a thoroughly good work so far as it went, or rather so far as it reached; but it did not reach far enough, and hence arose the necessity for the Government taking up the question and supplementing the then existing Voluntary Schools, by so many compulsory ones, that no child should be born and grow up in this land of ours without being provided, either at the costs of his parents or the State, with at least the rudiments of a sound education.

At first, of course, as in everything else exaggeration was the order of the day. Existing Schools were not only inadequate to cope with the numbers of the younger members of the community, but the education was worthless to a degree; and, therefore, the most wonderful schemes were mooted of making all our little Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, senior wranglers at least. Existing Schools too were mostly supported by either some self-denying individual, or some well-intentioned religious denomination; of course that individual exercised his right of "Shibboleth," and equally of course in any such denominational school, nothing was taught but the bitterest of sectarian "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness;" therefore religion must be altogether banished, and, so far as the State was concerned, a generation of polished heathens was to succeed the effete Denominationalists. Just as these exaggerations of scheme were rife amongst some of the first advocates of a National Education, so when this became an accomplished fact, was there a tendency to exaggeration in the details of the scheme.

The time, however, of such exaggerations seems now to be to a great extent passed by, and the 'Education Department' seems to be adopting a really rational and workable scheme; and whilst the Board sets forth reasonable requirements it offers to Schools a fair compensation for the good work of the scholars educated in them.

It is a good sign that the department is beginning to recognise that a mere fancy education is not the best schooling for the embryo servant or future poor-man's wife; other tongues than our own with the history and description of the lands in which they are spoken may be all very well in their way, piano-playing and tissue-paper mats may also, in some places, be a recognised want; but surely in Schools supported by the State, in which the few, very few, too few, years that can be spared of the future worker's life, must be employed in putting into the mental edifice a concrete foundation of sound information and useful knowledge, such fancy lessons are a little out of place. Forbid it that we should for a moment say that true genius, when found, should not have every opportunity given it of development; for such

individuals are as jewels to any State, and to be polished and treasured accordingly ; but such instances are rare. The majority of children are destined for a certain work in life, and whilst we would not deny them every possible opportunity of culture and advancement, we would most certainly insist upon it that there should first and foremost be instilled into them such useful knowledge as will prove not only a benefit to them, but will meet a necessity that they will experience in after-life.

With this view has evidently been framed the Department's requirements in the case of girls presented for examination, with a view of obtaining Government grants. After passing in any two of the four subjects—(surely the *last* would have been enough)—grammar, history, elementary geography, and plain needlework ; children, according to their standards, are eligible to compete in needlework for an annual grant of four shillings per child. This needlework beginning, in the case of infants of three, with position drill and simple hemming, goes on through every gradation of useful manipulation, such as hemming, seaming, stitching, felling, pleating, &c., &c., to the art of cutting out, fixing, and making garments of every description for women's and children's wear ; nor is mending neglected ; whilst that most useful employment, which may well take the place of light and fancy-work, stocking-knitting, is made a prominent feature in the scheme of teaching.

Now to meet these varied requirements of the Government, it is quite evident that some guide or manual of teaching is a boon if not an actual necessity ; and further, for such guide to be of real utility, it is quite as evident that it must not only state explicitly what the Department requires in every standard, but also the best way in which these requirements can be met ; in short, a handbook to be of real service must not only set forth 'what to do' but also 'how to do it.' One other necessity there is too in a work of this kind, and that is that, whilst it shall contain all that is necessary, it shall not extend to one line beyond ; and further, that that all that is necessary shall be told in the fewest possible words, and those of the simplest possible description.

Many guides, hand-books, and manuals

have been, and are still, published, and several of the best now lie before us ; but in nearly every case, either from the size and price of the book, or from the complicated nature of the details, or a pre-supposition of a great deal of knowledge that can hardly be called fundamental ; these, otherwise excellent, books are practically useless for the purpose we have in view. Not so however with a series of little works just published by Mr. J. S. Laurie, at the Central School Depot, 22, Paternoster Row, and dedicated by express permission to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, which are the embodiment of a system of teaching adopted by the Lady Manager of a Voluntary School in the neighbourhood of London.

These little books are a marvel of cheapness as well as excellence, and comprise "a broadsheet" for posting on the wall, containing the Government requirements in each standard, explained and arranged in a tabular form ; a statement of what specimens of work are required by the Government Inspector ; supplemented by a well thought-out weekly course of instruction. We say well thought-out, because the scheme, whilst taking in every kind of work required, so disperses it over the week and mixes it as it goes, that there is always sufficient variety to prevent weariness in the mind of the youngest child.

Next we have a little book in which all the mysteries of knitting are explained in each standard.

Next, a similar book, devoted to the details of sewing and cutting out.

And lastly, a series of diagrams on card, of the specimen garments required by the Inspector, drawn to scale, and so arranged that there is as little complication of form as possible and almost no waste of material, indeed none, if the advice of the authoress be followed to utilise all scraps in the instruction of the infants in the elementary principles of the art.

Add to this that the language is so simple that any child can read it for itself and understand it, and yet further, that 'The Lady Manager' fully justifies her title of doing what we have never seen done before, telling us to what use to put every specimen made, even to the smallest hemmed strips, and we think that we have

about as perfect a set of instruction books as can be devised whereby to instruct the youthful sempstress. We ought, perhaps, to add that specimens of the results of the teaching are in our hands, and that they fully carry out the opinion we have formed, and here express, of these little manuals, the whole of which we recommend all our lady-readers to procure and study at once, if only with a view to putting them into the hands of their own children.

We wish that we could say as much for the other work before us, but at the risk of seeming captious, we cannot but feel that, whilst it advocates a most valuable principle, it has gone a step too far into the region of 'faddles.' It is almost too self-evident to need statement that, in every school, Discipline is of the first importance; but, whilst we have not the least doubt that, in the school described by Mr. De Fonblanque as manipulated by the "signal," of which he gives an account in his little book, this quality is present in a marked degree, we cannot accept the proposition stated, at least by implication, that in all, or nearly all, schools not so worked there is—

"The usual noisy, slovenly method where the teacher deals out books to a parcel of children sitting all sorts of ways, using either or both hands, reaching over, talking, &c., thus necessitating the loss of several minutes before order is established and the work commences;"—

nor can we see that, if "the signal" were placed in the hands of any teacher whose schools were in such a condition as this, any difference whatever would be made thereby in order and discipline. All depends upon the tact and energy, qualified by the experience and patience of the teacher, and this being indisputably the case, we fail to trace the discipline of the Centre Vale Schools to "the signal" in shape and size resembling a glove stretcher; nor, if the only result of Mr. De Fonblanque's book be to lay down the rule that children, to gain the maximum of good at school with the minimum of trouble and anxiety on the part of the teachers, must be, at least, quiet and orderly, could we help recalling to mind a certain proverbial instruction of elderly ladies in the ovivorant art. But, although it may have been stated in a somewhat obscure manner, and the principle have been made subservient

to one of the ways of putting it into practice,—"the glove-stretcher signal" to wit,—we cannot but recognise that much good would accrue to both pupils and teacher by some more silent and methodical system than that generally in use.

As *one* way, then, if not *the* way, of working this desirable consummation, we may still commend Mr. De Fonblanque's book to our readers attention, trusting that it may, at least, help to bring about good results, if only in exciting in them an interest in the great work of education. We feel, however, that it may do even more than this,—exhibit the absurdity of a teacher's shouting himself hoarse where a less noisy method might be found. In any case we gladly welcome and heartily commend Mr. De Fonblanque's evidently disinterested effort to benefit our children by attempting to remove

"That stolid weariness which in ordinary schools gradually gathers on the pupils' faces, and that listless and hopeless air which is so often the characteristic expression of the teachers."

To give a child the power of imbibing knowledge is good, to awaken enquiry in its mind and so to develope its power of intelligently assimilating the knowledge so imbibed is better. To endue it with the power of reading that free and open Bible of which we spoke, is thus undoubtedly a benefit; what then is that quickening of the pupil's mind which shall fit it to understand what it reads, and reading act upon and profit by it? The one makes it a better citizen of Time, the other of Eternity.

W. T.

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS.

WE have seldom been so interested, or laughed so heartily for some time as we have done over a collection of original letters which appear in *Scribner's American Monthly* for September. We think it well, as the promoters especially of Masonic geniality, to communicate our impressions and enjoyment to others, and we therefore make no apology for reproducing them to our readers, commending earnestly as we

do to our readers our artistic and always enjoyable contemporary, *Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine*. The letters were written to an American, Captain E. E. Morgan, who commanded more than one American packet ship, and who seems to have won the confidence of his friends and retained the affection of his passengers. He died a few years back. He must have been a man of many parts, and much sterling merit. His biographer says that he was "honorable, generous, clear-sighted and sound of judgment, he was also more than ordinarily successful, while the wonderful heartiness which characterised him throughout was in itself a full source of happiness to him and to all who came within his influence."

We are also told, and no doubt truly—

"There can be no doubt that the strong friendship which subsisted for so many years between Captain Morgan and his English friends owed much of its charm to the fact that while he was a true lover of Old England, his devotion to New England was unswerving. His humour was of the dry Yankee type, and his jokes and stories, of which he had an unfailing supply, had always a flavour of the keen New England air."

One of his amusing narratives is alluded to in the following morceau :—

"One of the characters who did frequent duty in these stories was an old gentleman whose odd ways and speech were well known in his own corner of Connecticut. His piety was by no means of the sternest, but at the same time he was convinced that his Satanic Majesty had an especial spite against him, and would at any time go out of his way to do him an ill turn. This was held by Mr. S. to account for the fact that his ships had always more than their share of head-winds, and as his mind was set on thwarting the adversary, he succeeded, after various false starts, in maturing a plan which he believed precluded the possibility of failure. He made an arrangement by which four of his homeward bound ships sailed simultaneously from the four quarters of the compass, N., S., E., and W., so that let the wind blow as it would one ship at least must be in luck. 'Now, Mr. Devil,' said the old

gentleman, 'I've got you.' But, alas for the plans of mice and men, the devil is not so easily outwitted, and one would like to have seen the old gentleman's face, when with solemn gusto he ended the story of his defeat, 'It was a dead calm for six weeks!'"

When we state that he corresponded with Landseer, Dickens, Thackeray, Sydney Smith, and Turner, and last, though in no sense least, Miss Leslie, we need only remark that there must have been some great and remarkable qualities in the man to inherit so much fun and to develop such sincere friendship. Sir Edwin Landseer's are very amusing and interesting. We give two of them.

". . . Since last I wrote you my time has been chiefly occupied in the other art, sculpture! and it is likely to remain my daily pursuit for Heaven knows how long. It is two years since I have had a picture in the Royal Academy. This season I hope to assert myself in some sort of form. The two arts rather overwork me, and I lose weight, but not pluck. Now, if you realised the reputation that your friends give you in the old country, you would bring a shirt over to England, shake a lot of old friendly hands, and look at my colossal lions and say if I have done justice to Nelson! My lions are not bumptious, nor do they swagger, but look (I hope) as though they might be trusted, and, as a truly national group should be represented, are all gentleness and tranquillity till Nelson gives the word. Be a brick, and take us, not by surprise, but as you find us, viz., always delighted to see you. . . . Dickens has a house in London, so you would be sure of being welcome 'all the year round.' . . . Give serious attention to my invaluable hints; take a turn with us, and see how very much in earnest we are with old friends.

"Ever truly yours,

"E. LANDSEER."

"I have half a mind to make an example of you, and accept your invitation to the New England country. If I were not eager to make good certain promises in the old home land before going underground, I would drop in like Paul Pry, to laugh and sigh over old friends and old times.

. . . . As a good Welshman you will quite understand my hoping that the fighting may last in the new country as it did in the case of the Irish cats, and that when you come to tell the tails, I may be present. I trust that you will make an effort to return to *our* United States; you will find a very honest group happy to shake hands with you.

"Always sincerely yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

What can be more natural, and yet more genuinely delightful?

Sydney Smith's letter is characteristic, just as Thackeray's is most amusing. We give them both:—

"Sir: I should have written long since to have thanked you for your apples, but I unfortunately lost your address, and it lately occurred to me that I could find you by means of our friend, Mr. B. The apples have been eaten with universal applause after I had assured the company that they came from a solvent state. My opinion (worth something, not much) is that Pennsylvania will *not* pay. I heard my friend, Mr. Stokes, upon the subject, but his facts and his arguments led me to conclusions very opposite to his own. I sincerely hope that you have only a theoretical interest in the subject.

"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

"January 14th, 1844,
"Combe Florey, Taunton."

"My Dear Morgan: As soon as I am a free man, be sure I shall come down to — street to look for a kind old friend to whom I owe a letter of thanks for a box of old cigars, a most cordial shake of the hand, and a book, the last I wrote, which I brought from London with me expressly for E. E. Morgan, and in which his name is at the present moment written. Sir, I have been so busy that I have been nowhere except to E. 22d, where I found you lived by the directory, and when I got there with the books under my arm and saw the plate on the door, 'Good Heavens,' I thought, 'these Americans turn their hands to everything! Is it possible that, after having been a sea-captain, a farmer, a merchant, Morgan should now

be keeping a ladies' school?' But they told me it wasn't you that kept the young ladies' seminary, and that you didn't live in 22d street any more.

"Haven't I twenty more notes to write this morning?"

"I send my best regards to Mrs. Morgan and the young ones, and am,

"Your always, dear Morgan,
"W. M. THACKERAY."

Charles Dickens's must gratify all who have a grateful remembrance of the writer of "Pickwick" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." There is a heartiness about them quite catching, and a reality which is very pleasant:—

"My Dear Morgan: Another box of cigars just received at this little old-fashioned country house of mine, perched on the very hill-top where Falstaff ran away! You don't know, my dear fellow, how often you are with me. Two or three times every week, as I light my cigar after dinner and sit down in my study, or go out walking (according to the season) to muse, I say, 'I wonder whether Morgan will ever bring one of those big ships back, and beam upon me with the light of his bright face and hear *me* tell *him* the story of the wet lovers and the dry one!' God bless you and yours! I heartily tell you that every short letter from you comes to me like a wholesome breeze from the other side of the Atlantic, giving me assurance that fine natures and sound hearts will never die out of any land so long as the rainbow shines. . . .

"I will inaugurate the first chapter of the next book (whenever it comes into life — it is in the land of shadows now, unknown to me, but waiting to be born) by fumigating it with a cigar reserved from this very box.

"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Dear Friend: I am heartily obliged to you for your seasonable and welcome remembrance. It came to the office (while I was there) in the pleasantest manner, brought by two sea-faring men as if they had swum across with it. I have already told — what I am very well assured of concerning you, but you are such a noble

fellow that I must not pursue that subject. But you will at least take my cordial and affectionate thanks. . . . We have a touch of most beautiful weather here now, and this country is most beautiful too. I wish I could carry you off to a favourite spot of mine between this and Maidstone, where I often smoke your cigars and think of you. We often take our lunch on a hill-side there in the summer, and then I lie down on the grass—a splendid example of laziness—and say, 'Now for my Morgan!'

"My daughter and her aunt declare that they know the true scent of the true article (which I don't in the least believe), and sometimes they exclaim, 'That's not a Morgan,' and the worst of it is they were once right by accident. . . . I hope you will have seen the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round.' Here and there, in the description of the sea-going hero, I have given a touch or two of remembrance of Somebody you know; very heartily desiring that thousands of people may have some faint reflection of the pleasure I have for many years derived from the contemplation of a most amiable nature and most remarkable man. With kindest regards, believe me, dear Morgan,

"Ever affectionately yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

"I really cannot tell you how highly and heartily I esteem your friendship. What if I were to come to America and try to tell you myself? More unlikely things have happened since the world began. I have been making an extraordinary sensation in divers places by reading my Christmas books to immense audiences, and sometimes I have thought, dreaming with my eyes open, 'Lord! I should not wonder if they would be very glad to hear me in America, after all.' I saw Leslie not long ago, looking very well, but, on the whole, exceedingly like Don Quixote, with a grizzled beard. All your other artist friends are flourishing. I dined with a dozen of them last Tuesday, and they all smelt horribly of oil and varnish. . . .

"We have as much public humbug here as usual, and I should very much like (in imitation of your Washington legislature) to dodge it with a stoneware spittoon, and dash its brains out."

The following letter of Turner will be welcome to all Turnerites:—

"47, Queen Anne St.

"Dear Captain Morgan: The storm of Saturday last having stove in the dead-lights in my gallery it is at present a complete wreck. Have the goodness to ask Mrs. Morgan to allow all the time available before you sail for America for the said broken lights to be repaired by the glaziers. The room is now in a state of darkness to keep the rain out.

"Many thanks for the brushes and kind offer of a trip to Portsmouth. Believe me truly your obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

And now we come to what we venture to deem the "gems" of the collection—the very quaint and witty letters of Miss Leslie. The writer says there are others. We hope to see them in print, for they are worth a great deal in this age of dulness and dissipation, and full-mouthed pretension and brazen hypocrisy, combined.

"Dear Captain: Shall we ever forget that sunset with your sublime ship before it, both fading from our eyes at once, as you set sail in a manner worthy of so great a man? Our ceaseless wish is that you may come again like the sun to brighten our horizon; we should, as W. said, 'know you by your cross-jack yards the moment we saw the top of your mainmast.' But I must tell you how we spent the rest of that evening after we parted from you. At the dock we all got into one fly (Gravesend flies are small), nine of us and the driver (we did it by the rule of three and one over), and drove to the hotel. By the time we had accomplished a grand white-bait tea, we found it was half-past nine; we could not be in time for that train, we must stay till half-past ten, of course; so we all took a promenade on the terrace fronting the river, which by this time had assumed a most poetical appearance, with distant ships, light reflected on the calm, &c. I wish it were possible for my weak mind, and weaker pen, to give you a faint idea of the fun that we had, the poetry that was composed, blank verse recited, &c., but it can't be done; I must leave the whole scene to your powerful imagination,

and if you sketch it to the utmost, it will not be able to picture the merriment of our party. At last we went back to the railway and luckily caught the last train. We all got into one large saloon carriage, which just held us and one stranger, who, I am certain, must have thought himself bewitched. There were two lamps in the carriage, and some of our party proposed spending a fortnight in it, going up and down, without communicating with our unfortunate relatives. Dickens was in the best humour in the world; he stuck all the tickets round his hat, to the astonishment of the guard. We all came home in one omnibus, and Dickens dropped one tear into it when he left us. It was past one o'clock when we blessed the sight of our wondering friends, and I am sure I never enjoyed a day's excursion so much in my life. Of course you have seen what Mr. Thackeray wrote in the next *Punch*, with E. E. Morgan's name in letters a yard high. We have seen him two or three times since, and he always speaks of you and says he is going to write to you about his lectures. He has sent me a ticket, and we have been to two; they were delightful. Your friend, Mrs. B., goes, because she says she has found it is 'the thing to go to Thackeray.' He gives them at Willis's Room, and has crowded audiences—all the great people. . . . Sir Edwin Landseer is going to the Queen's fancy ball on Friday, and was here all one afternoon for papa to help him choose his dress. Landseer was so amusing! He told us that Count d'Orsay, when he was going to a fancy ball, sent a very splendid walking-stick to his tailor and told him to dress him according to that.

"I am savage to think you should have missed Mr. Peabody's grand ball, the very grandest event since you left England, but it's of no use to say anything about it. I send you one of the *cartes de danse*, and from that you can imagine what the rest of the entertainment was, and how the American eagle hopped about quite tamely with the American flag in his beak.

"I was told that His Eagleness condescended to dance a polka with a certain young English beauty, but I can't say I saw it. The Duke of Wellington shook hands with everybody and looked delighted, and as for lions, they roamed about as

gentle as doves. I have such an exquisite drawing by Dick Doyle (who went, he says, in the character of a poor artist of the reign of Queen Victoria), of the Duke of Wellington shaking hands with a crowd of pretty girls. He (Dick) sent it to me with the inclosed 'carte' for you, as I had lost mine at the ball, with my heart and a few other trifles. My adored Thackeray was there, too, and he told me who all the great people were, and introduced me to Disraeli. He says the 'carte' I send you is a 'Peabodial trophy.'

"Mamma is gone out of town, and papa is going to the Duke of Northumberland at Sandwich, so we shall be left like Bannard, with no pa—nor—a—ma. When they come back we are going to have the best party on record, but it won't be complete without you, so let me know what day will suit you, and I will send out invitations accordingly, but you must not be long crossing the stream—never mind damaging a little canvas. We will have Dickens, Thackeray, and a blaze of genius, and not a single person or party of high principles admitted. I can't write any more, for the family is gone to bed, and you know how I am afraid of ghosts, so I wish you all as pretty a moonlight night as this . . . I must not get too sentimental, though it is excusable in winding up; even sailors sing sentimental songs in winding up (I mean weighing the anchor), so I shall anchor here for the night, 'off the drawing-room lights,' mean time, 11 o'clock. "H. J. L."

"Free and Enlightened Citizen: You have never been to Paris. I pity you. I have been to Paris, and a delightful place it is. Such churches! such palaces! such pictures!—miles and miles of pictures! such gardens! such houses! such streets! such hotels! such shops! such coffee! such waiters! such hats! such boots and shoes! such bridges! such fountains! such fortifications! such *gens d'armes*! such Bonapartes! I don't know which of all these things delighted me most; but I know Versailles would suit you, for in the palace there are many large rooms full of pictures showing Bonaparte doing everything he ever did or didn't; and, above all, there is a picture of him as he appeared

pardoning the Duke of Wellington after he had won the battle of Waterloo!

"Louis Philippe desired to be kindly remembered to you, or, as he expressed it, '*Veillez, mademoiselle, faire mille et-mille compliments, et dire tout ce qu'il y a de plus tendre de ma part à mon ami le Napoléon de Connecticut.*'"

"We found the French more polite than we could have believed any earthly beings to be. The churches are splendid, and in one we wished particularly for your presence, as over the altar there was a picture of Napoleon in quite a new position—that is to say in heaven! or very near it. By the bye, you are perhaps not aware that you have been elected President of the Royal Academy, and are expected to come over at once to commence the duties of that high position. The temporary president is Eastlake, who has been knighted, as, of course, you will be on your arrival. I went to the Royal Academy the other day with the Doyles, and we saw P—— come in (you remember how short he is). Dick said, 'I won't speak to him; why don't he come full length like other people, or else stay in the miniature-room?' P—— came to see us yesterday, and is as mysterious as ever. We suppose him to be the man in the moon, and that he can only get leave of absence 'when de moon am gone away.' He takes, he says, 'a morbid view of everything;' the world is getting worse and worse every day, and sighs as deeply as his size will let him for the good old times when you might see any of your friends' heads stuck on Temple Bar, or be burned yourself for saying your prayers out of fashion. He says that you are the only person one never sees too much of. You always like to hear of my misfortunes, so I will tell you of the last, on Monday, just as we were starting for a party at Dickens's!

"You must know I had a very pretty pot of snowdrops of which I took such care and was so fond, and that evening, to my horror, the maid threw them down and completely smashed them! She did it in the dark, so I could not scold, and for want of better relief I cried!—there's a goose! made my eyes red, &c.—'no consequence'—went to Dickens's; never enjoyed a party so much in my life; danced with Cruikshank; talked with Thackeray

a great deal; he smokes, luckily, so I am going to send him some of the cigars you left, as I am sure no one can be more worthy of them in your opinion or in mine. Now you know who is the reigning monarch! The room was full of genius and fun, and I got leave of absence for the night from the 'High Principled Society.' Mark Lemon said it spoilt his back hair to dance in a crowded quadrille. I talked to Stanfield about the attempt you and papa made to steal the club drawings. He asked how I heard it, and I told him I saw it in the police reports: I need not tell you all the people who were there. . . . Though I know you don't get my letters, I write because it is my duty to do so; but you should remember that a correspondence is like a triangle, it should have two sides equal to one another.

"H. J. L."

"The barometer is very low; it rains; the postman is seen looming; he comes in; and what a consolation to find a letter in the box from the captain! The spirits of the whole house rise. Papa has just returned from a visit to the Duke of——, and declares that dukes are the pleasantest people in the world except captains. He talked rather grandly when he first came back, but has come down again now and walks to Hampstead every fine Sunday. I go with him to keep him from being carried away by effects—chimney-pots, &c. He is going to lecture there soon on Constable and Girtin, and the room will be hung all round with their pictures; but I'm afraid the Hampstead Heath-ens won't understand it. The Chalons have gone to a new house at Kensington, that is, an old house, very pretty with a real garden. We paid a state visit and were shown everything, and, as they have some goats, Alfred said, 'Would you like to see a chamois-hunt?' Then Louis carried a beautiful little kid to the other end of the garden, and called Tiny and Mizzy, and let the kid go; away it bounded, and the two fat dogs ran after it for a few yards, and then gave it up; but the grand triumph was to see the little kid jump over a crag of flower-pots placed expressly to make the chase more interesting. Alfred is much the same, but John is much changed; Stanfield and Landseer have both been ill, and the club is entirely

given up. I believe Stump met by himself for a good while. All the rest of our world is the same as ever, except that everybody has had the influenza, and everybody thinks he has had it worse than anybody else, and gets quite angry if you don't allow it. Do you remember a fine, handsome young man, very lively, named Mr. George Peabody? I am thinking of falling desperately in love with him. He took us to the opera the other night, and treated us so magnificently and gave us such beautiful bouquets, that we think he must be one of the princes of the 'Arabian Nights' revived, and reverence him accordingly. He gave a grand breakfast lately at the Star and Garter (in writing to a native of the U. S. I should have said Star and G—). We and everybody else went, and afterward we had Grisi and Mario to sing 'Yankee Doodle.' . . . We are just now like a magnified 'Happy Family'—Yankees, Turks, Rooshians, Prooshians, Chinese, Germans, Tartars, French, Italians, camels, elephants, hippopotamuses, and cardinals—all living peacefully in one cage. All London, soul and body, is absorbed in the Great Exhibition of Industry, and when we say we haven't been, people stop talking to us as if we were deaf and dumb, but we won't go till you come to go with us. There is to be an opposition Exhibition of Idleness, to which I am going to send something.

"'No Popery' is all the fashion—no one knows what it will come to; but, if the Roman Catholics get the best of it and roast us all, you shall have some of the ashes of your dearest friends sifted and sent over in a coal-scuttle. I don't mean to be burnt, but shall join the Pope's party.

"By the bye, we had such a nice lecture from Thackeray on Pope (of England), and, ever since, all the family have been reading or grabbing at Pope's letters, which, to my shame (and yet to my joy, for they are such a new treat), I have seen all my life in the book-case and never read a word of, for two foolish reasons—one, because they are bound in a colour that most dull books wear, and, the other, that the pictures in the beginning are of a class that I hate, namely, Roman emperors with hooked noses, and temples of learning with pastoral warriors in armour with shepherds'

crooks larger than the temples. I dare say you have met with that kind of books, and avoided them as I did, but, if you don't know Pope's letters, do make friends with them very soon. . . . Have you forgotten all your poetry on that high stool? We shall call you as they do the cardinal, 'His Eminence,' if you don't come down. I am sure you could not read Burns up there; Milton, you might, perhaps, and, pray tell me if you think there is as much sense in 'Lycidas' as in the 'Twa Dogs.'

"Papa looks so well in his Turkish dress (which he had made for our fancy-dress party) that he says he has been an ugly Englishman long enough, and now intends to go and live in Constantinople and be a handsome Turk for the rest of his days. Mamma and all send love to the poor captain, who has got aground at last after so many safe voyages. "H. J. L.

"Mrs. P. makes me open this to tell you that she has entirely forgotten you. I went with her to Mdme. Tussaud's last night, and tried to bring you to her recollection by taking her into the Napoleon room and showing her the wax-works for which the catalogue says you are the model. I was delighted with everything, and we got into a regular row and were nearly taken up by the police for staring at a live man, taking him for a wax murderer and criticising him accordingly, and, though his eyes very naturally rolled fiercely in his head, we, of course, thought that was part of his business. Mrs. P. won't let me write any more, and, besides, I can't spell well with her pen, so good-bye."

"Tell the captain that the two Chalon boys have got some new pets. A pair of fine carp were sent them to eat, but Louis said, 'Oh, Mr. Alfred, they're not dead.' So they put them in a tub of water and they revived, and now they have a wire net over the tub to keep cats and all the other wild beasts that roam in the deserts of Wimpole-street from eating them, and they feed them on minnows, and take all their friends to look at them."

We think our readers will agree with us that few more thoroughly witty letters it

is impossible to read or to realise, and we shall be very glad to know when we can gratify alike our sense of intellectual fun and playful pleasantry with some more like them. We conclude this little but, we venture to think, very readable paper with one of Captain Morgan's good stories :—

“On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one, but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments' thought, said : ‘ It's a fine calm day ; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard ; I'll have a boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you.’ This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardour, no less wet than themselves, fled to her state-room and sent for her adviser, the captain. ‘ Now, captain,’ cried she in despair, ‘ what am I to do?’ ‘ Ah, my dear,’ replied the captain, ‘ if you want a sensible husband, *take the dry one*’—which she did.”

DEAR HEART MINE.

DEAR heart mine
 How clear to-day
 That form of thine
 With me doth stay !
 What boots repeating,
 How still for me,
 Fond memory's greeting
 Seems but a Vesper sigh for thee ?

Long years roll by,
 And Time fast flown,

Speaks with a sigh
 To me alone ;
 For all I hear,
 And all I see,
 Does but appear
 Dear heart mine, a dream of thee !

If fancy's hushed,
 If faith's congealing,
 If hope is crushed,
 If life's revealing
 A sombre hue ;
 If doomed to flee
 Are hopes most true,
 Dear heart mine, I think of thee !

In tears by day,
 In dreams by night,
 Though far away,
 Yet fair and bright,
 Thy laughing face
 In winsome glee,
 In untold grace,
 Dear heart mine, betokens thee !

Oh, gracious sight !
 How much I prize
 All clear and bright
 Those loving eyes,
 Which seems to shine
 In words to me,
 “ I still am thine !”
 Yes, dear heart mine, I dream of thee !

NEMO.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. V.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

(A Tale from the Italian.)

TANCRED, Prince of Salerno, was distinguished in the age in which he lived for the courtesy of his manners, and the kindness and generosity of his disposition ; and he would have preserved this character to his grave, if, in his old age, he had not, by a strange concurrence of events, become the murderer of his child and of his friend. This child, the only one he ever had, was

a daughter; and happier far would it have been for the souls of both, if she had never existed. No father ever loved a daughter with more tenderness; insomuch that it was not until Sigismunda had passed the age usually destined for the marriages of the Italian Princesses, that Tancred could prevail upon himself to part from her. She was, however, at length betrothed to the son of the Duke of Capua, who dying within a very short time afterwards, she returned, as the custom is, to her father's palace, a blooming widow. There are some old natives of Salerno who remember having seen her in their boyhood, and they relate, that her shape was exquisitely proportioned; that she was rather taller than the ordinary run of women, with a most pleasing roundness of figure, quite consistent with perfect elegance; all they could say of her face was, that they had never seen anything like it since throughout their lives; and that altogether, her youth, her vivacity and wit, rendered her the gem, or the rose, of the south of Italy.

When the days of her mourning were expired, her father introduced her publicly in his court, which was one of the most splendid of the age, and took great pleasure in indulging her in every sort of luxury and amusement that she had a fancy to, chiefly with a view to prevent her from desiring a second marriage, and so to keep her near him for the remainder of his life. But it is not the first time that love has baffled the plans of greater princes than Tancred; and, in the present instance, before that potent influence, all the nets which were hung around the heart of Sigismunda, were ineffectual to bar the access of the little Corsair God. Amongst the numerous retainers of the court, there was a youth called Guiscard, who, though of low birth and mean connexions, had, by means of the beauty of his person, his gentle and polite manners, and well-known courage, been taken great notice of by Tancred, and at length raised from extreme poverty to be his constant attendant, in quality rather of companion than page. With this youth Sigismunda fell passionately in love, as was not much to be wondered at; and he, from the first moment he had seen Sigismunda, had scarcely dismissed her image from his mind; but knowing the

vast distinction of rank between himself and the Princess, it had never entered into his head that his love could ever be ought else but a fruitless romantic attachment, which he must conceal within his heart from the eyes of all the world. Thus affairs stood some little time; each loving in secret, without the consciousness of being loved in return, and each despairing of that which despair alone rendered impossible. But it is the nature of all passion, more especially of love, to be always in motion, increasing or decreasing, and so it fell out (and let not the gentle lover, Knight or Lady, blame the poor girl for her rashness) that Sigismunda, becoming more and more enthusiastic in her devotion to Guiscard every time she saw him, and perceiving that the dignity of her rank constrained her to make the first advances, resolved at length to drop somewhat of the reserve usual to females in these matters, and contrive, by means of a stratagem, to make known the condition of her heart to the young and amiable, but humble, object of her affection. To this end she wrote a letter, containing minute instructions to Guiscard of the mode which he should adopt of procuring an interview with her on the following day, and, concealing it within a hollow cane or tube, which, in that country, is used for the purpose of blowing a fire, she sportively presented it to him, with these words: "If you are wise you will make use of this cane to kindle a flame at home." The youth took it, and reflecting within himself that Sigismunda would not have given him such a present without some hidden meaning, he went to his own house, and, finding upon examination that the cane was cut through on one side, he opened it, and discovered the letter, and read it, and blessed his stars for his good fortune, considering himself, not without some appearance of reason, as the happiest man living. The means of accomplishing the proposed plan of meeting now occupied all his thoughts.

Now, adjoining the royal palace there was a grotto, excavated in the mountain, which had been used in former days for purposes of war and rapine, and into which a scanty light descended through an aperture at the top, which aperture, however, owing to its having been for many years

entirely abandoned, was now, in a great measure, choked up by thorns and wild bushes growing there. Into this grotto a secret staircase led from that part of the palace in which the Princess herself had taken up her particular residence, though it had been so entirely disused for a great length of time, that most probably not a person in the palace remembered its situation, or even its existence. But Love, to whose eyes nothing is so hidden that it will not become manifest, had turned the ardent imagination of the enamoured maiden to benefit by this ancient prison, or receptacle for booty. She employed herself many days in effecting an opening into the staircase, which had been guarded by a large massy door, and having at length descended into the grotto itself, she calculated the height from the ground to the opening, and told Guiscard in her letter the result, and whither he was to betake himself, and at what time, to accomplish the intended interview. Accordingly, the youth procured a rope-ladder of sufficient strength and length, and, protecting himself from the thorny bushes at the opening by a coat of leather, without letting another soul into the secret, went by night to the mountain, and, having fastened his ropes to a stump of a tree, descended safely and quietly into the cavern below. The next day, the maiden pretended to her damsels that she wished to sleep, and having caused them all to retire, and fastened her chamber-door inside, she opened the staircase entrance, and flew down into the grotto, where Guiscard expected her. Need I describe the rapturous expressions of love and joy which burst forth from the happy pair on their first embrace? Need I say that Guiscard fell at the Princess's feet, and swore eternal fealty to the sovereign of his heart, and that Sigismunda, half blushing and half smiling, bade him not swear lightly, for that Love was a tyrant, and would not endure or pardon rebellion? After their first emotions were a little subsided, the maiden conducted her lover into her apartment; and, taking their seats by the side of a window, which commanded all the romantic country and sea-view around Salerno, they mused in sweetest melancholy upon their unequal lot in life, which forbade their openly avowing their attach-

ment to the world; and the Princess often sighed, and wished she had been born a shepherdess—and the youth as often responded to her look by an inspiration that he could have been able to have demanded her hand as a Prince. At length, by a simultaneous movement of their feelings, the idea of a secret marriage suggested itself: and, when once either had taken the courage to communicate it to the other, it was immediately determined upon, and the means alone formed the subject of their doubts. Guiscard was nephew to an aged priest, whose godchild he was, and with whom he was an absolute favourite. After leaving the grotto with the same precautions as before, he flew to this priest, whom, after long entreaty, and much argument about the danger and propriety of such a step, he engaged to attend him to the mountain the next night; and, having let themselves down by the ladder, they waited but a few minutes, until Sigismunda, arrayed in white, and resplendent with jewels, made her appearance with a torch. Upon Guiscard's expressing his surprise at seeing her so richly dressed, she said, "I was willing to do our nuptials all the honour which I could have bestowed upon them if they had been open and notorious; for, dearest Guiscard, this rugged grot and single torch, sanctuary and light as they are of genuine love, please me far better than gilded roofs and ten thousand lamps, when they only serve to add the weight of splendour to that of sorrow." This tender speech filled the heart of her lover with the softest emotions; and he thought that he had never, to this moment, loved the beautiful creature before him with half the fervour and devotion of soul with which he now felt himself animated. The aged priest shortly placed their hands within each other; and, faintly chanting a Latin service, and pronouncing a benediction upon the lovers, bade them ever, in all holiness and sincerity, protect and defend each other, and know no change of affection to the end of their lives.

It was two months after their marriage, while they were yet intoxicated with their own perfect happiness, and fondly believed that it would last for ever, that Fortune, envious of so much and so pure delight, determined to crush the opening blossoms of their garden of bliss, and in an instant

sweep away with a hurricane all the airy illusions of the love-created Elysium. To understand how all this came to pass, you must know, gentle Reader, that Tancred delighted so much in his daughter's company, that he very frequently went without attendants into her apartment, and would spend many hours in conversation with her, and take great pleasure in hearing her play upon the guitar, upon which instrument she was accounted an excellent performer. Now it happened one day that the Prince, after dinner, took it into his head to pay one of these visits to his daughter; and finding, upon entering her apartment, that she was amusing herself in the gardens with her maidens, he was not willing to call her away from her diversion; but perceiving the windows all closed, and the curtains of the summer couch let down, he sat himself at the foot of the said couch upon a cushion, and, reclining his head against the side of the frame, and drawing the curtains over him, he fell sound asleep. Soon after this, Sigismunda softly entered the room without her attendants; and, not perceiving her father, proceeded immediately to open the door of the grotto staircase to admit Guiscard; whom, as the Fates were determined to destroy them, she had appointed to meet her that day. Guiscard was there; and, going to their favourite seat by the window, which they opened, they were absorbed in fond questions and eager answers, and indulging in the chaste and innocent endearments of nuptial love, until upon Guiscard's saying, with an animated tone of voice, "My dearest wife, let us fly from hence, and live in humble liberty;" and accompanying the speech with a kiss upon her cheek, Tancred awoke, saw the action, but heard not the words, was struck dumb with astonishment; and was at first upon the point of rushing forward with his drawn sword upon the couple, but the natural hesitation attending old age checked him, and he determined to remain concealed, and make sure of his victim by other means; and, besides, he was anxious to spare his daughter's reputation as much as possible. The two lovers continued a long time in the same manner repeating their caresses, until, upon its growing dark, they separated; Guiscard to the grotto, and

Sigismunda to call her maidens. In this interval Tancred emerged from his hiding-place; and, being willing to escape observation, he let himself into the garden from a small window which communicated very nearly with the ground, by a flight of steps, to another window below. Upon his return to his chamber he gave loose to his restrained indignation and deadly sorrow; for it seemed to him certain that his daughter had dishonoured herself, and that with one of such low and ignoble condition, as aggravated the disgrace. Inflamed with rage, he gave orders that two of his guards should watch the egress of the grotto, through which he immediately conjectured that Guiscard must make his escape, and strictly enjoined them, at all hazards, to bring him alive in his presence, which was shortly after accomplished: for though Guiscard was strong and brave, yet, being taken unexpectedly, with such odds, and encumbered with his leathern dress, he could make no effectual resistance. Upon being brought into his presence, Tancred gazed upon the prisoner; and, hardly refraining from tears, from the recollection of his past affection for the youth, and the fate which now awaited him, said—"Guiscard, my kindness towards you did not, methinks, deserve the outrage and the shame which you have inflicted upon me, and of which, alas! I myself have this day been an agonized witness." To which Guiscard replied nothing but this: "Love was more powerful than either you or myself." Tancred upon this ordered him to be removed quietly into some inner chamber, and guarded until further orders; which was instantly performed. The next day (Sigismunda all this while knowing nothing of the fate of her husband), Tancred ruminated for many hours upon his future conduct towards his daughter; which ended at length in his going about the same hour as in the preceding evening to her apartment; and, having closed the door, and called her to him, he took her hand for a moment in silence, then let it go; and, withdrawing himself somewhat from her, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, to the amazement of Sigismunda; in a few minutes, however, he recovered himself, and with a distressed, yet kind tone of voice, he began thus:—"Sigis-

munda, supposing as I did, that I knew your virtue and sincerity, it would never have occurred to me that you could have deigned to give up your honour to any man; nay, that you could ever have thought of such a thing: this you have done, and the small remainder of my life is now embittered by the reflection of my having outlived the modesty of my child. I wish, indeed, to God, that at least you had selected for your lover some man of illustrious rank; but now, amidst all the various princes and nobles of my court, you have picked out this Guiscard, whom I myself brought up from infancy and rescued from poverty, and who hath never been emancipated from a servile condition. With him—for know that I have taken him and have him in confinement—I am resolved how to act; but with you, God knows, I am at a loss what to do. On one side love draws me, for no father ever loved his child more than I did; on the other, a most just anger at your great crime: the one bids me pardon; the other orders me, against my nature, to behave cruelly to you. But before I take one part or the other, I desire to hear what you yourself have to say;” and having thus spoken, he bent down his face, and wept so violently, that you might almost have supposed him a corrected child.

Sigismunda hearing her father's words, and perceiving that not only her secret love was discovered, but that Guiscard was also in prison, was penetrated with a thrilling pang of despair which nearly overwhelmed her, and she was many times at the point of bursting into lamentations and tears, as most women are accustomed to do; but soon her lofty spirit quelled this inclination to weakness, and recomposing her countenance and repressing the starting tear, instead of having recourse to prayer and entreaty, she determined at once to die herself, since she considered her Guiscard as now already dead also. Therefore not as a sorrowing female, or one caught in a fault, but as one regardless of fate and courageous in misfortune, with a serene look and steady voice, she thus replied to her father:—“Tancred, I am not disposed to deny or supplicate; since the one will not avail me; and I do not myself wish that the other should avail me; neither do I, by any act of mine

intend to appease your anger, or render you propitious to my voice; but, confessing the truth, I will defend my reputation with reason, and then, as by my deeds shall appear, will unalterably execute the fixed purpose of my soul. It is true, that I have loved, and do love, Guiscard, and as long as I live, which now will be but short, I will love him, and if in death it be conceded me to love, even there will I love him still. That I have forfeited my claim to innocence I deny. I am not the mistress—I am the consecrated wife of Guiscard. Love called us, but religion joined us and blessed us. Pure as the robe that now veils it, is the heart that beats within me: if to love be a crime, I yield and own myself an offender without redemption. But where learned you that doctrine? not, O Tancred, when you fought to save and win my mother, as I have heard you oft relate with mixed triumph and sorrow! And have you forgotten that I am young? But again you say, that Guiscard is ignoble and base, and that I might have selected a noble of your court upon whom to confer my heart. Your nobles are not so noble as Guiscard. God created all mankind equal; he gave them, and does now, although the world think differently, give them courage, and genius, and virtue, without reference to title or riches. He who is most eminently endowed with these gifts—he is the noblest of all; and can you deny to Guiscard now, what so often you have allowed to him formerly? It was you who first taught me to love him by extolling his modesty, and valour, and gentleness, and wit, and yet you call him ignoble! You speak not the truth! But he is poor—let it be so! It was your fault that, knowing his worth, you did not heap riches upon him; but let him be poor—kings have become beggars, and beggars ere now have lived to be the greatest of kings. You doubt, you say, what you should do with me!—dispel that doubt; for if now, in your old age, you are determined to do that which in your youth you would abhorred, that is, be unjust and cruel—proceed—torture me! I will not shrink or pray to you; and if left to myself, I swear to inflict upon myself, by my own hand, whatever you shall do, or have already done, to Guiscard. Go, then, and shed

those tears with my women, and then ferociously kill, by the same blow, a husband and wife."

Tancred, though he was conscious of the determined character of his daughter's mind, yet did not think she would put in execution all that she had threatened; and being indignant at the open, and, as he thought, shameless avowal of her connexion with his own servant, he departed, secretly resolving, not, indeed, to use any kind of violence upon Sigismunda herself, but to cool the fervour of her love by removing for ever from her the living object of it. Accordingly he gave orders to the two who guarded Guiscard, that on the ensuing night, with the utmost silence, they should strangle their prisoner, cut out his heart, and bring it to him. Which being forthwith executed, and the heart on the next day being presented to the Prince, he ordered a very large and richly-chased gold cup to be brought, in which he placed the bloody relique, and closing it with a lid of gold, committed it to a faithful page, with injunctions to deliver it to Sigismunda with these words:—"Your father sends you this to console you for the loss of that which you loved most; as you consoled him for the loss of what he once loved most."

In the meantime Sigismunda, unshaken in her terrible purpose, had been collecting certain poisonous herbs and roots, with which she was well acquainted, and had distilled from them a deadly liquor, which she kept close to her to use instantly, as she knew for certain what she anticipated must happen. The page entered with the present and with the enjoined words; and the maiden, taking the cup, and uncovering it, and seeing the heart, knew in a moment that it must be Guiscard's. A short space she fixed a vacant gaze on it; but in an extraordinary manner recovering herself, with perfect calmness she answered the messenger thus:—"A coffin, less royal than this golden one, did not become a heart so nobly formed as this, whosoever it be; in this my father hath acted discreetly." And having thus spoken, lifting the cup to her mouth, she kissed the heart and then continued:—"In every thing from my infancy, even to this last extreme hour of my life I have always found the love of my father most

tender towards me, but now more than ever; render, therefore, I charge you, my last thanks to the author of my existence for this so splendid and invaluable a present." This said, she again bent her gaze upon the cup, which she held with a convulsive grasp close to her bosom, and kissing the heart, went on thus:—"Ah, sweetest habitation of all my earthly pleasures, accursed be the cruelty of him who has caused me to behold thee with the eyes of my face. It was enough for me to see thee at every hour more clearly with the eye of my mind. Thou hast finished thy course, and now thou art rid of thy worldly fortune, whatever it might have been. Thou art arrived at that goal whither we all are running. Thou hast left all the miseries and the fatigues of this world, and hast gained from thine enemy himself a sepulture worthy of thy merit. Nothing was wanting to thy perfect obsequies, but the tears of her whom thou lovedst so dearly when alive; and no doubt God has put it into the heart of my indignant father to send thee to me, that I might perform this last duty. My tears thou shalt have; and then suffer me to dry these fountains, which would flow for ever; for I have determined to die royally, without a groan or a tear. I will hasten to join thee; thou shalt not long mourn in solitude for thy love. With whom or when could I better make the journey to the unknown regions of eternity, than with thee? Blest spirit, speak to me; for I know by a mysterious pressure upon my soul, that at this instant thou art hovering around me, and taking a last farewell of the scenes of our earthly joys. Spirit—yet a moment, and I come to thee for evermore!" Thus speaking, without any womanish lamentation, she bent her head upon the cup, and, in a miraculous abundance, shed a torrent of tears into it, kissing every instant the dead heart before her. Her *attendant damsels knew neither what heart it was, nor the import of her soliloquy; but moved with pity they approached her, inquiring the cause of her grief, and proffering their feeble consolations. After she had given her

* The remainder of the translation has been given by another hand, owing to a circumstance which it is unnecessary to explain.

sorrows full scope, she raised up her head, and wiping her eyes exclaimed, "Thou heart most tenderly beloved! all my duty is now performed towards thee; and it only remains for my soul to accompany thine!" Then she bade them reach the vessel which she had prepared the day before, and pouring its ingredients into the cup containing the heart, which was bathed all over with her tears, she drank it off without the least dread or apprehension, and threw herself upon her couch with the cup in her hand. Composing her body as decently as she could, and clasping her lovers heart to her own, she lay without uttering a word more, calmly awaiting the approach of death. Her maidens, on observing this, though they knew not what she had drunk, sent to inform Tancred of the circumstance; who, fearing what had really happened, came into the chamber soon after she had laid herself down, and although it was too late began to pour forth the most bitter lamentations: she then addressed him—"Sir, reserve those tears against worse fortune that may happen—I want them not. Who but myself would mourn for an event which by thee hath been brought about? But if any part of that affection now remain in thee, which I once enjoyed, grant this my last request—that, as thou would'st not permit us to be happy together whilst living, our two bodies (wherever you have disposed of his) may be publicly interred together when dead." Extreme grief forbade him to reply. Finding herself drawing near her end, she pressed the heart with an effort of remaining strength to her bosom, saying, "Receive us, Heaven, I die." Then, closing her eyes, all sense forsook her, and she was released from a world of sorrow. Such an end had the loves of Guiscard and Sigismunda. The Prince, too late repented of his cruelty, caused his unfortunate victims to be buried in one grave, with the most public solemnities; and the people of Salerno, wept over their fate.

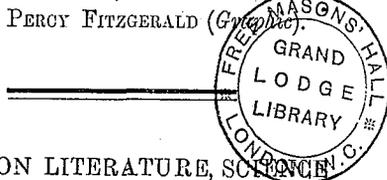
HER LITTLE SHOE.

LITTLE Blue Shoe—sad little shoe!
Face that was tender heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown,
Since into the sunlight she came:
And one there is left and one there is gone,
The tender, the bright little Dame.
I see her now—with the dancing eyes,
The sea-shell tint, the glance so sweet,
The fluttering lip and laugh of surprise,
And the bright blue shoes on the little feet.
Little Blue Shoe! gay little shoe!
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown
Since the sunny day in June
When she brightened the house that was
now her own:
Her laugh as gay as a tune.
For now up the stair, and down the stair,
And busily through the street,
Fluttered so fast in matronly care,
The little blue shoes and restless feet.
Little Blue Shoe! bright little shoe,
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

And many and many a year has flown,
Each bringing a colder chill;
And one there is left, and one there is gone—
The little feet are still.
All in the days of November gloom
The house I am wandering through,
And I find in a lonely, forgotten room,
Lost in a corner, her little shoe!
Little Blue Shoe! sad little shoe!
Face that was tender, heart that was true!



NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,
Author of "Shakspeare, his Times, and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

MR. ECROYD SMITH, of Shotley Bridge, has added to his Quaint Yorkshire Characters, the portrait of our late Brother, Matthew

Greathead, the Centenarian Freemason, an engraving of whom was given in the *Illustrated London News*, of June 11, 1870. Bro. Greathead was born in the township and parish of High Coniscliffe, a pretty part of the banks of the Tees, four miles from Darlington, and was baptized April 24, 1770. He was apprenticed to a joiner; and, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, went to work as a journeyman at Richmond, in Yorkshire, where he soon afterwards commenced business on his own account. He was initiated into the Lennox Lodge, December 27, 1796, and died December 31, 1871, at the age of 101 years, having been for three quarters of a century a Freemason. It is said that his family had kept an inn at Coniscliffe for three hundred years. Pity but they had also kept a register of local events along with it. Mr. Ecroyd Smith's portrait represents Bro. Greathead in Masonic clothing, as photographed by Mr. Riley, May 4, 1870.

I have just read, with much pleasure, Bro. Yarker's very able work on *Speculative Freemasonry*, which I regard as one of the most valuable contributions ever made to Masonic literature. Every member of the Craft ought to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" it. It is full of curious and useful information, which will be quite new to the majority of Freemasons,—who, unfortunately, seldom pay that attention to the history of our great fraternity, which might be reasonably expected from them. The book itself must be procured and studied to enable the reader to form any conception of the mass of erudite inquiries which Bro. Yarker has instituted, and followed up with marvellous success; and as the price is only 3s. 6d., it is within the reach of the humblest Craftsman.

We know little of the geology of Eastern Asia; but Mr. T. W. Kingsmill, President of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, has been lecturing at Shanghai on "The Border Land of Geology and History," and regards the wide-spread deposit called *loess*, which is so characteristic of the surface geology of that portion of the globe, as having been formed in the same way as the grey ooze found in such large quantities by the Challenger, which has been altered by the dissolving action of carbonic acid at great sea depths, so as to lose most of its earthy carbonates.

As the *loess* has been found at an altitude of 6,000 feet above the present level of the sea, to admit this theory we must grant an enormous elevation of land in Eastern Asia since the Middle Tertiary period, of not less than 18,000 feet. Mr. Kingsmill, who believes the doctrine of the glacial epoch has been carried much too far, considers this will account for many of the peculiarities in the geographical distribution of both animals and plants in China and throughout Asia generally.

Mr. Robert Gillespie, in his *Glasgow and the Clyde*, says:—"About the close of the sixteenth century, we find the beadles ordered to have staffs for securing quietness in church; while the women were prohibited from sitting on the same forms with the men, and had either to sit 'laigh' or bring stools with them. Even in 1750, the citizens were prevented by authority from walking on the Lord's-day; nor were any of the public lamps lighted on that evening, as nobody was expected to be out of his own house after sunset. About 1771, the inhabitants were so strict in their attention to public and private worship, that strangers, in passing through the streets in the evening, and hearing innumerable psalms of praise issuing from the commonest doors, were apt to imagine themselves in church." Sir Andrew Agnew ought to have lived in Glasgow then. In all ages there has been abuse of the blessed rest of the Sabbath; sometimes by the grossest profanity, at others by a puritanical excess of strictness. "It is recorded," says Peter Proletarius, "that a poor infatuated Jew, one Saturday, in the year 1258, fell into a cesspool at Tewkesbury, and would not allow himself to be drawn out on that day, because it was the Jewish Sabbath; whereupon Richard de Clew, then Earl of Gloster, would not allow him to be drawn out on the following day (Sunday), because it was the Christian Sabbath. And so the poor Jew perished: but, alas! Fanaticism and Superstition did not perish with him!" Few folks ever think, that to the institution of the Sabbath, during a lifetime of "three-score years and ten," they owe no less than ten years rest from worldly cares and toil. Only think of a ten years' holiday!!

The lovers of ancient customs, of which I freely confess myself one, will peruse

with pleasure the *History of the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon Custom*, by William Andrews, F.R.H.S., which (for a single shilling) gives the entire particulars of this curious remnant of the manners of our ancestors, told in a pleasing manner, and illustrated by Hogarthian engravings.

‘I would not, if I could, recall the Past ;
Unless 't were for a day or two, to show
Better than tongue or pen can ever do,
What was the real condition of our Isle,
In palace, castle, monastery, and cot,
In our forefathers' days. And yet I love
All innocent enjoyments for their sakes ;
And good Old Customs are to me as bonds
To bind us in a loving brotherhood,
Though passing through the grave. And thine,
Dunmow !

That gave a Flitch of Bacon to the Wife
And Husband who could swear they ne'er had
rued,

E'en for a moment, that they plighted troth ;
That, for a twelvemonth and a day at least,
They never once had done an unkind thing,
They never once had spoken unkind word,
They ne'er had harbour'd unkind thought at all
Of one another ; but had lived and loved
With that delightful harmony of soul
All married couples always ought to do ;
Thine was a Custom, Dunmow, that I love.”

In another Note, aided by Mr. Andrew's interesting little book, I hope to give a summary of the history of this quaint Old Custom.

Professor Draper, of New York, claims to have discovered oxygen and nitrogen in the atmosphere of the sun.

It appears from the report of the Charity Commissioners for 1876, that the total income of the endowed charities in England and Wales is £2,198,461. Of this sum, £666,863 is applicable to education ; £87,865, for apprenticing poor children, etc. ; £90,843, for clergymen and lecturers ; £112,895, for other church purposes ; £38,832, for nonconformist chapels and ministers ; 66,875 for parochial and general public uses ; £552,119 for alms-houses and pensioners ; £199,140 for medical hospitals and dispensaries ; and 383,028 for distribution amongst the poor.

What an immortality of fame is that of Homer, though too few, in our money-grubbing age, pay their devotions at his shrine ! Holland, which is said to possess no good translation of his works, is to be favoured with a new rendering of the *Iliad*, which is to be into Dutch hexa-

eters, from the pen of poet Vosmaer, the biographer of Rembrandt. “I have a great liking and reverence for Homer, who is the great master of all tragic poets,” remarks Plato, in his *Republic*—“indeed from childhood I have loved his name ; but I love truth better. And what has Homer done for us after all ? He has not given us laws, like Solon or Lycurgus ; he has not given us inventions, like Thales and Anacharsis ; nor has he founded a brotherhood, like Pythagoras ; nor, again, has he taught us any of the arts of war and peace. If he had done any real good to men, is it likely that he would have been allowed to wander about, blind and poor ? No ; all that he does is to give us a second-hand imitation of reality, to exult the feelings which are an inferior part, of our soul, to thrill us with pity or terror, and so render us unmanly and effeminate.” Plato would have no poets in his republic ; but one might just as well say that reading such ballads as “Chevy Chase,” would unfit the British soldier for service ! I rather think that Bonaparte took a wiser view of the noble old Greek, when he said to Las Cases at St. Helena : “Homer, in his epic poem, has proved himself a poet, an orator, an historian, a legislator, a geographer, and a theologian. He may be justly called the encyclopedist of the period in which he flourished.” Even the divine Plato showed himself fallible in his estimate of Homer.

We have of late years done a little in England by way of ornamenting our towns with a few trees and evergreens, so that human eyes may have something occasionally to look at to remind them of the country ; but they really “order these things better in France,” as Sterne would say. In Paris, is spent nearly £80,000 a year over trees, shrubs, seats, and such like ; the trees in the cemeteries numbering more than 10,000 ; and those in the squares, and other places where the people can see them, exceed 8,000 ; and there are upwards of 8,000 seats for the citizens and visitors. Nor is Paris less liberally supplied with water, for all purposes, useful and ornamental. Surely John Bull might copy the example of his neighbours, without Frenchifying too much English institutions. The British Constitution would survive it.

Bro. T. B. Whytehead, of York, has printed, at the request of the Sir Knights of the Ancient Ebor Preceptory, a paper read before them, on "The Connection between the Templars and the Freemasons in the City of York," of which he has kindly sent me a copy. Bro. Whytehead says:—"I am in favour of the theory of a direct succession in the Order, and I believe ourselves to be legitimate Knights of the Temple descended from the ancient Crusaders." Bro. Whytehead's paper is full of useful information, but I confess its perusal leaves me unconvinced that there ever was any more real connection between the genuine Knights Templar and the Freemasons, than there is between the ancient Foresters, who protected the king's deer, and the excellent, but modern benefit society, which has adopted the name and insignia of a widely-different class of men. I believe that the multiplicity of degrees were manufactured by the adherents of the rival Grand Lodges, each of whom were anxious to outshine the other; that all other, than the three first, or Craft, degrees are quite modern, and even those in their present form cannot boast of a higher antiquity than the so-called Revival. Nevertheless, I will carefully preserve Bro. Whytehead's able paper, as a useful addition to our Masonic literature. The copies of warrants, etc., which he gives are very valuable to one who is really anxious to collect facts for a History of Freemasonry in the North of England. The records of every Lodge, Chapter, Preceptory (a better name than Encampment), should be carefully examined wherever there is a Brother capable of doing so with judgment—and it is pitiable to think that any Freemason is incapable—and the results should be communicated to our Masonic periodicals, or published in a separate form. Freemasonry will not suffer by this; but, on the contrary, will be all the stronger for the true history of the glorious institution being known, even though some of the absurd pretensions of a portion of its members are swept away.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

MY LORD THE KING;

A MERE STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;"
"Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "Another
Fenian Outrage;" "Annabel Vaughan;"
"The Path of Life, an Allegory;" "Notes on
the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital,"
etc., etc.*

CHAPTER V.

TWO YEARS AFTER. CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

THE 24th December, 1866. Scene: The Great Northern Railway Station, and the morning train. A crowd of people waiting to go off for their brief Christmas holiday. A thorough winter day. Outside, all frost and snow; inside, hundreds of passengers, mostly men, with huge great coats and comforters on, walking rapidly up and down the station to get a little warmth into their frozen toes—a little colour into their blanched cheeks. Hampers of game without number; Christmas presents of all kinds and every variety piled up to go by the train; a cartload of evergreens, amongst other things, sent off into the country by some cynical wag, no doubt, who thought it would be as good a joke as sending coals to Newcastle.

As the train moves slowly out of the station, our attention is drawn to a distinguished-looking man in half-mourning, and with a black hat-band, who has just procured his ticket for York, and takes his seat in a first-class carriage.

After carefully adjusting his railway rug about his knees, he pulls out a cigar case, and with careless politeness offers it to his only fellow-passenger—an overdressed little man, with a hooked nose, surrounded by half-a-dozen small packages, covered with black oil-cloth (strongly suggestive of samples), and who, with an overdone air of civility, accepts the proffered cigar, and proceeds to light the same, after having carefully wetted the end all round with his tongue, as is the habit of some connoisseurs of his class.

"Little cad; bagman, I suppose," ejaculates the other, *sotto voce*, as he strokes his long, tawny moustache with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, and silently

regards his evidently self-satisfied companion with an air of amused disdain.

"Poor devil!" exclaims the "commercial," soliloquising as his eye is caught by a paragraph in that day's "Telegraph" concerning a trial between the creditors of Goverend, Urney and Co., and an unfortunate shareholder, who had lost the case, and had been directed by the Court to pay the £30 per share now called up in consequence of the failure of that company, and who, since the judgement, had been completely ruined and gone out of his mind. "Poor devil!" the over-dressed bagman repeated. "These are bad cases of Goverend and Urney's; aren't they, mister?"

"Very bad!" the other said gravely. "I am sorry to say several have come under my notice."

"Indeed! Professionally, I suppose?" the bagman replied, with a soapy smile, passing one hand over the other; or, as somebody has described it, washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water.

"Scarcely!" the man with the moustache rejoined. "I have only watched cases for the defendant in one or two instances."

"Barrister, sir?"

"Yes."

"If I might be so bold," and the greasy smile was again put on, "if I might be so bold, can you tell me whether, if a man had invested and sold out before the company smashed, he could be rendered liable for calls?"

"Could hardly say, unless I had the particulars."

"Well, to be open, mister, 'honour among thieves,' you know," and the fat little man winked at his companion in an insufferably familiar manner (the other merely stroked his moustache, and gravely watched the bagman as if he were a witness in court, whom he was going to demolish presently): "I sold £300 worth of shares to a gentleman in 1864, in my own name, though not the owner. He's been bankrupt, and through the court; and now the company (blow them) want to come down on me to pay up the calls for his shares, which he had failed to do. Blow him, I wish he were in Jericho. Poor beggar! he's in very low water, nearly starving, I am told; for I set the lawyers

on to see if they could bleed him any more, directly I found I might be rendered liable. Queer name he had, sir," our garrulous friend went on—"Mauleverer."

"Mauleverer," the other repeated, his cynical languor cast aside in a moment. "Did you say Mauleverer?"

"Yes; rum name, ain't it? Did you ever know any one of that name?"

"I think I have heard it somewhere," was the reply, as the speaker with an air of constrained carelessness caressed his moustache with his right hand (it seemed to be a habit of his) and lapsed into silence.

No more was said; the little man tried in vain to renew the conversation, but finding it useless, amused himself with the paper until they arrived at Holme Station, where the tall gentleman with the moustache left the carriage.

Two o'clock, and the express train has just come into the Paulborough Station, a slow train from Holme following, but the latter waits outside the station for some minutes. At length, as it moves slowly in, the same gentleman calls to a porter and asks him to put his things into the other train, as he is going on to York by the express.

"Express just gone, sir."

"But I came up from Holme on purpose to catch it."

"Holme train always waits outside till the express goes out, sir."

"Confound it! can't I go on then by this train?"

"Well, sir, as far as Doncaster, if you like; but I think you'll be more comfortable here; train goes on to York at 7 o'clock this evening."

The gentleman gets out, leaves his luggage in charge of the porter (who sees he looks like a "*tip*"), and walks into the refreshment-rooms.

"Three hours and no lunch at Holme, because that blessed Franks wasn't at home, and left no message at the Vicarage that I was coming. I'll have something now," and the stranger strolled leisurely up to the counter and ordered some refreshment, and as he did so, his eye was attracted by the appearance of one of the young ladies at the other end of the room. The pale face, regular features, large lustrous eyes, and dark tresses interested him, and he stood for a minute or two stroking his moustache, looking eagerly

and with a somewhat troubled countenance at the girl, who was quite unconscious of the admiration she had evoked. A little man came in at the other end, whom our friend recognised as his companion of the morning, but who seemed decidedly the worse for liquor. Presently he became uproarious, and shouted out that, as it was Christmas-tide, he intended to kiss all the young ladies present. The pale-faced one, who seemed more determined than the rest, quietly ordered him out of the room; but the little man, with drunken bravado immediately tried to carry his threat into execution, and seized hold of her. She screamed, and in a minute the tall gentleman was at her side, and, with one well-aimed blow, knocked the little snob down, who lay blubbering—"My name is John Bond, sir; you shall hear of me again." One long earnest gaze, and with the one word, "Harry!" sobbed out with passionate emotion—she faints in his arms.

A dozen ministering, gentle, womanly forms are at her side. They bear her into an adjoining room, whilst one of the porters (he who took Harry's luggage) hails a companion, and the pair get the commercial traveller—who is somewhat punished, and whose nose and mouth are bleeding profusely—out of the place.

It was lucky there was no one else by, or there would have been a row, and our hero would probably been locked up.

The sudden shock to the system caused by the sudden appearance of Harry Mennell—for he, indeed it was, as the reader has long ere this divined—prevented her immediate recovery from the swoon into which poor Marian had fallen and so they ordered a cab and took her home, Harry explaining to the others that he was an old friend of the family, and, with that excuse, accompanying her. The presence of her lover soon revived the poor child, and ere they got to the house—a little cottage in one of the back streets of Paulborough—sweet Maid Marian was herself again. If I said that Harry had kissed her pale cheeks over and over before that, I daresay I should account for her speedy recovery.

The story was easily told.

In the beginning of that year, Goverend, Urney, and Co. had failed, and Mr. Mauleverer was a ruined man. They had

come upon him to pay up the £30 per share (£4,500) still unpaid, and he had been obliged to go through the Bankruptcy Court. They had impounded his superannuation at head-quarters, and he was allowed only £100 a year, the rest going to his creditors. Marian had, after infinite trouble, got a situation as governess, but she was so unhappy there that she had been obliged to leave. Then she tried to get daily pupils in Paulborough, but failed; and at last it had come to this, that the descendant of the Earls of Derwentwater had become a waitress at the refreshment rooms at Paulborough Junction.

"It is very kind of you to come to see our humble home," Mr. Mauleverer said, with his old-fashioned courtesy, as Marian went up to him, and bending over his great-high-backed chair, close to the fire, kissed him fondly and cried:—

"I brought him, papa; wasn't I good."

Yes, my dear, and very good of him to come."

Harry, who had been looking dreamily into the fire (having taken off his great coat and hat and placed them aside, in accordance with Marian's suggestions, as that young lady herself hurriedly threw her bonnet and cloak off, and sat herself down on a footstool at her father's feet) seemed suddenly to have made up his mind,—moved by some extraordinary impulse—to an unexpected course of action, for turning round to the feeble invalid, he said, "Mr. Mauleverer, I am not given to say much of my feelings; but now that I have found you out, I must say what I should have said two years ago, had not circumstances prevented it. I have loved dear Marian from the first moment I saw her, and I cannot remain in suspense any longer. Will you give your consent to our marriage?" and he spoke in a tone of feverish earnestness.

"You must ask *her*," said the old man, shading his face with his hand, perhaps to hide his emotion. "She must speak for herself."

"I saw it in her eyes an hour ago," Harry replied, looking down fondly at her.

Then Marian rose up, kissed her father's cheek tenderly, and came and stood by Harry's side without a word.

He took her in his arms for a moment,

and sealed her lips with passionate burning kisses, whilst the tears came trickling down the cheeks of the old man as he sat there looking sadly into the fire.

The end is soon told.

Harry went up to York that night, determined to break to his friends at once the step he had taken.

His mother had died two years ago, and he had come into an income of £700 a year. People had said that he was engaged to his cousin Maud, with whom his sisters lived, near York, their own home being broken up through the death of their mother.

But there had been no truth in it, on his part at least, for his heart was true to the memory of sweet Maid Marian, though he had almost given her up for dead. Arrived in York, he saw his old friend, the Rev. Mark Chaplain, now curate at one of the churches there, and in a few words told the whole story.

Mark briefly, but fervently, congratulated him, and then said as Harry had made a clean breast of it, he might as well do the same.

He had been long attached to Maud Trevanion, and had reason to believe she was not altogether indifferent to him. He had, however, never spoken to her, as he felt in honour bound "not to poach on his neighbour's preserves," as he styled it.

"Go in and win, my dear boy," said Harry, "and no one will congratulate you more heartily than I shall."

Before he had left Paulborough on Christmas-eve, he had scoured the city for a turkey and other Christmas fare, which was sent anonymously, with a hamper of wine, to Mr. Mauleverer.

The path was made smooth at last, and Harry came down to Paulborough, on New-year's-eve, summoned by a telegram from Marian, which said that her father was dying. She had no friend in the world now, save him; all the others were dead, or had left them when trouble came.

When Harry drove up to the door of the white cottage in — street, Marian came out to meet him with her finger upon her lips.

The old man had asked to see Harry before he died, as he had to ask his forgiveness for something.

"What is it, darling?" Harry asked in a whisper, as they entered the room.

"I don't know," she answered, looking up with a half-frightened look of love and sorrow in her face.

"Mr. Mennell," the old man said; "I wish to say goodbye to you. I am going to my long home at last; and not too soon, for I am better now out of the way. What should an old man do but die?"

"Oh, don't say that, father," Marian sobbed; "don't say that; you know how very much I love you, and how good you have always been to me."

"Good! no my dear, not good; it was through my folly that you lost your fortune, and nearly lost your lover, too; but God be thanked," he murmured "I have not done that mischief. You wrote to Marian, did you not?" turning to Harry.

"Yes, sir, once or twice; but receiving no reply, I concluded the letters had miscarried, or Marian was dead," and he put his arm round her waist and drew her to his side, as if she should not leave him again.

"I received and destroyed them. I did it all for the best, hearing bad accounts of you; but I should have inquired for *myself*, and I now ask your forgiveness," and the old man stretched out his thin white hand from the bed, and tried to grasp Harry's.

The other took his hand, whilst he muttered, in a voice thick with emotion, "Never mind now, sir: it's all over."

"Marian, my dear, be as good to your husband as you have been to me, and then he will bless the day heaven gave you to him, as I do. Henry, some water, thank you. I have served the State many, many years now, as my ancestors did before me; but now I am going above, to serve—to serve '*My Lord, the King*.'"

And so he sank to rest as the Cathedral bells rang out the old year and rang in the new. May we all sink as peacefully into our last slumber.

* * * * *

Amongst the visitors announced in the "Yorkshire Herald," as staying at Barton-le-Bar last autumn were—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mennell and the Rev. Mark Chaplain and Mrs. Chaplain. The Rev. Mark has just been inducted into the family-living of the Mennells.

LIGHT.

CONTRIBUTED BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

"How often 'Light' is the last word of those round whom the shades are gathering."—BULWER.

THE sun's bright rays are dancing
Through the clear morning air :
Upon you fair child glancing,
Guild his soft auburn hair.

And the first gush of infantine delight
Springs from the source of all, Light,
glorious Light.

The child is in the greenwood,
The summer sky is bright ;
And all around him there is food
For deep and still delight.

And his heart thrills with joyous ecstasies,
As the bright sunbeams flicker through the trees.

Youth with bright and fairy dreams,
Rejoiceth still in light,
In the calm and chastened beams
Of still and silent night.

So the bright lustre of an earthly love
Receives its brightest radiance from above.

Man hath many hours of care,
His path with trial is sown ;
Yet still hath Mercy planted there,
A softened undertone.

And he rejoiceth in the light of day,
For that is ever young, while he grows grey.

In the solemn hour of death
When all is still around,
Save the thick and fluttering breath
With painful restless sound ;

The shadow of the tomb obscures the sight,
And the weak sufferer's cry is, "Light,
more Light."

Last word on dying lips. First wondrous sight,

When Heaven's bright portals open on our gaze ;

And floods on floods of living glorious Light,

Pour from the throne of Him, Ancient of Days.

Veil thine eyes mortal ; cease thy feeble lay,

Heaven's harps alone attune, Heaven's melody.

E. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No. II.

To the Editor of THE MASONIC MAGAZINE.

WHAT have you discovered ? pray,
Brother Warden, kindly say ?

1.

My bow is bent ; the arrow's head
Is pointing to the human race ;
Yet none of me need be in dread—
The world will still roll on in space.

2.

By aid of *me* in days of old,
Were wond'rous works by sages done ;
Most worthless things were changed to gold,
And fortunes oftentimes lost and won.

3.

I in the head of man reside,
And useful am to him no doubt.
I have a brother by my side,
Whom I should useless be without.

4.

If just and upright you would be,
And in your deeds be true and fair,
I hope you will not stand on *me*,
Or you will act not on the square.

5.

My good Lord Cardinal, beware !
You placed *me* once before the king ;
In future all should be aware,
A priest can do a foolish thing.

6.

The Mason true, ne'er *this* can be ;
Unto his brother or his queen
He prides himself on loyalty,
And lives within the laws, serene.

RICHARD SIMMONS.

Mildmay Road, Chelmsford,
27th Sept., 1877.