

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 56.—VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

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WE have very little to record except the steady growth of Freemasonry at home. Every week tells us of new Lodges and Masonic work, and it is clear now that we have lighted on a very successful period of Masonic extension. How far such rapid increase of numbers is eventually to benefit Freemasonry in England is, as we have often pointed out before, a very open question indeed. There can be little doubt, humanly speaking, that such increase must cut both ways, as they say, for the advantage or the disadvantage of our Order. If in one sense the prestige of Freemasonry seems increased and elevated by this common tribute of regard and admiration from the outward world; on the other hand, its moral greatness may be affected by this "surplusage" of numerical addition, which in itself has many elements of weakness and decay. What we mean to say in plain words is this, a large number of applicants are seeking our privileges for the great material benefits which English Freemasonry now possesses and holds out. We are therefore preparing for ourselves heavier claims and graver responsibilities.

There seems to be a lowering of our standard alike of social position and social condition, and this "rush" of eager candidates we fear will eventually constitute a "burden" on our charitable resources. For we may observe that even now Freemasonry seems to behold this somewhat alarming fact, that with each increase of our charitable efforts there comes at once an increase of claimants for relief. And this growth of overwhelming claims, partly real and partly factitious, seems to outstrip altogether our means of meeting it—the demands on our Schools especially. What will be our state—will be our position in the future, constitute just now anxious questions for all thinking Masons; but ours, therefore, like that of our contemporary, the *Freemason*, must be a voice of warning and deprecation. Let us not throw open the doors of our Lodges too hastily; let us be careful and circumspect, and let us not admit candidates wholesale or in an haphazard way.

Abroad the position of Freemasonry is very unsatisfactory, and, in our opinion, unsafe. But we will not tire our readers with a repetition of regrets or fears. Time will show whether we are right or wrong in our desponding anticipations.

Bro. Terry opens the ball for the R. M. Benevolent Institution Anniversary with two hundred Stewards. We wish him, and the excellent Institution of which he is the hard-working and intelligent Secretary, all possible success. We shall allude to it in the March number.



To the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq; Eminently Noble and Accomplisht.

Honourable Sir,

THE Translation of Helvetius his Golden Calf here annext, being Licenced and entered in order to the Printing thereof, in Sept. 1668. Another since took advantage to Print and Publish the same, little different; That without prejudice to the Translator we might say with Virgil, — Hos ego versiculos, &c,

We beat the Bush, but others caught the Hare,
So Lambs do bear their Fleece, which others share.
So Bees make Honey, and Birds build their nests,
And Lands yeilds others Profit plough'd with Beasts.

Nevertheless it hath brought advantage to the Reader, for I have since exceedingly abbreviated my former Translation with the *Epistles, &c.* not diminishing sense or matter, and have adjoyned my own Philosophical Figured Epitaph, with *Alchahest, Elixis, Samech,* and their explanations, then also to be Printed, which I dedicated to my worthy Friend *Elias Ashmole, Esq;* But I have now further added *Pythagoras Metaphysical Figure,* with a most excellent, brief, and rare piece of an unknown Author, called, *The Dawning of Wisdom,* as also the new Chymical Light of *Glauber,* wherein I have managed *Mydas his Golden Ass,* so as to make him serviceable to all this Nation, to bear their burthens, bringing him with these new Lights and Treasures here before your judicious view, as to a great *Mecenas* and strict examiner of Learning; hoping by the dawning or clear light of Wisdom, you will judge both this Ass and Calf to be without all *Ignomy* and Scandal, having a faculty to speak as well for themselves, and their Innocency, as *Ba-Lambs.* Nay, to be Philosophically learned, and as richly Laden, as those formerly sent with rich Presents, to Patriarchs or Princes, being plentifully stored with Gold, and other richer, miraculous, and inexhaustible Treasures. My Presumption for these Names I hope will be pardoned, being Philosophical terms; and though such their Lading may be sufficiently stored in your Treasuries, and might seem boldness to be sent from so mean an Artist, yet suffer me to present them to the world, (though but as an *Echo* or *Vibrating Glass*) to re-double the sound, and reflect the Beams of your Virtues and Learning abroad, famous already by your own works and worth. I confess Honourable Sir, This my Dedication, as a stranger, is especially grounded on the Fame of your Goodness, and Communicative Charity, the Truest and Noblest Badges of Honour, which if so, will now pardon me. But I stop here, taking off the imputation of base self ends, or flattery, by my concealment, with *Diogenes his recess of Privacy,* But remain

Your Honours well wishing and humble Servant,

April 1. 1671.

W. C. Or twice five Hundred.

Laurum Amice eligis Rus.

To his Worthy and much Honoured Friend, *Elias Ashmole, Esq;*

One of the Kings Majesties Heraulds at Arms, and Comptroller of the Excises through all England.

Honoured Sir,

HAVING but barely, though faithfully Translated this *Helvetius,* treating of the most rare and experimental Transmutation of Metals; I thought it not fit to make any Dedication, but seeing I have adjoyned my own *Epitaph,* with several Scutcheons, Mottos, and Explanations, with *Pythagoras his General Figure,* Blazoning Philosophical Heraldry, and also the *Alchahest, Samech* with other *Elixirs, &c.* I consulted it was very proper to present the same to your Judicious view, whose abilities might challenge the same, especially since I received some civilities from you, of a little like Nature, in the small intermission of my Long troubles, 1662. Likewise being an Englishman, whose Patronage in general you seem to avouch by those Worthy *Collections of English Philosophick Chymical Authors,* formerly published by you. I know you have another Coat of Arms for my Paternal Family, in your Heraulds Office, which would suit with the said Epitaph, if it were only as it is also intended for a plain Sculpture to be upon my Grave Stone: Yet such Scutcheons had not been so proper for this place, these being chiefly here intended for the Philosophers Stone, agreeing with my said Epitaph, in the Elements, Principles, and whole perfection thereof, excellently manifested by our late English Phoenix, or *Elias Artisto Anonymon,* in his Book of *The open entrance to the shut Pallace of the King.* Now some perchance may think it incongruous for any man to publish his own Epitaph, or annex any such Novel Scutcheons. Yet since they and their explanations are Philosophick (and the Philosophers Patrons are Truth and Reason, which should govern all sorts of men) I was the more confident of allowance

and approbation. And indeed Sir, I may affirm, they were made in a Living Grave, in 1652. From whence I never thought to come forth no more, then probably Jonas might in the Whales Belly, Daniel in the Lyons Den, or the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, Being grievously oppressed and clouded in my long Troubles, and since as little regarded. Wherefore I hope these may be better excused, especially, if it may tend to Gods Glory, as I hope it will by a continual warning, or (*Memento Mori*) to the Reader for his souls health, though he want the Philosophick spectacles to understand the sense more perfectly. However Sir, give me leave to tender you these small Reliques of my obsequious obsequy, as Burnt Offerings, Reviving and describing Aarons Calf ground to dust by Moses, with Helvetius his Golden Calf, burnt to a stone or Pouder, by the Teutonic Elias Artista, and I wish you might prove another Elias (as your name imports) in this Fiery Chariot, or Transfiguration for the benefit of this our English nation, and of the whole world, to glorifie him who is the giver of all good things. And although (as if dead) I should remain unknown in the Whales Belly, on Job's Dunghil, or Diogenes his Tub, Yet entertain these (as your own worth deserves and requires) with a Noble mind not regarding the weakness or misfortunes of the giver, which will the more illustrate your virtues, and oblige,

Worthy Sir,

Your faithful Friend and humble Servant,

W. C. Or twice five Hundred.

July 16. 1668.

Laurum Amice Eligis Rus.

The Authors Epistle to the Courteous and Well minded Reader.

Reader,

I Thought not of publishing this my Epitaph, or Hieroglyphical Figur'd Scutcheons, further then my Grave Stone, being in a Living Grave, and in despair of Life, when I made them; but since Almighty God hath graciously extended the Thread of my Life, and providentially put these adjoynd Treatises for my Task before I dyed; and being earnestly entreated by a Friend to publish and explain them, I thought good to offer my mean Mite to the World, so that thou mayest not only see and read an *Ænygma* in these my Scutcheons and Epitaph, but have me thy *Ædypus* to unfold them. Where also I have set forth the Philosophers Stone, and shewed the Causes and manner of Multiplication of Life and Seed, and given thee as an Overplus, a clear relish of the Alchahest, and Salt of Tartar volatized, with other Elixirs, and Philosophick Medicines, &c. in 5 small succinet Chapters, to put thee one step forward in this knowledge, if thou wantst my help, or if beyond me to shame thy back —

THE
PHILOSOPHICAL EPITAPH

Of W. C. Esquire,

ROR A

MEMENTO MORI

ON THE

Philosophers (*Tomb*) Stone.

With three Hieroglyphical Scutcheons displaying *Minervas*, and *Hermes* Birds, and *Apollo's* Birds of Paradiſe in Philosophical Mottoes and Sentences, with their Explication.

With a perfect Discovery of the Immortal Liquor *Alchahest*, or *Macchabean Fire*, and of the Volatized Salt of *Tartar*, or *Samech*, and of other *Elixirs*, with their differences and properties.

LONDON,

Printed by T. R. and N. T. for Will. Cooper, at the Pellican, in Little Britain.

EPITAPHIUM factum per W. C.

MINANTE per ICULO GRANDÆ.

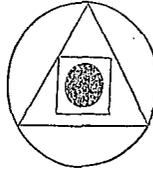
Scutisq; affixis patefaciens Avem Minervæ, Hermetis, & Apollinis Avem Paradici.

InHIs HyerogLyphyCIs nVMerandI FIGVrIs.

Bubo Minervæ,
inter ramos
Hæderæ.
Creatio,
Chaos,
Corruptio.



Mercurius
Sal.



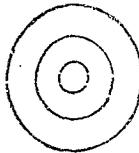
Anser Hermogenis
sive Pullus in
sole assatus.
Generatio.
Mortificatio.
Vivificatio.

Mundo lassatus tandem  iveni
Hunc nidum ad me in terra resiciendum
Nudus sum nec tamen sentio frigus
Alo hoc pridem quod me nutrit,
Quietq; hoc fruor loce,
Cum Amicis meis, Consanguineis,
Ne Plores igitur, Fugato Timorem,
Aut Pulvis lachrymas hic sicce tuas,
Est Anima in Cælis, in requie, cum Sanctis,
Ubi laudes Angeli sive fine cantant
Olida sed mortalitatis hæc

Parum hic Fermentant dum perfecte
Putrescant, netideq; purgentur, & tan-
dem,
Cum Spiritu & Anima Rediviva Resur-
gant.
Clang-ore Buccinæ quæ juncta lucebunt,
Eruntq; Divina, Spirituality, & Fixa
Uti Christus, Semperq; manebunt unum
Quæ Tria sic facta unum Bis V. C.
Restat.

Apollinis Avis
Paridici, Phoenix
Icarus, vel Aquila
excelsa

Sul-



phur.

W. C.

Regeneratio.
Redemptio.
Glorificatio.

Nemo ante Obitum felix.

Est in Mercurio quicquid quæerunt Sapientes,

Si Fixum solvas faciasq; volare solutum,
Et volucrem sigas, facient te vivere tutum
Solve Coagula, Fige.
Dum Fixum Figit, Tinctum fusibile Tingit.

Si pariat ventum, valet Auri pondera Centum,
Ventus ubi vult spirat. Capiat qui capere potest.

Laurum amice eligis, Rus.

An EPITAPH made by W. C.

CLowDeD by threataIng DIasters.

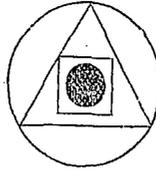
With Scuteheons annexed displaying Minerva's and Hermes Birds,
And Apollo's Bird of Paradise,

In HierogLiphICK NVMBers anD In FIGVres.

Minerva's Owl
in an Ivie
Bush.
Creation,
Chaos,
Corruption.



Mercury
Salt.



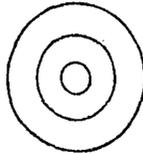
Hermogenes, Goose
or Pullet
roasted in the
Sun.
Generation,
Mortification,
Vivification.

Tyr'd of the World, at last  found
This nest to rest me in the  Ground;
I'm naked, yet I feel no cold,
Feed that, that had fed me of old,
And quietly enjoy this Place,
With Friends about of my own race
Weep not then here, but banish fears,
Or let this dust dry up your tears
My Soul's in Heaven with Saints in Peace,
Where Angels sing and never cease.

These gronnds of Man's Mortality,
Rests here a while, till perfectly
Putrify'd, purg'd, clears'd, and at last
Reviv'd with Soul and Spirit by blast
Of Trumpet which being join'd shall shine,
And be spiritual fixt, Divine,
Like Christ; and One for ever he,
V. C.
Which being thus, is double you see.

Apollo's Bird
of Paradise,
Phoenix, Icarus
or lofty Eagle.

Sul-



phur.

W. C.

Regeneration,
Redemption,
Glorification.

No Man's happy before his Death.

MerCVry's BIRth's best after's Death,

MerCVrY's LIfe VVas pVrg'D by strIfe.

All's in Mercury that the wise men seek.

If thou dissolv'st the Fixt, and mak'st it fly,
And mak'st the flying fixt, live safe thereby.
Dissolve, Congeal, and Fix, which being fixt will fix,
And so being fusibly Ting'd, will Tinge, and Mix.

If Wind be made of Gold, 'Tis worth a hundred fold.
The Wind bloweth where it listeth, Receiv't they that can,

Laurum Amice Eligis, Rus.

(To be Continued.)

RECONCILED.

(Written for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.)

THE woods are thinning fast,
 And the rain
 On the wild wind flieth past
 Once again.
 The summer's gone and over,
 And the days
 When we wandered in the lanes,
 'Neath the bays,
 By the poplars where the birds sung
 Their sweet lays.

The ferns are withered now,
 And the flowers:
 Some are dead, and some are dying.
 Summer hours
 Pass away, and leave a shadow
 And a pain,
 And we long for them to come
 Back again.

The golden corn is down,
 But the sheaves
 Still are standing in the fields;
 'Neath the eaves
 The swallow's tender twitter
 Still is heard,
 Talking yet of summer—
 Mocking bird!

He has courted all the summer:
 So have I:
 But the time has come for parting;
 By-and-bye
 You will soon forget me, dearest.
 Do not cry!
 And for your sake to be worthy
 I will try.

The swallows soon are flitting
 O'er the sea,
 Into Southern countries going:
 Why not we?
 For our little lover's quarrel
 I atone.
 Oh! remember never swallow
 Went alone!

Cold you have been, like the river ;
I as proud
As yonder grand, majestic,
Purple cloud.
But I love you, O my dearest !
And the pain—
Oh ! I could not bear the parting,
Ne'er again.

Once again I ask you, Amy,
To be mine ;
Once remind you of the past
Sweet summer-time ;
Of our happy walks together
'Neath the trees,
Past the castle on the cliffs,
In the breeze.

Shall I always ask my dearest ?—
Never have !—
Till the days are past and over,
And the grave
Will be all that now remaineth
For the brave ?
*Nay, that kiss is all the answer
That I crave !*

EMRA HOLMES.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

"O, love, O, beauteous love !
Thy home is made for all sweet things,
A dwelling for thy own soft dove,
And souls as spotless as her wings," etc.

W. M. PRAED.

I HOPE that my readers are duly edified with the above "elegant extract," descriptive of Love. Love in the abstract, Mrs. Balasso says, is "emotional sentiment." Love in the concrete, Mr. Balasso avers, is "woman on the brain." As I do not deem it necessary to pin my faith, or that of anybody else, on the "dicta," however forcible, of those two intelligent individuals, I leave the definition and dissection of that serious, awful, mysterious, and wonderful actuality termed Love to my many indulgent readers, old and young, male and female.

No doubt, as the poet sings, the general opinion of mankind concurs with those lines which declare that love is—

"The dearest theme of all,
The oldest of the world's old stories.

And whether we regard it as a necessity, or a nuisance, or a luxury, it seems more than probable, (humanly speaking,) that as long as the world lasts, and man is man, Love will still retain his empire, dear, delightful, capricious, perverse, dubious, and desperate, as the case may be, over every age, and every condition amongst us. The question has been often asked, "What is love?" and I, for my part, feel great difficulty in giving a satisfactory reply. My charming little "ingenue" friend, Poppy Patchett, would probably, like some other lady writers, just now, be ready to endorse the opinion that "Love is the inward yearning of a soul for a congenial companion," in her case as in that of others of her sex, for a "sympathetic manly bosom," the "intense aspiration of the invisible and indescribable," for a "kindred being who will share all one's feelings, hopes, wishes, joys, sorrows, trials, wants, and wanderings here." Such is Poppy's "beau ideal;" but I fear that poor dear Poppy, before her wanderings are over, will find, as others like her have found, that her swan is a goose, yea, verily, a very great goose, indeed.

My old friend Duodecimus Tristram says that "Love is humbug; there is no such thing really in existence." He adds: "What girls and boys call love is nothing but a passing fancy, a whim of the hour, an embodied or 'unembodied' idea. Love, as the world looks upon it, is made up of a good many contingent accessories and physiological conditions, dress, address, money in the Funds, a little estate in the country. Fashion and frivolity, taste and temperament, all combine in creating Love. People don't want love to marry upon, (love mostly comes after marriage,) and as for 'first love,' I hold it to be utter rubbish. All a man wants in a wife is a sensible person, who will dress well, and do the honours of his table well, who will be civil with his female and cheery with his male friends; who will not be expensive, chattering, tiresome, strong-minded, misbehaved, and will enable him to lead a fairly comfortable existence."

I may observe that my old friend "Duodecimo," as his friends call him, (from his love of books,) is a confirmed easy going old bachelor, a little spoiled, in my opinion, by prosperity, by a host of obedient nieces, and is no poet.

I have also another friend, the Rev. Theodosius O'Whack; he is a Milesian, six feet two in height, with a beautiful brogue, and a pair of "most iligant whiskers." He is still unmarried, though he parts his hair in the middle, and is extremely admired by the female "mimbers" of the congregation. Indeed, it is said in the parish which he adorns, that he has rendered some agreeable ladies of a "certain age" simply desperate. He is very fond of holding forth on what he terms the "high moral line," and he has some romantic views about love, partly mystical and partly material, and he always speaks of his "dear sisters" with a most touching accentuation on the word "dear." "Love, Sor," says my friend, slowly and emphatically—I believe that he is a Sligo man—"is an attraction, a combination, and a conjunction, and is, in fact, a union intimate and corresponding between two congenial spirits, who find delight in each other's society, and are utterly uninfluenced by mercenary or other unworthy considerations."

Bravo, O'Whack, as the little girls say at the pantomime, "Encore!"

I may add, that Old Grogam, of the well-known City firm of Grogam and Growler, whose pretty daughter Matilda has been somewhat affected by the appearance of my elegant and sympathetic friend, says, "that Irishman is a conceited puppy." Perhaps old Grogam is right, though it is of my friend that he is talking; but I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding the unfavourable opinion of the old boy, his Matilda will have her own way.

"Yes," says Miss McCall, "the perversity of our young women, just now, is positively heart-rending."

Notwithstanding the remarks of that excellent woman, Miss McCall, I hope that O'Whack and his Matilda will be happy.

My very agreeable friend Mrs. Jorum, (not unknown to the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE,) says: "don't talk to me about Love. Love probably existed in Arcadian times, but love is a stranger to our nineteenth century. What do people marry for? For love? Certainly not. People marry because marriage is a convenience;—because

their fathers and mothers wish it ;—because some young men can't get their debts paid without ; because some young women have been 'out' so many seasons. Don't talk to me about love. Love is all very well in poetry, or on the stage, or in a French novel, but it don't exist in practical life, and I'm not certain that it pays. The utmost you can look for now-a-days is a certain amount of agreement in tastes and opinions ; and given a comfortable house, a good dinner, agreeable society, especially if you don't see too much of each other, the husband and wife can manage to 'rub their noses' pretty well together. But don't talk to me about Love."

Have my readers, properly impressed by such valuable opinions, come to any conclusion on the subject? If not, I am afraid that I cannot help them much in the matter ; for, agreeing in part as I do with all the quoted opinions of my friends in turn, I consider Love to be too abstruse, too mysterious, too delicate a subject to be properly handled in these light pages !

Nothing less than a lecture by Professor Tyndal could do full justice to so recondite a question. But still Love is. Yes, Love exercises despotic sway in this world of ours, rules the timid, agitates the bold, masters the sentimental, and pulls up even our young men.

I want no other proof of its extraordinary power. So, as a philosopher and man of sense, without going into its "*raison d'être*," I will treat it as a very remarkable and important "factor," whether in the tragedy, or comedy, or screeching farce, if you like, of our vulgar, domestic, and normal life to-day. I should not, however, be an honest chronicler if I did not transcribe here a very eloquent passage from Paesiello's diary. Listen, O sentimental maidens and ecstatic youth !—

"I do not agree with those writers who seek to depreciate love. Love is often the dominant power of this nether world, and makes us happy or renders us miserable. It is that emotion of the breast which meets in sympathetic union with a beloved object, '*mutatis mutandis*,' through all the trials and all the troubles of life. Yes, Love serves to shed a ray of roseate hue on the aspirations of youth, the associations of maturity, and even in the declining hours of old age ! What would the world be without Love ? How could men and women get on without Love ?"

Do my readers want any more ? Is it not better for me to end the extract here ? Accordingly, when we return to our heroes and heroines at Rome, we find that Love as usual is playing the game of "Blind-Man's-Buff" with the whole of that pleasant "entourage." Stanelli and Bechner were clearly the submissive victims of the little god, and sworn liegemen to our lady Venus. Don Balthazar, who had met with but little sympathy, as he thought, from Anna, had turned for consolation to the very agreeable presence and experienced views of *Mdme. Allégri*.

It is very curious often to note the by-play which goes on in the "*Comediettas*" of our sublunary existence. You join an agreeable party. You "take stock," you try to realize the "*carte du pays*," and if you are a person of discrimination, of philosophical temperament, and of accurate "*coup-d'œil*," you very soon discover where "the land lies," who are, in fact, the real "*dramatis personæ*" in these "amateur theatricals" which are played before your very eyes. We always, however, must remember that we may be deceived by first appearances, and that *Molière's* words are still true :

"Souvent d'un faux espoir un amant est nourri,
Le mieux reçu toujours, n'est pas le plus chéri—
Et tout ce que d'ardeur font paraître les femmes,
Parfois n'est qu'un beau voile à couvrir d'autres flammes."

Women have often a difficult, not to say a dangerous game to play. I do not, for one, endorse *Horsey Johnson's* remarks, that "all women are hypocrites." Nor do I agree with my young friend *Pottleton*, who declares that "Girls are very wary and troublesome birds. They sometimes put me in mind," he adds, and he speaks with full knowledge of his subject, "of old rats ; they are so leery and hard to trap."

I think that such opinions are altogether unjust, and I feel strongly that women are

often placed in a very perilous, not to say delicate, position. I would put it rather in this way. That pleasant girl, Lotty Manners, wants to marry her own dear Walter. Lotty's mamma, like other mmmas, wishes her "darling chyild" to accept the proposal of rich Mr. Blagton.

"Blagton's awfully gilded," Walter says to me, "sotto voce,"—"made his money in silk stockings; and I'm blessed if that old gal isn't going to make Lotty marry that 'old dust.' I won't stand it."

What can I say to console the impetuous and improvident youth, except "take it coolly, my boy."

"She's too civil to him, a long way—much too kind to him," he turns round to me and adds, with agitation expressed on his manly countenance.

"Go up to her," I say to him; "why do you give way to Blagton? If she is worth anything, you are her 'plus chère'; if she is not worth anything, give her up—or, as the French say, 'rompons nous.'"

Poor Walter Morton—he is not her "plus chère,"—at least she won't say so, whatever she may think, and Walter gives her up.

We all of us know what a splendid marriage that was at St. George's, when the Bishop of St. Neots married the well got up and the blushing and better-dressed Lotty!

Poor Walter Morton!

And hence it is not always quite easy to discern the difference between affected and real interest between those agreeable "empressemens" which are the "ordre du jour," and those which flow from inborn sympathies and a loving heart. But still, amateur photographer that I be, I think that I can always catch a "true impression," (at any rate to my own satisfaction,) and though the negative may be a little "dim" the positive seems very clear to what the vivid scientificist terms the "hoptic nerve." As an old friend used to like to say, "in such little matters I can see as far as most people."

I often like to survey from my safe insignificance the human game of chess, and I flatter myself that I am able to discern, when these fair beings who do so adorn society, who dress so well and so low, mean anything.

For instance, Emma Benson's outward attentions to Sir Henry Callendar meant nothing. Emma's pleasant words to Charles Sloper are quite another thing. She means to be, and duly becomes, Mrs. Sloper. Ethel Lacy, who is quite delighted with Captain Jones, his merry stories and his charming songs, (and he is a very good fellow,) yet means to marry, and does marry, her stupid cousin, Wm. Danvers, M.P.

And even the bold widow, Mrs. O'Flynn, who has buried two husbands in India, though she is "mighty taking" with her countryman, Mr. O'Dowd, actually is scheming to marry, and does marry, old Mr. Dubbington, the great city banker. I pity Mr. Dubbington!

But Mrs. Jorum, "au contraire," asks me decidedly, as is her wont, "Who can pity him? A vulgar old man marrying a vulgar old woman—surely we have something better to do than waste any 'sentiment' on them? Who cares whether they marry or whether they don't? How can it interest anybody?" Mrs. Jorum is as usual probably quite right.

So at Rome it was quite plain to the careful observer that all of the little society except Paesiello had now been drawn within the "mælstrom" of love. But he, single-hearted and philosophic as he was, had "paddled his own canoe" safely through the boiling surf, and seemed rather inclined to pity his companions, who reminded him of flies, whether in amber, or falling one by one into the engulphing preparation of cloying sweetness. For the moment that Paesiello saw Stanelli really cared for Eva, and that Eva truly sympathised with Stanelli, as he abhorred unreality, and disliked flirtation, (merely as such,) he withdrew himself from the "melée," and wished his friend and the gentle Eva all success, and "God speed."

What a good example for us all! How many of both sexes seem to treat their fellow creatures as "fair game," objects of sport, amusement, simply either "pour passer le

temps," or to glide swiftly and easily down the daily current of the great river of life. But yet, like the wounded birds of a "battue," these poor, deserted, disappointed members of society, male and female victims, retire often from the gay circles of the world, depressed and despairing, to heal their wounds and forget their grievances in other scenes, on other lots. With how many does the cool, careless, erratic flirtation become the engrossing dream of a whole life.

Of course the stern moralist will come in and say, "I can have no pity for such weaknesses of humanity. A man or a woman must forget such trifles. It is nonsense talking to me of injured affection or a broken heart. People have no business to feel so much."

This is all very fine, O friend and moralist, from the lofty pedestal on which you survey the world; but men are still men, and women are still women. To denounce flirtation—innocent, harmless, passing flirtation—I do not for one pretend to do; for to say the truth, I see no harm in it, and where men and women "most do congregate" it will always be found.

But a person professing to feel affection for another, and then to desert that person on some idle pretence, or on no pretence at all, always has appeared to me the most heartless and indefensible of conduct. It is, in my opinion, far better, like Paesiello, to be fair dealing and straight running, not to affect interest which you do not feel, not to raise hopes which are only the product, as Dr. Johnson would have said, of the "vanity of idleness," or, as I hold it, of want of principle.

On the other hand, I feel bound to observe here, that our young people often make great mistakes in their likes and dislikes. They "take up" with the bold, the brazen, the noisy, the impudent, the adventurer, and the brainless, often ignoring the claims of the modest, the well-informed, the intellectual, the right principled, and the well-conducted.

In *Mdme. Allegri* Don Balthazar found a woman to his own mind, as I before remarked.

She had outlived the sentimental nonsense of younger days, and refined and elegant, of good taste and charming manners, well dressed, and good tempered, she was, perhaps, as pleasant a person to meet withal as anyone can well picture or find. And more than this. Though she was "empressé" in her manners, she was honest and true, a sincere friend, a true ally, and Don Balthazar, who was no longer young himself, and had always laughed at incongruous marriages, thought that in *Mdme. Allegri* he had at last found, happy mortal, the acmé of his imaginings and his wishes.

And certainly he has, as Paesiello says in his diary, "done very well for himself, and shown his good sense and good taste." For *Mdme. Allegri* was no giddy girl, half hoyden, half "ingenue," who would have driven a sensible man mad in six hours, but was both staid and sensible, demure and discreet.

Good-looking as she still was in wonderful measure, she preferred home to society generally, and, like Don Balthazar, sought in books and pictures, the conversation of the intellectual, music, and refining associations, all that tends to gratify and elevate the mind of mortals. She, in fact, like a sensible woman, would rather stay at home with her husband, than, by perpetual going out, live in a whirlwind of gaiety and excitement, most injurious to the "morale" of all!

I often think how much depends on the happiness of the home, on congenial temperaments, and similar ages!

To suppose that May can really mate with January, or be happy under such circumstances, is to ignore and defy the whole analogy of nature and common sense. And though there is no rule without an exception, as every one of us knows, I always do regard all such instances of male and female weakness as not only full of doubt and danger for the present, but still more doubtful and still more dangerous for the future. And here I leave our friends for a time, all happy, all contented, all basking in the smiles of gladdening sunshine, all contemplating a pleasant "outcome" from all those "surroundings" with good hope and gentle sympathy. How they continue to fare in this state of the case we shall see in the next chapter.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

VIII. FEBRUARY.

—“ All this uniform uncolour'd scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flush into variety again,
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
 In heavenly truth ; evincing, as she makes
 The grand transition, that there lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are His,
 That make so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
 That cultivation glories in, are His.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshalls all the order of the year ;
 He marks the bounds, which Winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germe,
 Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
 And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.”

CONSOLING thought—that, as certainly as Life contains within itself the entity of Death, so certainly does Death enwrap the germ of Life. A vivified Hope is this Faith of a smiling future of Life that softens the asperity of the frowning resting-place of Death ; and, as with immaterial things, so with material, it is this certainty of the future beauties of spring that makes us bear contentedly and cheerfully the rigours of Winter ; for we know that Spring will as surely follow Winter, as the seed will expand and burst with the life that is in it—so assured are we, by faith, of the certain fulfilment of the promises of our Heavenly Father contained in the Volume of the Sacred Law ;—so sure have we been made, by long experience, of the carrying out of the Creator's principle, implanted at the first in every herb of the field, of its containing “its seed within itself.” What mighty lessons are here taught us of the necessity of watching the growth of intellect and bent of inclination of the youthful mind, that we may watch for the first indications of the germ within, and watching it, observantly foster and tend its growth ; for who knows what sort of soul may be inclosed in that tiny infant form ?—

“ How many a mighty mind is shut
 Within a fameless germ ;
 The huge oak lies in the acorn nut,
 And the richest regal robes are cut
 From the web of a dusky worm.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
 On its full and swelling tide,
 But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
 From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips
 That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.

The thoughtless word from a jesting breath
 May fall on a list'ning ear,
 And draw the soul from its rusty sheath
 To work and win the rarest wreath
 That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
Gay Flora's fairest gem,
Let the sunlight stay and the shower go past,
And the wee green bud shall blaze at last ;
The pride of her diadem.

The sower casts in the early year
The grains of barley corn
And barns and barrels of goodly cheer
Of winter's bread and nut-brown beer
From the infant seed are born.

The Poet-chant may be a thing
Of lightsome tone and word ;
But a living soul may dwell in the string,
That shall waken and rouse as its echoes fin
Till myriad breasts are stirred.

Look well, look close, look deep, look long,
On the changes ruling earth,
And ye'll find God's rarest, holiest throng
Of mortal wonders—strange and strong—
Arise from noteless birth.

Fate drives a poor and slender peg,
But a crown may hang thereby ;
We may kill an eagle when crushing an egg,
And the shilling a starving boy may beg
May be stamped with Fortune's die.

Tis well to train our searching eyes,
To marvel, and not to mock ;
For the nameless steed may win the prize,
The " wee " child grow to giant size,
And the atom found a rock."

One other thought—how many of us ever dream of the angel-germ bound up now in these cold-clay forms of ours, to burst one day into an eternal spring of brightness or of sorrow, according to the culture we bestow upon it now in these winter days of our earthly sojourn ?

And now let us turn our thoughts from Nature's teachings to the few early treasures that already bestrew her lap. Whilst searching for her richer gifts let us not forget to respectfully mention our staunch old friends, the Chickweed and Groundsell, that afford their daily meal to our feathered friends, nor the equally constant Dead Nettle. Close to this last, on a heap of stones, we may perhaps find one of the tribe of Hellebores. Perhaps, the most beautiful is the Black Hellebore or " Christmas Rose," such a favourite in our gardens, from its flowering in mid-winter. Another garden variety is the Winter Hellebore, or Aconite, with its beautiful yellow blossoms. The kinds that we shall find wild are the Stinking and Green Hellebores, which grow freely in chalky districts. The former of these is a free bloomer, with a leafy stem ; its flowers are green, slightly tinged with purple ; it derives its name from its extremely disagreeable smell. The latter variety has also a leafy stem, but bears but few flowers ; these however, are large, and are of a greenish-yellow colour. Formerly, the Hellebores were held in great esteem by medical men, latterly they have fallen in their esteem, though they are still employed in mental disorders. In excessive doses this plant acts as a narcotic-acrid poison.

A distant relative of these somewhat disagreeable, if sometimes useful family is the

"herald of the gentlest gales,"

the Lesser Celandine or Pilewort. The child on "buttercups and daisies" bent, will often find, instead of the former favourite,—

"The vernal Pilewort's globe unfold
Its star-like disk of burnished gold;
Starlike in seeming form, from far
It shines too like a glistening star."

The Lesser Celandine is, with the exception of the Dandelion, the most gorgeous of our early flowers, and from this time to the end of May every bank is glowing with its golden bloom. Soon, then, may we make our Spring-tide garland—

"Wreath'd of the sunny Celandine—the brief
Courageous Wild-flower, loveliest of the frail—
The Hazel's crimson star—the Woodbine's leaf—
The Daisy with its half-closed eye of grief;
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song."

Well chosen epithet of our friend is "sunny," for it opens only on bright days. A pity it is, though, that it is not as useful as beautiful, but truth compels us to own that it is not, and to recognize the justice of the Farmer's endeavour to eradicate it from his pasture, as he would, if he could, the closely-allied acrimonious Buttercup. And yet we ought not to condemn it hastily, nor judge it harshly, for its roots possess medicinal properties, and its young leaves (Professor Martyn says) may be eaten in Spring. But surely we ought not to adjudge everything useless that we cannot eat, but rather praise the Creator who deigns to create things which He intends merely to gladden our sight. Even the leaves of the plant are very beautiful, with their spots of tender green on their darker heart-shaped ground. We ought to notice that its flowers not merely open on sunshiny days, but that they regularly close from five in the evening till nine on the following morning.

Another yellow-blooming plant is the Coltsfoot, which is, although a sore trial to cultivators of the soil, on account of the creeping character of the roots, and the abundant and easily dispersed seed, still a very useful plant; useful in that where, else, would be left bare and unseemly patches of newly-turned earth, or barren and ugly heaps of rubbish, such, for instance, as the slopes of embankments, and the sides of railway cuttings, the ground is almost immediately covered with a soft and verdant carpet, enlivened in the very earliest Spring, by the golden blossoms of this free-growing plant. One of the peculiarities of the Coltsfoot is that its blossoms appear long before the foliage. Another remarkable thing concerning it is mentioned by Curtis, which is that, as soon as the flower is out of bloom, and the seeds, with the pappus or down as yet moist, are enclosed in the flower-cup, the heads hang down; but as the moisture of the seeds and down evaporates in withering, they become lighter, and the ball of feathery seeds expands, and assumes the appearance of a Dandelion puff. Besides being useful as an ornament, this plant is extensively employed medicinally; in the various forms of tea, lozenge, and the like, it is considered an excellent remedy for coughs; another mode of employing it for this purpose is by smoking the leaves like tobacco; this practise is extremely ancient, for Pliny recommends that the foliage should be burned, and its smoke drawn into the mouth through a reed and swallowed. In the days of our grandmothers, when the lucifer-match was unknown, and fire could only be obtained by a laborious and patient application of the steel to the flint (and to the knuckles also sometimes) to procure a spark, which spark had to be received into tinder, the dried leaf of the Coltsfoot was often used for the purpose on account of the thick cottony down with which it is covered. The Tartars to rid themselves of the gnats, which with them are very troublesome, frequently burn touchwood, using the dried roots of this plant for that purpose.

Along the sides of the paths and roads we can everywhere see the bloom of the Annual Meadow Grass, whilst we may find an early Violet in some sheltered spot, if the season be an early one; we will not, however, pause to notice this prime favourite of Spring just now, as it is a little out of season, but will pass on to one of the most

beautiful blossoms that this time of year affords, although it is true it is a little doubtful if it is a true wild flower, we mean the Snowdrop. Who does not welcome this little harbinger of warmer days in store? Who is not charmed to see the patches of white blossom, which seem almost like stray snow-flakes lingering after their fellows have melted and gone? One reason, perhaps, why we are the more inclined to welcome its reappearance, is that it is a member of that large Botanical family, that includes so many of the plants most important to man, such as the palms, the grains, and the grasses. One great and noticeable feature of this tribe is the parallel veining of the leaves in contradistinction to the branched and cross-graining of such plants as the Daisy, the Ivy, and most of our Trees. Another flower, sometimes found wild, of a similar kind to the Snowdrop, and now beginning to flower, is the Daffodil, the evanescent nature of whose blossoms is noticed by Herrick:—

“ Fair Daffodils!
We weep to see
You fade away so soon——”

Approaching the more woody classes of vegetation, we find a few early blossoms of the Lesser Periwinkle; few plants are more beautiful than this, with its rich blue flowers and its glossy green leaves. So cord-like and tough are its trailing stems that its Botanical name, “*Vinca*,” has been derived from the Latin *vincio*, to bind. The Dutch call it *Sinn-Green* or “Evergreen.” The Italians call it “The flower of Death” from their custom of binding-down the grassy sods of their graves with its shoots. Although the Lesser Periwinkle is found somewhat frequently in Kent, and in Devonshire often covers large tracts of ground with its foliage and flowers, it is by no means common in all parts of the county, as it generally affects woodland spots, especially if they should be rendered moist by streams of water. In the country garden this flower is a great favourite:—

“ See where the sky-blue periwinkle climbs
E'en to the cottage eaves, and hides the wall,
And dairy lattice, with a thousand eyes,
Pentagonally formed, to mock the skill
Of proud geometers.”

A step higher and we are amongst the shrubs, and should we be passing through a copse, or by the thick-grown hedge of an old rural lane, our eye would doubtless be arrested by the bright glossy evergreen leaves of the Spurge Laurel, which surrounding the extremities of the branches quite leafless as to their lower part, give them somewhat the appearance of a Palm. From the midst of these hang down the yellowish-green flowers, like so many waxen bells, diffusing a sweet, though faint, perfume. The berries, which are of a bluish-black colour, are poisonous to everything but birds; the roots and bark are very acrid, but not so intensely so as those of its relative, the Mezereon, which may also be met with wild. A little later on, this Shrub is rendered very beautiful by its purplish-lilac flower, which comes out whilst it is still leafless. Its scarlet berries are highly poisonous. The bark is used in some countries as a blister, whilst the still more acrid root is employed to cure toothache; great care has, however, to be exercised in its use, as, if held too long in the mouth, it produces inflammation; indeed, although most parts of the plant are used medicinally, they should never be touched in this way but by experienced hands. Mezereon possesses one excellent quality, for its branches yield a good yellow dye. It is a plant widely known, the French calling it *Laureole gentille*, the Italians *Laureola femina*, and the Persians *Madaaryoun*. Another curious and beautiful plant that we may include amongst the shrubs is the Butcher's Broom, so called because formerly butchers used its prickly branches to sweep their blocks. The most remarkable feature in this plant is the situation of the flower, the footstalk of which is so buried under the outer coating of the leaf, that it presents the remarkable appearance of a flower growing out of the surface of a leaf. The blossoms are small and of a yellowish-green colour, and the fertile ones are

O LADY FAIR!

O LADY fair ! O lady fair !
How glad that joyous smile !
Which on this wrinkled brow of care
Sheds brightness for a while ;
In dimpled grace and beauty
Thou sittest, laughing still,
And in all of loving duty
Thou brav'st each good and ill.

O lady fair ! O lady fair !
Let love and trust decay :
Thou, in thy gifts so great and rare,
Art a goodly Truth to-day !
Before thee Time, relenting,
Seems to withhold its token ;
With thee, in fond consenting
Both vows and hearts are broken.

O lady fair ! O lady fair !
Defend me from those eyes,
Which seem to greet me everywhere
With their deep and soft surprise.
In tenderness unuttered
Thou fill'st me with delight,
With syllables half-muttered—
With promises most bright !

O lady fair ! O lady fair !
What boot earth's changes now ?
The leaves are gone—the tree is bare—
Forgotten the Summer vow !
My Vision is but seeming,
And a haze—it fills the room,
As in that forgotten gleaming
I mind me of growing gloom.

O lady fair ! O lady fair !
Be yet, as now thou art,
A Rest amid this worldly glare—
A Star still seen apart.
Oh ! may that large and loving heart
Rule every grief and glee,
As lifelong hopes and joys depart,
And the spirit turus to thee.

O lady fair ! O lady fair !
What mean these words of mine ?
I think I see thee sitting there,
With that soft smile of thine !
O lady fair ! O lady fair !
The shadows flit and fade :
The vision melts into dim air,—
Ended the Masquerade !

NEMO.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

A LODGE LECTURE.

(Continued from page 354.)

IT has long ago been pointed out—however otherwise inexplicable is the fact in itself—that Jews and Syrians were permitted to work together at the erection of a temple to the Most High, at a time, too, when the Israelites were so markedly separated from all other nations in all matters relating to religious worship. From Palestine and from Greece, and from the East generally, these brotherhoods passed on to Rome, then not only the capital of the civilised world, but the meeting-place of all religious traditions, and from Rome have come down to us those well-known ceremonies, with that peculiar colouring which a Jewish tradition has given, and which has taken the place of all previous mysteries and all other forms of initiation and probation.

There seems to be plenty of evidence to prove the actual existence of Roman Colleges or Sodalities—Brotherhoods of Architects and Masons—who were governed by peculiar laws, and distinguished by mystic initiations and secret signs, who admitted honorary members, and relieved the wants of their brethren. First as Roman heathen Brotherhoods, and then as Roman Brotherhoods, when Christianity itself gained the upper hand, they surrounded the art they practised, and upheld the framework of that Brotherhood to which they belonged with the interest which ever attaches among men to what is ancient in authority or sacred in association, while they religiously kept both the secrets of their art and the traditions of their body from the knowledge of the common profane.

We have evidence in this country as far back as A.D. 56 of the existence, under the Roman Government, of the College of Masons, in votive tablets still existing at Chichester and Bath. Sir James Palgrave, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," also alludes to this subject in these words:—

"Each city contained various colleges, or companies, or guilds of traders and artificers, and if I were a Freemason—which I am not—I should perhaps be able to ascertain whether the Lodge of Antiquity at York is, as the members of the Craft say, a real scion from the Roman stock, existing through so many changes."

While a writer in 1788, in the "Archæologia," states that the Collegium or Corporation of the Roman Free Masons were the first joiners of ecclesiastical architecture into a regular and scientific system.

After the fall of the Roman Empire we have plenty of evidence to show us that these brotherhoods went on to Gaul, and Germany, and England, practising everywhere, as companies or guilds of Freemasons, under their own peculiar laws and customs and system, their useful and beneficent art, raising castles and municipal halls, and building churches and cathedrals and monasteries. Mr. Hope, in his very able Essay on Architecture, which some of us will probably have read, makes constant reference to the institution of the early Freemasons, and treats it, though a non-Mason, as an undoubted fact, on purely historical grounds. And it has long ago been observed, moreover, how very strikingly the first beginnings of Christianity in this country are always connected with the introduction of the civilising arts—architecture especially—and how with the great missionaries who came to tell us of the Bright Morning Star, like Augustine and Paulinus, came Roman masons to work Roman work—"Romanum opus," as it is called by the Chroniclers—to build afresh or to restore what the various invasions of Picts and Scots and Anglo-Saxons had left of the former works of the Roman sodalities in England.

Some of us will call to mind how uniformly Preston ascribes the prevalence of Free Masonry in this country in the early ages of Christianity to the introduction of masons, under certain leaders or heads—first under the Romans, by the Roman sodalities; then by the introduction of Roman masons by Augustine and Paulinus; then a little later under Wilfrid and the famous Benedict Biscops, by Roman masons from Rome; again,

under the great Alfred, by the introduction of foreign masons ; and again, at the Norman Conquest, by the bringing of masons from Gaul.

We have been blamed, as Masons, for claiming among our founders and patrons St. Alban and St. Athelstan, and Edwin. And yet, after all, these traditions are probably quite correct, when looked at in connection with the operative guilds. We have evidence that Albanus, or St. Alban, went to Rome, and brought back masons, and built the town of St. Albans. Hence the early Masonic tradition, quoted by Preston, from one of our old charges, still extant, is probably quite true, and easily accounted for.

My learned friend Mr. Walbrow, the Editor of the "Chartularies of Fountains Abbey," pointed out to me years ago that St. Athelstan was the donor of most of the charters to the guilds of the north of England, and that he probably gave, as our traditions say, a charter to the early operative lodges.

Edwin, who is said to have got a charter for the Masons at York, though not his son, as he had none, and not likely, as his brother, who was early drowned at sea, to have been connected with the Craft—is, probably, as Mr. Walbrow suggests, the Edwin, King of Northumberland, who lived at Auldby, said to be the residence of the other Edwin, and who was baptized by Paulinus, and helped to build York Minster, Beverly Minster, and other places.

Traditionary statements like these, we must remember, connect themselves with a general system ; and though in the main correct, yet it is easy to understand that particular events and passages require always to be carefully considered. That such a body as the operative Masons existed in this country, with their own customs and forms and secrets, may be proved, I think, in a variety of ways. We have first the evidence of non-Masonic writers. Mr. Hope, to whose admirable Essay on Architecture I have already alluded, treats it as a matter of fact ; and so does Mr. Poole, in his History of Church Architecture. Thus, too, Mr. Smirke, in the "Archæologia," alludes as a fact to the incorporation of Masons in the 13th century. In the 15th vol. of "Archæologia" there is a communication respecting the builder of part of the Abbey Church of Romsey, and the inscription is said to refer to the Consul or Warden for the year of that set or company of Masons who planned and built the monastery ;—for it is to be observed, the writer goes on to say, that all the buildings of any consequence erected in those days were undertaken by a set of regular Masons, bred up in that mystery or art—for the Society of Free Masons then existed.

Mr. Whittington, in his Essay, observes that from the first use of Gothic Architecture in the 12th to its completion in the 15th century, the improvements are owing to the munificence of the Church and the vast abilities of the Free Masons in the Middle Ages ; while Mr. Gunn, in his work on Gothic Architecture, distinctly says :—"These immense works produced a host of artificers, cut of whom, in imitation of the confraternities which for various purposes had existed from ancient times, companies were formed and schools erected. An oath of secrecy was administered to the novices—a veil of mystery pervaded their meetings, which, in an age when many were ignorant, conferred importance." And Mr. Dallaway, in his "History of Architecture," states that there were in the early part of the 12th century colleges of Masons at Strasburg and Cologne. In these conventions, he says, regulations were formed which were religiously preserved under the strong sanction of good faith and secrecy. All communications were oral. The Craft or mystery of Architects and operative Masons was involved in secrecy, by which a knowledge of their practice was carefully excluded from the acquirement of all who were not enrolled in their fraternity. While Mr. Gilbert Scott, in his "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," alludes to the existence of a body or brotherhood, whether Royal Masons or Cathedral Masons, who worked together as a guild or order, and carried on all the buildings in this country. We have also authentic evidence of the existence of this operative body in the publication of the Fabric rolls of York Minster and of other great Cathedrals, as Westminster and Durham.

(To be Continued.)

AMABEL VAUGHAN.*

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers," "Mildred, an Autumn Romance," "My Lord the King," "The path of Life, an Allegory," "Another Fenian Outrage," "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

TRINITY PARSONAGE.—REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BLUE.

"VERY glad to see you," said the Vicar of Trinity Church, Camden Town, to young Seaton, as he sauntered in, looking very happy that evening. "Where is your friend," Mr. Brig added; "I thought you were coming together."

"Well," said Harry, after greeting Mabel with much *empressement*, "the fact is Fitzgerald had to go to see some publishers about a little volume of his just coming out. I believe it's a play, but he won't tell me, and I fancy it will be published anonymously, so we shan't know where to look for it."

"Ah! here he is to answer for himself," cried Mabel, as they sat down to tea, determined to wait no longer. "Now, Sir," she added, turning to him with bright flashing eyes, "and where have you been? I demand to know."

"Well, my fair cousin," Fitz replied gaily, "I've been on business,—business of the State, let us say, at all events it is no business"—of yours he was going to say, but it struck him it would be rude—"that would interest you," he murmured, as he sank down carelessly by her side on the sofa, and accepted a cup of tea passed to him by Miss Griss, who presided behind an old-fashioned urn, and looked benignantly on all around.

"How do you know," said Mabel, archly; "of course I am interested in everything that interests you," she quietly added.

Mark looked across the table, where he was sitting, with just the shadow of the shade of jealousy passing swiftly over his handsome face; but instantly turned away and resumed his conversation with Miss Griss, and the words mammoth, mastodon, Troglodyte, might have been heard by any one listening as he discoursed learnedly for the delectation of that dear sapient old maid, upon some of the curiosities of geology and paleontology,—and I am afraid, rather poking fun at that elderly spinster.

The Vicar was looking over a lot of letters that had just come in by the post, having apologised with old-fashioned courtesy for opening them.

"Oh! Reginald," he said as he opened an envelope with a deep black border. "Here is another urgent letter from Mrs. Dawson. She says her boy will be 10 in January, and of course he cannot enter the Blue-coat School after that day. It is therefore very necessary that we should bestir ourselves if he is to be got in."

"Oh! Uncle, I do hope we shall get him a presentation: you see he is a sort of cousin of mine, this boy," Mabel urges, turning to Mark, "and they are so very poor."

Presently the tea things having been moved, Mabel sat herself down to the piano, and played and sang to them, and as Mark stood by her side and turned over the music, he said in a low voice, "and so you are going to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow," Mabel replied gaily. "Don't you think I have been here long enough," she added with a mischievous glance in her eye.

"I don't know. I can only say I, for one, shall be awfully sorry."

"Nonsense!" said Mabel rising, as she finished "Leoline" Blumenthals lovely song, which she had sung with exquisite feeling. "Nonsense! You will forget me in a month."

* Some exceptions having been taken to the "facts" of this story, we beg to remind our readers of the wonted claims of Fiction. As far as we know no personal reflections are intended.

“Never!” murmured Mark with passionate fervour; and as Mabel moved away towards her harp at the solicitation of her uncle, who begged for one more air on that grand instrument, which she played with much grace, he added, quoting the song just sung, “At all events I may sing:—

“‘But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend Leoline.’”

“But my name is not Leoline,” Mabel said simply.

“You two young men were at Christ’s Church together, I think?” interrupted the Vicar.

Mabel was glad of a respite,—she was afraid things were going too far for the present, for she could not but see that Mark was head and ears in love with her, and she was by no means sure of her own feelings.

“Oh, yes!” Mark said, “we were there at Hertford together in the same ward, and curiously enough, in the same ward in London also.”

The Vicar sat silent for some time, and then Miss Griss reminded Mabel that they wanted her to play something on her favourite instrument; and Mabel, who was the soul of good nature, sat down at once, struck one or two chords, and then gave a lovely weird sonata of Beethoven, arranged for the harp,—which she played so exquisitely that it drew the tears from Mark’s eyes;—he was passionately fond of music.

“Beautiful, my dear, beautiful,” said Mr. Brig, as she finished; “and now we have, I am sure, troubled you enough; perhaps Mr. Seaton will sing something.”

“Willingly,” answered Mark, though after Miss Vaughan’s performance I am not worth listening to. I will sing this if you like,” he continued, after looking through a heap of songs; “you like Blumenthal, I fancy,” and he selected the following, whether by design or not, I cannot say:—

“I think of thee in the night,
When all around is still,
And the moon comes out with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill;
When the storms are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit’s low replies.

I think of thee by day
‘Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young sweet smile I see;
My heart were all alone
But for its dreams of thee.”

Mark had a fine baritone voice, and he sung the song with a depth of feeling there was no mistaking, at least by one fair listener.

“I like that very much,” Mabel said dreamily as she rose from the piano, having accompanied him in the song at his earnest entreaty. “There is something mystical and rather sad about it, and I don’t want to be sad to-night,” she added with forced laughter, looking at her cousin, who was regarding the pair curiously.

“By Jove!” Fitz said, and laughed as he noticed that Miss Griss looked rather shocked.—“Beg your pardon, Aunt; I didn’t intend to use that *dreadful exclamation*,” he continued with a slight satirical tone, “but I just remembered, Mark, that to-day is Edward VI. birthday.”

“Dear me!” Miss Griss exclaimed, “I had no notion you knew so much about history, my dear,—and pray what was there remarkable about Edward VI. birthday?”

“Nothing, Aunt, nothing. Only we had a holiday at Christ’s Hospital, which, as all

the world knows, was founded by him, every 12th October on that account—and many a jolly day Mark and I had together; didn't we, Mark?"

"I believe you, my boy," was the response, as Mark laughingly imitated some comic actor—Paul Bedford, I think—who made that exclamation the refrain of a song in the old days. "Talking about holidays," the latter continued, "reminds me of Dawson. He was one of the monitors of our ward—Murch was the other, you will remember," he said turning to Fitz, who was talking to Mabel in an undertone.

"Well, they had a custom in our time—I don't know if it exists now—which will amuse Miss Griss, who is fond of music. All the beds were numbered, and we had from 40 to 50 beds in each ward. Well, when it was 50 days to the holidays, the boy whose number that was, had to sing a song in the lavatory before all the boys. If he couldn't sing, he was spread-eagled."

"And pray what is that?" asked Miss Griss with interest.

"Oh! nothing particular; the boy was laid across a form and thrashed with knotted towels by the monitors—that was all."

"What a shame!" said Mabel indignantly.

"Oh, I got on all right. I sang my song when my turn came; but Fitz had a narrow squeak, and only got off his thrashing as he didn't know a song, through the kindbearfulness of Murch, who knew that he stammered—which he did then—and said it would be a shame to spread-eagle that little fellow under the circumstances."

"As a matter of fact," the Vicar said, "I have understood that people who stammer often sing best."

"Do you remember our old dame, Mrs. Peters, Fitz? The boys had a habit of having little picnics under the beds, buying little wax candles, and lighting up when everybody was supposed to be asleep."

"What a dreadfully dangerous pastime," Miss Griss put in.

"Oh yes, I suppose it was; but then the boys liked that. Old Mother Peters used to come out of her room and say, 'Come out you beds from under them boys. I see you.'"

"Ah!" put in Fitz, "do you remember her and Wildish?"

"What was that?" enquired Mabel.

"Oh, Wildish was a queer fellow. When first I went up to London I suppose he thought I was rather green, for he collared me one day, saying, 'I say you fellow, have you just come up?'"

"Yes," I said looking at him dubiously.

"Well, how old are you?"

"Nine," I replied.

"Ah! well the custom of the School is that every new boy shall break as many windows as he is years old!"

"Is it?" I answered a little incredulously.

"Certainly!" said Wildish. "When I came up I was 13 (this by the way I don't believe), so I had to break 13 windows. Now you must break nine, but," he added with great magnanimity, "if you like I will do it for you."

"I cheerfully assented to his proposition, and he broke them there and then!"

"You don't say so," said the Vicar, "was he not punished?"

"Well he would have been, only nobody caught him—he was a very wide-awake customer. One day when he was up in the ward old Mother Peters came out of her bedroom—she was rheumatic—and seeing him down below, looked over the balustrade coaxingly and said: 'Wildish do be a good boy now, and fetch the jug out of my sitting-room up here. Sarah's out, and I'm troubled with the rheumatics as you know.'"

"Wildish coming out of the little room said, 'why there isn't a jug.'"

"Drat the boy," the Dame replied, as she came grumbling down stairs; "they're all alike—can't see anything."

"Now," she continued triumphantly, as she lugged him into the room, "don't go to tell any more lies, Wildish, there's the jug."

"That!" said Wildish, "that!" pointing to the article in question; "that isn't a jug, it's a mug!"

"'Now, Wildish, you know you are telling a story—and one lie always maintains another. You'll please to come with me to the Steward,' and with that she puts on her bonnet, and off she goes with him to Mr. Brooks, the Steward, a man we all respected, for he was thoroughly just as a rule, and flogged his own son as much as any one when he deserved it. They call the officer now who rules the boys out of School the Warden; but in our time it was the Steward," Fitz explained.

"'Please Sir,' she began, 'I asked Wildish here to go into my room, and fetch a jug for me, when he said there wasn't one there. I come down to convict him, rheumatic as I was, and showed him the werry article, which standing it was, Sir, on my side-board against the silver candlesticks, which they was my mother's. 'That isn't a jug,' says he, 'it's a mug.' Now, Wildish, I says, don't speak no falsehoods I says—for one lie always maintains another; and as you know, Sir, a jug's a jug, and a mug's a mug, and if a jug's a mug, of course a mug must be a jug,—and I said to Wildish, one lie always maintains another, and you'll come down with me to the Steward.' Well, Mr. Brooks didn't seem to see much in it; but the old woman began again and told her story right through,—and I heard, 'a jug's a jug, and of course if a jug is a mug, a mug must be a jug, mustn't it, Sir!' until at last Mr. B.'s patience being exhausted, he gave Wildish six cakes just to get rid of the pair."

"Dear me," remarked Miss Griss, "what a kind man!"

"Very," said Fitz, drily; "but he didn't eat them."

"What does he mean, Mr. Seaton?" Mabel put in.

"Oh, cakes at Christ's Hospital is the slang term for cuts on the hand with a cane.

"Your astonishment reminds me of old Dr. R., who was head master at that time—and who committed suicide whilst I was there. He found out that caning bore that euphonious name; so he used to chaff the poor unfortunates who were sent up for six cakes,—and whilst they were writhing with pain, he would say pleasantly, 'Now hold out your hand, again, Sir. This is a *plummy* one; this is a *seedy* one; this is a *plain* one;' accompanying each phrase with a stroke which raised the blood marks all over the fellow's hand."

"Cruel!" remarked Miss Griss over her work.

"Wildish was the fellow who sent you down to the cook to have your mouth measured for a spoon, wasn't it, Fitz?—he has a large one, ladies, you observe."

"Yes; confound the fellow,—and didn't I get a tremendous box on the ears when I went down to the kitchen under the Great Hall for the first time, and told them what I was sent for?"

"Well, it wasn't any worse than sending that little Neale to the matron for a penny-worth of pigeon's milk," the latter remarked.

"Fitz, you must know," Mark said to Mabel, "was head of a band of singers there, Ethiopian serenaders, who used to shout out their ditties in the Grammar School, and chant away 'Uncle Ted,' 'Nelly Bly,' 'Man the Life Boat,' 'Row Brothers, row,' and a multitude of other songs of the period,—utterly regardless of the fact that they were in school and supposed to be hard at work over their Virgil or Ovid, Anacreon, or whoever was the author, Latin or Greek, whose works they were translating. The master of the fifth form, in which most of them were at that time, was as deaf as a post, and never heard their dulcet melody—and, as a matter of course, he was always prepared to swear that the harmony proceeded from no one in his classes.

"The other masters couldn't make it out, for where there are 500 boys in one room, it is rather difficult to single out half-a-dozen who may be singing. At last, one day, old T, another of the masters, who used always to say 'Fetch me the gravy spoon,' when he was going to cane anybody, came stalking up to Fitz, whom he thought he detected:—

"Now," he said sternly, 'some one was singing; who was it?'

"Fitz looked up innocently from his book—he had been diligently parsing a minute before, but somehow or other it was upside down—and said, without hardly moving a muscle, 'Yes, there was someone singing. I think it was that red-headed boy at the end of the form in the Little Erasmus opposite' (the Little and Great Erasmus were

two classes of upper boys above the fifth form, and ranking next to the Deputy Grecians, he explained to Mabel) ! and old T. went solemnly over and took that boy in to be caned by the head master for making a noise in school."

"What a shame," said Mabel laughingly at Fitz.

"Oh, it was all right," he answered ; "he would be sure to deserve it next day, if he didn't then."

"Poor old S., our master, he was a nice old fellow—and we were awfully fond of him ; but we used to make desperate fun of him on account of his deafness.

"I've often seen Fitz and other fellows go up to him in school, and say in an undertone, 'I say, S., you are an old fool, you know you are, now don't deny it,' or some impudence of that sort.

"Mr. S. would say mildly, putting his hand to his ear, 'Eh, what did you say !'

"Please, Sir, may I go out into the quadrangle to see my friends.' 'Certainly,' he would say. Sometimes a shadow of suspicion would come over him, as it appeared the sentence first put was rather longer than the second,—and he would remark, 'Are you quite sure you said that.' 'Oh, dear, yes, Sir,' the boy would answer, with injured innocence depicted in his countenance.

"Sometimes he would order a boy into his study to be caned,—and another fellow would go in with an air of the greatest importance and say : 'If you please, Sir, there's one of the governors waiting in the Hall Cloisters, (the farthest from the School,) and he wants to see you.' Mr. S. would give a slight brush to his mortar-board, sweep the dust off his rather aged M.A. gown, and go off to see the gentleman, who it is needless to say was *non est inventus*.

"After wandering about for half-an-hour, he would come back disconsolate, muttering to himself that he supposed he must have missed the Governor somewhere, and wondering who he could be.

"Meanwhile, of course, he had forgotten all about the boy who was to be caned,—who got off for that day at least."

"Your recollections are amusing, though not altogether conducive to good morals," Miss Griss remarked mildly ; "but why the gentleman should want to take a mortar-board with him when he went out, passes my comprehension."

"Perhaps it was because he was a h (odd) man," suggested Fitz.

Mabel laughed, and said it was a wretched pun, and quite unworthy of Reginald.

"My dear," Mr. Brig observed, smiling at his sister-in-law's remark, and reminded of his own Oxford days, "a mortar-board is a synonym for college cap."

"Slang, I suppose you mean," Miss Griss said drily. "I dislike slang very much."

"What an old humbug Fitz-George was," Mark began again, speaking of one of the writing-masters.

"Yes, he was a jolly old humbug," Fitz answered ; "but I liked him very much. What stories that man used to tell !"

"You don't mean to say," Miss Griss interrupted, adjusting her spectacles, "that one of the master's actually was remarkable for telling falsehoods ?"

"Not at all," Fitz replied, laughing, (though they were awful crammers, I verily believe, he added *sotto voce*) ; but he was a great anecdotist, and he used to say to his class : 'You've done that sum in compound interest or decimals very well,—and if you'll all keep quiet, I'll tell you a story ; but mind,' he would add, 'the first boy who laughs will be caned.'

"Then he would tell us some Joe Miller, as old as the hills—and in order to give it a personal and fictitious interest, he would say the adventure, or whatever it was, happened to his own father,—which we, in our innocence, religiously believed. He was very funny ; and some boy, whose sense of humour was rather keen, would completely forget himself, and burst out in a roar of laughter, that could be heard almost all over the School, in spite of the Babel of sound coming from 300 or 400 boys.

"Fitz-George would look up, take out his cane, solemnly call the boy up and thrash him then and there."

"How very dreadful," Mabel put in. "Fancy thrashing a boy who laughed at your own funny story."

"Well, you see," Fitz remarked, "the discipline of the School must be kept up,—and Fitz-George would probably have been called over the coals by the head writing master if the boys in his class made a row. Of course *he* would have no idea that he was telling the boys anecdotes instead of teaching them sums."

"Talking about Fitz-George—do you remember how he used always to point a moral to adorn his tale?" Fitz observed, seeing the ladies were apparently interested and amused with their recollections of the old School.

"Yes, I should think I did," Mark went on; "it seems only yesterday that old Tucker was out (out of the School he observed in explanation to Mabel). He was a lazy fellow, and never could work,—and I don't believe he got beyond the third form in the Grammar School when he left at fifteen—at which age all boys leave except the Mathemats. and Deps."

"I suppose they are Founders, kin," said Miss Griss who had heard from her brother of the privileges attaching to descendants of the Founders of the University Colleges, and fancied that these were names of people who had been great benefactors to the School.

"No," Mark explained; "I meant the Mathematical boys, whose School was founded by Charles II., and who bear a silver badge on their left shoulder as a mark of their position,—and the Deputy Grecians."

"Oh, indeed," Miss Griss observed. "I beg your pardon for interrupting," and she went on with her knitting sedulously.

"Well, old Fitz-George came in looking very important one morning, and after we had read our history, done our writing lesson, and were all seated round, ready for our sums, he went up to the black-board with a long piece of chalk (it was astonishing how beautifully he could write on that board with a lump of chalk) and wrote out a sum in duodecimals for our behoof, and then he said:—

"'You all remember Tucker, boys, who left the other day?'

"'Yes, Sir,' the boys chorussed.

"'Well, now, I met him in Newgate Street this morning, and he came up to me and said:—

"'Mr. Fitz-George, Sir, I very much regret that whilst I was under your able tuition I did not study more in order to better fit myself for the position I wish to occupy. I wish I had taken advantage of your admirable lessons in arithmetic and writing,—and I only hope the boys now under your care will be more industrious and painstaking, and more highly value your patient teaching.'

"The boys who knew Tucker very well, of course religiously believed that he used these very words, and left them as his last will and testament for the benefit of the class.

"'Indeed, Sir!' murmured Jacobs with well imitated reverent attention.

"'Yes, indeed!' Fitz-George added. 'But you all remember Tucker, and what sort of a boy he was. Well, now it was only the other day he came up to me at four o'clock. I was keeping the boys in because they had done their arithmetic very badly; and said he to me, doubling himself up as if he was suffering the most awful pain:—

"'If you please, Sir, may I go out; I feel very bad;' and here old Fitz-George imitated the suffering youngster like the best comic actor out.

"'Certainly, my boy, certainly, I said, for I felt sorry to see the boy in such pain.'

"'Well, three minutes afterwards, boys, I saw that young scamp baking potatoes under the fire at the end of the School room.'

"The conclusion of the Master's story was greeted with a loud guffaw from a youngster at the end of the form, who was ignorant, or who had forgotten the injunction as to untimely hilarity.

"'Who was that boy laughing,' said Fitz-George sternly, 'send him up here,' and the poor innocent got four cakes for his pains."

"It seems to me your Masters were characters in their way," the Vicar remarked

"Yes," Fitz put in. "There was Mr. G., the head writing master, he had a nice old joke—several in fact—but there was one we always looked for, and always laughed at, young sycophants as we were.

"We used to ornament our copy books with red ink lines, which, beginning lightly, waxed thick in the middle and dwindled away at the end. We used to call them "swellers,"—I suppose that is the phrase in caligraphy. Old G. did these of course beautifully, and he used to discourse learnedly about them, and about the right formation of the letters (we learnt German Text, and Old English, as well as the regular round hand, and Small Text), breaking off suddenly, if he saw a boy with a black eye—a rather frequent occurrence—by saying: 'Talking of swellers, who swelled your eye for you, you Sir.'

"The boys always tittered as if they thought it a splendid joke; and the guilty culprit invented a story to suit the occasion to account for the Wars of the Roses."

"Ah! I was on Mr. B.'s, the other chief writing master's side;" Mark observed.

"He was very good fun. Don't you remember when he was ill, and the Governors gave him a holiday, and it was said, paid his expenses for a trip to the East? Well, when he came back he was full of it, and he used to tell us of all he saw in Palestine,—and as he talked with a lisp, and was rather credulous, and as the boys imitated him to his face, we used to have rather fun over his anecdotes.

"Do you know, boythe," he would say, 'I think I told you about going to the Holy Thepulchre and the Valley of Jehothophat, and all thothe interethhting platheth.'

"Thirtainly Thir," a boy would answer.

"Well, one day, boythe, when I wath coming away I thaw a moht remarkable relic.'

"Indeed, Thir!' another boy would say, with a look full of outward sympathy, but inward merriment.

"Yeth, a moht remarkable relic; it wath offered to me, but I could not afford to buy it, though I thould have liked to prelhent it to the Britith Mutheum. It wath a long pieth of bone with thome hairth or brithells on it; do you follow me, boythe?"

"Thirtainly, Thir,' said the boys.

"Well, what do you think it wath?"

"The boys guessed all sorts of things; but at last gave it up.

"Do you give it up?" Mr. B. asked, as if it were a riddle.

"Oh, thirtainly Thir,' said the boys.

"Well,' said Mr. B., in a tone of great solemnity, 'It wath Thaint Johnth tooth-bruth.'

"Indeed,' said the boys, 'how very extraordinary.'

"And it was extraordinary, wasn't it?" Mark said, turning to Mabel, who laughed a pretty musical laugh, and observed that she couldn't believe anyone would tell such tales.

"You seem to have had some amusement even out of your Masters," the Vicar remarked. "By the way, how did they feed you there,—and how did you like the clothes,—and the absence of a hat."

"Oh, as to the matter of that I can't say much," Fitz answered. "The costume I liked, and I hate to wear a hat; but when we were there we were half starved, and that's a fact."

"You don't mean to say," Miss Griss observed, with a look of horror, "that the boys hadn't enough to eat?"

"I do, most emphatically," Fitz replied; "I know I never had a good meal all the time I was there. Did you, Mark?"

"Can't say I ever did," that worthy answered.

"Well, now tell us what you had."

"Oh, bread and milk for breakfast at eight—the milk sky-blue, and the cow with the iron tail being brought into requisition to a considerable extent."

"Dear me! dear me!" Miss Griss remarked with amazement. "Wonders will never cease. I never heard before of a cow with an iron tail."

"He means the pump, aunt," Mabel explained, very much diverted at her relatives remark, and her own superior knowledge of the meaning of her cousin's phraseology."

"Oh, indeed, Miss Griss said grimly, "I am not used to this enigmatical language."

"Well," Fitz continued, "I suppose we had about half a two-penny loaf for breakfast, and a basin of sky-blue, about three quarters full."

"Then for dinner at 1 o'clock the rule was, if I remember right, mutton on Monday—a slice about the size and thickness of the palm of your hand, and two or three potatoes, so judiciously steamed in their jackets that very often the boys couldn't eat them, they were so waxy and only par-boiled, and a piece of bread, half as much as one had for breakfast, and some small beer, that was so weak and so bad that the boys couldn't drink it, so it was at last discontinued—but we got nothing better instead, except the water, and that was good and cheap."

"At supper (we had no tea), which was at 6 o'clock, we had bread and cheese one night, and bread and butter another—the allowance of bread being the same as at breakfast—the cheese, single Gloucester I fancy, mostly what the boys called "waxy," and the butter in summer often rancid."

"We could have the beer if we liked for supper, too, brought up in big wooden "jacks" by the boys, who always wait on themselves—but, as a rule, they much preferred water. On Tuesdays for dinner the boys had rolly-polly currant pudding, which was not bad—but as one only had a thin slice of it with a little bread and butter (half the breakfast allowance) and no meat or vegetables, we felt rather hungry afterwards. Wednesday it was mutton again. Thursday boiled beef, I fancy. Friday, I think, mutton, and Saturday, pea soup and bread and butter, and no meat at all."

"Sunday it was hot roast beef with potatoes in winter, cold in summer with salad."

"But we never had enough, and it was, as a rule, very badly cooked, and worse carved. At the public suppers in Lent—then held on Sundays, but afterwards on Thursdays—a sight, by the way, very well worth seeing—we had the same as on other occasions, only the candles on the long tables were decorated, the butter was served to us in delicate little pats, and no doubt the British public thought the boys were having a little light refreshment before going to bed, having had a hearty dinner like most people do on Sundays."

"Well, I think," Mr. Brig remarked gravely, "that growing boys ought to have plenty of food, but I suppose, according to their age, they did have a regulated allowance."

"Not at all," Fitz answered "the boy of ten and the boy of fifteen fared alike. I believe, after that age, those boys who still remained in the school as mathematical boys or Deputy Grecians, had a double allowance of bread, and the Grecians, of whom there were twelve (out of the one thousand) who are the head boys, and remain till they are twenty or twenty-one sometimes, and until they go to College, and who are young princes amongst the boys, have pretty much what they like."

"However, I must add," Fitz said, thinking of the possible advent of Mr. Brig's relative, young Dawson, in the blue coat, black velvet breeches, and yellow stockings, of a Blue Coat boy, "I believe it is very different now to what it was in our days. There is less fighting, the boys are much better fed, they are drilled now, they have a splendid band (I heard them play the other day,) they have a cricket ground, and are cared for more in every other way than when I was there."

"Had I a boy myself, I should be very glad to get him into the School, which is one of the most glorious institutions of its kind in England, but I can't help saying that it ought to be removed into the country, the masters ought not to be non-resident, the Head Master ought to be the real head of the school, and it might be modernised with advantage in many ways."

"I learnt Latin, Greek, and French badly, whilst I was there. History was certainly read, but it was not taught. In geography we had about two lessons in the half year out of a book about the size of a rather thick tract, and of natural science we were taught absolutely nothing. Singing I was taught by Mr. Cooper, our organist (he was organist also to the Chapels Royal, I think), and drawing I also learnt."

"The Mathematical boys go to Court every year to show their drawings to the Queen, and on one occasion we stole little B's pads (he was the drawing master you know, and looked very funny in court dress with his spindle shanks.) I shall never forget how mad he was when the boys looked in at the carriage windows just as he drove off and remarked to each other audibly on the beauty of his legs."

Thus chatting, the evening slipped insensibly by, the young men made themselves very agreeable, so Mabel thought, and as they rose from supper, and bade their friends good night, Mark took occasion to say :—

"I hope we haven't prejudiced you against Christ's Hospital."

"Not at all," the vicar said, "and besides, so far as young Dawson is concerned, 'Beggars must not be choosers,' and we shall be glad if you can do anything for him."

"You may rely on me," Mark replied. "I will do my very utmost to secure him a nomination *for your sake*," he added to Mabel, as he squeezed her hand at parting. I shall come and see you off to-morrow he concluded ; and, wishing every one a cordial good-night he hastened away after Fitz, who was in a hurry for the cigar, which *les convenances* prevented his enjoying at Trinity Parsonage.

(To be continued.)

INSTALLATION ODE.

BLUE LODGE.

Written for the Masonic Column of the N.Y. "Dispatch," and dedicated to the Fraternity at Large.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM. WHITING.

DEAR brothers of the "Mystic Tie," that binds all Masons' souls,
Where'er the glorious orb of days its golden chariot rolls.
The Master, with fraternal love, on this auspicious night,
Congratulates you, one and all, upon our prospects bright.

The order we are pledged to love, so noble and sublime,
Has been by sages well approv'd through all recorded time ;
Most Worshipful King Solomon conceived the mighty plan
Of joining in fraternity the distant tribes of man.

That gorgeous temple which he built with such consummate skill
Was rear'd in "Silence," like the work of Nature soft and still ;
And though that fabric is destroy'd, the world to-day is fill'd
With truths which, in Masonic hearts, were there so well instill'd.

Our motto claims the high regard of every noble mind,
And its observance knits us all more closely to our kind ;
For what so well can sooth the heart of sorrowing Age or Youth
As these blest words : Fraternal Love, Relief and spotless Truth ?

My brethren, if we treasure well the maxims taught us here,
And take for guide the Ritual which Masons all revere,
We shall e'n in our humble lives, shed lustre on the cause
Which inculcates obedience to God's most holy laws.

Oh, happy earth!—true type of Heav'n, when man to man shall be
A brother, friend, from petty strifes and all fierce passions free ;
When Faith and Hope and Charity shall sway the Enlighten'd world,
And War's red banner never more again shall be unfurled.

Oh, may the Master of this lodge high precepts e'er instil,
And be endowed with grace and strength his chair to nobly fill !
And, like the rising sun which glows all radiant in the " East,"
May he attain his zenith height with light and strength increased !

The Worthy Brother in the " West," like to the setting sun,
May he in splendour sink to rest his course of duty run !
And may the " Junior," in the " South," like that bright orb of day,
Ne'er have a shadow to becloud his high meridian ray.

Dear brethren, let us ever meet " upon the level " here ;
" Act by the plumb," and then we need have little cause to fear :
And when the final summons comes and bids us to prepare,
In Faith and Hope and Charity " we'll part upon the square."

Thus, brethren, when our mortal part in " cold obstruction " lies,
The soul shall enter the Grand Lodge beyond the starry skies,
And the Great Architect divine, by " signs " and " tokens " known,
Will welcome each among the host around th' Eternal Throne.
" So mote it be."

Review.

HEINRICH HEINE.

TIME, which heals many wounds and redresses many wrongs ; Time, which reverses many judgments, and rehabilitates many reputations, is already favouring in relenting criticism, the memory of the great German Poet !

As a rule, in our humble opinion, contemporary criticism is not to be relied upon, inasmuch as it is affected and often warped by a thousand conflicting and passing influences. For instance, each age has its modes of thought, its fashions, its frames, its feelings, and—if you like—its empiricism and its mannerisms.

We are all of us, more than we are aware, afflicted by the clique or the " chic," the " vanity " of the age in which our lot is cast. But the posthumus judgment of an enlightened and impartial assessor whom we find in a subsequent generation, thinking, intellectual, and fair, mostly reverses the hasty dictum of the critic, or the partial appreciation of the censor of to-day.

There is a general, if lazy, idea, which clings to the name of Heinrich Heine. It is this,—that he is the embodiment of an intellectual unbeliever, of a witty revolutionist. And hence, except to the few who have had the courage and perseverance to master and realize the true facts of the case, his writings are almost a sealed book.

They form part of that " Index Expurgatorius " to which,—and even in Protestant England, as in non-Roman Catholic countries,—haste, and doubt, and stupidity,

and fanaticism have condemned not a few of the writings of older and later specialists!

But, as a fact, this theory in respect of Heinrich Heine is utterly incorrect "per se."

We say nothing of his political professions, (for they would not suit our pages,) and it is probable that as they were Heine's own, few in England would care to know much about them, or would be likely to agree with them. But this we may remark, that over Heine, or over most people, there seems to have come a softening influence of life and experience, and as he incurred the wrath of his early political friends, for what they termed his recreancy and apostacy, he had probably discarded the more violent opinions of his youth.

We, in England, hardly make sufficient allowance, perhaps, for what is the license of subjective opinion on the Continent with respect to such questions, often so difficult, moreover, be it remembered, from the very nature of the case. In England we are accustomed to dub with the name of "revolutionary" what is, in truth, a seeking after Constitutionalism, which is so familiar to us from long possession, that we hardly sufficiently realize its value to others, or its difficulty of attainment. Of course there are those who imbibe views destructive of all civil order and all social policy, but such dreamers we do not take into account, and Heine had long parted with such extreme notions, (if he ever truly held them,) as it seems by a verse quoted, and probably translated, by Lord Houghton:—

"I would to God I had never met
That butterfly! that false coquette!
With her winning ways, and wanton "taille,"
The fair, the fair, the false "canaille!"

Heine's, too, was an exceptional case. He lived at a time when the seething turmoil of opinion seemed to boil up like a Geyser spring, around the minds of the thoughtful and serious. The old-world views and dicta had received a great shock, and the disciples of free thought had gained an hearing. Hence Heine was precipitated easily into that conflict, which would necessarily arise in Germany as between the ideas and views of great change, and the actual facts of the case—things as they really were.

Had Heine lived in our days, it is certain that his would have been a very philosophical and conservative, (in no party sense,) view of affairs!

And while, then, we do not profess to share in, or even explain, his political views, or to go any way with the license of his language, we need not, we think, consider such words a bar to our enjoyment of the works of a great thinker, the "outcome" of a vast and remarkable mind.

As regards his religion, Heine has been equally misunderstood. He is often said to be an unbeliever—he was always, we fancy, nay we feel sure, a pure Hebraic Theist.

A Jew by family and birth and tradition, he was brought up in Roman Catholic schools, and professed Lutherianism! A good example, perhaps, of the then German Indifferentism! All through his life he had a grave mental struggle between his acquired and professed faiths and his mother creed, tinged as his abstract and concrete theories ever were, by an intense "cultus" of Heathendom, Greece especially. But he held certain great truths, lovingly all through, and clung to them firmly to the last.

Talking of the Bible, for instance, he says: "It is God's work . . . it is the word of God, that, and no more." This is one of the landmarks of Heine's faith which constitute an impassable gulph as between himself and German Rationalism and Gallic Infidelity.

We find in all his poems a belief in God, and we observe a trust in immortality.

That he was what we should call "orthodox" we are not contending, but only that the popular view of Heine is absolutely erroneous. Lord Houghton in his touching monograph gives us a wondrous description of his later hours, his endurance of pain and the ravages of decay; and we have the highest and most affecting

tribute from an affectionate and sympathetic eye-witness, of his courage and his wit, and his tenderness and his trust, even to the last scene of all.

That his works will ever be very popular in England, we do not think. There is something in Heine which seems at times to repel, to make us doubt alike the meaning and the actuality of his words, and we can at the best but master his golden thoughts through the medium of a translation which, however skilful, is not "the original."

We give two or three specimens of Heine's German poems, and we leave them, despite a weak translation, to the careful consideration of our readers.

We may state that the heroine of this first charming poem is the lady to whose truly touching words Lord Houghton's admirable monograph owes much of its extreme affectiveness :—

WENN ICH AN DEINEM HAUSE.

When by thy house in the morning
By-passing, I wander me,
It rejoices me, little dear one,
When I thee at the window see !

With thy dark brown eyes a-gazing,
Thou seemest me to scan—
Who art thou ? and, what would'st thou,
Oh, strange, and ailing man ?

I am a German Poet,
In German-land well famed,
And when they name the best of names,
There will then mine be named.

And what I want, oh, little one,
Want many Germans the same ;
And when they name the greatest grief,
Mine also will have a name !

WIE DER MOND SICH LEUCHTEND DRANGET.

As the moon in brightness presses
Through the dimmer clouds of night,
There gleams from out of darker hours,
For me a picture full of light.

On the deck we all were sitting,
Sailing proudly down the Rhine,
And the banks in summer verdure
Glow in evening's sunny shine.

At a dear lady's feet I sat me
Musing, she was full of grace,
While played the red and golden sunshine
On her clear and classic face.

Lutes were ringing, lads were singing,
Marvellous festivity,
The blue sky seemed even bluer,
Greater the Soul's immensity.

Like a legend, hill and castle,
 Green and wood went swiftly by,
 And the whole I saw there gleaming
 In that gracious lady's eye.

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

Like unto a fair flower
 So sweet and pure thou art ;
 I look on thee, and sadness,
 Steals straight unto my heart.

I feel as if I gently laid
 My hands upon thy hair,
 Praying that God would keep thee
 Thus pure, and sweet, and fair.

ICH HABE, IM TRAUM GEWEINET.

I wept, alas, in my dream,
 For I dreamt thou wert in thy grave,
 I awoke, and my flowing tears
 Did still my pale cheeks lave.

I wept, alas, in my dream,
 That thou hadst forsaken me ;
 I awoke, and still I wept me
 Both long and bitterly.

I wept, alas, in my dream,
 Though I dreamt thou wert true to me ;
 I awoke, and my flood of tears
 Still was streaming down for thee.

DER RUNENSTEIN.

I sat me down with my dreams,
 Where the Rune stone appears in the sea,
 The wind it pipes, the sea-gulls mew,
 The waves curl and foam in glee.

I have loved full many a charming girl,
 And many a trusty mate ;
 Where are they gone ! The wind it passes,
 The waves curl and foam in state.

From that charming little work, "Flowers from Fatherland," so ably edited by Bro. the Rev. Geo. Coltman, Mr. Trotter, and M. A. Adam, M.D., we find translated by Mr. Adam the pleasant and well-known "Herz, Mein Herz, sei Nicht Beklommen," which is generally known amongst us as—

HEART, MY HEART.

Heart, my heart, be not thus troubled,
 Bear thy lot, though hard it be,
 For what winter takes from thee,
 Spring shall give thee back redoubled.

And how much is left to cheer thee ;
And the world is still as fair !
All that now delightest thee,
Thou may'st love, so do not fear thee.

We have given but a very few specimens of Heine's poems, but such as they are they may lead some of our readers to study him for themselves.

We have not touched, for obvious reasons, on his more political or sarcastic verses, and, of course, not at all on his prose ! We think that any who want to understand what Heine is, and what under more favourable circumstances he might have been, should carefully read Heine in the original ! We took up Heine with mistrust—we laid him down with admiration. It is with him as if you are visiting a strange country, against which you have been prejudiced ; after a little you will rub your eyes, as if awaking from a dream—you find you have been misinformed and mystified.

Your previous doubts become abiding interest, your unfavourable prepossessions hearty applause.

So it is with Heine—the more you know of him the more you feel with him, the more you appreciate, the more you like, the more you pity him ! As Lord Houghton so truly says :—"The humour which abounded within him flowed over the whole surface of nature, and left no place for arid ridicule and barren scorn ; it fertilized all it touched with its inherent poetry, and the productive sympathy of mankind manifests itself in the large crop of his imitators who have sprung up not only in Germany but other countries. Many a page of modern political satire rests upon a phrase of Heine ; many a stanza, many a poem germinates from a single line of his verses. The forms of wit which he invented are used by those who never heard his name, and yet that name already belongs to the literature of Europe. The personal tragedy of his last years adds a solemn chapter to the chronicle of the disasters of genius, and the recollection of the afflictions of 'the living shade of the Champs Elysées' will mitigate the judgment of censorious criticism, and tinge with melancholy associations the brightest and liveliest of his works."

If these unpolished words of ours will induce any one to study Heine for themselves our task will be achieved.

We wish them all enjoyment in their pleasant labour, and we can almost with a certainty predict the result.

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

THE true history of ancient libraries has probably yet to be written. We look on all such works as these, as well as other similar productions, as tentative experiments towards a truer consummation—a "magnum opus," indeed. For it is quite clear that, despite the prejudices and perverted traditions of political antipathy or religious ardour, the libraries of the past played a much more conspicuous part in the history of early civilisation and the maintenance of learning, the development of science, the progress of the arts, than has been yet generally realized or sufficiently acknowledged. Time, which, though it may be indeed, and is, "edax rerum," is yet lifting up gradually, so to say, the veil which interest or ignorance has cast over the facts and features of the

* *Nouveaux Melanges d'Archeologie d'Histoire et le Litterature sur le Moyen Age*—se Collection Publique parle. Par. Ch. Cahier. Paris: Firmin, Didot, et Cie. 1877.

past. We begin to see that we have taken too much for granted, that we have listened often far too credulously to the unverified assertions of unreliable chroniclers, or that twisted evidence which party spirit or religious antagonism have offered to us abundantly and dogmatically in lieu of historical accuracy and evidential truth. Like the sleeper awakened, we rub our eyes, we scratch our heads, and we wake up from a pleasant if deceptive dream. In nothing is this statement so true as regards the libraries of ancient times. We have a general hazy tradition on the subject, but we know nothing distinctly, and accept nothing certainly. We fix upon certain epochs, so to say, of national, of cosmopolitan life, and we decline to travel beyond their "record," to move out of the "groove" which prejudice, or custom, or perversity of individualism have made us accept as the one true path; and thus it comes to pass that even in 1878 in many things we have to go back to first principles, to lay down carefully-attested facts, if we wish to find truth instead of error, honesty instead of prejudice, reality instead of moonshine.

We quite agree with the able reviewer in the *Times*, when he uses the words which follow: "The brunt of the question is contained in the title *M. Cahier* gives to the essay with which he opens the subject of Libraries—'Le Christianisme a-t-il nui au développement des connaissances humains, ou du moins à certaines Sciences?' We may be excused from following our very erudite author into his discussion of a polemic, so long passed away, upon such matters as the speculations of the Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers after them, as to the form of the heavens and the number of them, whether the earth is an illimitable plain, a disc, or a sphere, and what was meant by the "waters under the earth." Curious as are these gropings of the dark ages in regions which science has long made clear to us, and involving necessarily a vast expenditure of learned research, it is not to them that we look for the merits of the Middle Ages, but rather to the fostering of art, poetry, and literature, which was so largely due to the Church and to those schools which grew up around the cathedrals and convents. It would be ignoble in those who have since come to differ in matters of faith and conviction from "the Fathers" and their successors, to repudiate the debt or withhold the fullest esteem for the care and love of books which led them to collect and preserve the classics both of Pagan and ecclesiastical literature. It is true that Pagan civilisation did furnish such examples, among others, as the famous Ptolemaic library of Alexandria, with its 700,000 manuscripts, the plan of arrangement for which is said to have been given to one of the Ptolemies by Aristotle himself; but *M. Cahier* claims with justice that it was not the State but the Christian Church which first made the library a centre of instruction and education. In heathen days there were no schools connected with the public libraries, and the use of the library was not in the education of the people, but for the reference of eminent scholars. Of course, the word "*schola*" does not always mean a place where teaching is carried on; thus, the "English school" at Rome—founded by the Saxon king Ina, and which Alfred endowed or destroyed by fire in 816—was simply a college or hospital for the resort of English pilgrims. Still, *M. Cahier* points to the fact that such was the system of instruction in England, as far as it went, carried on by the monasteries, that the Norman conquerors took advantage of it to teach the French language to the people. The vast amount of copying that went on in these places under the clergy was very different from that of the ancient Roman scribes—it was not mechanical, but to a great extent required the knowledge of languages in translating and collating. Thus it was constantly followed by the greatest scholars as a labour of love, and by such eminent churchmen as *St. Jerome* and *St. Dunstan*, and especially by those remarkable men of the Ancient Christian Church in Ireland to whom we owe some of the most precious and beautiful works of paleographic art—*St. Columba*, *St. Gall*, founder of the monastery of the name, *St. Kilian*, the apostle of Franconia, and many others. *M. Cahier* calls ancient Erin the depository of Druidical science, and whatever that may have been, there is no doubt as to the great antiquity and originality of the Celtic style of ornamented writings, and its distinction from anything in the early Italian manuscripts; while the MSS. of two centuries later, at least, sent by Gregory through *St. Augustine*—one in the Bodleian, the

other in Corpus Christi Library, Cambridge—are seen to be destitute of ornament. M. Cahier considers Ireland was known as the Isle of Saints and learned men so early as the 5th century. Numbers of students went from the Continent there to learn Greek and Latin, and many monasteries, with their libraries, were established at various places on the Continent by Irish monks—at Brabant, Verdun, Ratisbon, Wurzburg, Erfurth, Cologne, Vienna, Bobbio, in Italy, &c., which were called “*Monasteria Scotorum*,” and some of which still exist. During the Carovingian period there was a complete inundation of Irish scholars over the whole Frank Empire.

“These ancient libraries were by no means confined to the *liturgies, psalters, lectionaries, acts of martyrs, homilies, catechisms, and versions of the sacred Scriptures, they contained very generally copies of the works of profane writers upon history, philosophy, and poetry.* There were commonly two libraries attached to a church or convent—one within the sacred building, consisting of ecclesiastical and ascetic writings, the other kept separate, and without the walls, for secular writings. From the curious catalogue of the library at York, written in Latin verse, in the 8th century, and attributed to Alcuin, then the keeper, who was afterwards engaged by Charlemagne to collate the text of the Bible. M. Cahier gives a long quotation showing that secular authors were sedulously collected and preserved, in which, among many lines, including names of the Fathers and writers of the Church, occur these :

“*Historici veteres, Pompeius! Plinius, ipse,
Acer Aristoteles, rhetor quoque Tullius ipse.*”

It may be well to note here that the existence of such libraries have been often gravely snubbed and perversely and ignorantly undervalued. But as the writer of this interesting work points out, and as is well shown by the reviewer, “to York and the neighbouring libraries of Durham and Beverly, as well as others in England, great numbers of manuscripts were sent from all parts of the Continent to be transcribed and for safe preservation. But, unfortunately, as M. Cahier laments, this only afforded the barbarous Danes the opportunity that Caligula wished for, of destroying a multitude at a single blow. We may rejoice, at any rate, over some few splendid examples still preserved in our universities and museums, such as the Lindisfarne Gospels and others in the British Museum, the Book of Kells in Trinity College, Dublin, the Gospels of MacDurnan in Lambeth Palace Library. The list of libraries destroyed by fire in barbarous times in England alone is a long and sad one indeed; but M. Cahier insists that it was not only in the dark ages that libraries were destroyed or dispersed. He reminds us that at the suppression of the monasteries Leland, the librarian of Henry VIII., speaks of Peterborough library, with its 1700 MSS.; of the Cistercian library in London, 129 ft. long, well filled with books; and that of Wells, so large as to have 25 windows on each side. But in this list we find the names of many towns which have, we fear, long lost all traces of their libraries—Abingdon, St. Albans, Abingdon, Jarrow, Malmesbury, Shrewsbury, &c.”

We are also well reminded that in addition to much interesting matter on all these various heads, much information is given to us in M. Cahier's work. “In reference to the discipline and management of the schools and the ‘*Scriptoria*,’ in which the copying was carried on, M. Cahier quotes Ordericus Vitalis, the well-known monkish chronicler of the 13th century, who states that in the Abbey of St. Evroul, at the end of the 11th century, many children and young people were taught to read and write under strict rules, and that the Abbot himself prepared the wax tablets on which they wrote. Parchment was too costly and paper was not invented, so that those tablets were used like our modern slates by those who were learning to write, and the surface was easily renewed by melting. Vellum and parchment were highly valued, and reserved only for the expert writers. In the ‘*Rouleaux des Morts*’ of the Monastery of Nieul-sur-Autize, an enthusiastic calligraphist had written :

“*Vilior est humana caro quam pellis ovina :
Extrahitur pellis et scribitur intus et extra ;
Si moriatur homo, moritur caro, pellis et ossa.*”

Now we might prolong these extracts, but we think it better to drop the pen for to-day, as we may be tempted to refer to another branch of the subject in our next number. Let it suffice us to bear in mind what we too often forget—that we owe the preservation of all learning amongst us to these very libraries—of darker days, if you will. We should not, then, in our estimate of the advance of literature and the preservation of books, ever forget these ancient collections, in which literature was alike preserved and advanced, and which constitute a most material element alike in the history of civilisation and the progress of the human race.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. ^{FR}GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

(Continued from page 340.)

BUT an actual Messiah, according to his own profession, appeared in the world above a century after Christ, in whom it was believed by many of the Jews that the ancient prophecies were fulfilled. This was the famous impostor named Bar-Cochebas, whose rapid success and sanguinary devastations through all Palestine and Syria filled Rome itself with alarm and astonishment. In this barbarian, so well calculated by his cruelty to be the Messiah, according to the perverted conceptions of the Jews, Akiba declared that prophecy of Balaam, "A Star shall rise out of Jacob," was accomplished. Hence the impostor took his name of Bar-Cochebas, which means the Son of the Star; and Akiba not only publicly anointed him King of the Jews and placed an imperial diadem upon his head, but followed him to the field at the head of four and twenty thousand of his disciples, and acted in the capacity of master of his horse. To crush this dangerous insurrection, which happened in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, Julius Severus, Prefect of Britain, one of the greatest commanders of the age, was recalled and despatched from Rome, who retook Jerusalem, burnt it to the ground, and sowed the ruins with salt.*

A star, in the prophetic writings, denoted a prince or priest, both of which titles agree perfectly with the antetype; and the above prophets describe the regal dignity by the symbol of a Sceptre, as well as a Star.† Hence the Star mentioned by Balaam, and the Law-giver bearing the kingly Sceptre as an emblem of dominion, mentioned by Jacob, evidently refer to one and the same person.

If this reasoning have any foundation in truth, there can be no wonder at the anxiety displayed by mankind, in the first ages of the world, to become acquainted with the celestial appearances, that they might ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the expected sign of the Redeemer's advent; for each patriarch cherished the hope of witnessing that great event.

It is well known that the science of astronomy was practised by the posterity of Seth, and they soon found the study of the laws and motions of the heavenly bodies to be a pursuit which expanded the mind, and led it from the contemplation of the most magnificent objects of the creation up to the Almighty Creator. The sun, moon, and planets were regarded as so many manifestations of the unbounded power and goodness of God in constructing the vast machine for the service of man.

* Maur. Ind. Aut., vol. iv., p. 551.

† Gen. xlix. 10; Numb. xxiv. 17.

“According to the account of Maimonides, as given in the *More Nevoachiur*, the Tsabeans acknowledged the existence of a Supreme God. This mighty and ineffable Being they supposed to dwell in eternal glory, inaccessible and invisible. Innumerable spiritual natures had emanated, it was imagined, from the divine essence; and these, in countless myriads, peopled the universe, and ministered to the will, as they were instructed by the wisdom of the deity. The sun and stars were first considered the emblems of God and of the angels who govern the world, and who preserve the order of nature, under the control of their omnipotent king. In process of time, however, the types came to be mistaken by the populace for the prototypes. The invisible God was forgotten, with all the spiritual agents that execute His will, and the stars and the elements, unconscious of the honour, were elevated to the rank of deities by the degraded understandings and the misguided imaginations of men.”*

Under these circumstances the study of astronomy became a favourite employment, and every new discovery tended to strengthen their belief in the universal attributes of the deity. They looked anxiously for the promised Deliverer whose appearance was to be heralded by some celestial confirmation, and it was faith in him that translated Enoch, the last eminent astronomer of the antediluvian world, to heaven, without experiencing the pains of death.

This great and good man was identified by the Egyptians with our Hermes, under the surname of Trismegistus, who is said to have projected the zodiac, discovered the true course of the planets, pointed out to his followers the necessity of worshipping the deities represented by these luminous orbs, and exhorted them to wait patiently for the fulfilment of the promise made to their great progenitor.

It was the concurrent belief of the ancient world that Enoch engraved on two pillars the science of astronomy, including the great Promise, that it might never be forgotten, and that a knowledge of the astral sign of it might survive any great convulsion of nature, and thus be transmitted to posterity, even though the whole race of men should perish, and the earth be peopled by a new creation.

Thus was the tradition of a Deliverer transmitted from the fall to the deluge; and if, according to the theory of Whiston, that great event was produced by means of a comet, the belief in astral influences would be strengthened, and the propriety of worshipping the host of heaven in the way of propitiation confirmed.

There are reasons for believing that Cain and his descendants, having observed the predilection of the pious race to the science of astronomy, entertained an opinion that it contained some mysterious power of communication with the Most High, in which they were forbidden to participate. Hence, after the deluge, the sons of Noah became acquainted with the Promise and its attendant signs. Nimrod or Belus, the grandson of Hacer, with his two associates Cush and Phut, founded a splendid superstition on astronomical principles, which he veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, embodying a few important traditions connected with the salvation of man that had been acquired by his progenitors before the flood; and it rivalled, and ultimately superseded and swallowed up the original system of pure and holy worship commended and practised by the patriarch Noah. His subjects became famous for their astronomical knowledge, and formed many clusters of stars into constellations, painting in the heavens a plain description of the process of initiation into the mysteries, together with the great historical and prophetic facts which were intended to be perpetuated; and the record remains unchanged to the present day.

Prideaux observes that “the true religion which Noah taught his posterity was that which Abraham practised: the worshipping of one God, the Supreme Governour of all things, through a Mediator. Men could not determine what essence contained this power of mediation, no clear revelation being then made of the Mediator whom God appointed; because, as yet he had not been manifested to the world, they took upon them to address him by mediators of their own choosing; and their notion of the sun, moon, and stars being that they were habitations of Intelligences which animated the

* Drummond. *Origines*. vol. iii. p. 414.

orbs in the same manner as the soul animates the body of man, and were causes of their motion, and that these Intelligences were of a middle sort between God and them, and therefore, the planets being the nearest of all the heavenly bodies, and generally looked on to have the greatest influence in the natural world, they made choice of them in the first place as their God's mediators, who were to mediate with the Supreme God for them, and to preserve for them the mercies and favours which they prayed for."

These opinions make a near approach to the hypothesis that the study of astronomy originated in a tradition of a Mediator or Deliverer, whose advent should be announced to the world by the appearance of a remarkable Star; and the Sabian worship arose from mistaking the sun, which was the most magnificent planet in the sphere, for this predicted Star, whence Zeratusht, the Persian mystagogue, denominated the Sun *Mesouraneo*, the Mediator, and adopted the circle—a perfect figure without either beginning or end—as its symbol. And the Egyptians arriving at the same result, used the same hieroglyphic or emblem, which is accordingly found in the anaglyph under our consideration, to which they appended the serpent as a symbol of the Redeemer who should save mankind from the effects of sin.

It was for this reason that Moses, who was learned in all the mysteries of Egypt, made the serpent "a type of Jesus, to show that he was to die, and then that He, whom they thought to be dead, was to give life to others, in the type of those that fell in Israel. For God caused all sorts of serpents to bite them, and they died; forasmuch as by a serpent transgression began in Eve, that so he might convince them that for their transgressions they shall be delivered into the pain of death. Moses then, who had commanded them, saying, why ye shall not make to yourselves any graven or molten image to be your God, now did so himself, that he might represent to them the figure of the Lord Jesus. For he made a Brazen Serpent, and set it up on high, and called the people together by a proclamation. Where being come they intreated Moses that he would make an atonement for them, and pray that they might be healed. Then Moses spake unto them, saying: When any one among you shall be bitten, let him come unto the Serpent that is set upon the pole, and let him assuredly trust in him, that though he be dead, yet he is able to give life, and presently he shall be saved; and so they did. See therefore how here also you have in this the glory of Jesus, and that in him, and to him, are all things."*

Thus it appears that while they enjoyed some knowledge of the fact they erred in its interpretation, by ascribing power and influence to the heavenly bodies, a belief which eventually absorbed all ideas of a superior Intelligence, and enfeebled the knowledge which they professed to entertain. This idea survived the empire of idolatry, and has had its believers in every age of Christianity, even amongst the chief expounders of religion. As witness Grostete, Bishop of Lincoln; Tostatus, Bishop of Avila; Albertus Magnus, who made an entire man of brass, under several aspects and constellations, each member of the body being formed under some particular planet, and marked with its sign. This figure communicated to its master everything he wanted to know, whether past, present, or to come.

It should appear that some such belief was prevalent even amongst the holy patriarchs, and those pastoral tribes which adhered to the true faith, for many of them thought that a peculiar configuration of the stars was capable of pointing out, if not of influencing, future events. Thus in the case of Joseph. He told his brethren, and said: "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and behold, the sun, and the moon, and eleven stars, made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I, and thy mother, and thy brethren, indeed come to bow down ourselves to the earth? And his brethren envied him, but his father observed the saying."†

(To be Continued.)

* Epis. St. Barn., xii.

† Gen. xxxvii. 9—11.

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

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

CHAP. IV.

NOW that the "Sparkling Sea" is far out on the Atlantic Ocean, we will go back and relate a few incidents that occurred some years before the opening of our story, and which will serve to throw light on some of the characters that are closely connected with our narrative in the future.

Charles Graham and Henry Powers were cousins and fast friends. They entered the West Point Academy at the same time, and graduated within a class of each other. Not particularly desiring a military career they resigned their commissions and entered into business life. The war with the Indians on the frontier of Mexico again awakened their military spirits, and they were each assigned a captaincy in the volunteers, and ordered to the seat of war.

While their regiment was encamped on the borders of Texas, they became intimately acquainted with the family of Colonel LeGrand DeForest. The Colonel was an old soldier, and his title was his old regular army title. He delighted in honoring his residence with military personages. The Colonel had a beautiful daughter, and Captain Powers and Captain Graham, who were among the frequent visitors at the house, being handsome young men, and she of a coquettish nature, received more than their share of her attention. Being susceptible to the wiles of beauty, they both, before many weeks, found themselves in love with fair Gertrude, and laid their hearts and happiness at her feet. Henry Powers being the most genial and unassuming of the two cousins, made the most impression on Gertrude's affections, and before the regiment left for the front she was his betrothed bride. From that time forward an enmity sprang up between the cousins, which broke out in an open rupture at a social gathering of the officers of the regiment, where wine flowed freely, and cards was the exciting game. Captain Graham accused his brother officer of unfair play, and from words they came to blows, and the result was a challenge.

The party met and fought—Captain Graham received a wound which shattered his arm, and subsequently necessitated amputation.

The wounded duelist was from a proud Southern family and of a revengeful spirit. He now hated his successful rival with all the animosity of his nature, and took an oath of eternal vengeance against his once fast friend, and the woman who had rejected his love.

After the war Captain Powers married, settled in a pleasant village in Missouri, and became financially interested in the Overland Stage and Express Co. Everything he touched seemed to turn into money. The tide of immigration setting further westward and a chance for speculation opening near Santa Fé, in New Mexico, Mr. Powers moved his family thence, and took up his residence on a beautiful piece of land on the outskirts of the city.

Shortly after midnight, about a year after Henry Powers had settled in his new place, a band of marauders visited his estate, and setting fire to his home attempted to abduct his wife and child. Henry Powers, from the door of his house, fired into the band, killing the leader; whereupon the rest fled. On removing the disguises of the dead man he was found to be Charles Graham, his old friend and later enemy.

It was afterwards learned that after the war had ended, Charles Graham had married and settled in Texas, where he soon gave himself up to all manner of vice and intemperance, and finally moving to New Mexico had become the leader of a band of

highwaymen, and in taking advantage of his opportunity to avenge his old wrong he had met his death.

After this disaster, and after burying his child, which had died from the exposure on the night of the fire, Henry Powers moved into Nebraska, and again began life anew. After a few years he prospered—another child, a daughter, blessed his home, and peace and plenty smiled upon him. He became interested in the Methodist societies, which were at that time so numerous in the Western country, and took a leading part in their services. About this time he was harassed by a son of his old enemy, who had reached manhood and inherited all the evil passions of his father, added to a lasting hate against the cause of his father's death.

These embarrassments came in the form of letters, threatening death and the burning of his property, provided the writer was not furnished with certain sums of money mentioned in the messages.

Henry Powers gave these threats very little attention, but they were carried out in part, and he was again rendered destitute by the loss of his home.

After endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to apprehend the cause of his misery, he became disconsolate, and desired to leave the scenes that had become so embittered in his memory. He accepted an offer for the position of missionary of the Methodist Church in the Sandwich Islands, and after settling his affairs, and placing his daughter in the care of some relatives to be educated, he sailed for his new home and assumed his new duties.

The son of Charles Graham, after firing the residence of his father's enemy, fled to the seaport, and shipped aboard an East Indiaman, and thereafter followed the fortunes of a sailor.

About the time of the opening of our narrative he had returned from a long voyage, and while the vessel lay at the dock he had become acquainted with the coachman of the owner and had walked up town with him.

In the course of his remarks, the coachman related a conversation he had heard in the coach the day before, when driving his mistress to the depot.

"How strange they should have gone off and left their child in that way. You are quite sure she said they had been burnt out in Nebraska?" said John Graham.

"Yes sah! I um shure. He turned missionary an' went off to de heathens an' de young gurl is now gwine too."

"And you say her friends applied to your boss for a chance on one of his vessels?"

"Dat's what I sayed sah. De friends of dis yere gurl cum to de house and missus tuk dem to de depot, an' it wus on de way to de depot dat dey talked all 'bout it."

"You said you heard the name, didn't you?" asked John Graham, his face now flushed with excitement, as he bent forward and looked into the negro's face, close enough to excite Sambo's surprise.

"I didn't hard her fust name; her last name was all I hurd, and dat was Trowers, ef I don't disremember."

He was interrupted by Graham, who said, "You mean Powers, don't you?"

"Dat's de name, Powers, Nellie Powers, dat's it shure; but we be hum now, an' I'se got piles ob work to do 'fore de missus goes to ride, so good by, sah."

As John Graham said "good by," he turned on his heel and walked away.

"Dat air's funny now; what did dat fellah asked dem questions fur, and act so anxious like? I wonder if he knowed dem?" soliloquised Sambo, as he watched the sailor until he turled a corner and was lost to his sight.

And the sailor, who walked along whistling and chuckling to himself, said:—

"Ha! ha! well, that's luck I wasn't looking for. Stumbled right on it. Old boy, I guess we were born with a silver spoon in our mouth, wasn't we? They say unexpected pleasure is the most hearty joy. Here I was calculating to perambulate all over this little country of ours hunting for this game, and by mere accident, luck, I've saved myself all that trouble, and am possessed of the consoling information that Mr. Powers is a missionary. Ha! ha! a missionary somewhere on the other side of the world, within the short distance of twenty thousand miles from this spot, round about. Let's see, he

was niggling around those camp meetings out on the border when I last met him, sure enough ; I wonder whether it was the love of the Lord or John Graham that sent him off to administer to the heathens. I think it was John Graham, that's my opinion, and he ought to have the credit for it. If every man sent out a missionary they would soon have the world in a shape to suit their ideas. I wonder if he had to be urged much to go. Ha ! ha ! there's nothing to keep me ashore now ; I might as well be hunting Mr. Graham in heathen lands as doing anything else. Let's see, I'll hunt up the vessel this daughter of his is going out on, and I'll go along with her ; something may turn up. If she's good-looking, perhaps she may pay the old man's debt. Fall in love with her, and marry her, you know, to spite the old man. My luck's good ; here's for an undertaking. Hallo there ! Crony, see here."

This last remark was addressed to a rough-looking sailor on the other side of the street, who had formerly been a shipmate with John Graham in the smuggling service on the Mediterranean Sea.

Crony, whose real name was probably William Crony, although he could not remember the time he had been called anything else but Bill Crony, thus suddenly brought to a halt, looked up, and seeing John Graham on the other side, crossed over, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said :—

"Say, old shipmate, how are ye anyway ? Tame business this loafin' round here. Can't ye scare up somethin' to keep the wind in a feller's sails ?"

"Crony, old feller, that's just what I've been thinking ; I've got something, but it's a long chase ; I thought I could do it alone, but two of us would be handy, unless you were the cook to spoil the broth. Is it a go ?"

"Heave ahead, an' give us the bearin' of the case that's up ! What have ye got in yer hold ? Give us the papers for the cruise an' I'm yer shipmate," said Crony.

"There's a girl in the scrape," said Graham. "Mum is the word, mind you. Everything as still as death. Girl's good-looking. Father and mother are missionaries away in the Feejee Islands, or some other heathen settlement ; we'll find out where by and by. Got a grudge against the old man. He peppered my father out in New Mexico. The girl's going out to the old man from the States. Now my idea is to take the same vessel she goes on. If circumstances are favourable I'll fall in love with the girl, if not we can put our hands on some of the old man's valuables ; they say he took considerable with him. We'll take the vessel anyway, Crony, and trust to luck ; some card will turn up trumps."

"It's a go, shipmate ; shake chain hooks, square away yer yards, an' we're off."

"Now that we have brought things to a focus," said John Graham, "the next thing on the programme is to find out what vessel this young damsel is going to sail on to meet her dear papa. The only way I can see to find out is to take a cruise among the shipping offices. Give them to understand that we intend to ship, then we will get a chance to look over the papers, but of course we'll forget to ship. Crony, you take the offices on the North River side and I'll take those on the East River side. We'll meet to-night at Jack Ryan's, in Cherry street, at sharp seven o'clock, and report luck."

"Are we off ?"

"Away we go."

John Graham at once started to make his tour in search of the shipping list of the vessel that Nellie Powers was even then looking forward to as her ark of safety.

He had looked over the shipping lists of one office and entered another, having made up his mind that he had an all day's undertaking before him, when glancing his eyes over the lists he found one that read :—

"SPARKLING SEA."—PASSENGER LIST.

PIER 21, EAST RIVER.

Sails, Wednesday the 26th.

Name—	MISS NELLIE POWERS.
Age—	Eighteen.
Height—	Medium.
Hair and eyes—	Light.
Destination—	Honolulu.

As John Graham read this list, a diabolical smile settled on his features, and he muttered to himself, too low to be heard by the shipping master :

"Lucky again. John, you've caged your bird."

By inquiring he found out that the crew was to be shipped on the following morning at nine o'clock. Having obtained all the knowledge he desired he left the office.

That night he met Crony at the appointed rendezvous and informed him of his success, and told him to be on hand to ship on the following morning.

The morning came cold, dark, and gloomy. The walks were blockaded by the snow that had fallen the night before, and shortly after daylight a cold, drizzly rain set in, making in all a very disagreeable day.

Seamen are only human, and naturally prefer to set around a stove when they can on such a morning as we have described, and therefore when John Graham and his companion Crony arrived at the shipping office they found that, with their addition, they made just the required number of men wanted for the crew of the "Sparkling Sea," and as no more arrived they were shipped by the lot.

John Graham endeavoured to obtain a third mate's position, and would have done so had not a German shipped an hour before he reached the office. As it was he shipped before the mast as John Radshaw. The crew went aboard the vessel, and as we have related the vessel went to sea.

"TO OUR NEXT HAPPY MEETING."

BY BRO. RICHARD SIMMONS.

'Tis said "dull care will kill a cat,"

"That sighs are coffins nailing ;"

"The wise are happy, jovial, fat,
And never prone to railing."

We drink our wine, cast off all care,
Are happy, gay, and joyous—
Appreciate the beauteous fair,
And let no woes annoy us.

Life's path is fringed with flowers bright,
The world is full of pleasure,
If it is sought for by the light
Which all good Masons treasure.

Should croakers seek our mirth to blight,
Dear brothers, never heed 'em,
But pour libations out to-night,
To Sympathy and Freedom.

And when we part, let no one blame
The errors of a brother ;
As to the world, we equal came,
Why we should love each other.

Then e're we part upon the square,
With true fraternal greeting,
We'll pledge a bumper, full and fair
To our next happy meeting.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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 Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn by the Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

SHAKSPERE makes Hamlet enumerate among the other ills of humanity, "the law's delay." A writer in the *Civil Service Review* puts the matter in a very practical light:—

"Another great evil that has sprung up of late years, and appears likely to increase, is the enormous length of the trials. Long trials mean heavy costs, and when you remember that, in a long trial, the Counsel and Solicitors are all working (as Jack Tar says) "by the month," it is hardly reasonable to expect that any undue exertions will be made by them to shorten the proceedings. Another cause of long trials is the high fees paid, even in petty cases, to leading Counsel, who, feeling in duty bound to give something for the money, too often appear to endeavour to make up in quantity what is wanting in quality; and it must not be forgotten that all unnecessary long-windedness of Counsel costs the country, if the action is being tried in the Common Pleas Division, ten shillings a minute, and in any of the other Divisions the cost to the Public is not much less."

I have not seen Mr. William Shepherdson's book on *Starting a Daily*, but find the following anecdote of my friend, January Searle, quoted from it in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

"He [January Searle] had written a long and elaborate review of a recently published work of De Quincey's. The copy lay on the table, marked ready for the printer; but before it was given out, Mr. Isaac Ironside, who was proprietor of the journal for which the review was written, saw and read the article, across which he wrote the following characteristic and laconic instructions:—"Two columns about a d—d opium eater! Not to go in." I well remember the article in question, which was a lecture delivered to the Mechanics' Institutions in connection with the Yorkshire Union; and, as I told its author, the setting was so elaborate as to detract from the gems he wished to show. January Searle published an Autobiography of his early life, which was written in so interesting a manner, that it has been matter of regret with all who read it that he never continued the work. He also read me several able articles in manuscript, which I have never heard of being published.

Dr. Ryley Robinson, in his *Leaves from a Tourist's Note Book*, informs us that "the four huge piers which support the dome" of St. Peter's, at Rome, "are used as shrines for the four principal relics" said to be preserved there; and that the said relics are:—

"I. The lance of Longinus, the soldier who pierced the side of Our Saviour; presented to Innocent VIII. by Pierre D'Aubusson, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes, who had received it from the Sultan Bajazet. So highly did the Pope appreciate the gift, that he sent two bishops to receive it at Ancona, two cardinals to receive it at Narni, and went himself with all his court to meet it at the Porte del Populo.

"II. The head of St. Andrew.

"III. A portion of the true cross, brought from Jerusalem by the Emperor's mother, St. Helena.

“IV. The napkin of Veronica, said to have been used by our Saviour, on his way to Calvary, to wipe the sweat from his brow; and which was found to have received the impress of his countenance.”

Dr. Robinson adds:—

“Near the confessional we saw the statue of St. Peter, said to have been cast by Leo the Great, from the old statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. The extended foot is so eagerly kissed by devotees, who then rub their foreheads against its toes, that we were told it had been found necessary (I don't remember how frequently) to supply the foot with fresh extremities. Protestants may well wonder at the feeling it excites, but who can be surprised at the strong feelings of ordinary worshippers, when Gregory the Second said, ‘Christ is my witness, that when I enter the Temple of the Prince of the Apostles, and contemplate his image, I am filled with such emotion, that tears run down my cheeks like rain from heaven.’ On the day of the jubilee of Pius the Ninth, June 16th, 1871, this statue was attired in a lace alb, stole, and gold embroidered cope, fastened at the breast by a clasp of diamonds. Upwards of thirty thousand visitors kissed its foot that day.”

No marvel that Popery and Freemasonry are antagonistic to each other: both prize symbolic teaching highly; but in the hands of the Papists it is prostituted to enslaving the human mind; in that of the Craft, it is the powerful lever for raising the intellects and morals of its disciples higher and higher. Though there be “lions in the path,” Truth must conquer in the end, and Falsehood perish.

I know of no more agreeable companion in a rustic ramble than my dear old friend, Dr. Spencer T. Hall, “the Sherwood Forester.” Nearly thirty-four years have passed over us both since we wandered together, by pleasant footpaths, on a fine day in May, from Stokesley to the “Mont Blanc of the neighbouring plains,” as Henry Heavisides called it, Rosebury Topping; and I have since had the pleasure of his company in other, but not more beautiful, parts of the country. But with such a genial companion, the dreariest desert would seem delightful. And often, when far apart in body, I have wandered with him in spirit, seeing, with what Hamlet calls “the mind's eye,” scenes in his beloved native Nottinghamshire; spending joyous *Days in Derbyshire* with him; viewing with him *The Peak and the Plain*; or listened to his instructive *Biographical Sketches of Remarkable People*; for every *Forester's Offering* laid by him on the altar of his country's literature, is one worth having, and likely to live when he himself has what somebody calls “paid the debt of nature,” and his poet-spirit has been called to tune its lyre in a happier state of existence. Residing at present at Burnley, it is not wonderful that he should have made *Pendle Hill and its Surroundings* the subject of a delightful little shilling book, very neatly printed by E. Wrigley and Sons, of Rochdale. Like all that my valued friend writes, whether in prose or in rhyme, it deserves a place alike in the rich man's mansion and in the poor man's cot.

The provincial printers are fast emulating the London press in the neatness of their work, as witness a nicely printed little volume, got up by Mr. Atkinson, of the *Teesdale Mercury*, written, I believe, by a Barnard Castle Solicitor, to record the *History of the Darlington and Barnard Castle Railway*. Such little aids to local history have a value of their own; and until local history is better understood, the history of the nation will always be behindhand.

One of the sweetest singers of English song—hopeful, as every true bard should be, of the future progress of the human race—and not confining himself to the old ruts cut or worn by the chariot wheels of former poets on the broad pathway of poesy, is Alfred Tennyson; and I sincerely hope that the shilling volumes of his poems now issuing will meet with a large sale, so as to bring him to the firesides of many to whom he has previously been a stranger. Vols. I. to III. consist of his “Miscellaneous Poems,” from which any real lover of literature may easily cull a thousand beauties. What a finely-quiet poem, for instance, is his “Mariana,” elaborately carrying out, in the way

which only a man bred in the fen country could, our great dramatist's sentence in *Measure for Measure* of "Mariana in the moated grange."

"With blackest moss the flower plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all :
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange ;
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange."

And the melancholy refrain, at the conclusion of each stanza, makes it a poem which, like Poe's "Raven," once heard, is remembered for ever. And how striking the loneliness where—

"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane, the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.

* * * * *

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower."

I may mention that in quoting this fine poem, the compound word, "flower-plots," is often printed "flower-pots," which is anything but an improvement on the author's diction.

Scarcely less pensive than his "Mariana" is his "Deserted House" :—

"Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide ;
Careless tenants they !

All within is dark as night,
In the windows is no light ;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away : no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound ;
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away ; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible,
Would they could have stayed with us !"

And in "Claribel" :—

" At eve the beetle boometh
 Athwart the thicket lone :
 At noon the wild bee hummeth
 About the moss'd headstone :
 At midnight the moon cometh,
 And looketh down alone."

In another Note we will glance at the more cheerful aspect of the Laureate's poems.

Under the title of *Snowdrops*, Mr. Clayton, of Bradford, has issued a cheap little Annual, chiefly humorous pieces, in the Yorkshire dialects, from the pens of J. H. Eccles, John Hartley, Florence Cleveland, and others. It is remarkably cheap, and does great credit to the publisher as well as to the contributors.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE THREE GREAT LIGHTS OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM WHITING.

Written for the Masonic Column of the N. Y. "Dispatch."

OH, Holy Bible ! Book of Truth !
 Full of rich love on every page,
 Our rule and guide of FAITH in youth,
 Our help and comforter in age,
 Oh ! let thy radiance shine afar,
 Dispelling all the gloom of night,
 And be a guiding "Bethlehem Star"
 To all inquiring "Sons of Light."

The Square upon the Bible place,
 To rule our actions day by day,
 And may we, in life's eager race
 Ne'er from its line of duty stray.
 Though "Beauty's" line may be the "curve,"
 And angels seem, perchance, less fair,
 From rectitude we ne'er can swerve
 If we but "act upon the Square."

The "Compass" let us keep at hand
 To circumscribe our daily life ;
 If we within its limits stand,
 We shall avoid much worldly strife.
 These "three Great Lights" our path will cheer
 And guide to Heavenly mansions fair,
 If "meeting on the Level here,"
 At last "we part upon the Square."