

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 92.—VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

PRICE 6D.

HISTORY OF THE AIREDALE LODGE, No. 387,

Giving also, incidentally (by notes of the Foundation of each Lodge in chronological order) a Record of the Progress of Freemasonry in Yorkshire.

BY BRO. J. RAMSDEN RILEY, P.M. AIREDALE LODGE, NO. 387;

Z. MORAVIAN CHAPTER, NO. 387.

SECTION I.—1788 to 1815.

THE Airedale Lodge was established at Baildon, Yorkshire, and its first regular meeting held at the Malt Shovel Inn, at that place, on 11th April, 1827, under warrant from the Grand Lodge of England, dated 12th March, 1827.

It was indebted, indirectly, to an older Lodge for its origin, and although the first W. Master was a member of the Lodge of Hope at Bradford (then No. 565) and our lodge is commonly said to be a branch of that lodge, there is little doubt that the "Airedale" never would have sprung into existence but for the necessary elements, not only of furniture and other lodge paraphernalia, but actual working members of the Craft which a defunct lodge at Bingley and a then vigorous lodge at Keighley supplied, to carry out the project satisfactorily and with reasonable prospects of success.

The former was the Duke of York's Lodge, No. 502, originally constituted at Doncaster, as No. 438, in 1788, the dispensation for which reads as follows:—

RICHARD SLATER MILNES, Esq., Provincial Grand Master for the County of York.

To the Worshipful Charles Plummer, Richard Stavely, and Thomas Girdler, Members of the most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons and respectively Master Masons.

BRETHREN,

In consequence of an application from you and several other respectable brethren, residing in or near the Town of Doncaster, in the County of York, to me as Provincial Grand Master for the said County (under the authority of the Grand Master of England) requesting a Constitution for the holding of a regular Lodge of the Order under his authority at the Black Boy Inn, in Doncaster aforesaid, by the style or title of the DUKE OF YORK'S LODGE, I do, by virtue of the power and authority committed to me by the most Noble and Worshipful Prince Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland, Supreme Grand Master of the Order, hereby authorize and empower you, the said Charles Plummer, as Master, and you the said Richard Stavely and Thomas Girdler, as Wardens, with the assistance of a proper number of other brethren, to open a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, under the title of the Duke of York's Lodge, at the Black Boy Inn, in Doncaster aforesaid, whenever you may think proper, and therein to make, pass, and raise Masons, and do and transact all Masonic business

according to the regular forms of the Order. And this authority shall continue in force until you shall have received the Patent of Constitution by you applied for as aforesaid.

Given at York under our Hand and Seal of Masonry this 23rd day of Aug., A.L. 5788, A.D. 1788.

Witness—John Watson, G.T.
Chris. Wilson, G.S.

RICHD. S. MILNES, P.G.M.

The W.M. and S.W. in this warrant were, when the Duke of York's Lodge was formed, members of the St. George's Lodge, Doncaster, No. 400.

A peculiarity of this document is that it bears the seal of the Apollo Lodge, York, the officers of which formed the first Provincial Grand Lodge of Yorkshire. At that time the whole county was under one Masonic head (Bro. Richard Slater Milnes, Prov. G.M.,) acting by authority of the Grand Lodge of England, and seventeen lodges existed in the Province, three Antient Lodges—the Three Tuns, Scarborough; Punch Bowl, York; and Blue Bell, Hull, having already become extinct.

The first meeting of the Duke of York's Lodge was held at the Black Boy Inn, in Doncaster, on the 1st September, 1788, the minutes of which meeting are here given.

There is a curious custom practised on the originals, which I think is very wisely not permitted in the present day, viz., the erasure of a name with a penknife by a brother on resignation years after.

On Monday, September 1st, 1788, was opened an Enter'd Apprentice Lodge, at the house of Mr. Thomas Watson, the sign of the Black Boy, in Doncaster, at which were present:—C. Plummer, R.W.M.; J. Hawley, as S.W.; T. Girdley, as J.W.; T. Batley, as T.; M. Beecher, as S.; E. Tear; W. Kay, and T. Watson, respectively Master Masons, when the Warrant of Constitution, obtained from the Provincial Grand Lodge for the county of York, was read by the Secretary, stiled or titled the Duke of York's Lodge, wherein Bro. Charles Plummer is appointed Master, who accordingly was invested with the Jewel of his office, he then appointed Brother Joseph Hawley his Senior Warden, Brother Thomas Girdley his Junior Warden, and Bro. Sleaford his Secretary for the ensuing Twelve Months. After which Mr. William Bennett, Mr. William Sleaford, Mr. George Nicholson, Mr. Thos. Priest, and Mr. John Bennett were severally initiated into the first degree of Masonry. The Lodge then proceeded to ballot for a Treasurer, when Bro. Wm. Bennett was unanimously elected for the above time. The R.W.M. appointed Bro. John Bennett to be Tyler.

Bro. Wm. Bennett proposed Mr. Josh. Webster, of Doncaster, and John Turner, of Rossington Bridge, to be made Masons the next Lodge night, and he deposited Ten Shillings and Sixpence for each. Bro. Watson proposed Mr. George Ash to be made a Mason, and he made a like deposit, and they were ordered to be ballotted for the next Lodge night. The business of the Lodge being over it was regularly closed to the 1st Monday in October, emergency's excepted.

The Treasurer and Secretary were appointed on the evening of their initiation, and the latter (who it is singular to discover never wrote the minutes once during his year of office, *nor did any other subsequently appointed Secretary up to 1803*) appears to have been officially nominated, if not invested, before he was a member of the Craft!

The junior members of the lodge at that time did not feel the same diffidence in proposing candidates as now, for it is here recorded that one of the newly initiated at once proposed *two* candidates on the same evening!

The second meeting was held 11th September, 1788, and the minutes read as follows:—

At an extra lodge held on Thursday, the 11th day of September, 1788, was opened a *Fellow Craft's Lodge*, at which were present:—C. Plummer, R.W.M.; J. Hawley, S.W.; T. Watson as J.W., when Bro. Jno. Bennett, Bro. Wm. Bennett, and Bro. Wm. Sleaford were severally initiated into the second degree of Masonry.

The Lodge was then closed and a Master Mason's Lodge was opened, when Bro. Wm. Bennett and Bro. Wm. Sleaford was raised to the third degree. The brethren present then proceeded to ballot for Mr. Joseph Webster, Mr. George Ash, and Mr. John Turner, who severally met the approbation of the Lodge. The business of this Lodge being over, it was closed, and an Entered Apprentices Lodge was opened, when Mr. Joseph Webster was made in the first degree. The business of this Lodge being over it was regularly closed to the First Monday in October, emergency's excepted.

This is curious as showing that of the three candidates for passing who are said to have been *initiated* into the second degree, two were also raised to the third degree on the same night; and by reason of these proceedings, only ten days elapsed between initiation and raising. The necessity for officers appears to have sanctioned these irregularities.

As there are some interesting facts worth recording in the minutes after this date, these are referred to by extracts on the several dates named.

Nov. 3rd, 1788.—Minute.

Bro. Scott, the Secretary, and Bro. Haigh, from the St. George's Lodge, No. 400, waited on us with a message from their Lodge, requesting the favor of our company to attend them to Church in procession, on Wednesday, the 5th day of November, it being the *Centenary* of the glorious Revolution, to hear divine service, when a most excellent sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Henry Ray; after service the brethren proceeded in the like manner to the Town Hall, and afterwards met at Bro. Carnelly's, the Reindeer, where a most excellent dinner was provided, and the day was spent with the greatest harmony and conviviality.

In Raymond's History of England, published in 1798, page 611, the following reference is made to this evidently national commemoration of the historical event alluded to:

The 5th of Nov. being the centenary of the Revolution of 1688, was observed by many Societies in the Metropolis, and other parts of the Kingdom, not only with festivity but devotion and thanksgiving. At the most respectable of these Societies, a noble Earl, who presided on the occasion, moved that application be made to Parliament to observe the future Anniversary of the 16th Dec. as a day of solemn thanksgiving, it being on that day the Bill of Rights was passed."

The most respectable society here mentioned was the Free and Accepted Masons, the noble Earl also referred to being the Earl of Moira, D.G.M. In this year the Royal Yorkshire Lodge, Keighley, No. 439, and the Globe Lodge, Scarborough, No. 440, were constituted, and in 1789 the Albion Lodge, Skipton, No. 460, and the Harmony Lodge, Halifax, No. 461.

Very little time seems to have been lost in preparing and adopting lodge bye laws, and on October 5th, 1789, occurs the following:—

Oct. 5th, 1789.

The Bye Law of the Lodge inflicting the Penalty upon Officers not present, or not attending in time, was directed to be put in full force, and Bro. Girdley, S.W., and Bro. G. Nicholson, T., not attending was by the Brothers present ordered to pay the fine.

Shortly after this it appears to have been discovered that the warrant or dispensation was not, strictly speaking, in the custody of the lodge; and there being apparently other lodge property missing, we find the brethren taking action thereupon at their meeting on the 5th January, 1790, by these resolutions in open lodge:

Jan. 5th, 1790.

The brethren then came to the following resolutions, viz: that in future the brothers sup in a room by themselves, and that no person not being a brother shall be introduced on any account whatever, unless it be with the consent of the majority of members then present.

Also, that a committee of as many members present as chose, should wait upon Bro. Plummer requesting he would return the Warrant of Constitution that it might be deposited in the lodge chest.

Resolved also, that for the future no books or any part of the lodge furniture shall be lent out of the said lodge without special reasons for the same.

On November 3rd, 1789, the W.M., Bro. Hawley, acquainted the brethren present that Bro. T. Priest desired to decline being any longer a member, which "was agreed to." This was not quite so serious a matter then as in our day, for on the 2nd February, 1790, this passage occurs in the minutes:

Feb. 2nd, 1790.

Bro. Thomas Priest being desirous of being again a member of this Lodge, it is accordingly agreed that he paying one quarter into the hands of the Treasurer he shall be again reinstated without a ballot.

In May, 1790, the lodge candlesticks having sustained some trifling damage, a joiner was employed to repair them, who claimed "allowance," a still very common practice. Evidently the allowance was good in those days, for appended to the minutes on 1st June, 1790, we find this statement:

Allow'd to the above bill for liquor for the joynor for repairing lodge candlesticks 1s. 0d.

The Britannia Lodge, Whitby, No. 332, was erased by Grand Lodge, February 10th, 1790. The four following extracts from minutes between 1790 and 1793 are given without comment; they need no explanation. July 7th, 1790.—Wednesday.

A club feast being held at Bro. Watson's on the usual lodge day, was the reason of its being held as this night.

It was agreed by the members then present that pieces of Jean for Masonic aprons, &c., which Bro. Chester some time ago was desired to order for the use of members of this Lodge should be paid for out of the lodge fund, and that each member should have one for his own private use—that the remainder should be deposited in the lodge chest for the use of them that may become Masons next.

Dec. 3rd, 1792.

The Lodge then agreed that it should be removed to Bro. Coulter's, the sign of the White Bear, in Doncaster, and that the nights of meeting should in future be on the first Tuesday in every month.

Sunday, Oct. 20th, and on Sunday, Nov. 3rd, 1793, was held two extra meetings to examine the Treasurer's accounts and other business.

The Loyal and Prudent Lodge, Leeds, No. 493, was formed in 1791, and in 1792, the Samaritan, Keighley, No. 504; Philanthropic, Skipton, No. 505; Three Graces, Barnoldswick, No. 506; and Fidelity, Leeds, No. 512. In the following year (1793) the White Hart, Huddersfield, No. 513, and the Royal Brunswick, Sheffield, No. 527, were constituted; also the Constitutional, Beverley, No. 525. In 1794, the Lodge of Hope, Bradford, No. 539, and the Philanthropic, Leeds, No. 542. In 1795, the Alfred Lodge, Leeds, No. 546. In 1796, Loyal Halifax Lodge, Halifax, No. 549; Prince George, Haworth, No. 550; and Ebenezer, Pateley Bridge, No. 556. In 1797, the Lion Lodge, Whitby, No. 561. From the date of the last mentioned minute (Nov. 3rd, 1793) the meetings of the Duke of York's Lodge appear to have been wholly discontinued for over three years, the next being on the 2nd January, 1797, followed by an "Emergency" on 13th February, 1797.

When Bro. Michael Peruzzi was initiated in the first degree of Masonry, paid the usual fees with the extra 10s. 6d., for the emergency.

This Bro. Peruzzi was an Italian, and valet to Sir R. Winn, of Nostell Priory. His connection with the lodge was very brief, for on April 3rd, 1797, occurs this extract:

Opened a Fellow Craft's Lodge, after which was opened a Master Mason's Lodge, and Bro. Peruzzi "initiated" in the third or S. degree of a Master Mason, at the same time paid his quarterages, and declined continuing any longer a member on account of his living so great a distance from the town. The Secretary received of the Treasurer 7s. 6d. for admission of Bros. Sinkinson and Peruzzi to be transmitted to York.

As the numbers were changed in 1792, and no more Lodges were established for several years, I give as under a list of the Lodges existing in 1798, with the new numbers.

453, Humber, Hull;	}	202, Unanimity, Wakefield;
61, Union Cross, Halifax;		267, Old Globe, Scarborough;
165, Old Black Bull, Richmond;		290, Apollo, York;
189, Tontine, Sheffield;		324, Royal Oak, Ripon;
199, Peace, Dewsbury;		331, Union, York;

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| 348, St. George's, Doncaster; | 506, Three Graces, Barnoldswick; |
| 351, Rodney, Hull; | 512, Fidelity, Leeds; |
| 356, St. George's, E. Y. Militia; | 513, White Hart, Huddersfield; |
| 363, Minerva, Hull; | 525, Constitutional, Beverley; |
| 408, Newtonian, Knaresborough; | 527, Royal Brunswick, Sheffield; |
| 438, Duke of York, Doncaster; | 539, Hope, Bradford; |
| 439, Royal Yorkshire, Keighley; | 542, Philanthropic, Leeds; |
| 440, Globe, Scarborough; | 546, Alfred, Leeds; |
| 460, Albion, Skipton; | 549, Loyal Halifax, Halifax; |
| 461, Harmony, Halifax; | 550, Prince George, Haworth; |
| 493, Loyal and Prudent, Leeds; | 556, Ebenezer, Pateley Bridge; |
| 504, Samaritan, Keighley; | 561, Lion, Whitby. |
| 505, Philanthropic, Skipton; | |

Since 1788, an Antient Lodge, 434, at Wetherby had expired, and the Britannia Lodge, Whitby, No. 332, had been erased.

Appended to the minutes on 2nd September, 1799, is the following remarkably written statement by Bro. Hawley, W.M.

Bro. J. Hawley being extremely sorry to observe the misconduct of the brothers and particularly in that of not attending the Lodge when regularly called for that purpose, declines being any longer a member of the Lodge and has accordingly erased his name from the list of members.

This worthy brother was S.W. in the warrant—W.M. from 1789 to 1803—and Secretary, so far as the actual entry of minutes and the general duties are concerned, from the first meeting of the lodge, September 1st, 1788, to September 5th, 1803, when his name appears for the last time. Bro. Hawley seems to have been a superior and cultivated man, intellectually far in advance of the brethren of his lodge, and by trade a painter. He was undoubtedly as perfect an example of the "Brother of Master Mind," referred to by Dr. Oliver in his "Masonic Jurisprudence" (New Edition, 1874, paragraph 9, page 21,) as could possibly be found, and the lodge would most certainly have been extinct long before, had not this excellent brother remained to steer the Masonic bark through the sea of apathy (and consequently Masonic ignorance) with which it was surrounded and more than once nearly overwhelmed. Having made a study of the decadence of this Doncaster Lodge, I firmly believe that had the members paid more attention to the principles of our Order, instead of being satisfied with (at the best) an imperfect knowledge of the ritual, it would still exist in the town in which it was established. During the whole of its career at Doncaster, the lodge was kept together only by the Masonic zeal of a few, guided by the example of Bro. Hawley. The evil of "shewing off" by the exhibition of feats of memory is as mischievous to-day as then, and sooner or later the lodge encouraging it amongst its members must succumb. In its effects, like the baneful power of a poisoned arrow, the vanity of such ornamental Masons gradually overcomes its victim, to the exclusion of the more elevating tendencies of Craft study; and unfortunately the evil is never sufficiently acknowledged until too late to avert its influence on others. Then sympathizers and disappointed orators form cliques, we will not say to destroy the lodge, but which end in the formation of a new lodge, based however on such inflammable materials that it never really prospers. Although so far as can be judged the actual extinction of this lodge may not be attributable altogether to any special anxiety on the part of its members to excel in ritualistic perfection, yet the same personal vanity was at the root of its decline. It is a species of Masonic "measles" attacking the junior members of all lodges, and is easily cured at the outset; the authority of one respected P.M. then having more weight than the whole lodge afterwards. If the members had been able to acquire as extensive knowledge of the ritual

as is afforded by Instruction Lodges, etc., in the present day, probably individual pretensions would not have been so great. However, the noble heart of Bro. Hawley, refused to be comforted away from the lodge he loved so well, and on Monday, March 1st, 1802 (after another five years' interval, from April 3rd, 1797), he had again managed to rally his brethren, acting as W. Master on that occasion, and up to 5th September, 1803, when his name finally ceases to appear in the minutes.

(*To be continued.*)

MEANING OF THE WORD "COWAN."

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

WE take from the Philadelphia *Keystone* of January an interesting paper on this "vexata quæstio," written by our able brother, George Fort. As all he puts forward is worth reading and attending to, we reprint his remarks from our contemporary, for the information of our readers; and shall append a few notes of our own at the close.

PERHAPS no word has been the subject, among Masonic writers, of so much controversy and attempted explanation as the word "Cowan." Futile essays have been made to trace its origin to the most diverse sources. In their range such elucidations have swept the circle of languages, living and dead, and whenever fancied similarity has occurred, to each in turn "Cowan" has been traced. Through Semitic tongues to modern French the fugitive meaning of this word has been sought, with ever-changing success. Oftentimes the remoter the source sought and inquired into with pertinacious scrutiny, the greater the asserted certainty of its derivation.

In shifting changes of philological examination, "Cowan" has been made to assume almost as many significations totally diverse as the attitudes of a rope dancer, or the glittering but pleasing transformations of the kaleidoscope. The zealous scholiast in Oriental dialects and Greek roots asserts the word to signify "dog," in its presumed identity with the slinking worthlessness characteristic of a "Cowan," while the adventitious gleaner of modern history with equal dogmaticism has claimed its origin in the Vendean or Bretagne *chouan*, or owl cry of alarm—the signal of revolt!

There is, however, a line of research, leading through the whole Masonic philology, that presents the satisfactory result of harmony with its history, but ignorance of which, or inattention, causes all investigations to terminate in futilities. It is evident that as this word is strictly Masonic, its derivation, therefore, should be expected to identify itself with some feature of the Craft from which it has developed. This sort of evolution may be instanced in the word "Mason," which originated in the universal use of moveable bridges—*maccinæ* or *maccinæ*—to facilitate the construction of walls, and in like manner the word "Cowan" arose to specify some prominent element of Craft government, wholly involved in that strict caution against surprise which is expressed by its twin "eavesdropper."

Doubtless it is needless to state the signification of "eavesdropper," whose general sense, as is well known, aptly sketches out a concealed listener, or person intently watching or lying on guard secretly to hear private conversa-

tion, and in this sense it is used by Freemasons. We should, therefore, expect to find a common ground of similarity between the words "Cowan" and "Eavesdropper," on account of their invariable conjunction. We may add here, by way of deprecation, that our writers too frequently seek explanations of obsolete words in Oriental languages, when the genuine meaning lies closer at home. The word "Cowan" is one of this class, and, like the word "Mason," has descended to the modern Craft as a direct transmissiion through the Norman French builder of the eleventh century. "Cowan" itself has exactly the signification of eavesdropper, and means a listener, or, in one form, a person intently hearing. It is a corruption, by long and careless usage, of the Norman French word *ecoutant*, listening or hearing; therefore, by the usual tendency of suppressing letter sounds, we can trace *ecoutant*, *acoutant*, *acouan*, *acouant*, and, perhaps, *a-couan*, to its present shape *cowan*, a person listening; or, as an eavesdropper, stealthily hearing guarded conversation. The word "Cowan" consequently should be classified with such other corrupted Norman French words as *Mason*, *Tyler*, etc.

Bro. Fort seems to derive "Cowan" from "ecouan" or "acouan," but there is no evidence of any such use, as far as we know, in Norman-French or the "Langue Romane." "Cowan," first used in Scotland apparently, is still, I think, of Norman-French derivation, and probably comes from "covenne" or "covine" or "covine," all alluding to secret meetings. "Tyler," which comes from "Tegulator," again from "Tuilleur," "Thiulleur," has also curiously enough a synonym—"covreur" or "convrieur"! "Escoute" is a "spy," and "escouter" is to listen, and "escoutete" is in Latin "auscultator," a sentinel, or watcher. "Escoutoyer" is to listen, while "faire escout" is to listen attentively. Have we, in these words, the Norman-French origin of Cowan? Many other students as well as myself thank Bro. Fort for his interesting paper.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.*

IN a previous article we indicated the origin and meaning of the term "Free," as prefixed to the name "Mason." In the present paper we propose to consider the origin and meaning of the term "Accepted," the other prænomen of the Craftsman.

Here, as in the former case, we are confronted in the first place with the traditional explanation. The legendary statement is that as Masons were first denominated "Free" by King Solomon, at the building of the First Temple, so they first acquired the name "Accepted" at the building of the Second Temple, from King Cyrus. The one is probably as true as the other.

"The most famous *modern* Constitutions of the Craft are Bro. Anderson's "Constitutions of the Free Masons," published in 1723. These are entitled "The Constitution, History, Laws, Charges, Orders, Regulations, and Usages of the Right Worshipful Fraternity of *Accepted* Free Masons." In Anderson's second, or 1738, edition of the same work, it is entitled "The New Book of Constitutions of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and *Accepted* Masons." Note that in 1723 the Craft were styled "Accepted Free Masons," while in 1738 they were termed (as now) "Free and Accepted Masons."

* We take this very short and interesting paper of Bro. McCalla's from his admirable paper the Philadelphia *Keystone*.

From the time of the "Revival" era, therefore, Freemasons have always been known as Accepted Masons.

Preston, in his famous "Illustrations of Masonry," gives what purports to be an historical relation of a Masonic occurrence, which runs as follows :

"On the 27th of December, 1663, a General Assembly was held, at which Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was elected Grand Master, who appointed Sir John Denham, Knight, his Deputy, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren and John Webb his Wardens. Several useful regulations were made at this assembly for the better government of the lodges, and the greatest harmony prevailed among the brethren at their various meetings. Among the other regulations made at this assembly were the following :

"(1.) That no person, of what degree soever, be made or *accepted* a Freemason, unless in a regular lodge, whereof one to be a Master or a Warden in that limit or division where such lodge is kept, and another to be a Craftsman in the trade of Freemasonry.

"(2.) That no person hereafter shall be *accepted* a Freemason but such as are of able body, honest parentage, good reputation, and an observer of the laws of the land.

* * * * *

"Several records of the society of this and the preceding reign were lost at the Revolution; and not a few were too hastily burned in our own times by some scrupulous brothers, from a fear of making discoveries prejudicial to the interests of the order."

In reference to the above we have only to observe, that it is unsupported by any existing authority except Roberts's 1722 edition of the "Constitutions" —and it must hence be accepted or rejected on these authorities alone. A part of the statement we know to be erroneous. Sir Christopher Wren is therein stated to have been appointed Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of England in the year 1663, whereas we know, from "Aubrey's Natural History of Wiltshire," that Wren was not made a Mason until May 18th, 1691. Beside, there were no Grand Masters in England prior to the "Revival" of 1717. We are therefore led to decline to give credence to any part of the above statement. The so-called Constitutions of 1663 are a myth. In this opinion we are supported by the high authority of Bro. Woodford (Kenning's "Cyclopedia," 6). The story however is related, without adverse criticism, by Steinbrenner ("Origin and Early History of Masonry," 124), by Mackenzie ("Royal Masonic Cyclopedia," 15), by Findel ("History of Freemasonry," 127), and others.

There is a better authority for the use of "Accepted" in the Harleian MS. in the British Museum, the first part of which Bro. Hughan says is of date about A.D. 1670 (Hughan's "Old Masonic Charges," 527). The first of the "new articles" in it, which are undated, reads as follows :

"Noe person (of what degree soever) shal bee *accepted* a free Mason, unless hee shall have a lodge of five free Masons, at least whereof one to bee a master or warden, of that limitt, or division, wherein such Lodge shal bee kept, and another of the trade of Free Masonry.

"That noe person shal bee *accepted* a Free Mason, but such as are of able body, honest parentage, and good reputacon and observers of the Laws of the Land."

The "new articles" above, containing the term "accepted," are peculiar to the "Harleian MS.," and are hence of value and importance, although the fact of the uncertainty of the year of their being committed to writing leaves us in the dark as to the exact value of the statement.

In the year 1691 we find the word "adopted" (probably a synonym for "accepted") prefixed to Mason. This is in Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire" (quoted in Steinbrenner's "Freemasonry," 126), and reads as follows :

“Memorandum.—This day, 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 a brother, and Sir Henry Goodric of the Tower, and divers others.”

Having given a sufficient number of examples of the use of the term “Accepted” as a prefix to “Mason,” we shall now consider its meaning. The majority of Masonic historians allege that it was originally used to distinguish Speculative from Operative Masons. This is the explanation given by Bros. Findel (“History,” 113) and Mackenzie (“Cyclopedia,” 15). Bro. Woodford, on the other hand, says (“Kenning’s Cyclopedia,” 6) :

“We may dismiss all legendary derivations of the word, and may understand it as a term belonging to the mediæval guilds. Persons were then ‘admitted,’ ‘accepted,’ ‘made free,’ ‘entered’ of the guild. . . . The word is probably a relic of the old Operative Craft ‘Chapiters’ and Lodges. We do not agree with the view which makes it mark the difference between operative and speculative.”

Our own opinion is, that “Accepted” signifies simply “initiated.” Bro. Mackay also appears to be of this opinion (see Mackey’s “Encyclopædia,” 10-11). The “Charges” of 1722 speak of “laborers and *unaccepted* Masons,” as distinguished from, and inferior to, “Freemasons.” Whoever was admitted or adopted as a member of the mediæval builders’ lodge, or guild, became thereby an “accepted” Mason. He was, in language that we can all understand, accepted as a member. It is a matter of speculation as to whether it ever had a merely restrictive meaning, applied to speculative Masons only; while it is a matter of fact that in every case in which we find it used it is equivalent to “initiated.”

We have thus reasonably ascertained the meaning of the full phrase, “Free and Accepted Mason,” to be, “Brother and Initiated Mason.”

THE ILLUMINÉS AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MR. GERARD DE NERVAL, in his interesting book “*Les Illuminés*,” published at Paris by Victor Leçon, 10, Rue du Bouloi, in 1852, seems to attribute to the “*Illuminés*” a good deal of influence in preparing for the French Revolution. Indeed, he says at page 516 that “most historians of our time have neglected exhaustively to realize their details, whether from ignorance or from want of introducing into the “*haute politique*” an element which they considered as less serious. But then, when Mr. de Nerval lugs in Barruel and Robison as witnesses, we at once see on how very little of a sound or satisfactory basis this “*castle in the air*” is built up. And then Mr. de Nerval makes a mistake which is fatal, in our humble opinion, to his own thesis. He mixes up Freemasonry with Illuminism in a manner which is contrary with the facts of the case, and with a “*gloss*” which is entirely devoid of truth or reason. The Freemasons never had anything to do with the *Illuminés*, nor is Freemasonry in any sense identical with Illuminism. We cannot insist upon this fact and truth too much, since the opposite grave error is one into which our Ultramontane opponents habitually fall; and it is one, moreover, to which more careful writers seem to like to give way to. And nothing was ever more historically and incontestably untrue. The *Illuminés* had, no doubt, an organization of their own (which had been originally planned in some shape by Cagliostro), and in Paris, Weishaupt had established a centre of

Illuminism," which, though never very powerful, had enrolled among its members at one time such men as Mirabeau, Lavau, Cazotte, Robespierre, Lavoisier, and many more; and there was a "mystic society," which included in it men and women like the Marquise de St. Croix. Cazotte especially tells us that he had been an "initié," but that "Divine grace had withdrawn him from the snare."

"You are not initiated," says he; "be thankful. Remember the words, 'their knowledge shall destroy them.' If I am not without dangers, I whom the Divine Giver has withdrawn from the snare, judge of the risk of those who remain; and the knowledge of things occult is a stormy sea."

Curiously enough, in his sentence to be guillotined in his seventy-ninth year, one of the facts mentioned was that he was an "initié." But if not a Freemason, his dying words were truly Masonic in their loyalty and reverence. "I die, as I have lived, faithful to God and the king." But as there is no evidence of his having been a Freemason, as far as we know, we apprehend that his "initiation" was one into "Illuminism." Mr. de Nerval gives a curious account of Cagliostro's Androgyne Egyptian Masonry, which seems to have communicated destructive principles in religion, morals, and politics with equal energy, audacity, and profanity; and though Cagliostro preceded Weishaupt, there is every reason to believe that in Paris especially "Illuminism" had taken to itself some of the worst features of that impiety and profligacy which undoubtedly marked all the assemblies of that greatest of impostors and charlatans, Cagliostro. Mr. de Nerval states, "inter alia," that Robespierre's father was a member of a lodge at Arras, under the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. This may be so, but Robespierre's father had nothing to do with the hateful principles and proceedings of his son; and Robespierre certainly had nothing in common with Freemasonry, though a good deal with "Illuminism." Some writers assert that it was Robespierre's uncle, who was of the lodge or chapter at Arras, and that Robespierre himself, though not a Freemason, was an Illuminé.

It is a curious fact that Robespierre the younger was brought up in a Jesuit college, a truth not generally known; and we may as well, indeed with greater propriety, attribute the French Revolution to those distinctive and fatal principles than to the loyal, orderly, and peaceful maxims of Freemasonry. Like as with a good many other things, the influence of the "Illuminés" on the French Revolution has probably been greatly exaggerated.

With Mirabeau's death they seemed to have passed away in Paris, and were soon forgotten in the more sensational, startling drama of the greater horrors of the French Revolution.

CORNUBIA: THE STRANGER'S TRIBUTE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE wild rose flingeth its head on high,
 And the foxglove strives, in its lordly way,
 To outshine flowers both far and nigh,
 The dark valerian, poppy gay,
 The golden iris in happy vales,
 Where aspen poplars' quivering leaves,
 Like old men palsied, shake in the gales,
 And murmuring quiver in western breeze.

The great wych elms, so stately and tall,
Guard the valleys like soldiers brave;
For there did many a Briton fall,
And you tread on many a hero's grave.

I have roamed far over your southern shores,
And gazed on the Mediterranean blue
Of the seas which cover your lands of yore,
The kingdom of Lyonesse, knights so true.

The last fell battle against Pagan foes,
With Modred and his recreant band,
Was fought in thy midst, thy land in throes,
When Arthur made his last great stand.

The knights of the Table Round no more
Shall fight against heathen and Saxon kings,
And the waves flow over with ceaseless roar
Your buried cities and cherished things.

The days of chivalry past and gone,
To wish them back it were surely vain,
But when by virtue his praise you've won,
Your own King Arthur shall come again.

A thousand years have rolled away,
We look on the same grey wave-worn cliffs;
And the knights so brave and the ladies gay
Are gone with the galleys, and white king's skiffs.

When the peerless prince and his noble band
Strove to defend the right and show
By their lives, how well they could understand
The saintly life of that long ago—

Honour and chivalry then were known
As the types of the men of that older race;
But the great poet tells how overthrown
And buried in honour was dark disgrace.

There comes a voice o'er the surging seas,
A sorrowful, sighing western wind,
It saith to us all, "Why take thine ease?
Redress the wrongs of all mankind."

The same sun shines now over us all
As gleamed in the fight and the tourney then,
The pale moon seen through the poplars tall
Is the same that shone on the king of men.

The same sweet flowers in the meadows grow,
And the forests of oak and old yew trees,
And the saints remain, for their names we know,
A relic of bygone days are these.

And the Cornish men are still the same,
The lords are brave and the ladies fair,
And they love the legends that make their fame—
Poesy floats in the ambient air.

Oh! Cornish lanes! Oh! brown-eyed maids!
Oh! Cornish cliffs, majestic grand!
I love your hills and your sylvan glades,
I'm proud that I live in King Arthur's land.

A MASON'S STORY.

(Continued from page 272.)

WHEN the family assembled at Mr. Morton's breakfast table next morning, that every-day event in everybody's life was a very dull affair. Outside, the snow lay white over the fields in front of the house, and the distant park showed unmistakable signs that the dreariest of all seasons, winter, was favouring them with its presence. The leafless trees, with their pure white covering, did indeed look dismal, as they rocked and swayed in the breeze, bringing down with that selfsame movement a shower of snow; as if there were not already enough of that under foot to satisfy the most mischievous urchin who ever went snowballing. The old church, too, looked unhappy enough. There was a goodly covering on roof and gables, and the windows were snowed up in every crevice and chink. Whew! but old winter must have been busy last night, to have transformed the fairy scene of but a few hours previous, when the moonbeams shed their lustrous light on all around, into the cold but picturesque vision that now presented itself. Even the old, quaint, extinguisher-like tower had come in for a share of the metamorphosis which had passed over the land, and as to seeing the cardinal points of the octogenarian weathercock, why you couldn't do it.

I dare say a painter would have revelled in such a scene, but we who look at the hard matter-of-fact, common-place side of things, see nothing very lovely in such like pieces of nature's handiwork. We confess that we might be struck with the beauties of a snowy landscape were it possible to view it without the usual concomitants of chilblains and a freezing atmosphere.

Inside Mr. Morton's there was a very comfortable air. A bright fire burned in the grate, and a bountifully spread breakfast was on the table. Mr. Morton sat arrayed in gorgeous dressing gown and slippers, eating buttered toast, and toasting his feet. The tawdry coloured morning garments that he wore pleased him, poor man, as such little things do often please those minds whose capacity is just large enough to be pleased by them. He did not look very happy, however. He was perusing the *Orthodox Punishment Gazette*; and an account of the doings of the "Conditional Immortalists," and "Universalists," and all other wicked people whose views did not agree with his own, seemed to him to be an excellent opportunity for holding himself forth as the divine mouthpiece whereby these sons of Belial were to be anathematized; and his denunciations of them were both loud and deep.

Mrs. Morton sat fidgetting over the tea and coffee, saying nothing, lest thereby she should draw on herself the battery of her liege lord and master, which at any time was bad to bide.

Of all the party there assembled perhaps Mary looked the most miserable. My young lady readers will doubtless feel for her, because they will understand her feelings better than we of the sterner sex. At any rate, the good things lay untouched on her plate, that being, I take it, a *bona-fid e* token that she was out of sorts. Need we wonder at it? Cut off from the company of the man she loved above all else on earth, and almost adored above heaven, by the decree of an arbitrary father, and all for a paltry matter of religion, which, take it whatever way you will, could never have influenced their married life one iota. There are two kinds of religion. One is that pure and noble and unselfish religion, which attaches itself to some things, either animate or inanimate, and which loves that object to which it attaches itself better than everything else, simply because the thing or person loved is to a great degree superior to the thing or person loving; therefore the one can look up to the

other as a guide and friend, it may be for ever and aye. The second kind of religion is the one that I regret to say finds favour to a great extent among this time-serving, truckling generation. It is a religion which, having taken up one side of the question, partly from inclination, partly from early prejudice, sees no plan of salvation for those who believe in the opposite view. Perhaps its dogged opposition to all other theories arises from the fact that it can comprehend none of the other side. To those who are on this track I would quote the words of a writer whose name shall live when our language is dead—I mean John Stuart Mill—"He who knows only his own side of the question, knows very little of that." But I am digressing.

The individual who made the fourth and last party at table was Dick Morton, who was a younger brother of Mary's. Dick was leaving his holidays at the time we write of. His present location (or as he preferred to call it "diggings") was at Rugby. He was a strapping lad, with more of the animal than the ascetic, more of the Tom Brown than the studious. In fact, he would have made no bad successor to that embryo ecclesiastical dignitary, could a chronicler be found to record his days. He was beginning to find the sojourn at his ancestral home very tedious, and was intensely longing for the romps along the corridors, and the cricket and football of Rugby. Just now he was solacing himself by feeding as heartily as possible, and eating twice as much as all the others put together. Presently the pangs of his hunger began to be appeased, and his inner man felt more satisfied, as the plate of hot muffins before him partially, and at last entirely disappeared. In proportion as he felt the pleasing sensation, so dear to all schoolboys, of having had a good feed stealing over him, his spirits began to rise, and he found time to take stock of those who were at the table.

"Well, Mary," he says, "what's the matter with you this morning? Your face is as blue as old John's jerkin when the rain has been making it shine, and"—here the horrible truth burst upon him—"you haven't eaten anything."

Not to have eaten anything was in Master Dick's eyes an unpardonable sin, worthy of all the excommunications, etc., which have been promulgated from the time of Athanasius downwards. Without giving her time to answer him, this impertinent, yet withal good natured specimen of humanity ran on, "I see what it is, old girl; you have been having a flare up with your friend Pen Falconer. I saw you looking 'big spoons' last night when you thought nobody was about, and then it ended up, how I don't know or care either. I expect the governor knows more about it than I do. Did he want to beg off? or—"

"Silence, sir!" interrupted his father, "how dare you address your sister in that manner, and in my presence too? If you have nothing more to utter than that insane nonsense, I would advise you either to hold your noise or else leave the room."

"Whew! but I've put my foot in it now," muttered Dick, as he rose from the table, "but seeing I have your full leave and license, I'll e'en take you at your word and go; but I want to call and get a pair of skates at Jackson's, as I go down; I suppose you have no objection to paying for them, sir?" His father did not reply, as he had returned to the doings of the "Society for Advocating the Claims of Eternal Punishment," so Dick resumed, "He that objecteth not, seemeth to consent, as John Gilpin said, therefore I'll get my skates. And may grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you for ever. Ta, ta."

And now having taken a look at Mr. Morton's family, let us proceed to other personages in our story.

Penhryn Falconer and his father sat in the office of the latter at the same time as the Mortons were getting breakfast. They were talking earnestly, and we, taking an author's liberty, will draw near and see what this conversation is about. Penhryn is saying,

"I have now been at home quite long enough, father, longer than I should have been, and longer than is good for me. I think it is high time I look out for something better to do, and something more suited to my taste and disposition."

"Well, my boy, I have no objection to your proposition, provided it is feasible; but first of all I should like to know what has made you take this idea into your head so suddenly, when up till now you have seemed contented with your lot; and second, what do you intend doing with yourself when you leave this place, where you have spent so many happy hours, but which you have all at once discovered is fraught with so much harm to you?"

"Various reasons," replied Penhryn, "have influenced me in making this decision, reasons which I cannot impart even to you, father. But I am sure if you only knew what they were, you would not hold your consent from my going for a single moment. As it is I shall have to 'grin and bear' the inevitable by myself. That is, I believe, our best philosophy; isn't it?"

"True, my son, and yet it seems to me that I as your father ought to know of your troubles—provided they be troubles—which are sending you off so suddenly. Now let me guess. You have not got into any money difficulties, I suppose?"

Penhryn shook his head.

"Very true, had I paused to think I might have known no son of mine would be troubled in that way, Pen!" and his father laid his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "Tell me what it is. I, your father, have a right to know. You are my only son, and were you to turn out ill, I believe it would kill me."

There was a pause as his father ceased, traces of the emotion which he felt being plainly visible in his still handsome and intelligent features. At last he broke the silence and said,

"A thought has crossed my mind, Penhryn, perhaps a foolish one, I don't know, but it has occurred to me that this quixotic idea which you have got into your head may be connected with your friend Miss Morton."

No need to proceed further; the tell-tale flush mounts into Penhryn's face, and his secret is laid open at once. Bit by bit his father extracts from him the particulars of his yesternight experiences in the field of Love versus Theology, in which the latter played so important a part, finally winning the victory.

"A faulse auld carle," was his comment, when his son had finished, his indignation causing him to relapse into his native dialect. "A faulse auld carle, to think mair of his narraminded religion, than of his ain dochter's happiness. But sae it hes iver been i' this warld sen religion was setten up, an sae it will be till t'end on't. Yan thing, Pen, we mun congratulate oursels on, an that is the exercise of a wee bit o the braw charity they speir upon sae muckle an practise sae lile."

"Yes, indeed," replied Penhryn, "we do practise more of the charity which, as their bible says, 'thinketh no evil,' than they do, but then we make less profession, so that we can with the more ease practice most."

And they were right, these two freethinkers, as they thus sneered at the religion which preaches so much and brings forth so little. We cannot wonder at the inability of so many to accept a religion which is so prolific in blame of others, and so meagre in its praise of their virtues and good works. A friend of mine said to me the other day, when talking of religion, "You know Mrs.—," naming a lady who gives away large sums in charity, and who is, if anybody is, a true Christian. "Yes," I said, "I know her; what of her?" "Well," he replied, "that lady has taken a violent dislike to me because I do not believe that the wicked will burn for ever, and on that account she thinks I am doomed, and has nearly gone the length of forbidding me her house." This is very wrong, and it appears to me that could our great Master and

Exemplar, Jesus Christ, come once more in the flesh, he would be the first to raise his voice and protest at once and for ever against this theologico-social ostracism. Oh! my friends, let us believe noble things, let us hope noble things of our fellow men and women, and, believing what is good, and taking no account of what is bad, we shall be led to believe, and trust, and hope nobler things of God than those which an effete superstition has associated Him with. Perhaps our atheist friends may not be much further wrong than we are; at any rate let us learn to hope that for them there may be, if not on this earth, at least beyond, a spiritual Gehenna in which their souls shall be cleansed, so that they too shall walk in white robes and sing for ever that grand hallelujah song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his own blood."

It was not settled that day, nor for a good many days, what Penhryn should do. To stay in his native town was admitted to be an impossibility under the circumstances. At last an appointment was, by the kindness of a neighbouring nobleman, secured for him as travelling secretary to another nobleman, who was about to travel the Orient. Penhryn's father wrote a characteristic letter to Mr. Morton, which threw that gentleman into a state of righteous indignation. When it arrived he was comfortably seated in his study, writing a treatise on the "happiness of the elect, compared with the misery of the predestined." As soon as he had read it he rang the bell violently, and in answer to the old servant who thrust his startled face in at the doorway, as though he expected to see the room on fire, he said "Send Miss Mary to me."

Mary came, and her father gave her the letter to read, saying as he did so that he trusted her acquaintance with tradespeople and atheists had been productive of enough annoyance to both him and her, and the sooner she saw her way clear to give it up, the better it would be. Whilst she is reading it, we will take an author's licence and glance at it over her shoulder. It was as follows:—

33, Petersgate, November 27th.

SIR,—My son has this morning informed me that you have rejected his overtures for your daughter's hand, on account of his views regarding theological matters. I am mainly responsible for those views, and if your behaviour of last night is the logical outcome of your religion, I am glad to have nothing to do with it. I am not very sorry at what he has told me. When time has passed over his head, the wound will be healed, and then he will be glad that his theory brings forth better fruits than your own. He will know then how to appreciate both his own and yours at their proper value. Religion, sir, has ever hung on to the chariot wheels of freethought, and endeavoured to impede its progress, but the vehicle goes ever forward, and will continue to do so, in spite of love-crossings and other tomfoolery. All history attests this. In 1553 your tutelary deity, Calviu, burned Sevetus, because they could not agree about God. You would, I dare say, burn me, and because you cannot in this world, I am to have it in the next. A great divine has thus written, "God is a great word. He who feels and understands that will judge more mildly and more justly of those who confess they do not dare to say they believe in God." In the eyes of the Jews, Jesus was an atheist, and the Christians were known among the Greeks and Romans as infidels.

I am the same in your eyes, and you, speaking in all charity, will say that I am a lying empiric or knave or fool. I do not speak in charity, so I will only say you are a pious Christian. Penhryn is leaving here, and he will, I trust, try to forget those who have so bitterly wronged him.—Yours, &c.,
W. FALCONER.

"Well," said her father, when Mary had finished perusing this strange production, "what do you think now?"

"I think," said Mary steadily, "that both you and Mr. Falconer are mistaken in your estimate of Penhryn, and I shall refuse to believe any evil of him. Mr. Falconer's letter was true, but it was cruel of him to say such things. I do not think he will ever forget me, but I do think that Penhryn will become a Christian yet."

With that she walked out of the room.

Whether Mary, or her father, or Mr. Falconer was right, we shall afterwards see.

When they assembled for family worship that night the chapter was peculiarly appropriate for their experience. Perhaps it was only a coincidence. Who knows? God oftener speaks through these ways than others. I believe they are only the little outlets of His mighty love and compassion to us, his troubled children. The chapter was that grand old fortieth of Isaiah, and as Mary listened to the words which have cheered many a death-bed, she felt strangely comforted, and she wished Penhryn could have shared her comfort, as she dwelt on the verse,

“He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather His lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.”

Many a time had she sung these selfsame words to Handel’s noble recitative, but never had they struck her as now. Oh, say not such things are merely curious coincidences. That they can never be while they are fraught with such a heaven-born peace to us. They are God’s ministering spirits.

(*To be continued.*)

IS IT WORTH WHILE ?

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

IS it worth while that we jostle a brother,
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life ;
 Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
 In blackness of heart that we war to the knife ?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other ;
 God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
 When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
 Pierced to the heart : Words are keener than steel,
 And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
 We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
 Ere folding the hands to be and abide
 For ever and aye in dust at his side ?

Look at the roses saluting each other ;
 Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
 Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
 And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
 Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
 Some poor fellow down into the dust ?
 God pity us all ! Time oft soon will tumble
 All of us together, like leaves in gust,
 Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

A TALE OF ILLUMINISM.

BY CAPELLANUS.

THOSE of us who have liked to linger amid the strange and startling literature of the French Revolution of the last century, have waded through countless memoirs, curious pamphlets, the dry records of the *Moniteur*, or the high-spiced contributions of contemporary journalism, are well aware from numerous hints and as many direct assertions of the existence of a society of "Illuminés," an "occult association," which affected to impart absolute light and wisdom, and to undertake and complete the "regeneration of humanity." Many of us have made collections of this mystic school, and many of us may have studied numerous works in the Grande Librairie at Paris; but perhaps few of us have realized what a strange, what a curious "paradox" is introduced in the fact itself. The unbending autocracy of Louis XIV., the impiety of Cardinal Dubois, the profligacy of the Regent Orleans, the hopeless cynicism and sybaritism of Louis XV., the sneers of the Encyclopedists, and the affectation of the "Esprit Libres" in French society, had, as Horace Walpole points out, so far back as 1775 left the upper classes and the masses unbelieving and mocking, the clergy corrupt and powerless, and a mixture of impiety and superstition seemed to pervade all classes and to dominate all minds. Hence, as we know, the deluge of quasi-mystical and hermetic books which inundated France in the middle of the last century; hence the deep interest manifested by those "mocking, unbelieving spirits" in all that was mystical, occult, hypernatural, and incredible.

"The "credulity of the incredulous" never was before more strikingly displayed. And thus it was that "Illuminism" found an easy access and ready dupes. It was mysterious and mystic, occult and optimistic; it professed alike to impart all "light," and to perfect the regenerated of humanity. What form it actually took in Paris is not accurately known, whether, following an older prototype, the Egyptian charlatanism of Cagliostro, it was "Androgyne," does not seem quite clear, though some have thought so.

Its parent stem in Bavaria was not, as far as is known, Androgyne; but, as in Paris for some time the union of the two sexes had been very close, and some of the greatest professing "Illuminés" were ladies, it is just possible that the ancient traditions of the "Mopses" and the sympathetic teaching of the "Maconnerie d'Adoption" had led to a common development of "Androgyne Illuminism."

Luckily for us all, the veil of time has cast over the "Illuminés" the dimness of doubt and the vagueness of distance, and what is more fortunate for the world in which we live, "Illuminism" is a thing of the past, altogether forgotten and disowned by men. We only know that it did exist; of the conditions of its being and the "routine of its labours" we for our own good have but very little clear or correct information. From the hints of some writers, from the accounts of others, from forgotten pamphlets and ignominious fly sheets, we seem to gather that at one time Mirabeau was at its head, and that such men as Lavan, Lavoisier, Robespierre, Restif de la Bretonne, Cazotte, and Fouquier Touville, and many more were members.

It has been asserted that D'Alembert and Diderot, Voltaire, and the Abbé Voisenon, the Duc de Choiseuil, the Chevalier de Castellane, and Chenier, Trudaine, Mercier, and the Comte de Narbonne, the Abbé Seiyes, Talleyrand, and Mathieu de Montmorency; and such "Dames Illuminés" as the Duchess de Luynes, the Countess de Laval, the Duchess de Mailly, and the

Marquise de St. Croix, and some say the Princesse de Lamballe, were members of a similar society. But this fact appears doubtful, and if some of these exalted personages were at any time tempted by the love of the mysterious to join these occult gatherings, they speedily, like Cazotte, withdrew.

Still the society of the "Illuminés" existed, and for a time had some slight influence on affairs, though with Mirabeau's death its vitality seems to have expired. It has been said that Robespierre sought to revive its doctrines in the absurdities of his "Fête" to the Supreme Being, but if so, its passing away was only retarded a few years.

Caotzte, who was guillotined on the 25th September, was one of the prisoners in consequence of the terrible doings of the 10th August, and was only saved the fearful massacre of the Abbaye by the devotion of his daughter Elizabeth. He was, however, arrested by the order of Petion on the 11th September, condemned to death, on the requisition of Fouquier Tinville, after an interrogatory of twenty-seven hours. He was then close upon eighty. The President, Lavan, once an "Illuminé" with Cazotte, passed the following sentence, which, we are told, even astounded and stupified its auditors then; to us, to-day, it reads like an effusion of "mystic brutality," or sneering cruelty, or of concentrated animosity. It almost seems as if he was punished for leaving "Illuminism."

"Feeble plaything of old age! Thou, whose heart was not sufficiently great to feel the prize of a holy liberty, but who hast proved by thy security in those debates that you knew how to sacrifice even your own existence to uphold your own opinion, hear the last words of thy judges. May they pour into thy soul the precious balm of consolation; may they, by leading thee to pity the lot of those who come to condemn thee, inspire thee with that stoicism which ought to preside over our last moments, and permeate thee with that respect which the law imposes on us ourselves! Thy peers have heard thee, thy peers have condemned thee; but at least their judgment was as pure as their conscience, at least no personal interest was allowed to hasten their decision. Go, re-assume thy courage, re-assemble thy powers, regard without fear thy passing away, consider that you have no right to be astonished by it—it is not a moment which ought to frighten a man like unto thee. But before separating from life, regard the imposing attitude of France, into the bosom of which thou were not afraid to invoke with loud cries the enemy. Behold thy ancient country offering to the attacks of its vile detractors as much courage as you have supposed it to possess of cowardice. If the law could have foreseen that it would have to pronounce against a criminal of thy calibre, from consideration for thy old years it would not have imposed on thee any other penalty. But, re-assure thyself, if it be severe when it pursues, when it has pronounced the weapon falls speedily from its hands; it laments over the loss even of those who wished to tear it into pieces. Look at it weeping over thy white locks, which it has thought it its duty to respect until the moment of condemnation. May the spectacle produce in thee repentance; may it lead thee, miserable old man, to profit by the moments which still separate thee from death, to efface by a regret truly felt the last trace of thy conspiracies. One word more. Thou wert a man, a Christian, a philosopher, an initiate. Know how to die like a man—know how to die like a Christian. This is all thy country now can expect of thee."

No wonder, we feel to-day, as we are told, that such an address then even stupified the audience. On Cazotte it had no effect; he simply lifted up his eyes to heaven and declared his unchangeable conviction of his own religion and principles. His last words on the scaffold were: "I die, as I have lived, faithful to God and the king." Who would not rather be the prisoner than he judge? Whose sympathies do not go with the devoted victim of Loyalty, Religion, Wisdom, and Virtue?

THE FRIENDLY GHOST.

BY SAVARICUS.

COME listen to my story true,
A churchyard ghost I've seen,
With tattered shroud and gory, too,
Or stained where blood had been.

I saw it in the moonlight bright,
The features sad and stern;
'Twas on a lovely autumn night,
It gave me quite a turn.

"I'm friendly," said the figure's voice;
"Oh! be a friend to me,
Fear not, thou art my spirit's choice."
I felt inclined to flee.

"O stay!" It gently 'gan to plead,
"And hear my tale of woe;
I am the victim of a deed
Done many years ago.

"My husband was a pirate bold,
A prey to many fears;
One night he said he had been 'sold,'
And made me shed some tears.

"No fault had I, but loved too well,
My thoughts were all for him;
The demon drink had wrought its spell,
His eyes were growing dim.

"The signal lamp he could not see,
His vessel went ashore;
The loss, he said, was caused by me,
Away below the Nore.

"In drunken wrath he staggered home,
And stabbed me in the breast;
Unhappy spirit, now I roam—
Your prayers will give me rest."

I promised her upon my knees
To grant the boon she asked,
And daily pray for her soul's ease—
A proper Christian task.

"No more my wraith will walk abroad,
At rest I soon shall be,
But you will reap a just reward,"
Is what she said to me.

The ghostly form to vapour turned,
And faded from my view;
Unwonted fires within me burned,
I stammered forth, "Adieu!"

A something prompted me to search
 The spot where she had stood,
 And there I found, beside the church,
 A simple cross of wood.

It was not large—six inches long,
 But heavy for its size ;
 Antique it looked, and sound and strong—
 I doted on my prize.

With reverential care I took
 The relic safe away,
 Nor at the treasure thought to look,
 Until a certain day.

A dream I had that riches great
 The cross to me would bring,
 I sought it out, I felt its weight,
 And wondered at the thing.

I thought, “ ’Tis loaded, bad or good,
 To pieces it must come ;”
 The joints I found, O Holy Rood !
 Surprise then made me dumb.

The wood was hollowed to a shell,
 And packed with precious stones ;
 I shook them out, and joy to tell,
 I had the wealth of thrones.

Too surely mine this priceless gift,
 A rich and rare reward,
 To raise me up beyond all thrift
 From humble yeoman’s board.

A cenotaph to her I’ll raise,
 My gratitude to show ;
 Then passers by will, as they gaze,
 Recall the tale of woe.

The homely cross enshrined I’ll keep,
 And guard it night and day ;
 With feelings grave, sincere, and deep
 My trust I shall survey.

Through life adventures strange we meet,
 With endings sad or gay ;
 If firm and true, the bad we beat,
 Come when or how they may.

This tale a moral doth convey
 To those who read aright,
 To help the weak who succour pray
 Is sure to give delight.

A kindly act here freely done,
 Without a selfish thought,
 A fortune for the doer won,
 And lasting blessings brought.

THE COLLEGES OF BUILDERS.*

BY BRO. JAS. B. GRANT, 32^o.

THE mysteries of the Egyptians, passing through Moses to the Jewish people, afterward disseminated among the Greeks and Romans, were, among the latter, introduced in part into the Colleges of Builders, instituted by Numa Pompilius in the year 715 before our era. Numa Pompilius also instituted Colleges of Artisans (*Collegia Artificum*) to the number of 131, at the head of which were the Colleges of Architects or Constructors, otherwise Builders (*Collegia Fabrorum*). The latter were designated under the name of (*Fraternitates*). These colleges were, at their organization, as well religious societies as fraternities of artisans, and their connection with the State and priesthood were by their laws determined with great precision. They had their own worship and their own organization, based upon that of the Dyonisian priests and architects, of whom many were to be found anterior to this period in Syria, in Egypt, in Persia, and in India; and the degree of sublimity to which they had carried their art is revealed to us by the ruins which yet exist of the monuments which they there erected. Beside the exclusive privilege of constructing the temples and public monuments, they had a judiciary of their own, and were made free of all contributions to the city and state. The members of these colleges, usually, after the labours of the day, convened in their respective lodges—wooden houses, temporarily erected near the edifice in course of construction—where they determined the distribution and execution upon the work in progress; the decisions being made by a majority of votes. Here, also, were initiated the new members into the secrets and particular mysteries of their art; there were no books in those days upon this noble society, hence every candidate received a verbal communication, which made the ceremony more impressive. These initiates were divided into three classes—apprentices, companions or fellow-workmen, and masters; and they engaged themselves by oath to afford each other succour and assistance. The presidents of the college were elected for five years, were named masters or teachers (*magistri*). Their labours in their lodges were always preceded with religious ceremonies, and as the membership were composed of men of all countries, and, consequently, of varied beliefs, the Supreme Being necessarily had to be represented in a lodge under a title, and therefore was styled, “The Grand Architect of the Universe”—the universe being considered the most sublime and perfect work of a master builder.

As far as we can discover, in the beginning the initiations into these corporations appear to have been confined to but two degrees, and the ritual of these degrees limited to, 1st, some religious ceremonies: 2nd, imparting to the initiate a knowledge and obligations imposed upon him; 3rd, to explain certain symbols, the signs of recognition, and the inviolability of the oath; the workman or fellow-craft being, in addition, carefully instructed in the use of the level and the square, the mallet and chisel. To become a Master the elected had to submit to proofs such as were exacted at the initiation of the priest architects of Egypt, and in which he underwent a most searching examination of his knowledge of art and moral principles. By the protection that these Colleges of Builders accorded to the institutions and worships of other countries, there were developed among them doctrines and rules of

* This interesting paper first appeared, we believe, in the *New York Dispatch*.

conduct very much in advance of their age, and which they clothed in symbols and emblems, which we think were charged with a double signification; and, like the Dyonisian priest architects, they had words and signs of recognition. These Colleges of Artisans, and principally those who professed excellence in ability to execute, civil and religious, naval and hydraulic architecture, at first extended from Rome into Venice and Lombardy, afterwards into France, Belgium, Switzerland, and later, into Spain, Arabia, and the East; and a great number of these colleges, which at this time were known by the name of "fraternities," followed the Roman legions. Their business was to trace the plans of all military constructions, such as intrenched camps, stratagetic routes, bridges, aqueducts, arches of triumph, and the like. They also directed the labourers and soldiers in the material execution of their works—composed of artisans, educated and studious men, as that age afforded. Those corporations must have extended the knowledge of Roman manners and a taste for the art of that country wherever the Roman arms were victorious. And as in this way they contributed more largely to the victories of peace than those of war, they carried to the vanquished and the oppressed the pacific element of the Roman power, the arts, and civil law. These colleges existed in all their vigour almost to the fall of the Roman Empire. The irruption of people called barbarians dispersed and reduced their number, and they continued to decline while those ignorant and ferocious men continued to worship their rude gods; but when they were converted to Christianity, the corporation flourished anew.

We here see that the Colleges of Builders instructed their candidates, and saw that they became thoroughly conversant with their duties, and what we desire to call particularly to the notice of the fraternity is that total want of intelligent Masonic instruction—the labours of the lodge have been confined altogether to the ceremonies of initiation, the regular lectures, and the administration of their affairs. We think it is to this circumstance principally that it is necessary to attribute the indifference so generally manifested for Freemasonry among the rich and the poor; for we must admit that the greater portion of the intellectual initiates, finding nothing in the society, such as they expected to attract their attention, after attending a few meetings fall off, in the belief that Freemasonry has no moral signification to justify the consideration they had been induced to accord it.

These observations are painful to Freemasons convinced of the high object and deep signification of Freemasonry, and who believe it destined to become one day the religion of all nations. By all, however, by whom Masonry is estimated, Masonic instruction is looked upon as a sacred duty to those who are received into its bosom, and that instruction should be extended not only to all that concerns its history, its object, and the doctrines of the institution, but to all that is interesting to the friend of humanity and the lover of his race. Masonry never was an order, it was a fraternity; and its transformation, from a corporation of artisans to a philosophical institution did not change its character, is proven in the most incontestible manner by its own constitution, which, adopted in 1717, and published by the Grand Lodge of England in 1723, is entitled, "Constitution of the Ancient and Respectable Fraternity of Freemasons."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY AMATEUR.

I KNOW of no more harmless and gregarious amusement than private theatricals. I say so boldly and distinctly. We have got rid, let us hope forever, of that Puritan intolerance and injustice which saw nothing but prevailing evil in the theatre and all its associations and surroundings. To some good folk of earlier days the "theatre" seemed to be a representation of the "bottomless pit," and actors and actresses as "incarnations" of an evil spirit, and the idea of going to a theatre a hurtful and unfitting one for the religious and God-fearing.

Happily, as I said just now, such unsound and untenable theories are passing away, and it is now, to a great extent, recognized, as it will one day, I hope, be universally admitted, that the theatre is and may be a good school for morality, propriety, and truth; and that actors and actresses are and may be just as religious, sincerely God-serving people as the gravest professors, or the most matured believers. I know several who adorn society and set a good example to all around, and whom I know, moreover, to be as penetrated with a sense of religion as any who may be seen at religious meetings, or are termed the "pillars" of religious denominations. Indeed, to me it almost seems an insult to serious and educated men and women like those who now occupy the stage, or add to the "harmless gaiety of nations," to doubt their capacity and right to be esteemed on a level with any other class of society. Too long have they all suffered from vulgar prejudice and perverse fanaticism in this respect, but I hope that the "tide is turning," and that we shall all gradually learn the duty of being tolerant, and reasonable, and just in regard of those who have every claim to our regard and admiration. Of course, as always happens in this world, there are "actors and actresses and actors and actresses," and "plays and plays," and "theatres and theatres;" but unless we are to be "anchorites" or "nuns," or to "go out of the world" and hide ourselves from the noisy seething crowd, not from "love of virtue, but from fear of vice," we must learn to meet the trials and temptations of the world in which we live, and if we only believe that the theatre has no trial for us (for the most part) except what we make for ourselves, we shall cease to join in the denunciations of the Rev. Transparent O'Howl, or believe in the tirades of the eloquent and erudite Mr. Theodosius Bung.

When a great number of young people are got together, a very "good thing" is often to be found in "private theatricals," not only for legitimate and improving amusement, but as a very pleasant opportunity of bringing people together. Whether it be what may be called "juxtaposition," or "mutual sympathy," or a "concatenation of atoms," or "undesigned coincidences" of thought and taste and temper which such close proximity and continuous intimacy develop and display, I know not; but private theatricals have been found very useful for "flirtations" and for "matches," for "lovers' vows," for "long engagements," and for "happy unions."

Carry, who looks so charmingly in her everyday dress, or her ball costume, that short, well-made, clean-limbed, sunny young woman, is simply irresistible in her powdered hair, two or three patches on her face, and a charmingly looped-up dress of George I., and so Walter finds her, whether for his good or evil deponent doth not venture a hint, though, from what he knows

of her, he is inclined to look on Walter as a very fortunate young man indeed. And Charles, who is so nervous that in general company he can hardly say two words, who is the shyest and most bashful of mortals, finds that with Sophie's help he learns his part very fast indeed, and is at last, when he comes on with her, so emboldened by her instructions and so animated by her presence, that he fairly brings down the house, astonishing himself and entertaining his friends, who all declare they "never thought there was so much in him."

And thus runs our little world away, until fair soubrettes and gushing "primas," gay cavaliers, and disguised Princes, even the ruffians of the piece find their "Kismet" mutually, and often recall in after hours (at least some of them do) those pleasant scenes and those pretty little episodes which threw them together, and made them animated and amatory mortals henceforth in all that concerns this sublunary sphere. At least this ought to be the effect of their often rash proceedings and genial vagaries; that it is not so always, is only part of that cross fate which often attends the fairest promises, the best beginnings, the pleasantest prospects here.

Praed, in some verses which I may fairly commend to the notice of all young married people especially, thus depicts what ought to be the result of matrimony:—

Now the rite is duly done,
 Now the word is spoken;
 And the spell has made us one,
 Which may ne'er be broken.
 Rest we, dearest, in our home,
 Roam we o'er the heather;
 We shall rest and we shall roam,
 Shall we not, together?

From this hour the summer rose
 Sweeter breathes to charm us;
 From this hour the winter snows
 Lighter fall to harm us.
 Fair or foul—on land or sea,
 Come the wind or weather;
 Best and worst, whate'er they be,
 We shall share together.

There is a touching little story about St. Simon. He, as some of my readers know, wrote those "Memoirs" which give us the most wonderful insight into the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He was the most caustic and cynical of men, and yet so good a husband that he desired, after his death, that the coffins of himself and his wife, whose virtues he fondly commemorates, might be linked together by clasps of iron!

What a commentary, I fear, are the last two illustrations on what we call married life to-day. As some of our young men would say, "the writer's standing on his head." But I hope my readers have had the "gumption" to discover why I have alluded to "private theatricals." Not only may they introduce much pleasantness and friendship into our festive gatherings, but when a large family is assembled, they serve to add intellectual amusement into what might otherwise degenerate into tedious and humdrum formalities, without sympathy, taste, heartiness, or animation! And if our young people, when thus brought together for acting, when thus paired, when thus thrown into agreeable proximity, should think it would not be amiss if such interest and such associations were made a little more interesting still, what then? Young people are meant and are right to marry, especially if theirs be a "marriage of affection," if with congenial tastes and mutual understanding, a readiness to make allowances for each other, they gallantly resolve to go out into the world, for "richer for poorer," in "sickness and in health," for "better for worse," until "death do them part."

Surely I have found, most kind and captious reader, some use and good in private theatricals, and if anything I have ventured to suggest, however feebly, may increase the geniality of a family gathering, or please the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*, I shall not have penned this light and little effusion altogether in vain. It cannot do any harm; I flatter myself it may raise a kindly smile, and then I shall be more than satisfied. One little word more, and I have done. Mr. Gale, in his charming little book about Winchester School, tells us of a company which once assembled, but separated never to meet again, and which, strange to say, he still preferred, though he had seen Charles Kean and Macready, Buckstone and Matthews, Helen Faucit and Mrs. Nisbett.

In "College Theatricals"—one of "Blackwood's" stories—some of us may also remember how that company which played "She Stoops to Conquer" with such effect was broken up, and how the changes and chances of life made them play very different parts henceforth indeed. I, too, can recall a little company which once essayed in days of yore and under peculiar circumstances to enact "Box and Cox." They, too, have never met again! And as the "epilogue" made some smile then, it may amuse others to-day; and so I conclude my dislocated and desultory paper.

At last the curtain falls, the play is o'er,
And Box and Cox can patronize no more.
No longer Bouncer with seducing smile,
And woman's art can *two* poor men beguile;
But as all earthly shadows pass away,
So now have sped the players and the play.



You who have come to-night with kind intent,
You who have grace and beauty to our gathering lent,
You, who nor coldly critical nor austere wise,
Have not disdained "our house to patronize."
To you we tender, if but ill express't,
The grateful thoughts of each poor player's breast.

If life is short, if joys are doomed to fade,
If all our art has planned or hands have made
Is frail and perishing, still how dark and drear
Are the cold sceptic's doubt, the cynic's sneer.
Better for us that life should cease to be,
Than be of senseless dust a drear epitome!

Forbid the thought! When friendship soft and kind
Affects the sympathies and cheers the mind;
When gentler thoughts unceasingly engage
Youth's fervour, manhood's hope, and dim old age;
How blest is life, how full of soft delight,
Radiant with hope and trust, all fair and bright!

And so we bid all welcome to our play,
The old, the young, the gravest and the gay.
All hail, kind friends and patrons—in glad acclaim
We greet each friendly face, each honour'd name.
And as we part to-night, in friendship's pain,
Let's hope to meet one day in kindness again!

Like many other human wishes, that aspiration has not been granted, but the memory remains for me, as it ever does, and perhaps for one or two "sojourners" on earth, of parted friends and pleasant hours.

WINTRY ASPECTS.

BY VOYAGEUR.

NATURE is grand and charming in all its aspects and all its developments. Whether it be on the stormy ocean or the heathery moor; whether amid the "everlasting hills" or by the stillness of the placid lake; whether it be when we contemplate the war of the elements or bask in sunshiny idleness, Nature always asserts its claim to be the friend and instructress of man. In the freshness of spring, the pleasantness of summer, the repose of autumn, Nature, ever varying, is, nevertheless, ever the same in its marvels, its grandeur, its grace, and its beauty. It has been my lot to spend the opening days of 1881 in a far northern county, and amid the severest displays of "wintry aspects." The hills have been covered with snow, the lake has been frozen over, the snow which has fallen heavily has bent down the waving trees, and all around bears witness of the advent and reign of "King Winter," irresistible in his widespread dominions.

And yet in this prevailing and dominant régime of the hoary monarch, Nature seems to reassert its claim to our fervent admiration and reverential regard. How strange and sudden is the "metamorphosis." Everything around points to isolation and desolation. All seems hushed and silent over the snow-covered ground, and nothing is heard but the distant echo of the labours, the voices, the haunts of men. But, notwithstanding the universal prevalence of a sea and waste of white, blending all things and objects in happy indistinctness or monotonous uniformity, there is always something weird and wonderful in Nature's "wintry aspects," which affects deeply all the true admirers and students of Nature. It has been my privilege to see some of the fairest and most celebrated "spots" on earth, and to have the happy opportunity of noting what is noteworthy and admiring what is admirable.

I have crossed, for instance, the Atlantic in a gale of wind, and beheld with uncomfortable feelings its "mountains of waves;" I have strayed by the shores of the classic and blue Mediterranean; I have admired the Swiss and the Savoy hills; I have seen the sparkling beauty of the Tagus, the white walls of Cadiz, the wonderous beauty of Gibraltar Bay, the quaint houses of Tangiers, and the gleaming groves of Tetuan. But I hardly know of any scene of greater loveliness than where I have lately sojourned, amid the lake country of Cumberland, equally graceful and affecting in the full radiance of summer skies and the mellowed and golden tints of autumn. And now its "wintry aspects" seem equally to move my admiration, excite my wonder, and impress my sympathy. If all be stillness and repose, no noise of crowds or man's busy life, if Nature is for the time supreme in its solitude and its sternness, it is yet sublime. I look up to those stately hills, and they seem more clear and vivid in "contour" and reality when clothed in the garb of winter's livery. I gaze upon the white surface of the lake, one far, vast level of snow, and if all be the calmness and quiescence, it is also the realization of stateliness and grace. "When the moonlight is streaming," not now over the "rippling sea," as we once used to sing so cheerily of old, but over one great "steppe" of silvery whiteness. The surrounding trees and hills, and even the leaden sky, appear to lend a special enchantment to the scene as the eye travels over the well-known sea of snow, and grasps in its vision nothing but one level wilderness, illuminated by the sun's feeble rays by day, or when night comes on, by the moon's cold, calm, glistening light, bringing into minute reality

and wondrous distinctness every point, every bay, every hill, and even every tree; and then all is still, all is tranquil, all is hushed, and as some one has said, all is "silent as the grave." Far from the haunts of men, removed from the dwellers upon earth, we begin to realize what it is to live in solitude amid the woods or by the "waters," and we learn to feel how refreshing it is for us all, and how good to enjoy for a little this happy exchange from the ceaseless uproar of a great city, and what we are pleased to term "civilization," to find ourselves amid the calm and soothing repose of the countryside, the attractive isolation of trees, the rippling of the lake, the music of the rills, and the unchanging quiescence and beauty of those wondrous hills. "God made the country, man made the town," is as true as ever. Amid the peaceful loveliness of nature all the artificial creations of civilized life fade away into nothingness; face to face with her charms and her truths, we are compelled reverentially to trace and lovingly to admire that Supreme Wisdom and Goodness which are patent to the thoughtful mind alike in its ceaseless march, its mightiest marvels, and its most beautiful appearances. As to-day, I look upon the hills gleaming with the white snow, it seems to me as if everything blends into one harmonious whole, alike magnificent and affecting. I learn the great and wholesome truth, for us all alike, that Nature has countless lessons for its patient students and its loving disciples, and that even in its "wintry aspects" there is still much to interest and to move those whose eyes are not blind to all those realistic charms which Nature, ever kind, has in all its moods and vagaries, its hourly outcome, its ceaseless developments for us poor children of the dust. In the regular flow of needful seasons, amid spring blossoms, summer flowers, autumn foliage, and wintry aspects, Nature is ever the same before us, great, beneficent, admirable, and marvellous. Happy it is for us if we imbibe a taste for Nature's scenes, if we love its ways, if we learn its law, and seek to turn with reverential sympathy the pages of its ever open book. When we are worn and jaded with mental labours, or bodily ailments, when we find civilization itself too much for us, with its normal habits or abnormal excrescences, how good and pleasant it is for us to renovate our moral tastes, to strengthen our moral vision, to reanimate our moral life with a glimpse of the more refreshing scenes and simpler habitudes of nature, a country life, and all those quiet studies and associations and aspirations which shed such peacefulness on many a humble lot, and lift the philosopher and the sage to-day above the passing troubles and petty variances of humanity.

Nature in winter has still a useful lesson for us all, and which, lost in the din and warfare of great cities, their "moiling" and their toiling, may yet be learnt by those who dwell amid lake and fell, and heath and hill, amid graceful flowers and stately trees, since to them Nature is ever friendly, ever welcome, ever charming, ever striking, whether in the blaze of the summer sun or in the full force of wintry aspects.

ON A DROP OF WATER.

CO-EXISTENT with all matter from the beginning, cycles of time untold ere this glorious and wondrous earth came forth from the bosom of God, its eternal Lord and Maker, while darkest chaos universal spread its unpenetrable mantle the wide world around, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Bre this drop of water passes us by, and is again dissipated in this most glorious noontide ray, can we cast our minds back and reflect its wondrous and eventful history, if only from the bounds of human recollection. Far in the darkest mist of bygone ages, did it not then pass through its never-ending cycle of birth, death, and resurrection, hourly distilling into dew; daily pursuing its course to the mighty and unfathomable ocean; and ever and continually arising and ascending into heaven, an emblem of that purity that can only enter there? returning, ever and anon, like sweetest ministering spirits of charity, to its constant and universal work of beneficence and blessedness.

Far from the most sacred river of hallowed story, brought to fitly symbolize the sinless innocence and purity of babyhood, 'tis shed in a sacred shower upon the darling infant face, when dedicated solemnly to God and all good.

Ever recognising the power, and obeying the influences of its diurnal master the all-potent Sun, in whose all glorious presence it arises in enchanting forms in cloud and mountain mist, only to descend again at his decline. O, so may we be reminded of that more glorious Sun of Righteousness, in whose all-embracing presence we continually abide! thereby recognising and consecrating the universe as a temple; and "life one whole act of adoration." Realising this in all our surroundings and experiences of life, to what an hallowed and peaceful attitude of mind do we attain, till, finally, our spirits, like the pure white and fleecy clouds, arise at the final call of their Maker and beam in happiness and glorified perfection of bliss in His most holy presence. To the just and upright man death has no terrors equal to the stain of falsehood and deceit; and, as he purges from his mind the dross of evil and unworthy thoughts that, from the grossness of our nature, will too often obtrude themselves, so, fountain-like, up-wells within his soul high aspirations to that—erewhile deemed unattainable—a life in harmony with nature; a heart responsive to her thousand utterances; a devout soul communing in peace with nature's God.

But let us pause in our moralizing, and, while this gem of nature, this pure drop of water, still trembling on the bosom of this lovely flower on which it is for the passing moment our captive, speaks as from the eloquence of a beaming eye, which it might fitly symbolize from its sparkling brilliancy, revealing to our hearts some brief reminiscences of its ever transient existence.

As a drop in the mighty ocean, in the ever restless and moving sea, is it not aptly emblematic of our individual existence, tossed to and fro upon the ever-surfing wave of life; surrounded by its dangers and difficulties, its cravings and strivings, its ups and downs in circumstances alike of merriment and woe?

From the brief bright radiant birth-morning of life, to the mild misty and peaceful evening of human existence, of what scenes of direst and cruel bloodshed and strife; of hallowed and sacred sorrow; of hope, love, joy, and purest merriment and happiness, does this pure dew-drop tell!

As a drop in the bucket borne day by day and week by week to and from the well, ever and anon wearying of such a dull, stale, and unprofitable existence, yet never despairing of deliverance at some favourable and happy occasion from the dull round of its restricted edyings, and, from the monotonous thralldom of its captivity in its mossy retreat, does it not typify, and speak to us of our spirit entrammelled, encompassed, and controlled by overpowering influences for good or evil; of the sin which doth so easily beset us; of that career or line of life and conduct against which our spirit strives and longs to free us, though, alas! all too impotent against the manifold external influences of our circumstances, surroundings, and conditions, which, like the all-absorbing flesh, doth "too grossly close us in," tempting us too often to the error of complaining against our fate, and crying out against our lot, from our blindness in not recognising in all our ways of life the finger of

God directing us. Then let us ever remember that our life is in His hand that wherever we are and whatever we do, His all-seeing eye beholds us; and, while we continue our adherence to the principles of virtue, morality, and true godliness in zeal and fervency, we shall be blessed with a lively consciousness that our allegiance is true, and our souls are lightened from whatever their burdens, with the comforting and blessed assurances of approval from a *self-convincing conscience*.

Let this fast-diminishing drop of water remind us of the evanescent nature of human existence, and admonish us of the instability and uncertainty of life and of all things mundane; for, as it so rapidly is vanishing from our enraptured gaze, so through each moment of time are well-loved souls vanishing from the sight of tear-bedimmed eyes to that bourne whence no traveller returns; passing within the veil to appear in presence of the all-glorious Shekina in that holy of holies beyond all human ken.

'Tis the Eureka the eye of human reason cannot penetrate, or the eye of the human mind attempt to conceive or imagine. There, through a life consecrated from the first dawn of its existence and hallowed by acts of virtue and beneficence, and constant though humble endeavours towards the attainment of the prize of that "high calling," and having dedicated the "earthly house of this our tabernacle" a living temple to the glory of the Most High, there may, we hope, "when all life's lessons have been learnt, and sun and stars for evermore have set," on closing our eyes for ever to this world, and our spirit wings its way to those immortal mansions whence all goodness emanates; there may our name be found engraved upon the pure white stone. And, when further admitted into that holy of holies of the after life, the way towards which our feet are all tending, may we find acceptance with Him in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning.

* * * * *

What voluminous, startling, and romantic life episodes and adventures might be recounted from the memories of this simple drop of water!

But where is it? It has, alas! entirely vanished, and with it has vanished also the shadowy host of its fancies, with all the beautiful imagery it might have called forth.

IN ACTE VIRTUTE.

Fiji Islands, October 25, 1880.

A B L I N D R O A D - M A K E R .

BY WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

AMONGST celebrated characters the name of John Metcalf, commonly called "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," is well known. He was born on the 15th August, 1717, at the delightfully situated and historically noted town of Knaresborough, Yorkshire. At the early age of six years he lost his sight by small-pox, and six months after his recovery he was able to go from his house to the end of the street and return without the aid of company. At about the age of nine years he joined other boys in their bird-nesting exploits, he seeking nests and climbing trees to share the plunder. When he had reached thirteen summers he was taught music, and soon became a proficient performer; he also learned to ride, swim, and was passionately fond of field

sports. At the age of manhood it is said his mind possessed a self-dependence rarely enjoyed by those who have the perfect use of their faculties; his body was well-proportioned to his mind, for when twenty-one years of age he was six feet one and a-half inches in height, strong, and robust in proportion.

We may mention that one day Metcalf being wishful to obtain a little fish, he without aid drew a net measuring eighty yards in length in the deepest part of the River Wharfe for three hours together. At one time he held the lines in his mouth, being obliged to swim.

Respecting the River Wharfe, an old Yorkshire couplet tells us that the

Wharfe is clear, and the Aire lithe,
Where the Aire drowns one, Wharfe drowns five.

At the age of twenty-five, he was engaged as a musician at Harrogate. About this time he was frequently employed during the dark nights as a guide over the moors and wilds, then abundant in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough. He was a lover of horse-racing, and often rode his own steeds at the races. His horses he so trained that when he called them by their respective names they came to him, so he was able to find his own amongst any number, and without trouble. Particulars of the marriage of this individual read like a romance. A Miss Benson, daughter of an innkeeper, reciprocated the affections of our hero; however, the suitor did not please the parents of the "fair lady," and they selected a Mr. Dickinson as her future husband. Metcalf hearing that the object of his affection was to be married the next day to a young man selected by her father, he hastened to free her, and induced the damsel to elope with him. Next day they were made man and wife, to the great surprise of all who knew them, and to the disappointment of the intended son-in-law. To all it was a matter of wonder how a handsome woman as any in the country, the pride of the place, could link her future with "Blind Jack," and reject many good offers for him. The bride set the matter at rest by saying: "His actions are so singular, and his spirit so manly and enterprising that I could not help liking him."

At Harrogate he continued to give his musical performances in the season; he at this place of public accommodation set up a four-wheeled chaise, and a one-horse chair; it is worthy of note, he was the first to establish these for visitors. For two seasons he kept chaises, but the innkeepers commencing to run vehicles he gave them up, as he also did racing and hunting. He next bought horses and went to the coast for fish, which he took to Leeds and Manchester. We are told he was so indefatigable that he would frequently walk for two nights and a day with little or no rest; for as a family was coming on, he was as eager for business as he had been for diversion, still keeping up his spirits, as the Giver of Goodness blessed him with good health.

Next we find when the rebellion of 1745 broke out in Scotland, "Blind Jack" joined a regiment of volunteers, raised by Colonel Thomas Thornton, a patriotic gentleman, for the defence of the house of Hanover, shared with them all the dangers of the campaign, defeated at Falkirk, victorious at Culloden. It is said Jack afterwards carried on a small contraband trade between the ports on the east coast and the interior, as well as in galloways for Scotland, in which he met with many strange adventures. He was the first to set up (in 1754) a stage wagon between York and Knaresborough; this he conducted himself twice a week in summer and once in winter. This employment he continued until he commenced to contract for making roads. His first contract was making three miles of road between Miniskip and Ferronsby. After this he made hundreds of miles of road in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire; bridges and houses he also erected. He was a dealer in timber and hay, which he measured and calculated the solid contents by a peculiar method of his own. The hay he always measured with his arms,

and having learnt the height, he could soon tell the number of square yards in any stack. When he went out he always carried with him a stout staff, some inches taller than himself, which was of great service both in his travels and measurements.

In the "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester," vol. i., Metcalf is referred to as follows—"His present occupation is that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts. With the assistance only of a long staff, I have several times met the man traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. The plans which he designs, and the estimates which he makes, are done in a method peculiar to himself, and which he cannot well convey the meaning of to others. His abilities in this respect are nevertheless so great, that he finds constant employment. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton; and he is at this time constructing a new one between Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication with the great London-road without being obliged to pass over the mountains."

In 1792 he left Lancashire and settled at Spofforth, a pleasant rural village, not far distant from the town of his nativity. With a daughter he resided on a small farm until he died. At the cost of Lord Dundas, a headstone was placed to his memory in Spofforth churchyard. It bears the following interesting inscription giving a summary of his life and character :—

Here lies John Metcalf, one whose infant sight
Felt the dark pressure of an endless night;
Yet such the fervour of his dauntless mind,
His limbs full strung, his spirits unconfined,
That, long ere yet life's bolder years began,
The sightless efforts marked th' aspiring man;
Nor marked in vain—high deeds his manhood dared,
And commerce, travel, both his ardour shared,
'Twas his guide's unerring aid to lend—
O'er trackless wastes to bid new roads extend;
And, when rebellion reared her giant size,
'Twas his to burn with patriotic enterprise;
For parting wife and babes, a pang to feel,
Then welcome danger for his country's weal.
Reader, like him, exert thy utmost talent given!
Reader, like him, adore the bounteous hand of Heaven!
He died on the 26th of April, 1801, in the 93rd year of his age.

We may add his wife died in the summer of 1778, after thirty-nine years of conjugal felicity, in the sixty-first year of her age, and was interred at Stockport.

At the time of his decease, his descendants were four children, twenty grand-children, and ninety great and great-great grand-children.

ARCHAIC GREEK ART.

THE new Professor of Archæology at University College, London, Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., D.C.L., M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, wound up his inaugural course of lectures on "Archaic Greek Art" with any extra one on "The Later Period of Archaic Greek Sculpture," a short time ago. The lecture-room was crowded with

students and visitors. The five previous lectures treated of the earlier stages of Greek art from its rude beginnings at Mycenæ to the period when great advances had been made in the casting of bronze, when marble had come into more general use as the material of sculpture, and when we first found Greek inscriptions on works of art. In these five lectures Greek art was traced to as late as about B.C. 520. The later archaic period might be conceived as extending over about the half-century from B.C. 520 to about B.C. 470, soon after which date Phidias flourished. This period of fifty years was pregnant with great historical revolutions, the ultimate results of which were to establish the pre-eminence of Hellenic civilization and secure the national independence. Within this period fell the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ from Athens, the defeat of the Carthaginians by Gelon, and his rule and that of his brother Hiero at Syracuse; the revolt of the Ionians from Persia, and their final submission after the fall of Miletus; the successive victories of the Greeks over the Persians at Marathon, Salamis, Plataæ. In the same age tragedy, under Phrynichus and Æschylus, was developed at Athens, Pindar flourished, and Herodotus was born. The progress of art during the same period was commensurate with these great changes. One principal cause of this was the growing importance of the great Agonistic festivals, especially of that of Olympia. It became the custom for victorious athletes or winners of the chariot-race or horse-race to dedicate statues and groups in commemoration of their victory either at Olympia or in their native cities. Bronze was the principal material used, and thus the artists gradually learnt how to represent groups in violent action, while their observation of nature was sharpened by the study of living forms. Ageladas, an Argive sculptor, who was the teacher of Phidias, made several of these groups. Onatus, of Ægina, was another celebrated sculptor of this period. He made at Olympia a group representing the Greek heroes casting lots who should fight with Hector, and other groups and statues at Olympia. Three artists of this period—Canachus, Callon, Calamis—are associated in two well-known passages of Cicero and Quintillian, from which we gather that in the judgment of Roman critics Canachus and Callon were harder in style than Calamis, and less true to nature. The most notable work from the Attic school in this period was the group of Harmodius and Aristogiton, by Critius and Nesiotes, of which we may form some notion from a group in marble extant at Naples, from an Athenian coin, and from a vase. Calamis, who was an Athenian artist, excelled in the representation of horses, and commemorated the Olympic victories of Hiero by bronze groups at Olympia. Pythagoras of Rhegium was another sculptor who made statues of Olympic victors, and who is distinguished as having made considerable advance towards the more correct rendering of nature, especially in the representation of the surface of the body with its veins and muscles. The temples built in this period further promoted the progress of sculpture by the decorations they required in the metopes and pediments. Thus artists were exercised in the composition of complicated groups of figures in the round. The lecturer then described the various drawings which were exhibited: Two metopes from temples at Selinus, in Sicily (the earlier might date from as early as B.C. 600, the other probably as late as B.C. 470); one side of the frieze of the Harpy tomb; casts of two Sphinxes from Xanthus; a bronze representing the Apollo of Miletus; the western pediment of the temple of Athene at Ægina; a coin of Syracuse of the time of Gelon I.; a terra-cotta figure from Camirus, in Rhodes; the warrior on an Athenian steed, by Aristocles; a seated figure of Athene, from Athens.

ENDYMION.

NO book for some time has made so much sensation as "Endymion" in the literary world. Its advent was anxiously expected, its appearance eagerly hailed, its issue hastily bought up. We say nothing here of fabulous numbers or legendary payments, nor do we recur to the fact that a publisher has stated in the *Times* that had the work been published at two shillings and sixpence a volume, some five hundred thousand might have easily been disposed of. In America it has been issued, in defiance of all sympathy of copyright, in a cheap form, at seven cents a copy, and has been sold by thousands. It is now being translated into the French, Russian, German, and Italian languages.

Of course various criticisms have appeared in respect of "Endymion," all more or less coloured, we venture to think, by personal prepossessions, or party considerations. To some it is the embodiment of all that is gay and glittering, pleasant and pointed, wise and witty, serene and sentimental; in literary excellence, its point and attic salt are undeniable, its word painting are unequalled, its whole effect unsurpassable. To others it has "not much in it;" it is "too diffusive and too discursive," "it fails to seize the true teaching of humanitarian progress," or "to develop the real problem of worldly struggles"—it is "personal," "unreal," "political," and "forced," and "very far inferior to 'Lothair.'"

Words like these and many more may be read in countless papers and reviews, and as they seem to us to err, according to the German canon of fair criticism, we venture to treat the subject tolerantly and critically, calmly if shortly, in these unbiassed pages. With the "perversities of politicians" or the "quandaries of statesmen," we have, as "Freemasons," nothing whatever, and most properly, to do; but we have a right to look at a book like "Endymion" critically and carefully, without preconceived opinions, without any hidden bias, and to express our opinion openly and freely in a magazine where truth and impartiality ought always to be present, to preside over the lucubrations of contributors, to criticise the expositions of the best and clearest of "Didaskaloi."

We think that but scant justice has been rendered to "Endymion." It may or may not be the sequel of those wondrous works which, beginning with "Vivian Grey," were continued in "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," were reproduced in "Lothair," and are now, some say, crowned in "Endymion." On that point we ourselves do not seem to feel so sure as some knowing and confident critics.

The pen which has produced so many quaint contrasts and amusing conceits, the mind which has drawn pictures of fellow mortals not equalled in some respects by delicacy of touch, clearness of conception, and vividness of reality, seem neither weakened nor wearied.

In some respects "Endymion" is superior to "Lothair," and what some hold to be a fault in "Endymion" are not faults and blemishes to us, because we have read and were satisfied with "Lothair." Probably few ever expected to read again the telling sentences of that gifted writer, especially in the form which "Lothair" took of contemporary "miniaturism," and pre-raphaelite effects, and therefore to-day a chorus goes up—and of a good many, too, who, we strongly suspect, have not read "Endymion"—"much inferior to 'Lothair.'" Well, but is it? We venture to think not, and we will go on to say why.

"Endymion" does not pretend to deal with the "airy nothings," the

happy gracefulness of "Lothair." It is far more serious in tone and chiaro-oscuro. It handles serious subjects, that is to say, subjects serious to the writer (in this all his works show him to be consistent), and he treats them accordingly. The only fault we see in the book, is that it is a little too given to "disquisitions" here and there; that there is a tendency to enlarge on a favourite topic, or dilate upon a cherished idea. But yet, on the other hand, how very remarkable a book it is. How subtle, and yet how striking, is the character of Lady Montfort; how admirably conceived, how calmly and gracefully developed. We almost seem to hear her ringing words, to greet her pleasant presence, to admire her winning smiles. Imogen is a charming portrait, and so are Adriana and Myra. Zenobia some of us almost think we knew and spoke to in glad hours of old, and those days, alas, "that are no more;" while, on the other hand, how very remarkable are the portraitures on portraitures of Sidney Wilton, Lord Montfort, Lord Roehampton, Mr. Ferrars, Mr. Neufchatel, St. Barbe, "ann multis aliis."

A question comes in here, how far these wondrous representations are "personal." We apprehend that they are compound creations, and with a skill which is almost marvellous, and with a fidelity which is unequalled, the writer has invested distinct idealities and personalities in one and the same person, so rendering the likeness all but impossible to trace, the reality all but hopeless to master, because, while the lineaments are there, or the idiosyncracies, or the similitude itself is apparent, if the "hands are Jacob's hands" the "voice is the voice of Esau."

As an illustration of what we mean, the history of the Neufchatel family is really the history of the Thelluson family, though it has been said to represent the Rothschilds, and both may be represented, or one, or neither. Indeed, though we may ourselves fancy we trace a likeness here and there, on the whole we incline to the view that the writer has deliberately mystified his readers, and that he leaves us in that charming doubt which adds pregnancy to the description, and point to his happy and glittering sentences.

One fallacy seems common just now, which we feel bound to deprecate and protest against. We have seen it frequently said that if it had not been written by Lord Beaconsfield it would not have been read, and that its fame is passing and will not endure. We doubt both propositions, which we think unfair to the writer, and still more so to the book. It is a very wonderful book in itself, in that it has succeeded in investing a dead past within our own recollection with all the reality of life, excitement, and interest with which some of us took part in those scenes, or spoke to those very persons thus admirably portrayed. This is contrary to the way of the world, and we can all remember how one of the most gifted writers of the day, Anthony Trollope is even held to have failed (though we always thought unjustly) in Phineas Finn and the Prime Minister. We apprehend, on the contrary, that the book will "live," in that it perhaps represents some of the clearest and most effective representations of normal society which it has ever been our lot to peruse.

And here for us is its great charm. It is real, emphatically real; true to the characters it represents, the life it represents, the hopes, the plans, the longings, the struggles it so buoyantly and genially limns with such a gentle colouring, yet with "cunning craft." As we muse over those candid and animated pages, as we listen, or wonder, or smile, or are sad, we see how true to his vocation, how skilled in his art, the painter is, and we are all but melancholy when the curtain falls, for we have learnt to sympathize with these pleasant shadows, to smile approvingly, to listen contentedly, as one by one they seem to pass before us and bid us adieu; and we admire deeply the painter who has led us on through stirring years with graceful words, of which we never tire, and with a "realism" which is all but wondrous to us in its clearness, its calmness, its happy audacity, and its enduring truth.

WHIST.

IN a Transatlantic journal we find the following excellent rules to observe in playing the game of whist. Old Hoyle's elaborate explanations and directions are condensed within a brief space, and may amuse and please some hardened whist players amongst us.

If you the modern game of whist would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow :
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play, not one alone, but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand ;
And hence there is necessity the strongest
That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.‡

In this, with ace and king, lead king, then ace ;
With king and queen, king also has first place ;
With ace, queen, knave, lead ace and then the queen :
With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen ;
With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede ;
In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play ;
But trumps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the best your hand contains,
If you received not more than three at first ;
If you had more, you may return the worst.

But, if you hold the master card, you're bound
In most cases to play it second round.

Whene'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong
To lead up to the weak, or through the strong.

If second hand, your lowest should be played,
Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made ;
Or, if you've king and queen, or ace and king,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them ;
When you hold five, 'tis always right to lead them ;
Or, if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.

Watch also for your partner's trump request,
To which, with less than four, play out your best.

To lead through honours turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.
When, second hand, a doubtful trick you see,
Don't trump it, if you hold more trumps than three ;
But, having three or less, trump fearlessly.

When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend ;
But always force the adverse strong trump hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed
The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard, weak suit you ought to choose,
For strong ones are too valuable to loose.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IN "Under the Grand Old Hills" (London: Weir), Miss Rosa Mackenzie Kettle has succeeded in presenting the most graphic descriptions of West Worcestershire scenery we ever read. These pen-pictures are so true to nature that all who happen to be acquainted with Malvern and its neighbourhood cannot fail to be impressed and charmed, while strangers to the locality must, as a natural sequence, evince a laudable desire to visit the scenes so lovingly depicted. Seated on the summit of the Herefordshire Beacon, one can trace the daily course of the rider on the black horse, who figures so prominently in the story, in all its minutæ. The meandering lane, beautified with shady nooks, which dips suddenly on its way to the Severn, is plainly discernible, and did it not lack the glitter and glint of water, might itself be taken for a rivulet running to the parent stream. Fane Court and Dower House are perhaps hidden from the gazer's view by the foliage and the curve of the hill; but if he were in the mood to solve a pleasing problem, Deep Dene and Aviemore might be selected from the houses in the distance—an entertaining speculation. "Under the Grand Old Hills" is of course a standard work at Malvern, and seems likely to remain so for a long time to come. Not only is the local *scenario* an attraction to the reader, be he a resident or merely paying a visit to the western water shrine, but the story itself is one of such quiet power as to enchain everyone who peruses the work. It is not our intention to reveal the plot. That would manifestly be unfair to the author. Our readers cannot do better than hear it unfolded in the author's own graceful manner. Suffice it for us to say that it is well conceived and equally well worked out. The characters are no mere sketches, or, like Apelles' portrait of Antigonus, presented in profile only, but are firmly and faithfully drawn and finished. One of the characters introduced suffices to tincture this thoroughly English story with all the golden glamour and effulgence of that deep romanticism incident to Southern climes. The waywardness, the Spanish trickiness, not to say deceit, the foibles and ambition of Cora, are well portrayed; and the artistic effect is not broken by making this petulant little beauty settle down to the matter-of-fact manners and habits which obtain in England at the present time.

By the same author is a prettily got up half-crown volume called "Christmas Berries and Summer Roses" (London: Weir), which is published with a view to aid the poor in Ireland and for other charitable objects, the whole of the receipts being devoted thereto. The little book contains some remarkably effective stories and poems, which are written in Miss Kettle's customary excellent style. We doubt not that many of our readers will communicate with the author, and so assist her in the good work she thus modestly inaugurates.

From Messrs. J. A. Brook and Co. comes a volume from the pen of Mr. Henry Solly, the well-known author of "Gonzaga," "Gerald and his Friend the Doctor," etc. It is called "The Shepherd's Dream: A Dramatic Romance," and treats a subject which will be highly interesting to almost all classes of readers. Mr. Solly is gifted with great dramatic power, and his exceedingly effective style might well be emulated by aspirants to public notice as dramatists.

The Burlington (London: Remington and Sons) is the title of a new aspirant to public support in the magazine world. It is edited by Miss Helen B. Mathers, the brilliant author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," etc., who opens the number with

the first instalment of what promises to be a powerful novel, called "The Story of a Sin." Shirley Smith, the popular author of "St. Martin's Summer," etc., gives the opening chapters of a storiette; and other writers, such as Frederick Locker, H. W. Lucy, G. Barnett Smith, Oscar Wilde, etc., make up an excellent number. *The Burlington* will succeed.

An Art Club is about to be established in the town of Hull, with Mr. T. Tindall Wildridge, a local artist of high repute, as its honorary secretary. Its principal objects will be the formation of an Art Gallery, and the encouragement of the study of Art in all its varied branches.

Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., under whose guidance *The Antiquary* has achieved so marked a success, has, we regret to learn, retired from the editorship of that magazine, which will for the future be conducted by two Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. The January number is well up to the high standpoint of excellence attained in the two completed volumes. We note amongst the announcements of forthcoming contributions an article entitled "Old-Time Terrors of Termagent Women," by Mr. T. B. Trowsdale.

Through Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Mr. J. Platt has just produced a thoughtful volume entitled "Life." Culture, health, recreation, common-sense, thrift, marriage, and religion are amongst the topics treated of; and in most cases the advice given is of a thoroughly sound and practical description.

Mr. William Smith, F.S.A., an accomplished archæologist and historical writer, sends us the prospectus of a work which he will shortly issue in elucidation of the folk-lore, customs, and traditions of Yorkshire. It is to be made up principally from contributions to the antiquarian columns of the *Leeds Mercury*, and will be appropriately dedicated to Sir Edward Baines, D.L., the veteran journalist, who has for so lengthened a period been associated with that paper. A large proportion of the contents will come from Mr. Smith's own pen; and he is able to announce the co-operation of such reputable writers as A. W. Morant, F.S.A.; Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.; Canon Greenwell; William Andrews, F.R.H.S.; John Holmes, F.S.A.; and a host of other authorities on the old-time associations of the North. The list of subjects to be dealt with is a most attractive one, and Mr. Smith's venture will doubtless meet with hearty appreciation and support. The volume, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans and Co., will be uniform with the editor's elegant work on "The History and Antiquities of Morley."

"Golden Hours" (W. Poole, Paternoster Row) is a commendable sixpenny monthly. The current number contains the commencement of serial stories by W. Gilbert and Mrs. Spender; and articles by Messrs. Martin F. Tupper and T. B. Trowsdale. Illustrations and letter-press are alike excellent.

Shortly there will be published in Nottinghamshire a volume of considerable interest, national as well as local, from the competent pen of Mr. Cornelius Brown, author of "The Annals of Newark." In it will be given concise sketches of the lives of notable natives of Notts.

We note that Mr. William Andrews is contributing a series of interesting sketches of old Caledonian customs to the deserving new northern serial, "The Blue Bells of Scotland."

The same author, in conjunction with Mrs. Andrews, is concurrently furnishing to a number of provincial journals some practical articles entitled "Good Fare: What to Eat and How to Cook it."

From Mr. Elliot Stock we have the first volume of "The Churches of Yorkshire," by W. H. Hatton, F.R.H.S. We have previously directed favourable attention to this important work, which is being issued in monthly parts. We would take the opportunity afforded by the publication of the initial

volume of according to it a further tribute of unqualified praise. In setting about the elucidation of the history of the ecclesiastical edifices of Yorkshire, Mr. Hatton has undertaken a heavy and responsible task; and, so far as he has proceeded, we are bound to say he has succeeded admirably. Volume I. is an elegant quarto of some one hundred and seventy pages, well illustrated, and adorned with a tastefully illuminated title page, and rendered additionally valuable as a standard work of reference by the elaborate index of fourteen pages. This, we gather from the preface, is the work of Mr. T. B. Trowdale, a gentleman who has furnished the indices to a number of important recently published works.

Society seems to meet with the success it merits, in both the newly inaugurated Saturday edition, issued at a cost of threepence, and the older established Wednesday penny issue. Its *persiflage* is pungent and eminently readable, and, in fact, every feature of the journal shows enterprise and editorial ability. Two short stories from the pen of Horace Weir, a writer better known perhaps by his literary *nom de plume* of "L'Allegro," entitled "Ralph Bradleigh's Wraith" and "Desdemona" respectively, strike us as indicative of considerable power on the part of the author. These tales have been succeeded by a serial novel, which opens with considerable promise. The dramatic notes to be found in the pages of *Society* are clever and discriminating.

OBITUARY.

WE have to deplore the deaths of some very excellent and distinguished brethren during 1880, some of whom deserve most special mention in the *Masonic Magazine*. First on the list in almost every sense comes our lamented Bro. John Hervey, whose services to English Freemasonry were great, whose loss we all lament. We may also fitly record Bro. the Rev. John Huyshe, an old and much loved Mason, eminent for his services to his province and Grand Lodge, and a distinguished member of the Templar body. We can also recall the life and memories of Bros. T. J. Sabine, who died actually on December 29th, 1879; E. Booth, Joseph Stohwasser, Chas. Horsley, Lieut.-Col. Arthur Pickard, Dr. Robert Hamilton, the Marquis of Dalhousie, Edward Cox, E. Snell, F. H. McCalmont, Colonel W. Mure, M.P., Colonel J. W. Peard, J. Whitwell, M.P., and Alderman John March. We have also with deep regret to note the loss of the following worthy members of our Order, many of whose services in Freemasonry in their own quiet spheres of work and duty were very valuable and very true. But, alas! as the world runs on and time fleets with each dying year, the "mourners go about the streets," and many kind faces disappear from our midst, and many warm hearts we miss sadly:—

Bros. David Pullen, December 15th, 1879; James Coward, P.G.O., January 22nd, 1880; W. Clark, P.M. 17, Past S.G.W. Bengal, January 22nd; H. W. Lindus, Senior P.M. and Sec. 1269, Senior P.Z. and S.E. 1269, January 31; F. Hickson, S.W. 581, February 6th; R. Helsdon, P.M. 733, 1549, February 14th; Col. H. P. Le Strange, G. Supt. Norfolk; William Sendell, February 12th; John Batty Lambert, P.M. 298, 580, 613, 1403, P.Z. 580, and P.G.D. E. Lancashire; A. Macgilivray, J.D. 1559; John Wood, P.M. 1073, Past G. Org. Cumberland and Westmoreland; S. W. Dankes, P.M. 162, Past G.S. of W. Kent, March 8th; Chas. Coote, P.M. 205, 1319,

P.Z. 753, Past G.O. Middlesex; W. H. Hall, 1351; C. Geary, P.M. 19; G. Copland, April 3rd; Alderman Bull, of Bedford, April 10th; J. Noke, P.M. 87, April 2nd; E. G. Pottle, M.R.C.S., P.M. 869, Past G.S.B. Herts; W. Ashworth, P.M. 367; James Robertson, P.M., etc.; H. Miskin, P.M. 1449; A. Jessup, Treasurer 913; T. E. Dale, P.M. Duke of Lancaster Lodge, No. 1353; Rev. E. J. Treffery; John Ward, P.G.P. N. and E. Yorks; H. E. Tonks, P.M. 711; Chas. Nash, P.M. 79, P.Z. 907; George Bradford, P.M. 237; Dr. Samuel Bryant; C. J. Cooke, Past Grand Officer of Kent; Edward Amphlett, M.R.C.S., P.M. 1492, 1597, etc.; James Goodwin, P.M. 267; Wm. Grist, S.W. 1637; John Jones, P.M. 216; T. J. Hughes, 216; Joseph Clegg, P.M. 1299; Wm. Smalley, 177; Hugh Rowland Edwards, P.M. 249; T. G. Dallin, P.M. 357, Past G.W. Oxfordshire; J. E. Garside, J.W. 533; and T. D. Berry, P.M. 179.

In the non-Masonic world, the following elaborate list of those who have passed away, and which we mainly take from our contemporary the *Times*, may not be without interest for the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*:

In Royal circles we have to record the deaths of the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Siam, Duke Frederick Christian Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Orloff of Russia, the Prince de Ligne, the eldest son of King Theobald, Princess Charlotte Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Ulrich of Wurtemberg, and the Maharajah of Jeypore.

The following members of the Peerage died in 1880: The Marquis of Anglesey, the Earls of Bessborough, Crawford and Balcarres, Kilmorey, Kintore, and Roden; Viscounts Mountmorres and Stratford de Redcliffe; Lords Ashtown, Belper, Clifford of Chudleigh, Hampton, Lanerton, Rivers, Sinclair, and Wenlock; and the Baroness Lucas (Dowager Lady Cowper).

The following Baronets have died during the same period: Sir William Bagge, Sir Thomas Bernard Birch, Sir Henry Charles Blake, Sir Thomas Fletcher Fenton Boughhey, Sir Theodore H. L. Brinckman, Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Sir Robert Burdett, Sir John Charles Burke, Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, Sir Alexander Campbell, Sir Dominic Corrigan, Sir Vere Edmond de Vere, Sir Peter Fitzgerald ("the Knight of Kerry"), Sir Thomas Hare, Sir Charles Kennedy, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, Sir William Mordaunt Milner, Sir Claude Scott, Sir Thomas Tancred, the Rev. Sir John H. Calme-Seymour, Sir Francis Vincent, and Sir Robert Wilmot-Horton. Of the above baronetcies, those of Birch and Cockburn have become extinct.

Of the various orders of Knighthood the following names have passed away: Sir Redmond Barry, Sir Thomas Bouch, Sir Cecil Beadon, Sir John Bloomfield, the Hon. Sir George Cadogan, the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Cave, the Right Hon. Sir James W. Colville, Sir Thomas F. Elliot, Sir William Erle, Sir John Goss, Sir Fortescue Graham, Sir Robert Gill, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir William Linton, Sir John Low, Sir Francis Lycett, Sir John Macneill, Sir William Martin, Sir William L. Merewether, Sir John Milton, Lord George Augustus F. Paget, K.C.B., Sir Benjamin T. Phillips, Sir Charles Pressley, the Right Hon. Sir George Hamilton Seymour, Sir Maurice Stack, Sir John W. Tarleton, Sir Edward Eyre Williams, Sir James Milne Wilson, Sir John Stewart-Wood, and Sir Charles Yorke.

In the Legal world the losses have been very heavy, including Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, the Right Hon. Sir James W. Colville, Lord Justice Thesiger, Lord Chief Baron Kelly; Sir William Erle, late Justice of the Common Pleas; Sir William Martin, ex-Judge of New Zealand; Lord Ormidale, a Scottish Judge of Session; Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick, a puisne Judge in British Caffraria; Sir Redmond Barry, a puisne Judge in the Supreme Court of Melbourne; Sir Edward Eyre Williams, ex-Judge in Victoria; Mr. Justice Stockenstrom, of Griqualand West; Mr. Serjeant Parry; Mr. Donald Robertson, Deputy-Clerk of Session in the Court of Scotland; Mr. John R. Kenyon, Q.C.; Mr. George Boden, Q.C., Recorder of Derby; Mr.

Acton Tindal, Clerk of the Peace for Bucks; Mr. Aldborough Henniker Q.C.; Mr. John Locke, Q.C.; Mr. Archibald J. Stephens, Q.C.; Mr. James Booth, C.B., some time Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. George Clive, formerly Judge of the Southwark County Court; Dr. George Battersby, Q.C.; Mr. Biggs Andrews, Q.C.; Mr. Henry Pownall, many years chairman of the Middlesex Bench of Magistrates; Mr. John Gilmour, late Deputy-Judge of the Liverpool and Birkenhead County Courts; Mr. John C. Stephen, "Deemster" for the Isle of Man; Mr. Charles Trevor, formerly Controller of the Legacy Duty Office; Dr. Joseph Sharpe, formerly Professor of Jurisprudence at University College, London; Dr. William Porter, C.M.G., formerly Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope; Mr. James C. Coffey, Q.C.; the Hon. William C. Spring-Rice, Registrar in Bankruptcy; Mr. Reginald R. Walpole, formerly Reader on the Law of Real Property to the Society of Gray's Inn; Mr. William Spooner, Judge of the County Courts for North Staffordshire; Mr. Richard Armstrong, Q.C., Serjeant-at-Law; Dr. John Carr, formerly Chief Justice of Sierra Leone; Mr. George Browne, Q.C., Recorder of Ludlow; Mr. Roger Montgomerie, Deputy Lord Clerk Register of Scotland; Mr. William Wilde, formerly Chief Justice of St. Helena; Mr. A. C. Palles, of Dublin; and Dr. Kenealy, ex-Q.C.

Our losses in the two services of the Army and the Navy include Field-Marshal Sir Charles Yorke, General Sir John Bloomfield, General the Hon. Sir G. Cadogan, Colonel Merewether, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Benjamin T. Phillips, General Sir Fortescue Graham, General Sir John Low, General Sir Maurice Stack, Admiral Tarleton, General Lord George Augustus Paget, K.C.B., Major-General Thomas Raikes, C.B., Lieutenant-General Frederick Amelius Wimper, C.B., Lieutenant-General Rodolph De Salis, C.B., Major-General Alexander Boyd, Lieutenant-General William George Woods, C.S.I., Admiral William P. Johnson, Colonel G. P. Sherrard, General William Munro, C.B., and General Huyshe, C.B., etc.

Among Clerical circles the following are missed: Dr. Power, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge; Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford; the Ven. Robert Wickham, late Archdeacon of St. Asaph; the Very Rev. Canon Oakley; the Very Rev. Dean Hamilton, of Salisbury; the Rev. John Rodgers, of St. Thomas Charterhouse; the Rev. Canon Miller, Vicar of Greenwich; the Rev. Dr. Wenger, Missionary at Calcutta; Dr. Phillips, formerly Principal of King William's College, Isle of Man; the Ven. George Bland, Archdeacon of Northumberland and Canon of Durham; the Rev. William Calvert, Minor Canon of St. Paul's; the Hon. and Very Rev. Augustus Duncombe, Dean of York; the Rev. Alexander Keith, D.D.; Dr. Brown, Roman Catholic Bishop of Newport and Minevia; Cardinal Appuzzo, Archbishop of Capua; Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers; Cardinal Pacca; the Rev. Monsignor Russell, President of Maynooth College; the Right Rev. Monsignor Oleron, of Northampton; Dr. Scandella, Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar; the Very Rev. Canon Jeffries, of Birmingham; the Very Rev. Canon Boardman, of Salford; the Very Rev. Canon Ivers, of Birmingham; the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott; the Rev. Lord Charles Amelius Hervey; and the Rev. Edward C. Woollcombe.

The following members of the House of Commons have died during the year: Mr. John S. Wright (Nottingham), who died before actually taking his seat; Mr. William A. Redmond (Wexford), Colonel William Muir (Renfrewshire), Mr. William H. O'Leary (Drogheda), Mr. Thomas H. Clifton (North Lancashire), Mr. John Lock, Q.C. (Southwark), Sir William Bagge (Norfolk), and Mr. John Torr (Liverpool).

The following ex-M.P.'s have also left us: Mr. William Leslie (Aberdeenshire), Mr. John Handley (Newark), Mr. Richard M. Bellew (county Louth), the Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall (county Kildare), Mr. Martin Tucker Smith (Wycombe), Mr. John F. Stanford (Reading), Mr. Evan M.

Richards (Cardiganshire), Mr. Richard Armstrong, Q.C. (Sligo), Mr. James Henry Deakin (Launceston), Lord George Cavendish (North Derbyshire), Lord Francis N. Conyngham (county Clare), Major G. O'Halloran Gavin (Limerick), Mr. Roger Montgomerie (North Ayrshire), Mr. William Lacon Childe (Wenlock), Mr. Edward Heneage (Great Grimsby), Mr. John Martin (Tewkesbury), Mr. William Watkin E. Wynne (county Merioneth), Sir Alexander J. Cockburn (Southampton), Sir Francis Vincent (St. Albans), Colonel Francis Vernon Harcourt (Isle of Wight), Mr. George Olive (Hereford), Sir Fitzroy Kelly (East Suffolk), Sir William Erle (Oxford), Mr. Edward Ellice (St. Andrews), Mr. Philip Twells (London), Mr. Robert Dalglish (Glasgow), Mr. Robert James Tennent (Belfast), Mr. Charles P. Phipps (Westbury), Sir Stephen Cave (Shoreham), Sir William Bage (West Norfolk), Sir Thomas B. Birch (Liverpool), Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson (Hartlepool), Mr. George Leopold Bryan (county Kilkenny), Mr. John Hales Calcraft (Wareham), Mr. William McCombie (West Aberdeenshire), Mr. John C. D. Charlesworth (Wakefield), General Lord George Paget (Beaumaris), Mr. Richard B. Wingfield Baker (South Essex), Mr. George Dundas, C.M.G. (Linlithgowshire), Mr. William H. Chicheley Plowden (Newport), Mr. Nicholas P. Leader (county Cork), Mr. John Jope Rogers (Helston), and Dr. Kenealy (Stoke-upon-Trent).

In the fields of Literature, Science, and Art we number up our losses : Dr. T. M. Brewer, the American ornithologist; Dr. Fairbank, Her Majesty's surgeon; Mr. Edward M. Barry, R.A.; Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor, F.R.S.; Dr. William Budd, F.R.S.; Mr. Charles Lees, R.S.A.; Mr. Edward William Cooke, R.A., F.R.S.; Mr. John Parker, antiquary; Mr. Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*; Mr. George H. Rogers Harrison, *Windsor Herald*; Mr. Planché, *Somerset Herald*; Mr. Thomas Bell, F.R.S.; Dr. William Sharpey, F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in University College; Mr. David Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen; Dr. Robert Bullock-Marsham, Warden of Merton College, Oxford; Mr. Thomas Landseer, A.R.A.; Mr. Robert Fortune, the oriental traveller, botanist, and author; Mr. William H. Giles Kingston, author; Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the authoress; Miss Innes, formerly editor of "Lodge's Peerage"; Mr. George Wharton Simpson, F.S.A., editor of the *Photographic News*; Mr. J. J. Mechi, the scientific agriculturist; Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A.; Mr. Frank Buckland, Her Majesty's Inspector of Fisheries; Dr. Edwin Guest, F.R.S., late Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; Mr. Pierce Egan, author; Mr. James Coward, organist of the Crystal Palace; Mrs. Charles Kean, actress; Miss Neilson, actress; Mr. Charles Harcourt, actor; Mr. George Honey, comedian; Ole Bull, the celebrated musician; Mr. John Cousen, the landscape engraver; Dr. Hodgson, Professor of Commercial and Political Economy and Mercantile Law in the University of Edinburgh; Miss Maria Louisa Charlesworth, authoress; Mr. Benjamin Ferrey, F.S.A., architect; Mr. Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S., late Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at King's College, London; Mr. David T. Ansted, F.R.S.; Mr. Jacques Offenbach, musical composer; the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, B.D., the well-known antiquary and ecclesiologist; Professor Lessing; and "George Eliot."

We may number among the miscellaneous deaths, not included in any of the above lists, those of the Duchess of Westminster; M. Jules Favre; the Marquis de Medina, of Spain; M. Crémieux, formerly Minister of the Provisional Government of France; Mrs. Frances Nightingale; Mr. Mark Firth, of Sheffield; the Duke de Gramont; Dowager Lady Wrottesley; Lady Bendisham; Lord George A. Beauclerk; Mr. G. F. Grace, the cricketer; Baron Ricasoli, the Italian statesman; Mr. James Cosmo Melvill, formerly Assistant Under-Secretary of State for India; Madame Thiers; the Viscountess Jocelyn; Lady Cholmeley; the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo; the Dowager Duchess of Somerset; the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke; the Viscountess

Dungannon; Viscountess Bangor; Lady Camoys; Lady Waterlow; Lady Victoria Villiers; M. Granier de Cassagnac; Miss Gladstone; the Countess Hahn-Hahn; the Dowager Countess of Longford; Lord Henry Loftus; Mr. George Grossmith; Mr. Daniel Gurney, F.S.A.; William Perry, *alias* "the Tipton Slasher," pugilist; William Thompson, *alias* "Bendigo," another pugilist; and last, not least, Madame Rachel.

And even to this long list we may add a small supplemental one for 1880: The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Mr. Herbert Taylor; Mr. Usher; Major John Godson; Major Francis Haviland; Colonel Thomas E. Briggs; Alfred Prentice, M.D.; Clement Upton; Cottrell Damer, Esq.; John Stenhouse, LL.D., F.R.S.; and Canon Clark.

PREJUDICE AGAINST FREEMASONRY.*

WE take the following admirable discourse, or Masonic sermon, unknown, we fancy, to most of our readers, as we never remember seeing it quoted, from an old volume, published in 1801, of "Discourses," practically sermons, delivered by our American brother, Thaddeus Mason Harris, P.G.C. to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. It was printed at Charlestown, by Samuel Etheridge, in 1801, as we said before, and contains much that is very eloquent in words and forcible in sense and sound Masonic teaching. The remarks of that excellent and able old writer seem very seasonable just now, when, as we note, that "cavillers" are very many, and peculiar prejudices against Masonry exist unaccountably in many minds. Let us hope that they will be dispelled by these sensible words of an older teacher.

"We be slanderously reported, and some affirm that we say let us do evil that good may come."—Romans x., 3.

WHEN partiality is so busily endeavouring to render suspicious the best actions, and prejudice so artful in throwing out insinuations to the disadvantage of the worthiest characters, who can expect to escape "the strife of tongues?" Especially as the ignorant and the evil-minded are ever ready to adopt the surmise, however improbable, and to give currency to the imputation, however unjust.

Even our blessed Lord, the holy and immaculate Jesus, "was despised and rejected of men." Not all the wonderful works that distinguished His ministry, not the divinity of His preaching, the disinterestedness of His conduct, nor the sanctity of His morals, could secure him from the opposition of party and the rage of malignity. He forewarned His disciples of a similar treatment, and told them that they must expect to meet with unkind usage, bitter reproach, and violent persecution, as well as He.† Accordingly "in every city they had trial of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds, and imprisonments, and tortures.‡ They were "a sect everywhere spoken against." The apostles were reproached as being pestilent, factions, turbulent, and seditious fellows.§ They were not only accused of conspiring

* A Discourse delivered at the consecration of King David's Lodge, in Taunton, U.S.A., August 28th, 1799.

† Matt. x., 24-26.

‡ Heb. xi., 36.

§ Acts xxiv., 5, 6.

against the Government of their nation and the peace of the world,* but also of aiming to overthrow the religious establishment of their own country and of all others.† Not only were there imputed to them *practices* that were dangerous, but *principles* that were unjust. So St. Paul intimates, in the passage selected as a text, that there were those who charged him and his fellow labourers in the propagation of the Gospel with holding tenets that he detested. He says no more in confutation of the vile imputation than that those who profess and practice upon such a principle deserve and will receive the highest condemnation; but to attribute to him and his associates such a motive was a false and insidious charge.

Thus we see that the best men and the worthiest conduct may be misrepresented and slanderously reported; and that the purest purposes and the noblest exertions in behalf of virtue, humanity, and peace have been stigmatized by some and opposed by others.

The most unfair and disingenious, need I add the most successful, mode of attack is to insinuate that the design, however plausible, is mischievous; or that the *end*, however commendable, is effected by *means* reprehensible and unjust.

The base and vile doctrine of "doing evil that good may come," or, in other words, "the end justifies the means," has also been alleged against the Freemasons. Or, rather, it is expressly asserted of the Jesuits and Illuminés‡ by authors who designedly implicate and involve our society with those corrupt associations; declaring it to be formed upon the same plan, founded on the same principles, and furthering the same designs.§ To be sure they make some reserves and abatements in favour of Freemasonry, but still assert it to be the fatal source to which all these bitter and destructive streams are to be traced.||

I doubt not, my brethren, but it will strike your minds with surprise and astonishment, not unmixed with indignation and horror, to be informed that our venerable and ancient fraternity is implicated with the infidels, atheists, and disorganisers of the present day in a charge of no less atrocity than a premature design, a long preconcerted plan, to destroy the religion of Christ, to subvert every established government upon earth, and to overthrow every system of civil society which the virtuous ingenuity of man has been able to invent, with a view to improve and secure the happiness of the world!¶

Looking into yourselves, my brethren, and feeling conscious of the purity of your own intentions; referring, too, to the principles of our ancient and hitherto respected institution, you are at a loss even to conjecture the motive for fabricating an allegation so unfounded, and bringing forward an imputation so undeserved and so unjust.

* Acts xvii., 6.

† Acts vi., 13, 14; xviii., 13.

‡ See Abbe Barruel's "History of Jacobinism," vol. 3, New York edition, pp. 61, 93, and 189. Professor Robinson, "Proofs of a Conspiracy against the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the secret meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati, etc."

§ Barruel, vol. 3, p. 12, note 91, 136, etc. Professor Robinson, Philadelphia edition, pp. 83, 42, 72, 75, 342, etc.

|| Barruel, vol. 3, pp. 11, 38, 41, 52, 87, 152, etc. Professor Robinson, pp. 15, 165, 343, etc. M. Le Franc, "la voile retiree."

¶ The Abbe Barruel has this assertion: "Irreligion and unqualified Liberty and Equality are the genuine and original secrets of Freemasonry, and the ultimatum of a regular progress through all its degrees." And Professor Robinson declares, "that the Mason Lodges in France were the hot-beds where the seeds were sown and tenderly reared of all the pernicious doctrines which soon after choked every moral or religious cultivation, and have made the society worse than a waste, have made it a noisome marsh of human corruption, filled with every rank and poisonous weed." And again: "Germany has experienced the same gradual progress from Religion to Atheism, from decency to dissoluteness, and from loyalty to rebellion, which has had its course in France. And I must now add that this progress has been effected in the same manner, and by the same means; and that one of the chief means of seduction has been the Lodges of Freemasons."

By artful insinuations, forced constructions, and palpable misrepresentations, modern alarmists have ascribed to the Freemasons principles which they hold in detestation, motives to which they are strangers, and actions of which they were not authors. They blend them with societies to which they have no affinity, mere political clubs whose intentions and pursuits are diametrically opposite to ours, and altogether inconsistent both with our rules and dispositions.

For those excesses, those moral and political evils which have of late not only spread war and confusion, and every evil work through the kingdoms of Europe, but endangered the security and peace of the world, the advocate for Freemasonry has no apology to offer. He contends only that they are not the fruits of his system, and cannot with any truth or justice be ascribed to it, but must be attributed solely to the corrupt schemes and wicked devices of those designing and bad men who were their real authors or abettors.

It is possible that the artful and daring heads of "the anti-Christian, the anti-monarchical, and the anti-social conspiracy," about whom so much has been written and said, may have assumed the name of Masons and professed to shelter their secret meetings for plots and cabals under the pretence of holding a lodge. But, God forbid that the innocent should be confounded with the guilty, or that Freemasonry should be accountable for projects or condemned for practices which it could never countenance. Long and deeply shall we have to regret that the opinion which the public had entertained of a peaceable and undesigning society should be thus abused. But the candid observer will do us the justice to acknowledge that the harmless fold are not accountable for the mean duplicity, the base designs, or the bloody ravages of the wolves in sheep's clothing.*

The visionary fancies which modern philosophists† may have annexed to Freemasonry, the absurd and extravagant errors they have attempted to father upon it, are foreign and illegitimate. We disavow and disown them. They bring discredit upon those who would incorporate such vanities with our system, but they debase not the purity of our original constitution. They can be urged only to shew the arts and wickedness of intriguing men; and impeach not the natural tendency of an establishment whose every precept, form, and ceremony inculcates virtue, assists order, and disposes to peace. And no one supposes it an argument against Christianity, or that impeaches its divinity, that the corruptions of Popery or the scandals of Mahometanism have been engrafted upon it; nor is it a reproach to its truth, that false professors and false doctrines have abused the sanction of its name. Such impostures were predicted by the highest authority; and, while they have faded away, the permanency of that sublime and rational system has been a strong proof of its divine origin and superior excellence. And we are assured that genuine Freemasonry will long survive the imitations of imposture and the attacks of misrepresentation.

(To be continued.)

* It is sufficiently in proof that the founders of different conspiracies, aware of the secrecy permitted to the proceedings of the fraternity of Masons, have assumed that character, and availed themselves of the credit given to that institution, in order to render unsuspected the tendency, and undetected the progress, of their own abominable machinations. From what we have heard and read, we are persuaded that the fundamental principles and general practices of Freemasonry are as opposite to those of the Illuminés, of the Propaganda, or of any other sect in hostility to good order and government, as light to darkness, or good to evil.—*London Review*, August, 1797.

† The Martinists, Eclectics, Cagliostres, etc.