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AN ORATION

Delivered on the occasion of the Celebration of the Centenary of the Merchants' Lodge, No. 241, June 16, 1880, at the Masonic Hall, Hope Street, Liverpool.

BY BRO. THE REV. H. BETHELL JONES, M.A., P. PROV. G. CHAPLAIN, VICAR OF
BROOKLANDS, CHESHIRE.

RIGHT Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, Worshipful Masters, and Brethren—We are met together on a very interesting and a very solemn occasion—the celebration of the centenary of this Lodge. One hundred years ago this lodge was reverently and solemnly consecrated in the name of God, and dedicated to his honour and glory. One hundred years ago! Compared with the eternity of the Most High, this period is a mere point, too small to be appreciated, for with Him “a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.” Even compared with the age of the world in which we live, a century hardly marks a single stage in those various geological changes that are taking place with such constant and undeviating progression. But when we compare one hundred years with the short span of life allotted to man, we must ask, like the Psalmist of old, as he gazed in wonder on the starlit heavens and thought of their mighty architect, “What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou so regardest him?”

No brother here to-day saw this house dedicated to God's glory; the place we each occupy to-day shall know us not when another century shall have passed down the stream of time; and those who are to follow us, our children's children, shall be celebrating the bi-centenary of this honourable and venerable lodge. May God grant, when that day comes, that His Holy Name may be held in the same reverence as we most humbly acknowledge it to-day, and that the Master who shall preside on that solemn occasion may be able to say with truth that the great fundamental principle of Freemasonry—belief in the Most High God, Maker of Heaven and Earth—is being handed on to the generations yet to come, as unimpaired and bright with celestial glory as they received it from us their fathers, and as it has come down to us from those worthy Masons who have gone before.

Never since this lodge was first dedicated, through the long years, has it been opened or closed without invoking God's blessing, thanking Him for His goodness and mercy, and praying for a continuance of His preserving power. Many have been the worthy Masons who have successively occupied this chair of King Solomon; many, doubtless, have been the vicissitudes through which this lodge has passed; many have been the changes among its members as this last century, 1780 to 1880, among the most eventful in the history of the world, has been marching on its appointed course; but amidst all the chances and changes of this mortal life One has not changed whose great and awful name is depicted in every lodge, and to whom prayer has been made continually.

This intimate connection of Freemasonry with religion, and of English Freemasonry with the Church of God in this country, has received very recently a striking illustration, when on May 20th, 1880, Bro. H.R.H. Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, the M.W. Grand Master of Masons in England, laid the foundation-stone of Truro Cathedral and said, "Be it known unto you that we, being lawful Masons, true and faithful to the laws of our country, although not ourselves operative masons, have from time immemorial been associated with the erection of buildings raised for the benefit of mankind and the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe." The history of Freemasonry in England and in Europe is a sufficient testimony to the truth of that statement.

The student of history will remember that when the first thousand years of the Christian era were drawing to a close there was a general expectation of the approaching dissolution of the world. When, however, the first year of the eleventh century opened without the dreadful catastrophe taking place, there surged up throughout the western Church an intense zeal for the erection of edifices that should be dedicated to the honour and worship of the Most High. In every direction the old churches were razed to the ground, and new edifices on a vaster and more majestic scale erected. The builders were the associated fraternities of Freemasons. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries those Masonic societies exercised a widespread influence on the architecture of Europe, travelling from country to country, and executing those great works which are the lasting monuments of their skill. Examples of their work may be seen at Dijon, Rheims, Tours, Cambrai, Orleans, Vienna, and in those glorious houses of God the Cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne.

The earliest known Masonic work in the British Islands was the building of the abbey of Melrose in 1136. On a foundation-stone may still be seen the inscription, "Anno. Milleno, Centeno, ter quoque deuo, et sexto Christi Melross fundata fuisti." The name also of the master mason is preserved above the door on the west side of the transept—John Morow or Moreau: "John : Morow : sum : tyme : callyt : was : I : and : born : in : Parysse : most : certainly." William of Sens, another French Mason, came to England in 1176, to rebuild the cathedral of Canterbury. Norman and French Masons restored the cloisters of Croyland, Warmouth, and that magnificent pile at York, presided over at the present time, as Dean, by Bro. the Very Rev. Purey Cust, and where last week, June 11th, was consecrated the first Bishop of this important diocese of Liverpool.

Many are the names of our Masonic forefathers that occur in connection with the erection of churches and cathedrals in England, as Klaus or Kloos, a German master mason, who built King's College, Chapel, Cambridge, said to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in England; and another name inferior to none, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, who was, in 1685, Grand Master of Masons in England.

Thus, Brethren, whether we look into the literature of the Order, or listen to the eloquent and soul-stirring charges, or take part in our impressive ceremonies,

or examine into the history of the Masonic body, one great truth must ever present itself to our minds, viz., that the Masonic fraternity is essentially a religious society founded on the essential principle of all religion—belief in the Most High God. Surely, then, dear Brethren in Masonry, as we meet together at this solemn point of time and look back through the long vista of the century that has passed, and look forward into the deep obscurity that veils the future, it must be a subject of thankfulness to us all, of deep and lasting consolation that we belong to a society indissolubly connected with religion, and that all the impressive ceremonies of our craft are intended to impress upon our minds the necessity of guiding our lives by the unerring truths of the volume of the Sacred Law, the spiritual tracing-board of the Great Architect of the Universe, in which are laid down such divine laws and moral plans, that were we conversant therewith and obedient thereto they would bring us in safety through all the devious windings of this mortal scene to mansions not made with hands eternal in heaven. May the great Architect of the Universe, who in mercy and goodness has brought us to this day, protect and preserve this lodge to His honour and glory and the good of our fellow men, now and for evermore. So mote it be.

THE NAME OF BURNS.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS.

Dedicated with fraternal respect to all Lodges that have adopted the name of Burns.

FROM Scotland's bard you have your honoured name,—
Master of song, bard of the social lyre :
For Masonry has spread world-wide his fame,
And Mason-poets kindle at his fire.

He was the interpreter of bird and bee ;
The heather blossomed as he passed along ;
The streamlets down their beds rolled pleasantly,
While Burns attuned their rippings unto song.

And Masonry,—oh, who has sung like him !
Within his poesy our symbols glow ;
The spirit warms, the tender eye grows dim,
While we rehearse his " heart-warm, fond adieu."

Well-named, then, Craftsmen ! sound it proudly forth,
Kindle his genial flame within your band ;
Like him, prize man but for his honest worth,
And let the heart be wedded to the hand !

RABBINICAL PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

IT is not so easy always to distinguish between "proverbs" and "sayings" as some might be induced to suppose; indeed, there is a good deal of difficulty in the undertaking, for many "sayings" which are termed popularly "proverbs" are only "sayings," after all, and many "proverbs" which are commonly considered "sayings" are, in truth, "proverbs," and "proverbs" only, for there is a difference between them.

Evil communications corrupt good manners;

this is a proverb.

Evening red and morning grey
Tell the shepherd of a fine day;
Evening grey and morning red
Send the shepherd wet to bed;

this is a saying.

We admit at once that it is sometimes difficult to say "which is which," for the line of demarcation is very thin, indeed, and so we have grouped sayings and proverbs together, in the selection which, as our readers will see, and as best accords with the heading of our article.

We have taken the "little collection" which we venture to call attention to from an interesting work termed "Selections from the Talmud," by H. Polano, and published by F. Warne and Co. It is a great pity that we have no good full English translation of the Talmud. Mr. Polano says that the Talmud takes up ten folio volumes, though, we presume he means by this the two Talmuds—the Jerusalem and the Babylon. It may be a question whether the whole of the two Talmuds has ever been published, though partial selections and professed translations have been made both in Latin and French. A good English translation of the Talmud is a great desideratum in literature.

We shall all be struck with the truthful and simple-hearted wisdom of these old adages of the Hebrew "Chacamim" or wise men, to whom was committed "Halachah," or the commentary on the law, and "Haggadah," or the commentary of history. It is curious to note that this great college of "Scribes," of "Men of the Great Synod," of the "Princes and Fathers of the House of Judgment," was not merely composed of "Priests and Levites," but of men of all classes, and all ranks, and all callings. Let us, then, carefully listen to and note to-day these "Voices of the Past," as they will speak very pleasantly to us, both as Freemasons, philanthropists, and thoughtful and serious citizens of the world.

Open not thy mouth to speak evil.

To be patient is sometimes better than to have much wealth.

The horse fed too liberally with oats becomes unruly.

Do to others what you would have others do to you.

The ass complains of cold even in July.

First learn and then teach.

Few are they who see their own faults.

The world is a wedding.

Youth is a wreath of roses.

A myrtle even in the desert remains a myrtle.

Hospitality is an expression of Divine Worship.

The rose grows among thorns.

If thou tellest thy secret to three persons, ten know of it.

The day is short, the labour great, and the workman slothful.

Silence is the fence round wisdom.

Without law civilization perishes.

Every man will surely have his hour.

Into the well which supplies thee with water cast no stones.

Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.

Say little and do much.

Do not live near a pious fool.

The soldiers fight and the kings are heroes.

The sun will set without thy assistance.

One man eats, another says grace.

Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to thee a crime.

When others gather, do thou disperse; when others disperse, gather.

The cock and the owl both await daylight. "The light," says the cock, "brings me delight, but what, in the world, art thou waiting for?"

There are three crowns—of the law, of the priesthood, and the kingship, but the crown of a good name is greater than all.

Who gives wisdom?—He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources. Who is the mighty man?—He who subdueth his temper. Who is rich?—He who is content with his lot. Who is deserving of honour?—He who honours mankind.

Iron breaks stone; fire melts iron. Water extinguishes fire; the clouds consume water. The storm dispels clouds; man withstands the storm. Fear conquers man; wine banishes fear. Sleep overcomes wine; and death is the master of sleep, and "Charity," says King Solomon, "saves even from death."

The world stands on three pillows—law, worship, and charity.

Charity is greater than all.

Charity is more than sacrifices.

He who gives charity becomes rich.

A beneficent soul will be abundantly gratified.

All the blessings of the household come through the wife, therefore should her husband honour her.

Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears.

The Bible was given to us to establish peace.

Be not the friend of one who wears the cloak of a saint to cover the deformities of a fool.

Unhappy is he who mistakes the branch for the tree, the shadow for the substance.

Thy yesterday is thy past; thy to-day thy future; thy to-morrow is a secret.

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God.

We trust that our readers have run through these striking specimens of "Old World saws" with the same pleasure that we have done so ourselves, and we shall be deeply gratified if this very imperfect contribution towards the study of a very interesting subject may awaken in others a desire to know more of Talmudic literature, and extract from others a still more satisfactory paper on what must, indeed, have a deep and unabiding importance for every thoughtful student and every reading Freemason.

A SERMON

Preached in St. Andrew's Church, George Town, Demerara, on the occasion of the Dedication of the Mount Olive Lodge, No. 385.

BY BRO. THE REV. RICHARDS DICKSON, CHAPLAIN.

"*What mean ye by this Service.*"—Ex. xii., 26

IT was on the eve of the Exodus in the dead of the night that Israel stood expectant of coming deliverance. It was then in Egypt just previous to the death of the First-born that Israel, with closed doors, trembling in fear, with staff in hand, loins girded, stood waiting for the signal to depart.

Hearts were beating high with hope at the thought of coming liberty, and yet apprehensive of the strange unexplored future. 'Twas then that the Feast of the Jewish Passover was instituted; and through the long years of history which have since passed, the faithful observance of this Service has marked the advent of the Feast of Unleavened Bread wherever the dark-browed Israelite has worshipped or Hebrew congregation prayed.

At the institution of this service instructions were given for its future yearly celebration, and also for handing down to a remote posterity a faithful record of the great event it was intended to commemorate. And even to this day, on the eve of the Feast of the Passover, wherever Jewish families gather, a similar service to that instituted in Egypt is carried out; and as the solemn ceremony proceeds, may be heard the voice of one of the children of the household crying—"What mean ye by this Service?" And then just as commanded in the story open before us, the ruler of the Feast tells the tale and rehearses the scenes of that strange eventful night in which was established the Passover of the Lord their God.

Naturally the same question rises to the lips of many to-day—"What mean ye by this Service!" Brought so prominently before the public as is this Service of Freemasonry to-day, the question is prompted—"What is its meaning?" And looking out through this Service upon the great world around us, and understanding by the term, not only our ceremonials—our symbols—but our whole scheme of labour and effort—the entire principles of Freemasonry, I do not think I can do better on such an occasion as this, for the benefit of the uninitiated, than to try to answer, as fully as I can, and as best I can, in the short time at my disposal, the questions often put to Freemasons—"What is this Masonry of which you are so proud and in which you delight and exult? What mean ye by this Service?"

I will just premise that I shall use the words Freemasonry and Masonry as synonymous terms, as also the terms Freemasons and Masons. Cyril of Alexandria says "Men are apt to deride what they do not understand, and the ignorant, not being aware of the weakness of their minds, condemn what they ought most to venerate."

The truth of this statement has been strictly verified in the history of Freemasonry. The uninitiated have ever been ready to charge it with all that is evil and bad. The mighty weapons of ignorance and prejudice have been employed against it. Religion, too, has pronounced her anathemas against it, and from her altars has cursed it and its votaries; but Freemasonry has still lived and flourished, overcoming difficulty and obstacle, and living down opposition till to-day it numbers its temples by tens upon tens of thousands, and its sons of light by hundreds upon hundreds of thousands, realizing in great part the vision of the sages and the seers of the olden time, who beheld afar off the benign reign of universal brotherhood.

But what is Freemasonry? It has been beautifully and appropriately defined as "A science of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." It teaches love to God and suffering humanity. Its fundamental principles are a practical belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man,—that God is our father and we are his offspring. No man is a Mason unless he is a believer in the Great Architect of heaven and earth. To use the words of an elegant writer on the subject: "Freemasonry is an institution, not, as the ignorant and uninitiated vainly suppose, founded on unmeaning mystery, for the encouragement of bacchanalian festivity and support of mere good fellowship; but an institution founded on eternal reason and truth, whose deep base is the civilization of mankind, and whose everlasting glory is supported by those two mighty pillars—Science and Morality."

True Freemasonry is not a system of religion; she adopts the shibboleth of no sect or party; but she is the handmaid of truth. Freemasonry is not a system of national government or of party politics; but a genuine Freemason is a peaceful and loyal subject to the civil power wherever he resides or works.

I state unhesitatingly that apart from Christianity, Freemasonry inculcates the highest system of morality and good works we know of; because that system is founded upon the eternal principles of Divine Truth. I do not forget the now well known action of the Grand Orient of France, which, if I understand it aright, no longer requires from its candidates for Masonic honours and privileges a statement of their belief in the existence of the Great Architect of the Universe; but I say, they who form that Grand Orient are not true Masons—not true to the constitutions of Masonry. Take the Bible from its altars, and *true* Freemasonry exists no longer, for of what use is that Bible in its temples, when some of the temple-dwellers do not believe in its grand central revelation, the existence of the Supreme Being, the Maker and Father of us all?

French Freemasonry, in declining to make a belief in the Great Architect of the Universe a needful pre-requisite for admission to its ranks, has departed from the ancient lines laid down for our guidance. It is no longer *true*, and therefore we acknowledge it not. I have been forced to refer to this matter, which I would have preferred to have passed over in silence; but necessity compels me to refer to it, or else I might have had that atheistic action of the Grand Orient of France brought to bear witness against me, when I assert that one of the Pillars of *true* Freemasonry is a belief in the existence of the eternal God. A brother Mason, writing on the same matter, uses *strong, forcible, and stirring* language. I would that I had time to quote the entire article, for there's the ring of the true metal about it. It's the *setting up* of the true banners in the old paths—as it is, I can only quote just a few of its words. He says: "The time has arrived when we must answer this query anew, with a more decided tone than before—when, like a clarion-note, clear and loud, the answer shall be heard in the valleys and echoed on the hilltops. For years we have been accused of treachery, of perjury, and worse than perjury by narrow-minded bigots; by wild fanatical bodies composed of scoffers at religion and mockers of the word of God; by the influence and weight of the ancient and learned Church of Rome. For years we have borne this, silently and steadily progressing, drawing within our fold the great and good of every class, sect, creed, and nation; receiving only those whose faith was placed in an ever-living God. The time has now come when silence would be a crime—the hour has arrived for Freemasons of every clime to boldly declare and prove by their acts that their faith rests in the Fatherhood of the Creator of the Universe. Masons, hesitate no longer to buckle on your armour, and prove to the world that every brother has a faith in common—a faith in God, and a hope in immortality. * * * * * Prove to friend and foe

alike that a Mason's hope is in the immortality of the soul and his trust in the wisdom of the Divine Essence of an Omnipotent, Omnipresent Being, whose *wisdom* is everywhere, whose *strength* is beyond the comprehension of weak, miserable man, and the *beauty* of whose Holy Will can never be even faintly understood, till the soul of man is welcomed into the abode of the Great I Am, the Adonai, the Alpha and Omega, the *ever-loving, everlasting* Jehovah."

Brave words are these, but as noble and true as they are brave, and every true Freemason must feel their force and beauty.

But what are the *charms* of Freemasonry? What are the secret causes of the subtle influence which it exerts upon those who follow its teaching and obey its behests?

I believe one of its greatest charms is its *antiquity*. Even in this utilitarian age, when self-constituted and self-dubbed iconoclasts are abroad in numbers, and the hoary and antique are in danger of being sacrificed to the modern craving for change, there are still some who bow before and acknowledge the charm, with which Antiquity invests all connected with it. The most ardent lover of the present will feel something of this charm, when he wanders among the ruins of some ancient noble temple. Though there be little left but ruined walls, crumbling arches, and fallen columns, yet fancy will recall the glory of the past, and imagination paint the scenes of yore, when solemn music tones were heard swelling through arch and aisle, and incense clouds floated above its high altar; when proud prelate sat there in state, and gorgeous priest wandered through its dimly lighted aisles; when mailed knight kept vigil there, or hung the silken banner, won in infidel lands, above its arches, laying the spoils of the east once more at the feet of the child Jesus—so great is the charm which Antiquity invests all connected with it. What shall I say then of the charm which Freemasonry possesses for those who work and worship within its temples? I cannot unfold to you a history of Freemasonry to-day, for time would fail me to tell the story; but it possesses an origin which stretches far back in the history of the world, its early annals being almost lost in the dimness of ages. Some deny that Freemasonry can be closely and distinctly connected with Egyptian initiation or Eleusinian mysteries, but from earliest times in the annals of civilized man architecture was deemed almost a sacred art, and its professors treated with marked respect; while they on the other hand also regarded it not only as a sacred but as secret science. Sufficient evidence have we to link ourselves on to the mighty builders of the past, and to prove ourselves their true successors. "Whether Egypt was the cradle of such secret associations, or merely the medium of their transmission, having originally received them from India as some writers think, matters not; they existed there, and from Egypt art and civilization spread gradually into Palestine, Greece, and Italy." The epochs of our history are sufficiently marked to claim our attention. The steps from the past to the present are not so many, but they are sufficiently clear. From Egypt to Palestine through Moses "who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptian"—from Palestine to Rome, from Rome to Britain, and the history is complete. Men have sneered at the antiquity we claim for our order—let them sneer who have studied it not. We glory in it, for no other existing order has such a noble, ancient origin.

One question to Bible students who are not Masons before I pass from this part of my subject. Why were Jewish and Syrian Masons 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*? I leave the question with you. Masons can give you an answer; find another if you can!

Another of the attractions of Masonry is to be found in its symbolic teaching—its teaching by symbols. Illustrative teaching, parable, metaphor, has

ever been attractive to the mind of man, and by its symbolism Masonry conveys some of the sublimest and greatest truths. Masonry has been objected to on account of this distinctive feature of its teaching. Is not the parable a form of symbol? and surely if the teaching of the greatest Teacher of all possesses an added charm and multiplied beauty on account of the fact that it is truth conveyed in allegory—in parable; and if He has seen fit to adopt symbols in the celebration of the most sacred of all Ordinances, surely Masonry was right when it adopted the use of symbols in the unfolding of its principles within the recesses of its temples.

It has been said: If your Masonry is so noble in its principles, and so elevating in its teaching, why hedge round with your secret symbols, why not give it forth to the world untrammelled by secret sign or obligation? To such we say our secrets are not our own to will them as we like. We have received them in trust, and we can only hand them on to those who prove themselves worthy. We use our secrets to keep out the unworthy.

Do you refuse the benefits which nature lavishes upon us because there is much of mystery connected with her? Is the ray of light less beautiful or less gladly welcomed because there is much of mystery connected with its origin and composition. Is the song less welcome to weary ears because there is mystery still connected with the medium through which it conveys itself to our senses? Is the beautiful in statuary and painting to be despised because we know not how the feeling of pleasure is conveyed by it to our senses? Shall we not admire the poet's song or the orator's eloquence because it is a secret unto us why some should be singled out above all others for the possession of such great powers? What is life itself but one great mystery? May we not write of it, as well as of much in Nature and Revelation, "Here we see through a glass darkly?" If such be the case, shall Masonry be despised on account of its secrets, or its symbolism sneered at? Nay, rather let them be silent who speak of that which they do not understand.

One other word of remonstrance, and as short as possible. There are those who have charged Masonry with the faults and crimes of Masons; and I am sorry to say that some of the teachers of Christianity are found among this number. Shall we say that Christianity is base and false because some of its followers have committed crimes which have brought shame, disgrace, and poverty upon hundreds? We only ask that Masonry may be judged by the same law as Christianity. Do not charge Masonry with faults and crimes which are as much opposed to its principles as darkness is to light—faults and crimes which are the outcome of man's fallen nature, and have no connection whatever with the mere fact of his being a Freemason. Because some have failed from the mark that was set before them, don't say Masonry is false, base, misleading. I state, firmly and confidently, that the better Mason will be sure to be the better man. Let a Mason carry out into his life the high and noble principles of Masonry, and he will be a man whom the good and the great will delight to honour.

Masonry is something nobler and grander than a mere symbolism. It is a living vital institution, inculcating great truths, pregnant with noble thoughts, surrounded by generous sentiments, and based upon an undying trust in the *Wisdom, Goodness, and Greatness* of Jehovah.

If it be good and great to lead men from darkness up to light, from ignorance to knowledge, then Masonry is both *good* and *great*, for that is Masonry.

If to uphold chastity and to exalt virtue be Godlike, then is Masonry Godlike, for that is Masonry.

If it be noble to do unto others as ye would that they should do to you, then Masonry is noble, for that is Masonry.

If it be a golden rule to "do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith," then is Masonry golden, for that is Masonry.

If pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, "to

visit the fatherless and widows, in their affliction," then is Masonry pure, for that is Masonry.

If to acknowledge God in all things—an ever watchful Providence of the affairs of men—be good, then is Masonry good, for that is Masonry. One of its noblest declarations copied from Divine Revelation being, "except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it."

In conclusion—To those of you who are not Masons, we say come and join us. Masonry uses no undue influence to lead men into its temples—the wish for initiation into her secrets must be the free spontaneous out-come of the candidate's own will—but we will bid you welcome, and lead you from the outer court into the inner temple, from the darkness into the light, and if, as the beauty and glory of that light rest upon you, and encircle you, the cry goes up from you "More Light," then shall that cry be hushed in the fulness of supply. True the Neophyte will have to pass through many dangers and over a difficult way before he reaches the temple of light, but willing hands and voices will help and cheer him on, and after having passed through darkness, and doubt, and fear, brothers who have trodden the same path and passed through like dangers and difficulties will bid him welcome inside the temple's gates, and unfold to him the beauties and glories of Masonry,

Brother Masons, my closing words are to you. Yours is a noble calling. Remember the eyes of the uninitiated are upon you, and as a clearer view of the principles of Freemasonry is revealed to their minds, the greater will be the demand upon you that you should mirror forth clearly in your lives those principles in all their beauty and truth. Do not forget that in Masonry character is supreme. That "the *internal* and not the external qualifications of a man is what masonry regards." You present a sublime spectacle to those outside the temple of light. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"—brethren of all nations, religions, kindreds, and tongues—high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, king and subject, ruler and the ruled—the wisest sage and the humblest disciple—the most learned divine and the sincere seeker after truth just emerging from darkness into light—the brightest and most skilful craftsman and the newly received novice—all these meeting together on the *level*, on the *ground floor*, in the *middle chamber*, and in the *sanctum sanctorum* of their Masonic temple of *labour* and of *worship*—alike inspired by *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*—alike seeking the hidden mysteries of *nature*, *science*, and *morality*—alike being taught to practice *prudence*, *fortitude*, *temperance*, and *justice*—alike enjoined to exemplify in their daily lives the great principles of *loyalty*, *brotherly love*, *relief*, and *truth*, and to *adore* and *serve* Him who is the *beginning*, the *middle*, and the *end* of all things. Such is the sublime spectacle you present. Brother Masons, be true, be faithful to your vows. Climb higher in the paths of virtue and right. Let not your work consist so much of noise and show as of the quiet silent work that tells and lives. Do not forget that in the great work with which our history so intimately stands connected "there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was building," but it grew, and—

Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

So work quietly, but surely. Startling and impressive ceremonies, brilliant and gaudy vestments, may have their ephemeral part in the drama; but the pure silent teaching of the doctrines of Masonry which lead the thoughts of man through the wonders of nature and the intricacies of science up to the Great Architect of the Universe will alone live and flourish through trials, persecutions, and discords. Brother Masons, work—

While the day hath light let the light be used,
For no man shall the night control.

Rise higher upon the true principles of Freemasonry—a belief in the existence of the Divine Creator of all, and in the grand vital principles of His great revelation; and then, when the working time shall cease,

Or ever the silken cord be loosed,
Or broken the golden bowl;

when you are called off from labour to rest for the last time, your freed spirits shall step upon the eternal shore, in the heavenly lodge—the house not made with hands, and the Great Architect of the Universe, whom you have loved and served, will bid you welcome, and unto you, the “good and faithful servants,” it shall be said, “Well done;” and new truths shall dawn upon you which you had only faintly grasped down here below, and the deep longing and earnest seeking after “More Light” shall then be fully met and satisfied, for you “shall walk in the light as He is in the light.” And down here below men will gather round your resting places, and as they recall the story of your noble life-work, they will softly murmur to each other the Divine Word that echoed down through rocky Patmos ages ago, “They rest from their labours and their works do follow them.”

Brethren my prayer is—“*So mote it be.*”

RYTHMICAL SAYINGS.

IT is very noteworthy how the love of the verse form lingers amid the old, familiar saws and proverbs of all nations, and markedly so in England, whether we look at merely local adages or “topographical rhymes,” as Mr. Thoms called them in a useful little book he wrote some years back called “Origins and Inventions.”

A great statesman once said, “Give me the ballads of a people, and I’ll give you the laws,” and certain it is that those easily remembered and constantly repeated catch-sentences, or pleasant versicles, whether local or general, personal or national, legendary or topographical, are handed down faithfully and carefully often through many generations. Some of them are of great antiquity, others of pithy sarcasm, and are often both interesting and amusing, very striking and very quaint, at the same time.

Mr. Green in his wonderfully fascinating History of England, marked by clear statement and effective word-painting in wonderful degree, tells us that the great peasant rising in the early part of the reign of King Richard II., when the king was a youth only of sixteen, 500 years and more ago, was fostered and fanned to a very great extent by “quaint rhymes” passed round among the people, which went from village to village, and served as incentives to the roused popular feeling. He bases his statement on Knighton’s Chronicle. These verses were neatly composed by the preacher, John Bull, it is believed, and were circulated in the names of “John Bull, Jack Curtis, Jack the Miller, and Jack the Trewman.” Wat Tyler’s insurrection in Essex was encouraged in a remarkable degree by these productions, which appeared to a then suffering people, alike by their truth and wit, their “vis” and their reality, their homeliness, their quaintness, and their seasonableness. For instance, let us try and realize ourselves the effect on an angry and trodden down population, when “villeinage” was still, remember,

in force in the greater part of England, that such lines as the following in their very reality must have had, and which Knighton, in his *Chronicles*, preserves for us.

John Ball greeteth you all,
And doth for to understand,
He hath rung your bell,
Now right and might,
And will and skill,
God speed every dell*.

Here is another—

Help truth, and truth shall help you.
Now reigneth pride in price,
And covetyse† is counted nice,
And lechery withouten shame,
And gluttony withouten blame,
God do bote‡ for now is tyme.

Let us take a third specimen—

Jack Miller asketh help
To turn his mill aright.
He hath grounden small,
The king's son of heaven he shall pay for all,
With might and with right,
With skill and with will;
Let might help right,
And still before will,
And right before might,
So goeth his mill aright.

And once more—

Falseness and guile have reigned too long,
And truth hath been set under a lock,
And falseness and guile reigneth in every stock.
No man may come Truth to,
But if he sings "si dedero,"§
True love is away that was so good,
And clerks for wealth work them woe,
God do bote, for now is tyme.

In the rude jingle of these quaint, and, probably, most effective words, we note the germ of many a popular saw, and which is still preserved in some form or another in adagial or proverbial literature. Archbishop Trench, in his essay on proverbs, gives us several rhyming proverbs, and it might form a very interesting paper, "per se," if we could collect the rythmical proverbs of different nations. But on the present occasion we propose rather to fill up our pages with those local sayings or "topographical verses" which linger in the retentive memories of the English people, or may be found in these "collections," which ingenious archæologists have made of similar versicular remains. A great number have been sent to *Notes and Queries*, and other works, and are repeated still in their own localities, and we think deserve to find a place in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*, always necessarily favourable to antiquarian research and archæological memories. For instance, let us take the counties in England seriatim and alphabetically, and we shall find more local rhymes than preserved belonging to almost all of them, probably to all, as the list of such rhymes may be increased, we fancy, to almost any extent by local antiquaries.

* Everyone's part. † Covetousness. ‡ Help.

§ If I shall have given a bribe to the judges.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and grant
To Roger Burgoyne
And the heirs of his loin,
Both Sutton and Potton
Until the world's rotten.

The Burgoynes are still at Potton.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
Three dirty villages all in a row,
And never without a rogue or two.
Would you know the reason why,
Leighton Buzzard is hard by.

Sir Walter Scott tells us he took the name of his matchless romance of Ivanhoe from these old verses—

Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe, all these three did go,
For striking the Black Prince a blow.

CUMBERLAND.

We remember the old saw mentioned in the "Heart of Midlothian."

If Skiddaw bath a cap,
Criffel* wots full weel of that.

Skiddaw, Lanvelling, and Carti-cand
Are the highest hills in all England.

DERBYSHIRE.

Derbyshire born, and Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' the arm and weak i' the head.

ESSEX.

Ugley church, Ugley steeple,
Ugley parson, Ugley people.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

They who buy a house in Hertfordshire,
Pay three years' purchase for the air.

KENT

is very rich in these sayings.

Sutton for mutton,
Berkely for beef,
South Devon for gingerbread,
Dartford for a thief.

Deal, Dover, and Harwich,
The devil gives his daughter in marriage,
And by a codicil to his will,
He added Helvoet and the Brill.

When England rings
Thanet sings.

LANCASHIRE.

Proud Preston,
Poor people,
High church
And low steeple.

* Called formerly Scruffel or Scruffelt.

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LEICESTERSHIRE.

Mountsorrel he mounted at,
 Rothby he rode by,
 Wanliss he leaped o'er,
 At Birstall he burnt his gall,
 And Belgrave he was buried at.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

York was, London is, but Lincoln shall be
 The greatest city all the three.

Well is the man
 Twixt Trent and Witham.

Northap rise and Grayingham fall,
 Kirton yet shall be greater than all.

Luddington poor people,
 Built a brick church to a stone steeple

NORFOLK.

Gimtingham and Tremmingham, Knapton and Trunch,
 North repps and South repps tie all in a bunch.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Dodington, Dovecot, Welby hen,
 Hertlingborough ploughboys and Wellingborough men.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Rothbury for goat's milk,
 And the Cheviots for mutton,
 Chawick for its cheese and bread,
 And Tynemouth for a Glutton.

Harnham was headless, Bradford breadless,
 And Shaftoe picked at the craw;
 Capheaton was a wee bonny place,
 But Wallington banged them a'.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Eaton and Taton, and Brancote o' the hill,
 Beggarly Beeston and lousy Chilwell,
 Waterside Wilford, hey little Lenton,
 Or fine Nottingham, Colwick, and Snenton.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Stow-on-the-Wold
 Where the wind blows cold.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Sutton Long, Sutton Long,
 At every door a lump of dung,
 Some two, some three,
 It is the dirtiest place that ever you see.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Wolton under Weaver
 Where God came never.

Stanton on the Stones
 Where the Devil broke his bones.

SURREY.

Sutton for good mutton,
 Cheam for juicy beef,
 Croydon for a pretty girl,
 Mitcham for a thief.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Piping Tebworth, dancing Marston,
 Haunted Willbro', hungry Crafton.
 Dndging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
 Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bedford.

WESTMORELAND.

Let uter Pendragon do what he can,
 Eden will run, where Eden ran.

YORKSHIRE.

Pendle, Peniguel, and Ingleborough
 Are the three highest hills all England through.

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
 Let Cleveland then beware of a clap.

When Dighton is pulled down,
 Hull shall become a greater town.

Cleveland in the clay,
 Brings in two soles and carries one away.

When Sheffield Park is plough'd and sown,
 Then Little England hold thine own.

We may remember in *Rob Roy*, where *Die Vernon* and *Francis* hear the genial *Justice Inglewood* say—

O, in *Shipton*, in *Craven*,
 Is many a haven,
 But many a day foul weather;
 And he that would say,
 A pretty girl nay
 I wish for his cravat a tether.

We have thus run through a few familiar "jingles" which we think it well to keep thus together in a collected form. We do not profess to consider such collections of any very great importance, but they are, we venture to think, interesting and curious, not only as links with the past but as testifying to ancient ideas and the manners and sayings of the people! We trust that this slight contribution may please some "fratres" archæologists like ourselves, who like to collect and realize all that can tell us whether of the customs of other ages, or can illustrate however slightly, either general or local traditions, and so serve to throw a light on individual or national progress, and charm back for us for a little space those parted centuries once so full of life!

The graver philosopher and the severer scientist may think such lucubrations "airy nothings," hardly worth the trouble of perusal, but we are anxious to put in a plea for all trifling labours, whether of the archæologist and antiquary, as still of use, when we attempt to realize to-day what the "fact" has really been. For it is then only that we shall learn the true lessons of history, of progress, of improvement, of national and general life, of all that attracts, interests, and sways humanity!

Like countless little streams running into the mighty ocean, so all these various collections of amiable and kindly dryasdusts to-day, impart information, swell the amount of human knowledge and power, we believe, to amuse, to interest, and improve us all! We beg to add that this little "compilation" claims no "originality"; it is a pure compilation, and nothing more.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

THE voice of nature always speaketh to the heart of man, the lovely flowers, the rustling leaves, the rippling brooks, the verdant plains, the aged rocks, the gentle breeze, the furious gale, the summer shower, the pelting rain, the lightning's flash, the thunder's peal, the stars of night, the silvery moon, sunshine and cloud, earth, sea, and sky, speak with the "still small voice" that penetrates the soul, bringing joy and fear, but withal admiration.

Happy the man who rightly interprets the various sights and sounds of nature, and feels that all the infinite changes involved in the metamorphoses are but the language of the Eternal, pointing out the beauty, the harmony, and the sublimity of the Creation.

Often what appears to most of us as simple natural process is (when fully understood by such aid as the microscope affords) seen to be a most elaborate and wonderful work, marvellous in conception, beautiful in construction, felicitous in development, and magnificent in design. In the wings of insects, in the leaves of plants, as well as in the unknown myriads of stars that form the "milky way, the Omnipotence of the First Great Cause is for ever illustrated. Among men there are those, unhappily, ignorant of nature's underlying wonders and beauty, and whose selfish ideas of their own importance make them feel as if their existence is the one great fact of life, all important to the welfare of the community; such as these utterly ignore the insignificance of the human unit, and to them the pleasures afforded by nature's boundless scope, variety, and charm is lost. On the other hand, the student and the scientist, seeking after truth, revels in revelations so exquisitely grand that he feels exalted in one sense and humbled in another, losing his own individuality in that fierce light of natural love which dawns on his enraptured soul as he beholds the glories of the Universe. Does nature speak to him? Yes; her teachings are full of joy and of promise. His privileged communings are to him a foretaste of better things to come, an opening up of bygone ages, making "a thousand years as a day," blending the Past with the Present, anticipating and predicting the Future, clearing the understanding, bringing forth knowledge, and promoting happiness. The great aim of life should be to be natural; man does not excel in this respect. The object of some, nay, most of us, may be termed supernatural; men having thoughts strangely at variance with their acts, and yet expecting miracles to happen for their especial benefit, or rather that they may indulge in various propensities and suffer no harm, *i.e.*, commit physical transgressions with impunity. I believe it was Voltaire who said that he "often thanked God he was not a physician." When asked why, he said, "Physicians I consider to be the most unfortunate men alive; they are required to perform miracles every day, and what is more, are expected to reconcile health with intemperance." In such cases we have the unnatural taking the place of the natural. Nature has given us a bountiful supply of water which meets every requirement as a beverage; then again, milk is a natural product, and supplies us with both food and drink combined in the highest state of perfection, being at the same time a delicacy eminently fitted for the human family at all periods, from infancy to old age. What more can mankind want?

Nothing naturally, for certain. But the unnatural influences of society and of custom, which introduce luxuries and set up Epicureanism as the most refined and exalted order of the day, propagate the doctrines of Bacchus allied to those of Atephagia and Comus, as the acme of civilization, with a result at once debasing, making men effeminate and women bold; falsely giving a rosy hue to the evanescent pleasures of the rich, so that the reality of their hollowness is not seen by the participators, truly affirming the fact of a "gilded vice," aptly illustrated by the picture of "Death and the Lady."

Man being a reasonable creature—*i.e.*, able to reason, knows by innate conscientiousness whether his acts are right or wrong. He "may know the right, but still the wrong pursue." This departure from the natural or right course bringeth manifold disasters, yet the first evil step is found to be so easy that the dire consequences following defection from what is right, if foreseen or thought of, are but little heeded. Thus mankind are continually plunging in a "sea of trouble" merely to gratify the feeling of the moment or the whims and passions of the hour. Here, then, that unerring voice of nature, which is commonly called "conscience," stands boldly out, asserting right, a true guide, warning men of the peril of apostacy, and dictating a safer course. Alas! how few men are morally guided by their innermost thoughts of right; not many argue out the superficial character of impulsive ideas or first impressions, or they would not "take their pleasures so sadly," and even badly, filling the world with misery, and often bringing the innocent to ruin. A great many troubles are born of the so-called pleasure-taking and holiday-making, in and out of season, yet what a vast amount of good, physically as well as mentally, change of air and scene brings about when taken apart from the concomitant drawbacks which excess in one or all the phases of life engenders. Without enumerating the various ways by which substance, health, food, clothing, and even life itself are wasted, I venture to hope the æsthetic students of better education will show such an example to their less fortunate brethren that ere long we shall see the mass of the people seeking pure enjoyments and rational amusements, making health their first care, and taking kindly to sobriety and moderation, living a long and peaceful life and dying happy. This pleasant and much-to-be-wished-for consummation can only be arrived at by strict observation of and conformity to nature's laws. To some people simple things seem to be difficult. The habit of proper self-denial should be practised by free-willed, unthinking, and careless persons, they always remembering that to take a little less food than that which satisfies hunger is better than repletion, taking care to have pure air to breathe and plenty of it, comfortable clothing to wear on a well-washed body, and thus making life's circumstances agreeable; studying nature until trees and plants, rocks, stones and sands, the denizens of the sea and earth, and things celestial, as well as things terrestrial, become as "familiar as household words," reminding man that he is part of the wonderful whole for whose delectation the creation, with all its abounding beauty, was especially and providentially designed.

What more has man to do than to express with all humility his gratitude to the Most High for such beneficent favours, and strive with all his might and all his soul to live in peace with all men, to render daily praise and thanksgiving to the Great Architect of the Universe. So mote it be!

THE TEMPLE OF MASONRY.

BY BRO. R. HUNTER.

SEE yon noble Temple rising,
 Fair and graceful on the sight ;
 Strength and Wisdom guard her portals
 Beauty gilds her dome with light.
 Firm and sure her deep foundations,
 Built on rocks of Truth and Love ;
 Let the wildest storms assail her ;
 'Twill the more her safety prove.

Long hath stood this stately Temple,
 Sought and loved by every land ;
 Spite of foes and cruel falsehoods,
 Still she riseth great and grand.
 Time but adds a brighter lustre
 To her fair and spotless fame,
 Age can only make her dearer,
 Love we more her honoured name.

When afar from home and kindred,
 Strangers to a kindly smile,
 O how sweet it is to gather
 Round our loved and sacred *pile*.
 There no longer counted strangers,
 There no more we lonely feel,
 But at home with friend and brother
 True and trusted, kind and leal.

Dear the lessons, high the precepts
 Taught within our ancient hall—
 Faith in God the great Creator,
 Love to men as brothers all ;
 Faith and Hope to cheer us onward
 As we travel life's rough way,
 Love to light our path of duty
 To a bright unending day.

Let us, like true-hearted Masons,
 Ever guard her fair renown ;
 As our sires bequeathed it stainless,
 Stainless let us hand it down.
 Thus a smile of kind approval
 From the Master we shall gain,
 And our lives, howe'er so humble,
 Shall not have been lived in vain.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 176.)

THE English Templars were confined in prisons at London, Lincoln, and York. During the summer of 1308 a Bull arrived from the Pope, appointing certain commissioners to hear and try the charges made against them. The commissioners appointed were the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Chichester, and Lincoln, Deodate Abbot of Lagny, and Sicard de St. Vaur, Canon of Narbonne, Auditor of the Pope. The commissioners were all ecclesiastics, and as such probably not exempt from the jealousy with which the Order was regarded by Churchmen. One of them, however, at least, John Dalderby, Bishop of Lincoln, was a man of singular piety and uprightness, and, from the notices of the matter contained in his register, we gather that he by no means liked the business on which he was employed. In fact, the way in which he shrank from the part assigned to him, and fenced with the papal requirements, inclines us to believe that he did not believe in the guilt of the men in whose trial and condemnation he was forced to bear an unwilling part. Neither is this to be wondered at. For the results of the first examination of the English Templars held in London, October 21st, 1308, at which it is probable that Bishop Dalderby was present, were as follows: The Templars were interrogated whether the chapters and receptions of the Knights were held in secret and by night; whether in these chapters were committed any offences against Christian morals and the faith of the Church; whether they denied the Redeemer and worshipped idols; whether they held heretical opinions on any of the sacraments. The Knights, brought one by one before the commissioners, denied calmly, specifically, and distinctly, every one of these charges. A chaplain of the Order, Ralph de Burton, was examined at greater length than the others, and his denials were full and specific. Then witnesses were examined; seventeen who were supposed to be most cognizant of the doings of the Templars were questioned. They were clergy, public notaries, and others. None of them had anything to allege against the Templars in support of the charges made against them. During the winter of 1308 and 1309 various examinations were held. Nothing was elicited to the prejudice of the Order. In June, the Grand Preceptor, William de la Moore, was specially examined on the charge of having presumed as a layman to give absolution. He explained that the form used for a peccant brother was to strike him three blows with the scourge, and then say to him, "Brother, pray to God to remit thy sins." He had never used the form, "I absolve thee." The commissioners could not find anything on which to condemn the Order. Yet, urged on by pressure from the Pope, and fearing to go against his decisions, they made a sort of lame condemnation. They do not indeed give any countenance to the charge of immorality, apostacy, and magic, but they seem to assert that the charge of giving absolution is proved, as also the secrecy of the receptions, and the binding members of the Order by oaths not to reveal what took place at these receptions. Certain evidence which had been tendered to them by hostile witnesses they kept back. "They seem," says Deal Milman, "to have been ashamed of it, as well they might." One of the commissioners, at any rate, did not desire to be further mixed up in the matter. At the beginning of October, 1309, Bishop Dalderby sent to his brother commissioners what is entered in his register under the title "Excusatio:"

To the venerable fathers in Christ, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Bishops of London and Chichester, to the Abbot of Lagny, of the Diocese of Paris, to Master Sicard de Vaur, Canon of Narbonne, John by Divine permission Bishop of Lincoln, greeting. Occupied as I am in many ways by the arduous affairs of our Church, and by the pressing needs thereof, which cannot be avoided, and hindered by the infirmities of the Body of Christ, I cannot perform the Apostolic commands with that assiduity which I could wish. Wherefore, though being ready to attend to the Inquisition against the persons and the Order of the Militia of the Temple, committed to you and to me by the Apostolic See, when I can, I desire our kindness to excuse my absence whenever I am unable to come.

Similar excuses are entered in the register as having been sent in the two following years, 1310 and 1311. It is clear, therefore, that Bishop Dalderby deliberately withdrew from taking part in the trial of the Templars. It is certain also that this was done after an inquiry held. For whether or no the bishop was present at the first inquiry, held in London in October, 1308, it is certain that he himself held an inquiry at Lincoln, during the earlier part of the year 1309. For we have, under the date of March 18th of that year, a letter addressed by him to his fellow-commissioners dated from the Old Temple (the house of the see of Lincoln in London), stating that he should be unable to be present at a meeting to be held by them for making out an inventory of the Templars' goods to be returned to the Pope, because he was obliged to be in Lincoln about the same time to conduct an examination of certain Templars there. This examination was to be held on the Monday after the Sunday on which "Lætare Hierusalem" was sung (Mid-Lent Sunday), and on succeeding Mondays as was required. Bishop Dalderby, therefore, had certainly enjoyed good opportunities of investigating the charges against the Templars, and he may be presumed to have also had personal knowledge of them. For a famous preceptory of theirs at Temple Bruer was within ten miles of his cathedral city. It is fair, therefore, to assume that his practical retirement from the inquiry, which was allowed to drag on its tedious length for some three years, was due to his being satisfied in his own mind that there was "no case." And it is certainly not to wondered at that any fair-minded man should have shrunk from an investigation where such testimony as the following was allowed to be produced and gravely received. One witness averred that he had heard that in the East a Knight apostatized to Mohammedanism. Another had heard that, at a great banquet at York, some of the Knights had worshipped a calf. Another Knight had a book in his possession which contained unorthodox sentiments. Another witness, a Franciscan, had heard a chaplain of the Order say to some of the brethren, "The Devil will burn you!" Another had heard a Templar exclaim as he walked, "Alas! that ever I was born. I must deny Christ and worship the Devil." Another Franciscan had heard that a Templar had killed his son for refusing to be a Templar. Another, an Augustinian, had heard that a Templar had declared that a man died like a dog and had no soul. Another witness said he had heard a sermon addressed to the Templars telling them how to get rich. Another, a Franciscan, had heard that the Order possessed four idols. At length three witnesses were found who had belonged to the Order and had left it. These men had fled away from an inquiry which was in the highest degree perilous to them. If they had been able, truthfully, to depose against the Order they had no temptation to fly; but having nothing really to allege against it they fled for fear of the torture. That the torture was applied to at least two of them there can be little doubt. Stephen Staplebridge, after making some important admissions, threw himself on the ground with tears, groans, and shrieks, imploring mercy. What could this mean but that he had been tortured to make him admit what he had done? And he now prayed that these admissions might be held to be sufficient, and that he might be tortured no more. Another, Theroldeby, declared that the Abbot of Lagny had threatened that he would make him confess before he had done with him.

He had nothing to confess at first; but four days after, when his acquaintance with the Abbot of Lagny had been improved, he confessed very freely that the Templars denied Christ, and compelled all who entered their Order to do so, and to spit upon the Cross. The third, a priest of the Order, dreading probably what the other had suffered, declared that he had been made to deny Christ. This was the most that could be found against the Order in England, and under these frivolous accusations the Knights were kept for several years immured in prison, subjected from time to time to vexatious examinations, while their property was confiscated and their Order was destroyed. It must have been some consolation to them in their great trials to hear that, after long investigations in Italy, nothing had been brought home to the prejudice of the Order, and that in each of the kingdoms of Spain the acquittal of the Order was solemn and complete. In England it can hardly be said to have been either condemned or acquitted. All those Templars who submitted themselves and made some sort of confession were absolved, but those who, conscious of innocence, refused to do this, were condemned to perpetual confinement in monasteries. This sentence was passed by the Provincial Synod or Convocation of Canterbury, in July, 1311. Previously to its passing, the commissioners had made their report to the Pope, and Bishop Dalderby had, in accordance with what is stated above, reported that he had been able to investigate the matter but little, but that he must be held to concur in the reports of his colleagues. The Bishop was evidently still impressed with the desire to have as little as possible to do with a process which he could not heartily approve. From further entries in his register we are able to throw some light on the ultimate destination of the Templars and the special arrangements made for them in the monasteries to which they were consigned. The letter of Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, giving the general command to all abbots and monasteries who should be selected to receive Templars to do so, ran as follows:

Robert, by Divine permission Archbishop of Canterbury, to all Abbots and Priors, their chapters and convents, exempt and not exempt, throughout our Province, greeting. Inasmuch as the most holy father in Christ, the Lord Clement, by Divine Providence Pope, has commanded us and our suffragans by his letters apostolical to make inquiry concerning divers articles of heretical gravity, charged against certain persons of the Order of Knighthood of the Temple in our Province, and brought here before us; and that, after inquiry duly made touching the said brethren, we should in our Provincial Council pronounce on the said brethren a sentence of absolution or condemnation as justice required. And inasmuch as to the matter of the aforesaid inquiry we have by the apostolical authority, and by that of our whole Provincial Council, ordained the several persons to perform a certain penance, and for that purpose to be constrained to enter certain monasteries selected for that purpose until it shall be otherwise ordained. You, therefore, all and singular, we command by our apostolic authority, and by that of our whole Council, and by virtue of your obedience, and under the sentences of suspension, excommunication, and interdict to be fulminated against you and your monasteries, if ye shall not do what we command, that ye in whose monasteries we shall have decreed the said persons to be confined should admit those persons readily and treat them kindly and minister to them the necessaries of life as we and your Diocesans ordain. For which the Lord King of England has granted for each person fourpence per day. But if ye shall refuse to obey, we have strictly commanded our venerable brethren, your Diocesans, by other letters, that as well against you the exempt (who notwithstanding your privileges, are specially bound to obey us in this matter) as against you, the non-exempt and your monasteries, they should without delay promulgate canonically the ecclesiastical censures, and proceed according to the canonical sanctions. But concerning the manner in which we have decreed the said persons to be kept and the penance to be performed by them, ye shall be informed by your Diocesans or their vicars. Given in our Council in London, July 15th, 1311.

(To be continued.)

BROTHER! WELL MET!

I MUST ask my readers to allow me to transport them with me on my "magic carpet" (see "Arabian Nights") to a great city, another country, and a past century!

Mirabeau was at the height of his power and popularity in Paris, though there were whispers heard and under-currents at work, as well as signs on the political horizon, which seemed to portend to the acute observer a "coming storm," accompanied with the entire loss of that "phantasy" of the "aura popularis" which has lured so many mortals astray and has destroyed the living energies, the present utility, the lasting reputation of so many well-known statesmen. At the moment I write, that is when the events of this "historiette" took place, the influence of Mirabeau was predominant, despite sundry rival aspirants for hearing and support; his name and his opinions were in "high acclaim," and if secretly not altogether hostile to the "Court," he was certainly greatly trusted by the people. It was known, indeed, that he was a "roue" and a "sceptic," or worse. All were aware that his health was enfeebled by excesses and his fortune shattered by extravagance, though it was as equally believed that he had found some easy method of replenishing his coffers and restoring the "equilibrium of his finances." Still as a "Republican aristocrat" the cidevant "marquis" if not quite a "rara avis in terris" was considered by rejoicing revolutionists as a "king among men," whose "words" all applauded, and to whose opinions all should bow.

Mirabeau was an "Illuminé," though not a "Freemason," as some have hastily alleged. He had, while in Germany, imbibed the principles of that mysterious and mischievous society which Weishaupt, a Roman Catholic Professor of Canon Law at Ingolstadt, had founded, apparently on a Jesuit and Masonic basis combined. Weishaupt himself, strongly suspected of being a Jesuit (though, we believe, he never avowed his affiliation) was not a Freemason when he first formed his society, though he was admitted subsequently into a lodge at Munich.

He soon, however, seems to have deserted Freemasonry proper entirely, but to have adapted certain Masonic "formulæ" to the perfection of his destructive society and the propagation of its pernicious principles. For Illuminism was nothing more and nothing less, shortly stated, than "absolute republican revolutionism embodied," the development of a "red socialism," the subversion of all law, order, sanction, society, dominated, moreover, by that peculiar "flavour" of Jesuit subtlety, teaching, and "radical spiritualism," which have been found in all lands, as well under a monarchy as a Republic, inimical to the true liberties of the subject, destructive of the claims of the supreme power, be that power what it may, antagonistic to the social and moral development of individual, family, and national life, opposed equally to patriotic aims and cosmopolitan unity. Indeed, no two systems can be more contrary or contrasted than Freemasonry and Illuminism. The former is all "peace," the latter all "disorder;" the former is destructive, the latter conservative in its non-political sense; the former is full of fiery bitterness and anger, the latter abounding in brotherly love, toleration, and goodwill; the former is revolutionary and subversive everywhere, the latter equally everywhere, obedient to the law, and respectful to authority.

Mirabeau had introduced "Illuminism" into Paris, having a "delegation" from Weishaupt for that purpose, and was the leading and guiding spirit of that so-called "Lodge of Illuminati," never, however, happily very powerful and

numerous, but which, among other choice and fitting associates, had received that recreant Freemason and detestable individuality—Egalité Orleans. Even at this distance of time the minds of the honest and the loyal shudder at his unexampled treachery, baseness, his profane speeches, unholy living, and, with Lamartine, cannot but believe that that family has much “expiation” to make before the words and deeds of their ancestor can be forgiven or forgotten.

Many of the acts of this little handful of “Illuminati,” for there were certainly not above two or three lodges at the outside in Paris, have been ascribed by hot-headed and ill-informed Ultramontane writers, to the “Freemasons,” whereas the French Freemasons had positively nothing to do with the French revolution, which spared them as little as it spared all other classes of society, and Freemasonry itself knows nothing whatever of the principles and proceedings of “Illuminism,” though it has an “Illumination” of its own, a “star which ever shines most steadily and brightly in the darkness of time, quite sufficiently and satisfactorily for all its true children! But I am running on with a very dry disquisition, and think that I had better return to my story. I may add, in all I have written I have expressed, I believe, the opinions of all cultured Freemasons, looking at the history of the past, and especially of the French Revolution, in the light which Freemasonry sanctions and commends.

Among the friends who specially affected the society and “salon” of the then great Mirabeau was a certain young Breton noble, called the Vicomte de Puisac. He came of a very old family in Brittany, but for some reason or other, having been first accidentally thrown into the society of Mirabeau as a young diplomat, he had become his daily companion and constant friend. Mirabeau had initiated him, being a Freemason too (though Mirabeau, as I said before, was not a Freemason) among the Illuminés. And on the evening of the day of which I speak, Mirabeau and his friend were going to attend a special service for the initiation of two or three candidates.

Accordingly, at a given hour, they started together, and walking in that district beyond the dreadful “Temple,” a street which was, as all French streets were then, and English too, dim and dark, he knocked in a peculiar manner at a side door in a wall, which seemed to surround a small garden, and was admitted by an unseen janitor. The two crossed the little garden with rapid steps, and were admitted into a large pavilion, connected with the house by a covered way, in the same stealthy and mysterious manner.

We shall take the liberty of describing a scene which soon after took place. The room was an oblong, with rows of benches covered with crimson cloth, and the wall was hung with crimson hangings. At the further extremity was a platform with railings in front, except where the ascent was by four steps, all covered with a dark crimson carpet. Under a canopy of crimson silk sat the President (Mirabeau himself), in a crimson robe, with a masked cowl, and it was only in this way that any difference could be seen between the President and the members, as all else were white and all were cowed. Two secretaries sat at a bureau covered with a crimson cloth, and seven brethren seemed to sit at the end facing the President, on a special seat in a row.

All were armed.

There was a sort of altar in the midst, on which was a sword, a halberd, and a poignard, and this room was illuminated by four silver lamps in the middle, four silver lamps on pedestals in the four corners, a silver lamp on the President's desk, and two on the secretaries' bureau.

We need not go through the ceremonies of Illuminati initiation, which were profane and senseless beyond almost all conception. It will suffice us to say that these “neophytes” were duly received; after this begun the serious business of the evening.

A cowed member rose from near the top of the room, and said, “I denounce the Marquis de Merilhac as an obstinate aristocrat!”

The President nodded, and there was supposed to be at that time of rabid fanaticism a great deal in the "nod" of Mirabeau, as there was also supposed to be in the "sneeze" of Robespierre, the "sniff" of Marat, the "snort" of Danton, and the "giggle" of Fouquier Tinville.

Our young friend started, for the Marquis de Merilhac was his cousin and friend, and he was head and ears in love with Adele de Merilhac. Poor M. de Puisac, our readers will say, and his anxiety was still more increased when another cowed member arose and said, "To-morrow I will denounce him to the Club of Jacobins. He will go before the 'revolutionary tribunal.'" "

What was to be done? To hesitate was to condemn his friend to the guillotine, for these were dreadful words then to a Frenchman's ear!

After the meeting he, more hastily than was his wont, excused himself from the great "Lion" of the hour, and hurried home to his modest "troisieme" to "collect his scattered thoughts." "I have still," he said, "twenty-four hours!"

As he was on his way a person passed him who turned back, as some people do, and then said "M. le Vicomte." To his intense joy this was a member of the lodge "Amitie et Honneur," who had been its "vénérable," and was now acting as its "secrétaire, and whom he had not seen for three or four years.

"Ah," he said, "Frere Juviennot, I am delighted to see you."

"But you seem troubled and 'in haste,'" said Juviennot.

And so this foolish young man, who trusted a brother Mason, told him his story and his fears.

Juviennot smiled! "I also know," he said, "the Marquis de Merilhac" (who was also a member of lodge "Amitie et Honneur,") "and am, like you, very anxious about him. But courage; I will see what I can do for the sake of our Masonic fraternity to help you and him, and above all Mdlle. Adele! You know that I am a Municipal officer, and it is my duty to help a brother, especially one persecuted by these 'Illuminés,' who do an infinity of mischief. Look here, Frere Vicomte! If I can get you a passport can you get your friend out of Paris and France?"

"Get me the passport," said the Vicomte, "and they'll leave Paris in the morning. They are, poor people, in hiding, and in fear and trembling, that is to say the women are for him, for he, like an old soldier, is probably coolly smoking his pipe."

"Come with me," said Juviennot!

They went down two or three streets, and stopped before a building where two or three ill-dressed men were lounging, but all seemed to recognise Juviennot, and pay him much deference! "Sit here, Citoyen Brune," said Juviennot, "while I speak to our commissaire!"

As Juviennot went in he saw on the table, for the room was empty at the time, seven or eight passports signed by the Communal Committee of the section, and like a flash of lightning the thought struck him, "It will never be missed," and he put one in his pocket.

When M. Octave Goubin ("Scevola" as he affected to call himself) returned he greeted Juviennot, and taking up the passports proceeded to fill them up. When he had finished he said, "How stupid of me, I thought I had filled up eight," and immediately took another "form" from a drawer and filled it up too.

After a few minutes friendly conversation Juviennot left the room, picked up M. de Puisac, and said to him "sotto voce," "Now for the Marquis, and the Ladies, and Liberty."

"To-morrow evening," said the vicomte, "he will be denounced to the Jacobins."

"To-morrow evening," said Juviennot, "he will be in the English Channel. There will be several others off to-morrow. Let them go dressed as good Republicans with daybreak, and by the evening they will be at Calais, and should at once cross on pretence of business for the Republic."

When they got to the humble room in which was the marquis, and his fair wife and gentle daughter, they found the old soldier philosophically smoking. He recognized Juviennot, and the ladies in their ecstacy would have embraced him when he gave the marquis the passport. It was duly filled up with the names of Citoyen Brune, his wife and daughter and domestique, and Puisac gave him three lines, signed by Mirabeau, to himself, which simply said, "De pechez vous citoyen et mon ami.—MIRABEAU."

At the gate at early dawn, though no hesitation was shown, the passport, being "en regle," our friend thought the paper with Mirabeau's name might do good, and so he showed it to the sergeant. It was quite sufficient.

And so it was all the way. When they got to Calais, as good luck would have it, a courier sent by the French Government was going over to England, and whether the good looks of Adele de Merilhac charmed (or he might have been a Freemason, too; they are very ubiquitous, those Freemasons) deponent can say no more than that, just as Juviennot had said, when he was denounced at the Jacobins he was bowling across the English Channel. He was denounced, and was searched for by the police, but never found.

M. de Puisac, finding things going badly, got a diplomatic appointment through Mirabeau's influence, and then joined the Merilhacs in England. He is the same Viscomte de Puisac who represented the French Empire at Vienna under Napoleon I. Merilhac is the same General, and after Marshal, De Merilhac whose name is recorded in more than one of Napoleon's despatches. Juviennot rose to high rank, but never gave up Freemasonry, and if you will read over the minutes of the Grand Orient of France, you will find that when Freemasonry revived after the Reign of Terror, first under the Consulate, and then under the Empire, the three names of Merilhac, Puisac, and Juviennot are recorded as present at more than one important seance.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

(Continued from page 176.)

BUT it was not now the Pontif who taught this doctrine of the great soul of the world. Nature herself appeared to the initiated, and a voice was heard pronouncing the following words*: "Moved by thy prayers, I am come; I am Nature, the universal parent; the sovereign of the elements; the spring of ages; the first of the gods; the queen of the Manes; under one form I represent all the gods and all the goddesses. I dispense the light of heaven; I agitate the billows of the ocean; I encompass the infernal regions with silence and horror. All nations acknowledge my power. The Phrygians call me the *Mother of the Gods*; the inhabitants of Cyprus, Venus; those of Athens, Ceres; but in Egypt, and among the people on whom the sun first sheds his early beams, sages, learned in the ancient doctrine, have called me Isis. Under all these names, and with many different ceremonies, I am the only deity whom the universe invokes." This passage will not permit us to doubt the identity of the mysteries, which nowhere differed essentially, as we have already ob-

* Apul Metamorph., l. ii.

served. The ceremonies might indeed vary according to circumstances, and especially according to the different genius of the people that performed them. They were cruel and sanguinary in the East, where despotism made a jest of human sacrifices; in the mild climate of Greece they tended only to make virtuous citizens, and in every country they were incorporated with the particular form of worship; but the same divinity was always adored, and that divinity was no other than universal Nature.

Thus she proceeded. "Be just, and thou shalt be happy; thou shalt live full of glory under my protection, and when thou arrivest at the end of thy course, death shall open to thee an entrance into the Elysian fields. But if, by an ardent zeal for my worship, and by the practice of virtue, thou shalt approve thyself worthy of my favour, know that I have the power of prolonging thy days beyond the period assigned to thee by destiny."

The symbolic image of the fecundity of Nature was then exhibited; an image that expressed the means by which she renews herself in the class of organized bodies, and which, having been at first chosen by simple and rude people, had continued in use after they were civilized and corrupted, because it had been originally consecrated to religious purposes. The *Phallus* was carried in great pomp; in the ceremonies of the women *Kteis* was made use of; and in spite of the remonstrances of the fathers of the church, it would appear that this ceremony still continued to be respected. But it conveyed no impure idea to the imagination, for the initiated addressed this prayer to Nature:

"Hail! holy and unwearied benefactress of the human race! thou who, like a tender mother, lavishest on mortals thy precious gifts, and who stretchest forth thy hands to assist the unhappy, all hail! I invoke thee, thou powerful deity; thee, whom the Gods of heaven adore, and whom the Gods of hell dread; thee, who hast impressed motion on the celestial spheres; who continuest to nourish the fires of the sun; who governest the universe, and whose empire extends even to Tartarus. Thou speakest, and the stars make answer, the gods rejoice, the seasons succeed each other, and the elements are obedient to thy voice. By thy orders the winds rage, and the clouds are collected; plants germinate and issue from the bosom of the earth; animals people the forests and mountains; the serpent hides himself in obscure retreats; the inhabitants of air, the monsters of the ocean, the whole universe is subject to thy command. Who can worthily celebrate thy praises, O august divinity! Engrossed with thy majesty, I shall incessantly behold thee, and contemplate thy divine perfections. May thy sacred image never cease to dwell in the bottom of my heart."*

Here the initiation ended, and the assembly was dismissed by a formula, borrowed from the Phœnician *koff. omphett*; which signified "watch and be pure."

Thus ended these mysteries, so justly renowned in ancient times, and which alone, as we may now be convinced, constituted, properly speaking, the essence of religion. They were instituted in great numbers, as each deity, besides the public worship which was addressed to him, had likewise a particular and secret service. But after the mysteries of Isis in Egypt, which had served as a model for almost all the rest, the principal were those of the Cabiri in Samothracia, in which the ancient language of Orpheus was again found in the names given to the gods there invoked; those of Cybele in Phrygia; of Venus in the island of Cyprus; of Vulcan at Lemnos; of Jupiter in Crete; of Mithras in Asia Minor, famous for the austerities and rigorous observances that were there exacted; and lastly, those of Bacchus and of Ceres in Greece.

But these last soon began to eclipse all the rest. According to Cicero, people came from all quarters to be initiated here. "Is there a single Greek,"

* Apul Metam., l. ii.

says Aristides, "a single barbarian so ignorant, so impious, as not to consider Eleusis as the common temple of the world?" That temple was built at a town in the neighbourhood of Athens, on the ground that had first yielded the bounties of Ceres. It was remarkable for the magnificence of its architecture, as well as for its immense extent; and Strabo observes that it would contain as many people as the largest amphitheatre. We are inclined to adopt the ingenious etymology of the word Eleusis given by the learned author of "Antiquity Unveiled." He supposes that this word, by which the mysteries of Athens were denominated, is not derived from the place where they were celebrated, but from their object; which was to obtain pardon of God: this is what Eleusis properly signifies; so that the city seems to have obtained its name from these solemn festivals. The same thing may be said, he adds, of the word Ilyssus, a little river in which the purifications were performed, and of the Elysium, or place of the blessed, names which seemed to have originated in the same way.

Nothing could equal the pomp or the majesty of the ceremonies of Eleusis. The great mysteries lasted nine days; each of which was destined to particular rites, a circumstantial detail of which is to be found in Meursius, or in the words of St. Croix and Gebelin, who have followed him. During that time no person could be arrested; the courts were shut, and business was suspended. These festivals, consecrated to the worship of Ceres, were the most solemn part of the religion of the Greeks.

They had still other festivities in honour of that goddess, all equally mysterious. Such as those of the Thesmophoria, for instance, which had a considerable resemblance to the Eleusinian ceremonies, and in which the Priestesses alone performed the functions of the Hierophanta, of the Daduchus, and of the other assistants; probably, because it was before the statue of Ceres Thesmophoros that the women were initiated.

The Bacchanalia, or mysteries of Bacchus, are not less celebrated. They too were divided into greater and less. We know the violent agitations of the initiated at these feasts, their transports, and the kind of fury that animated them, when, with the Thyrsus in their hands, they made the woods and the mountains resound with the cries of *Io Bacche, Evoe Sabasi Evoe Bacche*. But in the midst of their inebriation, and of that noisy and tumultuous joy, they were instructed in the most sublime dogmas, and from them arose the Orphics, a sect which, among the ancients, were attached both to religion and philosophy.

These Bacchanalia form an ever-memorable epoch in the history of the arts. They were originally accompanied with dancing, and with numerous bands of musicians, who, pretending to imitate the petulant gaiety of the Satyrs, of the Sileni, and Mænades, celebrated in their rude songs the God of the Vintage.

This gross spectacle gave birth to regular and more decent representations. Thespis had led his actors, sullied with dirt, through the towns. Inspired by Bacchus himself, Æschylus was the first who found the art of moving the spectators by representing only eminent characters; and tragedy soon acquired, in the hands of Sophocles and Euripides, the last degree of perfection. But it still retained somewhat of its mystic original, and though already possessed of the power of exciting the strongest passions, it presented, for the most part, to the Greeks, only the adventures of gods or of the heroes of fabulous antiquity.

Everything then concurred to recall to the mind of the Greeks the religion they had been taught to revere. The mysteries were the most important part of it, the only part indeed worthy of the name, as they inspired the deepest veneration. These are the first and the most august of all ceremonies, says Aristotle. Pretextat calls them the preservers, of the human race; and, according to Plato, they could not have been invented but by men of superior genius. This philosopher even adds, that in order to attain the abode of the

blessed, initiation was necessary, and that those who neglected it would certainly be precipitated to the bottom of the abyss.

As the ancients were impressed with such a high veneration for the mysteries, we may easily conceive that they were concealed from the profane with peculiar anxiety. Two Acarnanian youths, who had strayed accidentally into the precincts of Eleusis, were massacred without pity on the spot. To divulge the mysteries was a crime punished by the laws with death. It was not for having said there was no gods, nor for having made a jest of Hercules and his labours, that Diagoras was proscribed, but because he had published the secret ceremonies of the Cabiri, or those of the mother of the gods. Having fled, a price was set on his head, and a reward was promised to anyone who should take him. The Athenians held him forth to the other nations as a public enemy. Their indignation was carried so far that they persecuted the inhabitants of Melos, the native place of that Atheist. Those who, like Diagoras, escaped the vengeance of the laws, were avoided in society with that horror which the sight of a man inspires who has been guilty of an atrocious crime. His fellow-citizens renounced all intercourse with him; they would not live in the same house, nor eat at the same table with him. It was also forbidden, under severe penalties, to hearken to the secret of the mysteries when revealed; in a word, to ask any questions that had the least relation to them was a crime.

But to what motive are these excessive precautions to be attributed? Why did so holy a religion conceal itself behind a veil? Was it, as Strabo says, because having for its object the knowledge of nature, who hides herself from observation, it might the better imitate her? Ought we not rather to seek for the cause of this concealment in the very origin of that religion, and in the spirit by which it was animated? We have seen that it was entirely founded on allegory. The ceremonies it had adopted were of the highest antiquity. It was of importance to preserve them, because they all had but one object; and sufficient attention could not be bestowed in maintaining them unaltered by the diversity of languages, but especially by the genius of different people. But the more they might appear strange, the more anxious were the ancients to render them respectable. Perhaps the only means of rescuing them from ridicule, and bestowing upon them the proper degree of sanctity, was to invest them with the veil of secrecy; and this secret in all probability, consisted in nothing but in the ceremonies themselves. We must not be surprised that it was so scrupulously kept. Besides the punishment annexed to a discovery, who is he that will wantonly violate his oath, especially when it has been imposed with such pomp, and taken with such solemnity? But, besides, religion had in view to encourage the sciences, to inform the understanding, and to perfect reason. The person who was initiated justly gloried in being admitted to a participation of the great truths which she taught. He must have believed himself of a more elevated nature; and that illusion, while it flattered him by exalting his self-love, prevented him from disclosing the secret to those whom he did not think worthy of such a favour.

(To be continued.)

AFTER ALL.

BY BRO. HENRY CALVERT APPLEBY,

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CHAPTER III.

Strong limits cannot hold love out.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

ALL the world seemed different to Arthur Humberton after the evening at the Phanes'. He had found an entirely new delight in life, unknown to him before. Life appeared to have but one aim, object, and attraction; one bright dazzling oasis alone sparkled on its otherwise dreary desert. Existence became a dead and profitless dream, except when he could live in the company of Olivia. She was now the loadstone of his life, his guiding star. How was it the world had never seemed so dull before, wanting her? He could not tell, but so it was. Life was not worth living were she not included in its term, and yet, only yesterday, he would not have believed it possible that he could have been so disgusted with the world's ways. How sudden a transition! and all for a girl; but a beautiful, noble, loving girl, one whose object seemed to be to scatter as much kindness as possible into this unfeeling world, and with a tender, light-hearted gaiety withal. Who could help loving her? Thus soliloquized Arthur Humberton, and yet he felt that he alone was enjoying the full possession of that love, for had he not confessed his love, and did he not know that it was returned? True, he had not expressly said as much in words, but his enigmas were not too deep to be solved; she could not be deceived by his manner; no, she loved him, and, he needn't say it, he loved her to distraction.

Strange attraction! Oh, you little blind boy-archer, how powerful are your darts, and how unsuspectingly you fling them! Never did it occur to Arthur Humberton that he might have made a mistake, and that what seemed outwardly perfect might inwardly be full of imperfection. No, love is above cold calculating reflection. He had seen, and submitted. Could there exist a wrong thought or action in such a model as Miss Phane? Was there the slightest need for hesitation in laying his soul bare to her? No; he admitted his action had been very sudden and unpremeditated, yet he felt that it was right; that what he had done he would do again and again; he couldn't act otherwise. It was real, true, unfading love; he would not admit the possibility of a mistake. Olivia must be his. Oh, the grand scenes of action he would enter; the dangers and difficulties he would surmount; the work he would do, and the fame he would create, to win her! Already he almost saw himself successful in his ardour; nothing could stop him; all barriers would be broken down, and with the mighty force of love to back him, he was confident of success.

O, love, thou all powerful charm! where would the world be without thee? and yet what a deluding glitter it casts over the stern realities of life. How often does it not all turn out a deceptive mirage! It is an inspiring magnifying glass, an exaggerated vision. Notwithstanding its necessity as a motive power, it is a distorted "aiming at the sun" in its unpracticalness. But the rose-coloured spectacles gradually lose their novelty, and objects on inspection assume their natural shape, and life becomes more practical in time; and who shall say, after all, that these poetical spectacles are not useful? Who would rudely dash them to the ground at the onset—or, rather, who

could? If the owner of them will only keep his purpose and heart true to it, object, and not allow it to diminish in feeling and intensity, as alluring romance gives way to practical reality, the spectacles shall serve their poetical purposes and he shall reap his reward. Happy are they who can thus act!

Arthur Humberton was wearing these spectacles with a vengeance. Olivia was a perfect angel to him, the future a sweet vista of happiness. He must court and win "ephemeral fame," not for its own sake, but to gain the treasure it would give him the power of possessing.

Never did it occur to him that he might be wronging Mr. Phane to thus surreptitiously gain the affection of his young and only daughter. He considered that love knew no barriers, levelling all ranks, and that for her it would be "hell to choose love by another's eye," but he never thought of her age. Not that he was not honourable, far from it, but he was thoughtless, reckless; in short, he was in love. "All's fair in love or war," and to this opinion he romantically inclined.

He did not sleep much that night; he was too busy castle-building. When the excitement of the evening had somewhat worn off, he had delirious dreams of dragons to be fought and conquered, and safety to be sought in flight with his loved one rescued from imprisonment. Awaking, his thoughts were still of her. She filled his mind as though it had been a blank before. All else was insignificant and subordinate. Before breakfast he went out towards her house with a brisk step, feeling considerably lighter-hearted as he got nearer and nearer to where she lived. What a strange emotion the very building caused in him; he loved the very stones, every one of them. He lingered near; he looked up at the windows, although it was still early, and he knew it was foolish; but only to be near her. He walked round the house, but nothing else was to be seen, so he reluctantly left the precious place which held all that was dear to him. His once cosy lodgings were now cold and cheerless, his comfortable breakfast insipid and unnecessary; the news distasteful. His thoughts were entirely single; his only desire was to see Olivia again.

At the office the sight of his companions now reminded him of the happy night before. He felt a sort of charitable feeling for Bulliker, and began to think he was not such a bad fellow, after all. Merrisslope was earnest and graphic in speaking of the beauties of the charming black-eyed damsel who had bewitched him. But both he and Redtaper could see that Humberton had a love too deep to be told, and his demeanour on the morning and the incidents of the night before were sufficient to tell them where his heart lay. He was, therefore, considerably bantered on the subject, and his altered manner was freely commented on. But he could bear a good deal for such a one as Olivia. Would he not risk his life for her gladly? and should a little bantering defeat him? No; he could afford to laugh at their pointless pleasantries, and, condescendingly, smile at their unblest ignorance. For was he not infinitely superior to them in owning the love of the most beautiful girl on earth? They did not know what it was to be happy.

Certainly Humberton was not altogether happy. Despite his manly resolution that nothing should deter him from working his way upward to fame and success, still the means to obtain that end seemed unpalatable to him. He had no taste or desire for his work, which was a laborious nuisance, totally at variance with his æsthetical views. He was itching to put down on paper his overwhelming thoughts of *her*; his writing-case was scored with "Olivia." But selecting some of his finest sheets of paper, he commences with a letter to her. Several times he tears the paper up and begins afresh; but at last his thoughts become fluent, and although he tries to elaborate every sentence, he writes rapidly page after page of impassioned, burning words. When, to the detriment of his work, he completes his epistle after several hours, he re-reads it and corrects it, and adds to it some more heartfelt words, and writes it all very carefully over again.

Shall we reveal his love-letter, gentle reader, his first love-letter, full of passionate confession of affection, or are you acquainted with too much of this kind of literature? But each has his own mode of confessing, and perhaps Arthur Humberton's may be interesting in its way. We shall, therefore, take advantage of our privilege, and not consider that we are committing a breach of confidence in publishing his epistle. It ran as follows :

"MY DEAREST OLIVIA,—Pardon me thus addressing you so familiarly, but from the short and pleasant acquaintance we have had (only too short, but very, very pleasant), I am sure that you are already very dear to me. I am more bold in speaking so candidly from the feeling of my heart, because I know your tender and kind nature, and that in your own affectionate heart you love the honest truth. Is it not so? Am I not right? May I not say without exaggeration that you are the dearest creature I ever saw, the sweetest girl in nature. Last night, in your presence, I spent the happiest moments of my life. Never shall I forget it, and now in your absence I feel like a miserable exile. It seems so long since I saw you, and yet it was only last night. How grateful I feel to you that I may write, may put my thoughts of you down on paper, and send them for your darling eyes to look at. Oh, such eyes! Who could help admiring you, the fairest of creation? This is not flattery. As far as my knowledge of female beauty extends (and it has not been inextensive in crowded London), I have never seen anything to equal your delicate beauty and purity of action. Can you then wonder at my liking you? Can you wonder that all I now look on but you is distasteful and repellant? I seem to live in a desolate, isolated world, away from all I care for, ay, love. Love, yes, I have said it, for I love you intensely, though I'm afraid the moss-rose-tree has been planted out, while the deep-red rose-tree languishes alone. But perhaps I am saying too much. Oh, this is a cruel world to shut me out from you; but I will win a name and fame, and trust to the future! Oh, that I could be ever with you. I seem to have known you a long time in those few, short, fleeting hours of last night, and now I seem to have lost half my life in losing you. I shall always be thinking of you (indeed, I cannot think of anything else now), as I plod along in this work-a-day world; you shall stimulate me to work with a will; for you I will court fame; I would do anything. May I hope that you will sometimes think of me; that I shall not be altogether forgotten? Might I wildly hope that a little of my love for you is reciprocated, that you are not altogether indifferent to me. I wait in suspense until I hear from you. Do not let it be long first if you love me. Ah, bold word! But if you will only endorse it, how happy I shall be. Dear charmer, I must close this letter; were I to continue writing of your beauty and virtues I might never stop, and now with endless kisses (oh, rapture!) and love.—Believe me, to be ever your faithful lover,

"ARTHUR HUMBERTON.

"P.S.—Please write soon."

There, that was Arthur Humberton's morning work, or most of it. He finished the letter with a sigh, and sealed it with great care. Now for posting it, and then the thought came to him that Mr. and Mrs. Phane would both become aware of his attention to their daughter, and he hardly knew in what light they would view it. True, they were kind, genial people; but Mr. Phane had a touch of pride in him; and then Arthur became dismayed at their difference in social position. How could he, a poor clerk, hope to be a suitable match for the daughter of Mr. Phane, in the eyes of the rich merchant. His case looked almost hopeless, and yet he determined he would dare anything for Miss Phane. The letter must be delivered in some way, let the consequences be what they would.

The rest of the day wore over wearily enough, while Arthur considered how he must act. He wished to be honourable, but he thought it no dishonour to win the heart of Mr. Phane's daughter without his knowledge, at least, until he knew that she was willing to correspond and return his affection fully. What must he do, then? He could not post the letter in the ordinary way, and what other was there?

These were his thoughts, and Merrisslope's bantering, Redtaper's insinuation, and Bulliker's bullying, seemed very vulgar annoyances to him, though he bore them with a better grace than usual. But at length the long weary day ringeth to evensong."

He left the office with a hurried step, and instead of walking homewards, he bent his steps towards the residence of Mr. Phane. He knew not

how he should act, but he trusted to circumstances for the safe delivery of his letter. Nearer and nearer he approached with a beating heart, but without being any nearer to solving the problem of delivery. Oh, joy! Carlo, the large retriever dog, Olivia's pet, ran to meet him. It recognized him, and frisked about delighted.

He patted the dog affectionately, for it reminded him of its mistress, and he was fond of animals. Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind—he would give the letter to Carlo, and let it take it to Miss Phane, and run the risk of anyone else getting it. But he felt certain it would deliver it to no one else, as he had noticed its singular attachment to her above all others. Taking the important missive out, he put it between the dog's white teeth, and telling it to go at once to its mistress. With a seeming intelligence, the dog scampered off a short distance, and then began to tear the letter. Arthur rushed after it to save the destruction of his carefully penned epistle, but the dog scampered off again. This time towards Mr. Phane's house, and in at the open back door. What would it do with the letter? He had not long to wait, for scarcely had the dog got inside than he heard the welcome sound of Miss Phane's voice calling Carlo to her.

"Carlo, Carlo! What have you got there, you naughty fellow? Come, give it to me now, there's a good dog. Why, where did you get this, Carlo?"

Arthur Humberton, although he was burning to enter the half-open door, and acknowledge the ownership of the letter, yet with a great effort restrained himself, and satisfied that his love-letter had fallen into the right hands at last, he tore himself away from the fascinating neighbourhood of his charmer without waiting to hear more. He thought it would be better to wait the result of his written communication and confession without another personal interview, much as he desired it.

While he is slowly and meditatively walking homeward, hardly knowing whether to be happy or not (for he was so anxious to know how she would receive his correspondence), let us for a short time take a peep at the lovely Miss Phane. Had the last night left no impression upon her? It had. We, as authors, being privileged to look behind the scenes, and survey both sides of the question uninterrupted, can divulge the fact that, in this case, it had really been a mutual attachment. Olivia had thought of little else but Humberton; he was uppermost in her thoughts, ay, even to the exclusion of the colour, shape, and fashions of her friends' dresses of the evening before. She was lamentably forgetful of these, and could not recall any fanciful pattern or useful shape from which she might take a hint; nor did she wish to, that was the extraordinary part of it. Not so, when we know the cause, though. We who know the secrets will not attempt to gull the reader into believing that this was her first love, or that she had never played at sweethearts before. But she was young and beautiful, and to her own heart she confessed that Arthur Humberton had strangely taken her fancy; indeed, she believed in time that she could love him as she had never loved before.

She went about her duties in her usual quiet way, but it seemed unusually monotonous and wearying, and she would stop every now and then to sigh, which sigh was intimately connected with Arthur Humberton. She considered his attentions of the previous evening very nice and flattering, but too sudden, and (not that she wished to wrong his ardent nature) she feared that his was but a passing fancy. "But he was so earnest," she muttered; "and he has promised to write to me, and I'm sure he's truthful;" but still something seemed to whisper to her that this too rapidly formed attachment was not destined to continue as happily as it had begun.

In some things she was inclined to be superstitious, or to affect superstition, for many young people pay attention to little omens, and half believe them, when, if they were to give the subject a little serious thought, they would laugh at their foolish notions. Still, we have a strange love of the mysterious

in our nature, and for lack of information on our pet projects we are apt to attach a fanciful importance to little divinations or prognostications, and sometimes to allow them to bias our subsequent actions. Such was the case of Miss Phane. She wondered how the poetical attachment between her and Humberton, which had grown like a flower in the night, would progress, whether favourably or otherwise, and she trembled with fear lest her hopes that he would succeed, in spite of all obstacles, in winning her tender heart (which she felt she could give him without reserve if he only approached her ideal) should prove fallacious. As far as her affection went outwardly, she loved him. His fine manly face, his clear, nervous voice, and the chivalrous charm of his manner had won her admiration, and she had plenty of proofs of his worthiness. But could he brave the battles and storms of life successfully? Would he ever be noble, true, and good? These were the questions she asked herself, though half-afraid she wronged him with her doubts of his genuine, sincere character. But she dearly loved to look before she leaped; nor do we blame her; would that more did so prudently; much misery and self-reproach would then be saved.

Her pet dog, Carlo, to her, seemed restless at the door, barking at every little noise, and this she took as an unfavourable sign, and boding no good. Carlo was almost a companion to her, for she had no sisters or brothers, and would have felt very lonely without her favourite animals. Therefore, she noticed every little ailment that affected them, and was most careful in having them attended to properly. What did Carlo's barking and whining portend? Something unfortunate, she was sure.

Mrs. Phane, with the quick instinct of a true parent, detected that something was amiss with her daughter, but failed to attribute it to its right source; and Olivia wondered how her parents would look on the sudden fancy Arthur Humberton had taken to her, if it proved to be more than fleeting.

Thus she, in turn, was thinking of Arthur, and he of her, until Carlo came in with the letter, which she took with trembling hands. She wondered how he had got it, and thought it a most eccentric way of delivering a letter. But after a moment's thought she rushed to the door, rightly imagining that Arthur must be near; but he was nowhere to be seen, so the mystery remained unsolved to her.

We shall not attempt to describe her emotions on reading his ardent love-letter. Her reply will partly show what she felt. Suffice it to say, that she treasured the letter, and placed it in her bosom, after kissing it many times. She, however, did not like to reply to it too soon (though nothing would have been more in accordance with her heart than to have written back at once) for fear that too great haste and too little reflection of the step she would be taking in encouraging his advance might bring the proverbial repentance at leisure. A wise head was fitted on to her shoulders, which all the force of passion could not overturn. Many a conflict with herself, however, she had in considering the matter. Over and over again she thought of revealing everything to her mother, and asking her more experienced advice. But at last she resolved to take all responsibility herself, and act without aid. Very brave, and perhaps rather unadvisable, but in *les affaires-de-cœur* there is no rule, and individual action is the best.

In three days, Humberton, after vainly wondering how his letter had been received, got a reply to it. He had been plunged in despair at times, imagining Olivia had discarded him. Morning and night he had paraded the street which held the one being dearest to him—his first maiden love. But the letter had arrived at last, after what seemed almost years of suspense to him, and he read the following:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,—But perhaps you will think me presumptuous and forward to address you so, but I hope you will forgive me for the fault (if you consider it one) as easily as I do you. I was very much surprised at receiving your letter from dear Carlo, who, how-

over, tore part of it, so that I had some difficulty in making it out. Does not such a misfortune seem ominous? How did you give it to Carlo? You must have been passing at the time, for he had only just gone out? and then what a funny idea of yours, for *anyone* might have got the missive. This seems to me to be a very familiar letter for my first to you, but I hope you will not be displeased with it. I hardly like the idea of your sending me a letter by a dog without anyone knowing. You must not be vexed at my saying this, for I know you did it with the best intentions, and it must have been on the spur of the moment. It is certainly very flattering to me, and I am pleased at what you tell me. I am glad to know there is someone who will think of and care for me. I certainly love the truth at all times, but do you not think you overrate my poor character, and how can you so suddenly become so very fond of me? Can you be certain so soon, upon so short an acquaintance, that you really like me, and that you will continue to do so? I am afraid it is too sudden, and I wish you would consider it over for a little while before you write to me again. Thank you very much for your good opinion of me. The other night was, indeed, a very pleasant and happy one, but I think it would be better for us both to forget it. I have, indeed, thought of you several times since, and I think we shall be good friends. But you must not write to me again for a fortnight, please, and then send it through the post, and now believe me to be, yours affectionately,

“OLIVIA PHANE.

“P.S.—Be sure you don't write sooner than in a fortnight.”

Humberton was overjoyed at receiving this letter, though it conveyed so little to him, yet he built castles out of it, and found in it much consolation. The worst part was where it told him not to write for a fortnight. How could he keep his thoughts silent for that period?

CHAPTER IV.

The discords dear to the musician.—*Tennyson.*

“I don't like that last strain at all; it's too heavily constructed for the subject; just make it a little lighter and then the whole thing will do very well,” said Mr. Cribton to Arthur Humberton, who sat at his piano trying over one of his last compositions. The former sat in a rickety old easy chair in a corner, carefully contemplating the merits and demerits of Humberton's new piece. He meditatively pulled his long whiskers, with his head a little on one side. He had a little bald patch on the top of his head, which looked like the summit of a snow-capped mountain peeping out of a shaggy crop of sandy-coloured heather. Perhaps the most conspicuous feature he possessed, however, next to his one glaring eye, was a long and highly-coloured nose, which seemed to take an important part in his meditations, as he slightly elevated it, and refreshed himself with a few vigorous snorts. There he sat dangling one leg across the other, keeping time to the music, and nodding approval with his head at intervals. Still to Arthur Humberton, despite the pleasant looks his patron would assume, that awful eye of his seemed to cast a bane over his face, with its wicked glitter.

There was no doubt, however, that Cribton was highly delighted at the last composition of his talented musical *protégé* or pupil; and several times during Humberton's clever manipulation of the rapid chords of the piece he clapped his hands softly in commendation, and at the conclusion, notwithstanding he had condemned its heavy construction, he jumped up excitedly and patted his pupil on the back. Humberton was elated at his success before one so critical; but Cribton seemed to think that he had shown too much warmth and enthusiasm in praising the piece, so he forthwith cautiously proceeded to qualify his pantomimic opinion.

“It's a very creditable piece of work, it is indeed, if it wasn't for that bad construction at the end of it; you must alter that. You know, it's rather a good fault, for you generally are given to making your solemn passages too light and flimsy. When I was a sergeant in the army, and that's a good long

time ago I can tell you ; let me see, my mother died soon after, ay, poor old body, I'm afraid I worried her a bit, but, you know, we are all a bit wildish in our youth, and I shouldn't wonder but what you are not always dressed in your Sunday best, like a parson going to preach a sermon; and they have their slips at times, misdemeanours I think they call them, don't they? ay, well, and that reminds me how it was I once got into a fearful scrape for tying a cracker to a parson's tail when I was a lad."

"What, was that when you were a soldier?"

"No; but wait a bit, let me see, didn't I say something about being a sergeant in the army; oh yes, so I did; well, you know, I was just going to tell you about that, when I got talking about my poor old mother, poor creature, and how it was that I often went wrong-like, but let that pass; let me see, ay, well, when I was in the army—ah, yes—I remember there was one chap with a long leg and a short leg; and that's a curious thing now, when you come to think of it. Why should he have a long and a short leg? and then again how is it there aren't more of us with long and short legs? It's very funny when you come to look at it, that so many of us should be evenly made like; and yet so it is. But, let me see;—oh, ay, I was talking about that poor fellow with a long leg and a short leg who went walking about like a camel; you know, they walk in long strides with a sort of jump in the middle."

"Yes, yes, I know; well and this lame fellow, did he play the piano?" asked Humberton, with a resigned look, waiting for the interminable end to the anecdote.

"No, no; but your playing reminded me of him, poor fellow; he was killed in action; he died on the field of glory at last."

"Well then, I suppose you mean that my playing or composition has a sort of halt at every pulsation?"

"No, no, don't mistake me, I didn't mean that; but you know I'm always so long telling a tale, and I must tell it my own way. I make so many digressions, you know; it's my way, and I can't help it. Let me see."

"About the lame soldier?" suggested Humberton, patiently.

"Oh—oh, yes, wait a little bit—wait a lit—tle—bit; oh, I know, yes! Well, whenever we were going to a funeral or anything solemn, we couldn't help laughing, all of us, at the way he kept bobbing up and down, you know, out of all order, and you know soldiers aren't the most particular kind of folks, especially——"

"Yes—well?"

"Oh, well, as I was going to say, he always made us laugh when we were going to a funeral, and when we ought to have been as solemn as possible, like judges with their wigs on, trying a case of murder, but we weren't, and consequently we frequently got into trouble and disgrace, and felt ashamed of ourselves, but it was no use——"

"Yes—well?"

"Well, oh, yes, and when we were marching to a lively tune, his step was out of all proportion, and looked so odd, keeping a sort of three-quarter time, that we all laughed till the tears ran down our eyes, and we couldn't blow our instruments, and the poor fellow had to go to the rear."

"So my playing reminded you of that, did it?"

"Oh, no, not exactly; but, you know, that awfully heavy finish does come so *mal à propos*, as they say, that I couldn't help thinking of my poor old comrade. It's seventeen years next week since he died."

"Shall I alter this end portion, then?" asked Humberton.

"Oh, decidedly! Make it lighter, more *staccato*, and then you will get the right feeling."

"I can't see why the present solemn chords shouldn't appropriately conclude the march, though, as they stand."

"Oh, but you'll find I'm correct. I've not been in orchestras and bands all

my life, and heard hundreds of marches, for nothing, and without getting to know their "ins and outs" pretty well, I can tell you. A little more briskness is what you want, not such a sombre conclusion for so sprightly a march."

"Very well, I'll try and alter it," said Humberton, resignedly.

Mr. Cribton professed himself to be an eminent critic on things musical, from his large experience. He had studied the theory, certainly, but practice was his *forte*. He was one of those vagabond Jack-of-all-trades who had taken up everything in turn, and had been somewhat successful in all of them; anyhow "his knowledge was extensive and peculiar." According to his own account, and he was not afraid of confessing it, though it did not lower his self-esteem (the music-master and critic was always there, that was his peculiarly "rough and ready" aptitude of adapting himself to circumstances), that he had turned his hand to almost everything. He had been a schoolmaster; from that he turned bricklayer, and then greengrocer; the vegetable merchant failing, he enlisted as a soldier, and after serving in that capacity for nearly ten years, during which he saw a good deal of what is generally called "the world," he managed to obtain his discharge, being tired of that kind of life, and anxious to experience some new phase of existence. In the army he had lost his eye in service, but that did not alter his keen-sightedness. He had been a prominent member of the band, and had played, in turn, nearly all the instruments. In fact, he professed to be able to perform on the piccolo, flute, flageolet, cornet, trombone, French-horn, and the drums, and of these instruments he had purchased second-hand samples, and displayed them in his room. He could play them all a little even now, but he soon got "out of practice, you know."

After the army, he turned musician, and played as an itinerant, and for the theatres; and altogether he made a considerable amount of money, which, however, mostly went to colour his proboscis. The companies he had travelled with had, however, an unhappy knack of averring that he generally got the largest share of the proceeds, and did the least work; so that he did not stop long in one company. His evil eye had a reputation. Of this, though, Humberton was profoundly ignorant. He only knew Mr. Cribton as the musical professor (his last "line of business"), and from personal experience. The professor had added to his accomplishments by some means or other, the manipulation of keyed instruments, and aided by the theory of music he was moderately successful. Thus Humberton had found him with a local fame for drilling beginners and making accomplished musicians of them in a short period. Unless engaged in music, for which he seemed to have a great liking, Humberton found him a great talker, and of such a rambling nature that it was difficult to know what he was aiming at. As will be seen from the above conversation, he would digress from one subject to another and get interested in them all, until he totally forgot his object at the commencement. Humberton, however, put up with all this for the sake of the musical information he received from him; and it was astonishing what a lot he knew of the practical part of music. As he said, he had not been through all these varied scenes in life without getting to know something. His instruction, though (as might be supposed), was not of a very profound nature; generally a skimming of the surface of things. He took care in all his advice to Humberton since he had left his tuition, that his alterations and corrections should be merely suggestions, and that Humberton should carry them out.

The latter frequently went to the home of Mr. Cribton, for the sake of a friendly practice and criticism (but chiefly for practice and company); and many a time they had been so absorbed in their favourite studies (the "professor" taking up first one instrument and then another—violin, violoncello double-bass fiddle, bassoon, oboe, etc., all coming in turn) that the early dawn of morning had crept on them unobserved. At other times Professor Cribton would come to Humberton's house, and there they would continue their nightly practices until Mrs. Chatwind, the landlady and a widow, would

remind them that twelve o'clock had struck, and to-morrow was washing-day or some other day.

"Oh, it's all right," Cribton would say, "we'll soon send you to sleep."

But she wouldn't be sent to sleep that way, and the consequence was they had to break up in decent time, in spite of the attractive charms of music. For this reason their evening practices were oftener carried on at Cribton's.

The Professor was always very obliging, and got Humberton's sketches and songs published for him, sometimes obtaining for him a small sum for the copyright, and sometimes only a number of copies of the piece. For all this Arthur was accordingly grateful, and also for the fame and honour it brought him, for his musical work was beginning to be recognised. He was willing to overlook any little eccentricities on Professor Cribton's part, as he had proved himself such a useful and disinterested friend. The Professor would never take any commission for his trouble in bringing out Arthur's productions, beyond a few copies of the piece.

Arthur was too young and too little used to the ways of the world to see through the *disinterested* motives of Mr. Cribton at first. He never imagined that his work, to have become so popular, must have had a very large sale. Never did the thought flash across his mind that the "Professor" was only a *professor*, and that his skill with various instruments (the skill only limited but the instruments almost innumerable) was his sole claim to music. That his criticisms did not come from any profound knowledge, but from what he had recently heard or seen of something similar, never struck him; and that he simply flattered genius when he found it. That he might make a rattling profit out of it was his furthest thought, nor did he ever imagine that the red-nosed bachelor with whom he had spent so many pleasant evenings, was neither more nor less than a musical empiric!

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

BRO. H. Calvert Appleby is contributing to the *Reading Observer* a series of smartly written articles on antiquarian and historical subjects, under the heading of "Byegone Berkshire." In Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt's excellent archaeological quarterly, *The Reliquary*, we note a paper from the same author's pen, dealing in an able manner with the folk-lore and customs connected with the apple; and in the next issue he is to write on "Strange Antipathies." To the November number of *The Victoria*, Bro. Appleby furnishes an essay on the "Folk-Lore of the Ash Tree;" and he has in preparation also, we understand, a series of sketches entitled "Shadows of Shakespeare," which will shortly be published in the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*.

Bro. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., is contributing a series of entertaining sketches simultaneously to a number of provincial papers. "The World of Oddities" is the title selected, and amongst the subjects elucidated are, "Remarkable Antipathies," "Odd Showers," and "Frost Fairs." Bro. Andrews has also in the press a work on "Punishments of the Olden Time," which will contain accounts of the brank, ducking stool, pillory, whipping post, cage, stocks, drunkard's cloak, public penance, riding the stang, etc. The

volume will be embellished with some twenty engravings from the pencils of the late George Cruikshank, W. G. Fretton, F.S.A., T. Tindal Wildridge, and other artists of high repute. We have received a copy of "Miscellanea," a bright little volume of selections from Bro. Andrews' excellent weekly magazine, *The Hull Miscellany*. Amongst the contributors are our friends Mrs. George M. Tweddell, Emra Holmes, H. C. Appleby, T. B. Trowsdale, and J. H. Leggott, besides such honoured *litterateurs* as Mrs. S. C. Hall and Dora Greenwell, Sir E. J. Reed, C.B., M.P., Rev. Charles Rogers, L.L.D., Secretary to the Royal Historical Society, Matthias Barr, Dr. Langford, Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., W. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L., and W. Davenport Adams. "Miscellanea" is an eminently readable collection of poetry and prose.

The Shaughraun, a new social, satirical, and witty weekly, emanating from the Irish capital, is the "latest thing" in comic journalism. The first numbers are to hand, and judging from them, we are inclined to think that *The Shaughraun* has a long and prosperous career before it. The persiflage is especially bright and pungent; and there are, besides, some brilliant papers on local themes, and sensible paragraphs on noteworthy passing events in the "green isle" and elsewhere.

Mr. E. S. Littleton, the talented author of "Hamand and other Poems," has in preparation a lengthy production in verse entitled "The last Plague," which is to be published concurrently in several provincial periodicals, and afterwards reprinted and issued in volume form. Mr. Littleton's charming verses in many of our magazines have been much admired.

Mr. John Cook, F.R.H.S., recently read before the members of the Hull Literary Club, in the Guildhall, Beverley, a paper in elucidation of the history of the old minster town. The paper has been printed for distribution amongst the members of the club and their friends in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Historical Notes on Beverley." We have received a copy, and find in it much valuable matter. Mr. Cook merits the thanks of the antiquary for the care and ability he has displayed in the preparation of his "Notes."

A magnificent folio work on the "Ruined Abbeys of Britain" is about to be published in serial form. Each number will comprise twenty-four pages of descriptive matter about some famous monastic relic, and will be accompanied with a coloured plate, and further embellished by numerous engravings. The literary portion of this important enterprise has been entrusted to the competent pen of Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., author of "Yorkshire Family Romance," "Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds," etc. Tintern and Fountains Abbeys are to be dealt with in the two first numbers.

The third series of Mr. William Bottrell's "Stories and Folk-Lore of West Cornwall" is now in the hands of the subscribers. The book is brimful of quaint traditional tales of the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen, and interesting items of old-world lore. We regret to gather from the preface that the author, who has done so much to elucidate Cornish lore, is rendered incapable of performing further literary labour by a severe stroke of paralysis.

This advertence to Cornish matters reminds us that amongst some recent additions to the roll of Civil List pensioners is the widow of the late Rev. Robert Stephen Howker, the Vicar of Morwenstow, whose charming legendary lays and lyrics of Devon and Cornwall are so universally read and admired.

Mrs. G. M. Tweddell (Florence Cleveland) will shortly publish a volume of her poems dealing with the legendary lore of Yorkshire.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons have just sent out a new volume of the later poems of Longfellow, entitled "Ultima Thule." It contains some twenty pieces of almost perfect verse, which plainly evince that "the old man eloquent" has lost none of his peculiar poetical power.

Mrs. Leith Adams has again assumed the editorial control of *Kensington*, a meritorious monthly magazine of fact and fiction. In the October edition is part of a serial from that lady's accomplished pen, and Professor A. Leith Adams, F.R.S., has a graphic chapter on the migratory birds of Malta. This month's poetry is hardly up to the usual high standard, but the concluding "Chit-chat—Literary, Artistic, and Theatrical," is very lively.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that, according to the *Athenæum*, at last the armouries of the Tower of London are to be opened to the public in an intelligent manner, as other museums are. The "beef-eaters are to serve as "attendants," and not as guides; their archæological dissertations and histrionic demonstrations are to be replaced by concise handbooks. It is to be hoped that Mr. Childers will put a stop to the devastation which is damaging some of the most important historic portions of the Tower. Prodigious mischief has been done under the plea of "restoration" and an affectation of military necessity. Sham Gothic features have replaced not a few of the genuine, if incongruous, elements to which the Tower owed so much of its picturesqueness, its antiquarian value, and its pathetic interest. We have a foolish "castle" in exchange for a fine historic relic of great dignity. It is said that some of the famous dungeons have not escaped the craze for meddling. We trust it is not so, and appeal to the Secretary of State for War to restrain the costly follies of his deputies.

The enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have added to the hebdominal press a novelty entitled *The Boys' Newspaper*. It is a high-class serial, combining a *résumé* of that portion of the week's intelligence which has a special interest for the rising generation, with all manner of entertaining reading matter. Everything objectionable in the way of new items is excluded, and no stone left unturned to win the sympathy and support of "our boys."

"An Attempt towards a Glossary of the Archaic and Provincial Words of the county of Stafford, first brought together by Charles Henry Poole, A.D. 1880," is the full title of an important philological booklet just issued from the St. Gregory's Press, Stratford-on-Avon. Though Mr. Poole modestly chooses to call his work an "attempt," the reader who carefully peruses it will be impressed that it is a very successful one. A large number of dialectical words are included in the alphabetical arrangement, and lucidly explained and copiously illustrated by quotations, generally well chosen, from old authors. To the glossary is added an appendix of local colloquial sayings, place-rhymes, specimens of Staffordshire phraseology, etc. Mr. Poole merits the thanks and encouragement of all interested in the preservation of old-world words.

“A JINER.”

SHE was about forty-five years old, well-dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with grey, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into Major Huse's office and requested a private interview, and, having obtained it and satisfied herself that the law-students were not listening at the key-hole, said, slowly, solemnly, and impressively,

“I want a divorce.”

“What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands,” said the Major.

“I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come; I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones: I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbours want to blab themselves hoarse about it they can, for I won't stand it another day.”

“But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?” pursued the lawyer.

“We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked one of us down. I wish he had, then I'd get him into jail and know where he was nights,” retorted the woman.

“Then, what's your complaint against him?”

“Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners.”

“A what?”

“A jiner—one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'd jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it, just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it, he'd go all the suddener. We hadn't been married mor'n two months before he joined the Know-Nothings. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he comes tearing in before supper, grabs a fistful of nut cakes, and goes off gnawing them, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep, ‘Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington;’ and rainy days he would go out in the corn-barn and jab at a picture of the Pope with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to have put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies about the Pope's coming to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that warn't born with a cross on their foreheads, that I let him go on, and even encouraged him in it. Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't 'cept they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's Temple; and of all the darned nonsense and gab about worshipful masters and square and compasses and sich like that we had in the house for the next six months, you never see a beat. And he's never out-growned it nuther. What do you think of a man, 'Squire, that'll dress himself in a white apron, 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down, and making motions, and talking the foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loonytick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm agoin' to. The next lunge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellers. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by tellin' me they had a sort of branch show that took in women, and that he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he come home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had black-

balled me. Did it himself, of course. Didn't want me around knowing his goings on. Of course he didn't, and I told him so. Then he joined the Sons of Matter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Feller, and I'd never found it out, only he came back lookin' like a man that had been through a thrashing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so its gone from bad to wus, and from wus to wusser, jining this and that and t'other, till he's Worship Minister of the Masons, and Goddess of Hope of the Odd Fellows, and Swordswallerer of the Finnegans, and Virgin Cerus of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two-edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Black Men, and Tale-bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper of the Guild Caratine Columbus, and Big Wizard of the Arabian Nights, and Pledge-passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bulger of the Irish Mechanics, and Purse-keeper of the Order of the Canadian Conscience, and Double-Barrelled Dictator of the Knights of the Brass Circles, and Standard-Bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Porte of the Onion League and Chambermaid of the Celestial Cherubs, and Puissant Potentate of the Petrified Pig-Stickers, and the Lord only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after a while, but 'tain't no use, and when he'd got into a new one, and been made Grand Guide of the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the major interrupted, saying, "Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the Court will hardly call that a good cause for a divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honourable men, and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you, and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead, and if I can't I can get another. There's plenty of 'em. And they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick either. If I want to be sick and suffer its none of their business, especially after all the sufferin' I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryin's on. And you needn't try and make me believe it's all right either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home and signs his name, "Yours truly, Sam Smith, M.M., I.O.O.F., K.O.B., K. of P., P. of H., R.A.H., I.I.P., K. of X.N.C., H.E.R.R.J.P., L.E.T., X.Y.Z.," etc.

"Oh, that's harmless amusement," remarked Mr. Huse.

She looked him square in the eye and said, "I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I wouldn't have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school and Superintendent of the Republicans. It's enough to make a woman take pisen. But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody or nothin'."

And she bolted out of the office and inquired where Captain Patten kept.
—*New Britain Observer.*

BRO. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.*

BY BRO. C. P. MACCALLA.

THE present Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, of London, which in the year 1717 met at "The Goose and Gridiron alehouse, in St. Paul's Churchyard," and prior to that time was known as St. Paul's Lodge, possesses the mallet and trowel used at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, together with a pair of carved mahogany candlesticks, reputed to have been presented to the lodge by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren. The mallet has a silver plate set in the head, on which is engraved the following inscription :

"By order of the M.W. the Grand Master,
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, etc., etc.,
and W. Master of the Lodge of Antiquity,
and with the concurrence of the Brethren of the
Lodge, this plate has been engraved and affixed
to this Mallet, A.L. 5831, A.D. 1827 ;
To commemorate that this, being the same
Mallet with which
His Majesty, King Charles the Second,
levelled the foundation-stone of
St. Paul's Cathedral, A.L. 5677, A.D. 1673,
was presented to the Old Lodge of St. Paul's,
now the Lodge of Antiquity,
acting by immemorial constitution,
By Brother Sir Christopher Wren, R.W.D.G.M.,
Worshipful Master of the Lodge,
and Architect of that edifice.

The early records of this lodge, unfortunately, have been lost or destroyed, so that the best evidence of Wren's connection with it, as officer and member, is wanting ; but other evidence is in existence, and Masonic tradition distinctly corroborates it, and, as Bro. Woodford recently remarked in this connection, Masonic tradition is not to be despised.

The earliest authentic reference to Sir Christopher Wren as a Freemason is contained in a manuscript now in the library of the Royal Society of England, that was written by John Aubrey, an eminent antiquary and naturalist (born 1627, died 1697), and entitled "Natural History of Wiltshire." At page 277 it reads as follows :

"Memorandum.—This May the 18th, being Monday, 1691, after Rogation Sunday, is a great convention at St. Paul's Church of the fraternity of the adopted Masons, where Sir Christopher Wren is to be adopted as a brother, and Sir Henry Goodric of the Tower, and divers others.

It is true that this is but the announcement of an event that was expected to occur, and not of an accomplished fact, nevertheless it bears upon its face the evidence of sincerity and truth, and all of the probabilities in the case go towards substantiating the assertion. Wren was an eminent architect, and likely a patron of the Craft (as Anderson states) before he became a member of it, and Aubrey would not have been likely to insert such a statement as the above in his work if it had not been true. We consider that this unquestioned contemporaneous record, written in 1691, and carefully preserved to the present day, fortified as it is by Masonic tradition, and by the statements of subsequent Masonic historians (who all agree that Wren was a Freemason,

* We are always happy to give to our readers the interesting communications of our able friend and brother, C. P. Maccalla.—Ed. *M.M.*

although they differ as to when he was made a Mason), is satisfactory evidence that the Craft may claim him as a brother. Anderson, in his first Constitutions, published in the year 1723, states that the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral "was conducted by the ingenious architect, Sir Christopher Wren." It has been inferred from this, by those who deny that Wren was a Mason, that if he had been, Anderson would not have failed to have then asserted it as a fact. It must be remembered, however, as Bro. Mackey has suggested, that King George I. was then on the English throne, and was so unfriendly to Wren that five years previously, in 1718, he had removed him from his office of Surveyor-General and appointed a German favourite in his place. It was, therefore, servility to the ruling power that led Anderson to say but little concerning one who had been marked (although altogether unjustly) by the disfavour of the King. In the second edition of Anderson's Constitutions, published in 1738, he gives Wren all Masonic honour, and more official stations that can be substantiated by any authority whatever, making him a "Grand Master" at an era when the station of Grand Master had not been created in England, for this supreme function, so far as we can learn, was unknown prior to 1717. There were lodges long prior to that time, but not a Grand Lodge or a Grand Master, although likely there were Grand Patrons.

Preston, in his "Illustrations of Masonry" (published in 1775), follows a second statement of Anderson, and calls the architect "Deputy Wren." In his 1781 edition he states that "the mallet with which the foundation-stone (of St. Paul's) was laid is now in the possession of the Lodge of Antiquity, and preserved there as a great curiosity;" while in his 1788 edition he states, more specifically: "The mallet, etc., was delivered by Sir Christopher Wren to the old lodge of St. Paul, now the Lodge of Antiquity."

Noorthorick, in his Constitutions (published in 1784) says, with reference to the laying of the cap-stone of St. Paul's: "The age and infirmities of the Grand Master (Wren), which prevented his attendance on this solemn occasion, confined him afterwards to great retirement, so that the lodges suffered from want of his usual presence in visiting and regulating their meetings, and were reduced to a small number."

The Rev. J. W. Laughlin, in a lecture on the life of Wren, delivered in London in 1857, and reported in the *Freemason's Magazine*, says, "Wren was for eighteen years a member of the old Lodge of St. Paul's, then held at the Goose and Gridiron, near the Cathedral, now the Lodge of Antiquity."

Row, in his "Masonic Biography and Dictionary," states that in the year 1703 there were but four lodges in London, and these were neglected and nearly deserted, and that in order to revive the interest in St. Paul's Lodge the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved,—That the privileges of Masonry shall no longer be confined to operative Masons, but be free to all men of all professions, provided that they are regularly approved and initiated into the fraternity."

"Sir Christopher Wren, however, did not approve of this innovation, and it was not until after his death (this, however, is an error, as Wren did not die until 1723) that the four lodges felt it their privilege to assemble themselves and elect a Grand Master, and put into practical operation the resolution passed by St. Paul's Lodge in 1703."

The unknown author of "The Complete Freemason, or Multa Paucis for Lovers of Secrets" (published in 1763) in that work refers to Wren as Grand Master of Masons. As Bro. Gould has suggested, he probably copied and enlarged upon Anderson's second statement.

Bro. Woodford, who is a member of the Lodge of Antiquity, says (in the *London Freemason*), "The candlesticks (before referred to) have always been said to have belonged to the old Lodge of St. Paul's, and given by Sir Christopher Wren. There is a picture of Wren belonging to the Lodge of Antiquity, though it is now said it is not Wren." He also adds, "I looked

up the account of Wren's funeral years ago, but there was no sign, if I remember rightly, of any Freemasons being present." Nothing, we remark, however, can be argued from this negative. Some Grand Masters, nowadays, are buried without Masonic ceremonies, and the remains of so distinguished a Freemason and Past Grand Master as Bro. Dr. Benjamin Franklin were interred in a like manner.

Bro. R. F. Gould, author of "The Four Old Lodges," promises to publish a pamphlet, at an early day, with the title, "Was Sir Christopher Wren a Freemason?" Our brother takes, we believe, the negative view. His monograph cannot fail to present an able plea, though, if in the negative, we scarcely think it will be conclusive. The case is one that does not seem at present to admit of certainty—all that can be presented is a probability. Wren was undoubtedly of a social disposition, and fond of relaxation. The drama, for example was, one of his amusements, and in 1652 he acted in private theatricals before the Elector Palatine and others. His intimate friends always called him "Kit Wren." A man of such a disposition, and a leading architect besides, was most likely to have sought an acquaintance with the mysteries of Freemasonry. Assuming, then, that Wren was a Freemason, upon the evidence given above, fortified by Masonic tradition, we now give a sketch of his very eventful life.

Sir Christopher Wren won the praise of the greatest of his contemporaries, as well as of eminent men of later times. Evelyn, the author of the famous diary that bears his name, terms him "that miracle of a youth." "that rare and early prodigy of universal science," "that prodigious young scholar," "an extraordinary, ingenious, and knowing person," and "the famous architect." Sir Isaac Newton classed him, with two others, as "*facile princeps* among the geometers of their age." Dr. Robert Hooke wrote of him, "Since the time of Archimedes, there scarce has ever met in one man, in so great a perfection, such a mechanical hand and so philosophical a mind." Evelyn wrote, in dedicating a book to him, "If the whole art of building were lost, it might be recovered in St. Paul's, the historical pillar, and those other monuments of your happy talent and extraordinary genius." And Macaulay says in his history, "No man born on our side of the Alps has imitated with so much success the magnificence of the palace-like churches of Italy." Such are a few tributes to his genius.

Wren was, both by birth and education, essentially a gentleman. He was the son and only child of the Rev. Christopher Wren, Dean of Windsor, Chaplain to King Charles I., and Registrar of the most noble Order of the Garter, and was also the nephew of Bishop Matthew Wren, also Chaplain to Charles I., one of the Judges of the Star Chamber, and afterwards, in 1640, impeached by the Commons, and imprisoned in the Tower of London for twenty years. His political enemies, in after times, sarcastically referred to his distinguished family as "this Wren's nest." He was born in 1632, and in infancy and youth was quite delicate. He grew up amid the troublous time of the Civil War between the Royalists and the Roundheads. Between his eighth and tenth year, the great battle of Edgehill was fought, his uncle was impeached and sent to the Tower, and Archbishop Laud was beheaded. But he continued his studies as though profound peace prevailed. He early developed a remarkable inventive genius. In his thirteenth year he invented an astronomical instrument, which he filially dedicated to his father in some excellent Latin verses. In his fifteenth year he translated Oughtred's "Geometrical Dialling" into Latin, and made a reflecting sun-dial for the ceiling of his room. He studied and was graduated at the University of Oxford. No branch of knowledge cultivated in his day did he lack. At the age of twenty-four his name was known over Europe.

(To be concluded.)