

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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APRIL, 1878.

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IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

FREEMASONS' HALL, LONDON, W.C.,
9th March, 1878.

W. MASTER,

Annexed I beg to hand you Copy of a Report, and Resolutions passed thereon, at the Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge on Wednesday, the 6th instant, and beg to call your particular attention to the directions therein contained; and more especially to the 4th Resolution, which requires you to have the Communication read in open Lodge, and to cause the same to be entered upon the Minutes.

By Order of the Grand Lodge,

JOHN HERVEY, G.S.

United Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England.
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., &c., &c., M.W. Grand Master.

REPORT

Presented to Grand Lodge on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1878.

The Committee appointed at the last Grand Lodge on Wednesday, the 5th December, 1877, to consider the recent action of the Grand Orient of France, beg to report that the Grand Lodge of England has received information that the Grand Orient of France has resolved, by a considerable majority, to rescind the 1st and 2nd paragraphs of its Constitution, and to substitute for them the following laws:—

The laws as they formerly stood read thus:—

La Franc-Maçonnerie, Institution essentiellement philanthropique, philosophique, et progressive, a pour objet la recherche de la vérité, l'étude de la morale universelle, des sciences et des arts, et l'exercice de la bienfaisance.

1. Elle a pour principes l'existence de Dieu, l'immortalité de l'âme, et la solidarité humaine.

Freemasonry, an Institution essentially philanthropic, philosophical, and progressive, has for its object the enquiry after truth, the study of universal morality, sciences and arts, and the practice of benevolence.

1. Its principles are the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and human solidarity.

2. Elle regarde la liberté de conscience comme un droit propre à chaque homme et n'exclut personne pour ses croyances.

3. Elle a pour devise : Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

As they now stand they are as follow :—

La Franc-Maçonnerie, Institution essentiellement philanthropique, philosophique, et progressive, a pour objet la recherche de la vérité, l'étude de la morale universelle, des sciences et des arts, et l'exercice de la bienfaisance.

1. Elle a pour principes la liberté absolue de conscience et la solidarité humaine.

2. Elle n'exclut personne pour ses croyances.

3. Elle a pour devise : Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

2. It regards liberty of conscience as the common right of every man, and excludes no person on account of his belief.

3. Its motto is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Freemasonry, an Institution essentially philanthropic, philosophical, and progressive, has for its object the enquiry after truth, the study of universal morality, sciences and arts, and the practice of benevolence.

1. Its principles are absolute liberty of conscience and human solidarity.

2. It excludes no person on account of his belief.

3. Its motto is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

The Committee have carefully considered this action on the part of the Grand Orient of France, and having regard to all the circumstances of the case, they have unanimously agreed to recommend the following resolutions for the adoption of Grand Lodge :—

1st Resolution.—That this Grand Lodge views with profound regret the step taken by the Grand Orient of France in thus removing from its Constitution those paragraphs which assert a belief in the existence of T.G.A.O.T.U., because such an alteration is opposed to the traditions, practice, and feelings of all "true and genuine" Masons from the earliest to the present time.

2nd Resolution.—That this Grand Lodge, whilst always anxious to receive in the most fraternal spirit the Brethren of any Foreign Grand Lodge whose proceedings are conducted according to the Ancient Landmarks of the Order, of which a belief in T.G.A.O.T.U. is the first and most important, cannot recognise as "true and genuine" Brethren any who have been initiated in Lodges which either deny or ignore that belief.

3rd Resolution.—That in view of the foregoing Resolutions the W. Masters of all Lodges holding under the Grand Lodge of England be directed not to admit any foreign Brother as a Visitor unless—

1st. He is duly vouched for, or unless his Certificate shows that he has been initiated according to the Ancient rites and ceremonies in a Lodge professing belief in T.G.A.O.T.U., and

2ndly. Not unless he himself shall acknowledge that this belief is an essential landmark of the Order.

4th Resolution.—That a copy of the foregoing Resolutions be transmitted to the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, to each Grand Lodge with which this Grand Lodge is in communication, and to the W. Masters of all Lodges holding

under the Grand Lodge of England, and that it be an instruction to the W. Master of each Lodge to read these Resolutions at the first meeting of his Lodge after the reception thereof, and to direct that they shall be entered upon the Minutes.

London, 22nd February, 1878.

At the Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge, holden at Freemasons' Hall,
London, on Wednesday, the 6th of March, 1878,

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, M.W., Pro Grand Master, on the Throne,

It was moved by the Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master, and seconded by the Right Hon. Lord Sherborne, the Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master for Gloucestershire,

“That the foregoing Report, and the Resolutions therein contained, be received, adopted, and entered on the Minutes,”

which was carried unanimously.

JOHN HERVEY, G.S.

Freemasons' Hall, London, W.C.,
6th March, 1878.

SONNET.

On the late melancholy development of the Atheistic principle in the “Grand Orient of France,” as declared in September, 1877.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

As when the setting ray, at eve's decline—
Its orient grandeur fled—dies cloudily,
So dies in Gallic hearts *true* Masonry,
Which is not Atheism—nay, more divine,
Because, in the Grand Lodge above, no shrine
John saw disclos'd, save *one*—ev'n Deity—
Himself its shrine—*there* the sole temple He,
Where patently and palpably doth shine
Inscrib'd on ev'ry radiant forehead there,
In brightest characters of heav'nly flame,
The Architect's great universal Name.
Nor have they, who there worship, any share
With those who set aside or disrespect
The Name of the Almighty Architect.*

* See Rev. xxi. 22; xxii. 4.

AN HERMETIC WORK.

(Continued from page 438.)

CHAP. II.

Of the Causes and Manner of Multiplication of Life and Seed; And one way of preparing Mercury for the Philosophers Stone, and others for making of Universal Medicines, &c.

IN the beginning God gave his blessing to increase and multiply; and commanded that each Thing from its like, should draw its Form; and so created in Nature a certain Chain, or subordinate propinquity of Complexions, between Visibles and Invisibles; by which the Superiour Spiritual Essences descend, and converse here below with the matter. Yet Nature hath, nor had but one onely Agent (hidden in the universe) which is *Anima Mundi*, working by its universal Spirit, through innumerable distinct, Concretes according to their Specificq; Forms and Seeds, which God the Father, at first Creation by his word and Idea (or Son and Holy Spirit) did Glance at once into the first matter, and so set Laws and Bounds in Nature: Of, In, and over all, which he is still president, upholding, strengthening, and ordering all the said Powers, as his Instruments in every particular as well as in the general; so that a Sparrow falls not without his Providence and Power; and so kind by kind, produceth kind in all Natures, Three Kingdoms (Animal, Vegitable, and Mineral) by means of the said Seed; For as Fernelius saith, *Nihil est in ulla natura parte, quod non in se generis sui semen contineat*. There is no part of Nature which doth not contain within it self the seed of its own kind. God and Nature still use the same, and as a mean to unite the Form to its own Matter, and to raise strength and Appetite in the Patient, and to invite the active Virtue of Form and Life to work freely. Yet still its motions to tend to its own Specifick end as God had ordained; except it be misplaced or abused (as Sendivogius expresseth, or joynd to some unfit matter; which end being attained, the Life then seems Dead, or at a stand; and so Chained, Hedged, and imprisoned with Corporal Fences, that it cau work no further upon that subject to its Promotion; but onely doth *Organizare molem*, and set its Prison or House into the best order it can; Branching into several Members, that it may have the more room to employ its Faculties, evidently seen in Animals and Vegitals with various motions: But in Minerals (more opprest with matter) less apparent, and seeming slain by congelation, especially taken out of their Mines, and Mechanically used; and so onely preserves its bodily Being, till Revived with new Ferment, and Matter, whereby the Body is opened again to manifest its living, essential Moisture hid in the centre, wherein the seed and spirit of Life is placed as Fire, and then revives and restores new operations, in the new adjoined nourishment or matter. And thus Nature by help of Art may transcend (and as it were) go beyond its self; and so the Seed will still extend its power and Life, as long and often as it be thus opened and fitted with new matter and Ferments.

For Form is Light, the Source of central Heat,
Which cloth'd with Matter, doth a Seed beget;
Wherein Life, like Fire seeks it self t' increase,
And Eternize, if Fuel ne're do cease.

Helmont in *Butler*, and Sendivogius in his *new Light*, partly testifie the same. Now this Seed is no sooner produc'd, but it assaies to change the matter, and stamps its Character therein, and so presently the Matter lives, and the matter then Coworks together with the Form, to attain that end, to which the Seed implanted doth intend.

For all things live according to their kind,
Their Life is Light, as therein you may find.

Quantum quidq; habet Luminis, tantum habet & Numinis, (saith one) And thus much for Form and Seed in general.

Know further now, That Metals in the Mineral Kingdom are thus produced. Their Sulphur unctuous, Coagulates, and fixeth a fluent moisture mineral called Mercury, the which is a dry humidity that flows, yet wets not hands, its parts are so Homogeneous, that the very Fire its self doth not easily separate them. It is of waters Progeny, yet far exceeds it in weight, and firm composure, which properties come not by chance, but by Gods Decree; Providence and Power, from its Specificq; Seed, and its hidden inward Agent, Form, and Life, from *Anima Mundi*, which the Water before had not; neither yet hath it parts dissimular (hand or foot, head or eye) as Animals, or otherwise as Vegetables: but is all homogeneous, and of most firm parts and Root. Now Mercury hath most affinity with Gold, known by their equal weight, purity, firm composure, and easie mixture; next with Silver, then Jove, Saturn, Venus, and last and least with Mars, which is a Secret to understand and though Mercury may be mixt and made amalgame, with all or any, yet it will not enter into any in the Root without fit preparation and great Art; but drive away one from the other, in the Fire, which is another secret, now the reason is, for that it and they are Dead, or their Life hid, imprisoned, and Dormant within their Bodies (as is said) and the Sulphur fixt, and sealed in the perfect Metals, and earthly Fowl or Crude in the imperfect, which Mercury abhors and rejects, or cannot Cope with, being its self also in Fetters, bound to his good behaviour; and if you separate the *faces* of the latter, which are imperfect, yet you have but a fluid Mercury from them like the common; and a Crude Sulphur, too remote to join with Gold, for Gold having passed its Enchantments and Crudities, scorns to be defiled therewith any more; wherefore common Crude Sulphur, will easier join with other imperfect Mettals, than with Gold: but pure and fixt Sulphur, sooner and better with Gold than with the rest; and therefore if you would make use of the Sulphurs or Mercuries of the imperfect Metals, or the common. They must be each prepared and fitted with a living power, and so acuate as to become a fiery quickning Agent, before it can reincrudate, open and enter the body of Sol, whereby its own Water may appear, and its fiery Seed and Spirit of Life issue forth, and be made active to work upon, and in the said Female living Mercury, it being Sols own Essence, Flesh and Bone, and its proper matter, Earth and Matrix (as is said) wherein Seed will quickly fructifie and increase: for Sol though pure, perfect, and full of virtue in its self (*bodily*) must be Reincrudate, Crucified, and die to Nature, that its Virtue and Tincture lockt up, and onely single in its self Bodily, might become exalted with its body and, spiritually living, and fixt together in heavenly mansions, and so extend and communicate more largely its powerful Virtues, and Tincture to imperfect Bodies, and Spirits to redeem them from Thralldom, Corruption, and Fire by imbracing one grain of his hounteous pure Spirit, and so be raised at last to him for Eternity. For so Death and Destruction of outward Form, will be but as a Back-door to the Soul and Spirits true Birth, and its Bodies eternal Life and Union, till it come at last to the highest perfection, by its fulness of Tincture. Thus is the Philosophical Corner-stone, made a true Medicine, though rejected and scoffed at by many. And these are the effects hid from the voluptuous, Covetous, and Worldly-wise philosophers, and revealed to Solitary, meek, humble Spirits, who forsake outward pomp and vanities, to embrace the fruits of Piety and Wisdom.

Now observe further, that every thing that is convertible into Gold, hath its Mercury and Sulphur, which either is, or may be acuate, and made fiery and living for a Philosophical preparation of and with Sol, and so both the common and Metallick Mercury may be thus fitted and prepared to wed with Sol. All which Mercuries (as is said) beforehand in themselves are dead; for Mercuries preparation is thus, viz. By a mineral with sable silver Veins, which is the Dragon born in Saturns Den, devouring Cadmus with his Earthly Men.

First then this Dragon double strength' to Mars,
 Must be yet pierc't by him being God of Wars.
 Then both will Perish and become a Star,
 Where the young King is Born, who is Solar.
 Then wash equal Venus in's Blood, and let
 Them joyn, till Vulcan take them in a Net.
 Which Mercury gently on his Wings must bear,
 Till he steals their Wealth, and Sols body tare ;
 Wherein then Sol will freely shed his Seed,
 And this is all whereof we stand in need.

Which ordered right you cannot choose but speed.

If you can prepare your Mercury better,
 Do't freely, and care not for this Letter.
 For all Sulphurs and Mercuries may serve your turn,
 If pure and living join'd t' Earths will not burn.

CHAP. III.

Of the Subject and Marks of the immortal Liquor Alchahest.

HERE Reader make a little pause, and take this short hint for thy true instruction of the Alchahest and Macchabean Fire, burning in Water, and as a Serpent (or Latex) lying hid in the Cavernes of the Earth, and in other things and places ; being nevertheless but one Anomolous Balsammick Salt, passing through the world, which almost every man knows and needs, though he observes not the marks to be that thing. I say, it is the *Primum ens Salium*, and hath a mark or cross affixt on it from the Almighty, which (as Helmont saith) the Adept do know, and every curious Philosophic searcher, may find to be a sure and certain token of its true Alchahestical Virtue, beyond any Demonstration : And indeed we must not seek, or think to find that in a thing which God and Nature hath not implanted in it. For nothing can give, what it hath not. But the vertue, operation, and power thereof, may be cleared and exalted by art. This mark then I say is not the mark of Cain, or any Bestial curse, but clean contrary, and can preserve life ; so that none can kill it, though they would devour it ; which mark till you find, you shoot at Rovers ; and though the Ass have such an outward mark with Ignomy, yet Christ was pleased to ride upon it, and to grace the Cross after by his mighty power of sufferings on it, he having a Balsamick constant vertue of Patience therein over it. Some light is given of this mark and token upon it, both by Paracelsus the glory of Chymists, and by brave Helmont his great Interpreter, but coucht close up from the Rustick observation in convenient places ; yet their preparations are plainly set down to be only simple dissolution and coagulation, with easie heat, till it come to its transmuted form, without any commiscible ferment Heterogeneous to it self ; but this Serpent biting his own Tail, by digestion and Putrefaction becomes Invenomed, and so by solution mortified into the smallest Atoms possibly in nature ; and then is raised, circulated, and revived for eternity to some higher Orb or Elixir, and so not possible to mix with any elementary impurity, or ferment to be transmuted, but seperates and preserves all and every essential concrete whereto it is joyned from corruption, and the causes of death without any diminution of its or their intire created vertue.

(To be Continued.)

EARLY FREEMASONRY IN IRELAND.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Dedicated to the R.W. Bro. James Horner Neilson, of Dublin.

ONLY quite recently attention has been again drawn to the early history of Freemasonry in Ireland, by the happy discovery through my friend and Brother, J. H. Neilson, of the old Records of the "High Knight Templar's Lodge," Dublin, which, though chartered as a Craft Lodge by the ancient "Mother Kilwinning," soon struck out an independent path of its own, and worked the "high degrees." These Minutes, however, only refer to the latter part of the last century, but it is to a period at least sixty years earlier that our remarks have to do, about which but little seems to be known, and that little not having as yet received the attention it deserves.

The best book on the subject we have ever read is one now before us, kindly forwarded for our perusal by the R.W. Brother Neilson. It is entitled "Historico-Masonic Tracts," and is by "Robert Milliken, R.A.M., H.K.T., K.M., &c." Cork, 1848. There is a deal of fanciful writing in it, but when the author comes to deal with the actual history of Freemasonry in Ireland, he speaks either from personal knowledge or from the testimony of those who took part in many of the proceedings narrated, and who were known to him. Bro. Milliken himself was initiated about 1790, and when 57 years a Mason, and in the 80th year of his age, addressed the work in question "To the Freemasons of Ireland."

In speaking of the Province of Munster, Bro. Milliken says: "This Grand Lodge granted Warrants, and performed all the functions of a National Grand Lodge, perhaps from necessity, on the cessation of a superior power." The fact is, its origin is uncertain, but in our opinion was due to the action of certain members of the premier Grand Lodge of England (of A.D. 1717 celebrity). The Records came into Bro. Milliken's possession about the year 1824, having received them as a present from Bro. the Rev. James Pratt, Rector of Ovens Parish, who had bought them, with other old books, at an auction. They were presented by our Brother soon afterwards to Brother Justin McCarthy, "then Deputy to the Earl of Shannon, Provincial Grand Master of Munster; and contains Transactions of the Provincial Grand Lodge, and of No. 1, the first Lodge of Ireland." It appears that "from the last date in the Transaction Book to the next document as yet discovered, bearing date 1769, there is a lapse of about forty years," excepting a Minute of a Committee of No. 1 of the year 1761, formed to investigate the validity of that old Lodge, which had been called in question, so we are told, by some Dublin Brethren. "The Committee was held at the instance of the Grand Secretary, John Calder, who also at the same time laid before the Committee a charge against Lodge 95." The Brethren (composed of the Masters and Wardens of nine Lodges) declared the Warrant of No. 1 to be valid, and confirmed the members of No. 95 in their privileges. The "mal-practices" of No. 95 "it is supposed had reference to the initiation of the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, who became a Mason in that Lodge. This Lodge must have held very high rank—when the early respectability of Lodges is considered—her brothers, members of a noble family, and her husband, equally high in society, being members. Mrs. Aldworth presented No. 95, her parent Lodge, a chair of elegant construction, the first Masonic chair seen in Cork, which is still in Cork." Bro. Milliken is, we think, in error as to the reason for the Committee being appointed in 1761, as Mrs. Aldworth must have been initiated before 1744, we having discovered the name of our Sister amongst the list of subscribers to Dr. Dassigny's "Enquiry" of that year (1744), all the rest of the many subscribers being Brethren. The work itself is very scarce, the only known copy being now in the magnificent library of the Hon.

Bro. R. F. Bower, of Iowa, U.S.A. The fact, however, of the initiation of this lady, even though the date is uncertain, is beyond question, and the few additional particulars herein noted as to Lodge No. 95 are valuable. The date of the present Warrant of the Lodge is 1771, according to the authorised Calendar of the G. L. of Ireland, so it is not the original charter by which the members now work, though the same No.

No. 1 Lodge, Cork, has a Warrant of 1731, but it evidently existed before then, as the Records testify, the year 1731 simply having reference to the period of the first issue of Warrants by the then new Grand Lodge. The Earl of Barrymore was W.M. in 1770, having for his Wardens Sir Robert Tilson Deane and Governor Jefferys. In 1773 each member of the Lodge "agreed to provide a uniform of Irish cloth, the colour garter-blue, with crimson waistcoat and breeches," in order "to encourage Irish manufacture," and doubtless at that time the Brethren were much admired when clothed and arrayed as Masons in such gorgeous and striking attire.

Bro. Milliken maintains, that as the first Irish Lodge we have a written account of was held in Cork, in the extreme south, and called the "Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster," there must have been a "National Grand Lodge from a remote period," from which this Provincial of Munster must have derived its powers, the Prov. G.L. "granting Warrants, and performing all the functions of a National Grand Lodge, perhaps from necessity, on the cessation of a superior power." We have already indicated our opinion as to this matter, and shall now proceed to notice another statement of Bro. Milliken's. Lord Kingston, who was installed Grand Master of England in December, 1728, was "in the following year Provincial Grand Master of Munster," and as we know, during his lordship's year of office the Parliament House in Dublin "was about to be built, when Lord Cartaret, the Viceroy, with his suite, attended by the Corporation and garrison, and a number of gentlemen Freemasons, marched in procession and laid the footstone of the building with the usual formalities on the third of February, 1729." The following, however, is new to us, and is so likely to be the correct version, that we are inclined to accept it:—

"The Freemason gentlemen dined together, and there being no Lodge in Dublin, resolved, as was the case in London in 1717, to erect a Grand Lodge in Dublin, and invited the Grand Provincial of Munster, Lord Kingston, to take the Grand National Chair of Ireland, which honour his lordship readily accepted, gratified at being the person selected to revive the National Grand Lodge."

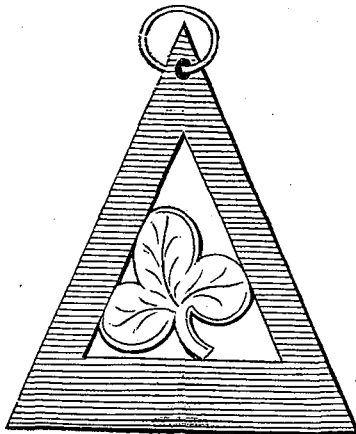
It is curious to note that in the Calendar of the G. L. of Ireland, 1878, one of the Prov. G. Masters of Munster is given as Grand Master of the G. Lodge, viz., Col. O'Brien, M.P., 1726. The eventful history of the Grand Lodge of Ireland since its advent we need not stay now to consider, neither need we allude to the recent investigations of Bro. Neilson into the character and value of the Records of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Munster, now happily traced, and a copy of which only was sold at the "Great Spencer Masonic Sale" recently; for these questions are all receiving their due attention at last, after a lapse of many years of gross disregard of our Masonic MSS. and their important testimony.

Before closing Bro. Milliken's interesting work, we should like to reproduce the following in these pages as to No. 13 Limerick, warranted in 1732:—"Two small vessels were captured by 'La Furet,' a French privateer (in 1812), commanded by Captain Marincourt. One of the vessels was from the port of Youghal, and commanded by Captain Campell of that town; the other by Captain Joseph Webb of Pool. On their being discovered to be Freemasons they were sent home on parole, having given their words as Masons to get Bro. Joseph Gautier, then a prisoner of war in England, released; or should they fail in performing their promise, they bound themselves to proceed to France within a given time, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. Captain Marincourt and the 'La Furet' became prize to the British frigate 'La Modeste,' and in consequence of his Masonic conduct was released unconditionally. Lodges No. 13, 271, and 952, of Limerick, prepared a vase, of one hundred pounds value, to be presented to Brother Marincourt, whose lamented death after his release prevented their brotherly intent. In ignorance of his death, the vase was sent to France, where it remained seven years, and ultimately travelled back to Limerick, where it remains an ornament in Lodge No. 13, and a memorial of the sublime friendship existing between Freemasons."

No. 1 Lodge voted fifty pounds from its funds for the defence of the kingdom, the other Lodges also not being behind in testifying that the spirit of the Craft did not lessen their patriotism ; and for certain, if Freemasons became soldiers, they cannot fail to act loyally to their Sovereign and be obedient and trustworthy. We should note that No. 13 is still at Limerick (1878). No. 271 has been removed to Letterkenny (Donegal), and No. 952 has been removed from the Roll.

We have purposely kept until the last our notice of the "Shamrock Lodge," No. 27, originally located at Cork. We are indebted to our Bro. J. H. Neilson, of Dublin, for the following particulars, which he received personally from the beloved and distinguished Mason the Hon. Judge Townshend, LL.D., Past D.G.M. of Ireland, who was one of the members of the old Lodge.

The "Shamrock Lodge" was originally chartered about 1740, and the Brethren thereof were distinguished by being permitted to wear their aprons with a "green flap," and a golden shamrock embroidered thereon. The first Warrant at Castle Townshend was No. 167, granted about 1830, and promoted by some Brethren who had been members of the ancient Lodge No. 15 (now at Skibbereen), which met at Rosscarberry, and which conferred the Royal Arch and Templar Degrees by virtue of exhibiting the Craft Warrant at the meetings, similarly to many Lodges in England and elsewhere in early days. The Hon. Judge Townshend was admitted a member of No. 167, whilst "under age" (by dispensation), and we are pleased to preserve such an interesting fact respecting so worthy a Mason. On the return of Bro. Dr. Townshend from England, he found that No. 167 had been exchanged for No. 27 Warrant ; but the members at Castle Townshend, whilst retaining the title of the "Shamrock Lodge," were not "wearers of the green," preferring any other colour, sometimes those quite out of fashion now. They generally, however, wore aprons entirely white (mostly of sheepskin), and of a large size, without any ornament—the Apprentices and Fellow Craft being required to turn the flap of the apron inwards, but for what purpose has not transpired. Bro. Somerville, who still lives, was one of the founders of the Lodge in the village under the revived Warrant of No. 27, and whilst at Germany, about thirty-eight years ago, for awhile, he was entertained by a Jewish Lodge, the members of which wore a special badge of distinction, which so pleased him that on his return he presented all the Past Masters of Lodge No. 27 with a silver jewel as a badge of the "Shamrock Lodge," of a triangular form, and of a distinctive character indicative of the name of the Lodge. The following sketch which we made of the jewel, which Brother Neilson has now in his possession (presented to him by Bro. Dr. Townshend), will serve to exhibit its character, and also to preserve so scarce and pleasing a memento of "ye olden tyme." Its weight is only a quarter of an ounce, being made of very thin silver.



The present jewel is the only one now known to be in existence. The members wore them for a while, but at last death removed the old Brethren, and the younger Craftsmen leaving the neighbourhood, the survivors gave up the furniture, Warrant, &c., to Bro. Somerville, that they might be protected. Bro. Somerville, on hearing of the revival of the Lodge at Dublin in 1876, sent Dr. Townshend the jewels which that good Brother presented to Bro. Guin on behalf of the members. The name is now changed to the "Abercorn Lodge," which we think a pity, under the circumstances, because the historical associations of the old Lodge may, we fear, in time be lost. The Lodge "Shamrock" at one time kept a pack of hounds, called the "Masonic Harriers," and doubtless after following the hounds in the morning, the members would often unite in the afternoon in singing the lines of the Irish poet Moore, after the Master's toast—

"O, the Shamrock! the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!"

which was their Charter-song, and the old house in the village would ring again and again with the joyous hearty chorus of the enthusiastic huntsmen and Masons. Masonic Hounds were certainly a unique appendage to the Lodge furniture, but apparently the zest for the sport in no way lessened the ardour of the members for their Masonic duties. In conclusion, we unite our prayers to the many by Brethren scattered over the globe in wishing continued health and happiness to one of the surviving members of the old "Shamrock Lodge, No. 27," in the person of the esteemed, distinguished, and beloved Brother, the Hon. Judge Townshend, LL.D., of Dublin.

THE CHAMBER OF IMAGERY.

From the "Advocate."

HAIL, workmen of the mystic labour, hail!
To-night let all things that have language speak,
Here in the image-chamber of the Craft,
Where truth and virtue beam on every hand;
Above—the spangled Arch, whose diamond rays
Twinkle sweet welcome on our road to Heaven;
Around—emblems of truth, eternal, grand,
Quaint old imaginings of bygone days;
Before—oh, blest eternally of God,
Yon Book, whose secret is undying hope;
Beneath—the earth, our mother, whence we sprung,
And in whose bosom we shall sleep at last;
All these inspire and move the Poet's heart
To claim a welcome, Brothers, in your Band,
And let them speak; those pillars that look down
In brazen symbolisms on the scene;
That golden G, that names the Sacred Name,
The Sheaf that marks His beauty and His love;
The Gavel ringing in submissive ears;
The Level, Plumb and Square on faithful breasts;
The Gauge, wise monitor of fleeting time—
Of time, whose sands no mortal may recall;
The Trowel, with its soothing tale of peace,
Each has its voice, and let it speak to-night.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

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

CHAPTER X.

You've heard tell of the Widow Malone,

Ochone !

So lovely the Widow Malone,

Ochone !

Sure she "milted" the hearts

Of the swanes in those parts,

So lovely the Widow Malone,

Ochone !

So lovely the Widow Malone.

C. LEVER.

HOW remarkable, and yet how very queer, often are the vagaries of Love, and the "tricks of trade." The philosopher, the man of the world, is often amused, often even depressed, when he notes how foolish and how perverse, and often how very questionable, are the "régime" of the one and the outcome of the other. No one can have travelled through the world without finding out how very dirty is the highway of life, how many dirty people throng it, and how difficult often here is it for the best intentioned, the most honest heart, to "hold up its head" or "its own."

We left our friends at Rome in a nice little mess, which the god of Love, ever bent on mischief, had created in that sympathetic society. The Baron von Puchner-Priessler was the Baron von Puchner-Priessler, (which is saying a good deal), and he was not in the habit of letting the grass grow under his feet, or of not seeking to "improve the occasion." Accordingly he recommenced his old habit of intimacy, his old visits, and his old platitudes,—for the good man was a bit of a bore,—with the charming and dangerous widow. He had a sort of idea, which some men I have met with in life seem to entertain, that their mere attention is to suffice for a woman, and that all the male world is also to understand that by such distinguished preference "destiny" has marked the fair "Odalisque" for their "own." Accordingly he soon manifested his admiration for Madame Allegri, and his disapproval of Don Balthazar, but, as the fates would have it, as I before remarked, ere he had arrived on the "festive scene," as Cooper says in "The Pioneers," Madame Allegri had entered into some "embarrassing and binding engagements" with Don Balthazar. We all remember that inimitable scene where Elizabeth rejects Mr. Le Quoi, having previously had a private interview with Oliver, and therefore the Baron's "empressements" were as little noted by the one as his displeasure heeded by the other. But this little episode created great amusement in the merry party at Rome, though the pretensions of the new "Claimant" were somewhat depressing and disagreeable to all. They served to throw a sense of constraint amid a friendly circle, and even a passing "nuance" of annoyance over pleasant features and sunny smiles.

Compton, who took quite a different view and line, was in fact far more dangerous to Bechner than even the great Puchner-Priessler himself could possibly be to Don Balthazar. For Compton was one of those gay and insouciant spirits who always make life sunny and gracious to all around. If it were true that he honestly admired his enchantress; if he thought her, as many a poor fellow has thought of others, truly "the girl after his own mind;" if he deemed that all that was adorable and loveable in woman was to be found in that ever-pleasant and fascinating "party," he did not intend to be a broken-hearted, nor did he profess to be a despairing lover. Like a sensible youth as he was, he took things calmly on the whole, and though he hoped to win in the race, he had too much of English pluck about him, if he was beaten, to be sulky or morbid.

But for the moment he was a rock ahead for Bechner, inasmuch as Anna laughed at his jokes, and admired his "bonhomie." Seeing clearly, as a woman always can see, how much there was of tenderness, and truth, and loyalty, and chivalry, in his composition, and as she was an admirer of such things, as all true women are, she did not conceal her pleasure in his society, or her appreciation of his attentions. Not that she was a flirt, or a coquette—she, happily, did not think either habit justifiable, nor did she consider them "good form." She was always the same for Bechner, but she claimed for herself the right to be amused, and she objected on principle to those manly heroics not uncommon among some of us lords of the creation, who affect to blame in a woman the innocent liberty and the agreeability of friendly intercourse they claim so openly and avowedly for themselves. But still, on the whole, the matter, as Paesiello confesses in his Diary, began to become a nuisance. The whole aspect of that cheery society was changed in a moment—intercourse began to become somewhat precise, conversation to appear "gené," and, to use a common if significant expression, every one was on "pins and needles." Paesiello, who was very observant, and very considerate for others, saw that if the present posture of affairs continued, everybody would get across, and he therefore determined to make a diversion, which he thought might have a good effect.

It is astonishing how in love, in war, or politics, a diversion often creates a marvelous change in the veriest if shortest space of time.

There was then living at Rome a good-looking, buxom, well-preserved widow of a certain age, who was a "foraging woman," and "patrolling" for a comfortable home for herself and her two unmarried daughters. She was what the Germans call "adel"—she had married "adel," and so her theories and tastes were "adel" in every sense and degree. To her, Baron Puchner-Priessler was a very great man indeed. In the first place, he was Puchner-Priessler; in the next, he had great wealth and a high position. He was "adel" and rich, she was "adel" and poor. Her husband, a good sort of man in his way, had left her nothing but heavy debts and two daughters, plain and portionless, good-natured, and well-educated. Here was a chance for the good woman. She who was living on the "minimum" of an income, might positively reach to a "maximum," and she and her daughters might becomingly fill that high position in society, and with the greatest *éclat* and prestige, in which they were born, and for which they were clearly intended. Why, she might even marry them! So when Paesiello, with crafty and gentle words, insinuated to the imposing dame, that he thought that Baron Puchner-Priessler positively admired her, but was too modest to say so, not only did she blush—yes! blush with delight and excitement!—but she became so marked in her sympathy for the Baron, that he, who was not very far-seeing, was quite touched by it. It was consoling for him, in the state of mind he then was, to have his feelings considered, his words hung upon, his tastes admired, and his speeches quoted; and if it be true that every one likes to be appreciated here, Baron Puchner-Priessler found that he could have a little Court of his own, in which he could play the part, (at present), of an autocratic sovereign with perfect success and complete contentment. Under these circumstances the situation was improved and bettered itself.

Every one, except Paesiello and Compton, seemed, as they say, to be "suited," and probably a few days would have beheld a remarkable "éclaircissement," as the French put it, for all, when an event took place which upset all the hopes and arrangements of that happy party, both by its suddenness and seriousness, and seemed to cast a shadow of doubt and darkness over the future of so many deeply-interested individuals.

What that event was, if any of my readers have the curiosity to seek to learn, they will discover in our next number. Until then I must ask them to remain in suspense, but to wish well to all true hearts and loyal faith, brave cavaliers and trusting womankind.

(To be Continued.)

PAPERS ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY BRO. WM. ROWBOTTOM.

(Continued from page 445.)

II.—THE DATE OF THE BUILDING.

IF, as I have shown in my last, the Great Pyramid is altogether unique in the position which it occupies on the face of the earth, it is not less remarkable in date, for from its building may be said to date the formulating of the exact sciences as systematic studies.

This is a point to which a Mason cannot give too close attention. Those who read the first part of the Lodge Lecture on "The True History of Freemasonry in England," which appeared in the January number, will remember the conclusive arguments which the writer adduces in favour of an operative origin for Freemasonry. "All our symbols," says he, "all our teaching, all our ornaments, all our jewels, all the customs and technicalities of our Lodges, from first to last, point to the operative basis, and are derived from the actual working tools and customs of purely operative and mechanical Masonry." And he accepts the traditions which make Freemasons builders in a literal sense of those wonderful constructions.

—Erected by the world's primæval sires,
The mighty relics of mysterious days."

This operative origin is, indeed, the only permissible explanation of the rise and progress of Freemasonry, but there is also, at the same time, much that is of a deeper signification, and carries the mind away in speculations, as to when this custom had its rise, whence that saying was derived, and how such and such a symbol received its application.

Of course, we may give a general assent to the statement of Preston, that "from the commencement of the world, we may trace the foundation of Masonry," and that "Ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our Order has had a being." This is true enough of Masonry regarded simply as speculative in its character, and, as a recent critic has remarked, is neither more nor less valuable than the statement that the noble science of Forestry began with the life of our first parents in the Garden of Eden.

We want something more decided than this, something that will give reality to the boast that Masonry is the oldest of all sciences; something that will connect the noble art of building with the great Creation Work of the Divine Architect Himself, and bring them into unison. Then, indeed, might we surely feel that we had found an origin worthy of our Sacred Order.

Now the date of the Great Pyramid is by no means a simple matter to determine, and were it not for a number of remarkable phenomena pointing to a particular epoch, it would indeed be still involved in obscurity. True, Egyptologists are pretty generally agreed in assigning it to the Fourth Dynasty, but since they differ some 2,500 years in their calculations as to the date of such Dynasty, but little help is to be derived from them. At the same time, it is but due to the memory of the late Mr. William Osburn, as Professor Smyth points out, to state that he ascribed the duration of the Fourth Dynasty to the years 2228 to 2108 B.C., within which period the now accepted Great Pyramid date of 2170 B.C. falls.

The Rev. Dr. Nolan fixed the limits for the building of the Great Pyramid at from 2171 to 2123 B.C., a calculation which inclines me to think that he was acquainted

with the chronology of the Western Jews, between which and Great Pyramid chronology I have recently discovered a remarkable agreement to exist. Any way, there is the strange coincidence that Dr. Nolan has fixed as his limits, dates which strangely agree with the Great Pyramid reckoning for the birth of Abraham, 2170 B.C., and the confusion of Babel, 2122 B.C. It appears to have been on this reckoning of Dr. Nolan's, that Sir John Herschel at the request of Colonel Vyse calculated the place of the then Polar Star.

Now the Polar Star of the year 2170 B.C. was *a Draconis*, and at the instant of its crossing the meridian was in a direct line with the Entrance Passage of the Great Pyramid. But the question which naturally presents itself is this:—Why should any special significance be given to that particular Pole Star? The answer to this depends upon the nature of the evidence which can be adduced in favour of that particular period for the building of the Great Pyramid. In fact, we must look for that relation between its building and the *formulating*—I use the word in preference to *origin*, because true Science, Knowledge, or Light, is eternal in its character, as proceeding from Him who is the source of all Light—of exact science for the benefit of man. To such a period, too, we should very naturally look for the origin of Masonry.

In his article on the origin of the Constellation Figures, which first appeared as one of a series in *Belgravia*, 1877, and which have been re-issued quite recently, under the title of "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," Mr. Richard A. Proctor seeks to determine the origin of exact Astronomy by a method which he considers less uncertain than any other. This he does by calculating the period at which the Southern Pole would be central with regard to the old southern constellations. He proceeds thus:—"Now it is a matter of no difficulty whatever to determine the epoch when the Southern Pole of the Heavens was thus placed. Between 2,100, and 2,200 years before the Christian era, the Southern Constellations had the position described, the invisible Southern Pole lying at the centre of the vacant space of the star-sphere, or rather of the space free from constellations. It is noteworthy that for other reasons this period, or rather a definite epoch within it, is indicated as that to which must be referred the beginning of exact astronomy." And, again, he says, "It seems to me highly probable that the date to which all inquiries into the origin of the constellations and the zodiacal signs, seems to point, viz., 2170 B.C.—was the date at which the Chaldean astronomers definitely adopted the new system—the luni-solar instead of lunar division of the zodiac and of time."

The difficulties, which Mr. Proctor finds in assigning the actual origin of Astronomy to the 2170 B.C. date, disappear when we regard that era as specially selected for monumentalising knowledge and taking measures for transmitting to and securing for posterity that knowledge which in the long period of strife and confusion which was coming upon the earth, would be sunk for a time in oblivion, and remembered only by the Sons of Light, who clung to the truths committed to them by their fathers. But I am getting along, perhaps, too fast; for these matters belong to a later stage of this enquiry, and it will not do to appear to be building too high before my readers are satisfied that the foundations are established upon the solid rock. Now let us again look to the astronomical occurrences of the year 2170 B.C., and note whether there is anything to be observed of such a nature as to be of peculiar interest to Masons.

In all the range of traditionary knowledge there is, perhaps, no belief—superstition some may call it—more remarkable for the world-wide unanimity which attaches to it, than that which ascribes to the "Seven Stars" some mysterious influence on the fate of the human race. Such a belief must have originated before our common ancestors spread themselves over the world from their central home, and "the sweet influence of the Pleiades"* must then have had a direct application to some well-known fact. Hence we find Bro. R. G. Haliburton tracing this primeval knowledge among the *origines* of almost all nations, and among many unaltered Savage tribes still. Perplexed by many

* Job cxxxvii. 31.

of the wonders he met with in his researches, he laboured on, and ultimately found the solution of many of the mysteries veiled in the allegories of the Sacred and Royal Art.

We do not then invent any new theory when we attach no little importance to the position which the "Seven Stars" occupied in the heavens in the year of the founding of the Great Pyramid, 2170 B.C., "the year of the Pleiades." It was in this year of the foundation of the Great Pyramid that at midnight of the Autumnal Equinox, when *a* Draconis was on the meridian below the Pole, that Alcyone, the central star of the Pleiades group, and, according to the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, who gives as his authority, M. Mädler, of Dorpat,* the centre of the whole universe, was on the meridian above the Pole, and therefore in that year also coincident with the Vernal Equinox. Thus we have the year 2170, B.C. specially marked by astronomical phenomena which would not repeat themselves until 25,827 years had run their course.

Professor Smyth says†:—"Now Alcyone, or η Tauri as the stricter astronomical observers choose at present to call it, is not a very large or bright star in itself, but then it is the centre of a group of stars more bound up with human history, hopes, and feelings than any other throughout the sky, viz., the Pleiades; and there have been traditions for long, whence arising I know not, that the seven overlappings of the grand gallery, so impressively described by Professor Greaves, had *something* to do with the Pleiades, those proverbially *seven* stars of the primeval world, though already reduced to six (*i.e.*, six visible to the ordinary naked eye), so early for certain as the time of the Latin poet Virgil; and probably, according to poetic tradition, as the siege and burning of Troy. Here then is what those overlappings had to do; viz., to symbolize the Pleiades on the celestial meridian and to the south, though not at their actual altitude therein, and as part of the memorial, rather than observing, astronomy of the Pyramid at the time of its construction; for the Pleiades evidently were, *de facto*, the superior, southern and equatorial, or time, star to be taken in concert with the inferior transit of the circumpolar *a* Draconis star on the opposite or northern side of the sky, and twelve Polar hours distant therefrom. And how well they performed their part, as well as how capable they were of it, appeared from this further result of calculation, that when they, the Pleiades, crossed the meridian at midnight above the Pole, at the same instant that *a* Draconis was crossing below the Pole, and *at the particular distance from the Pole indicated by the entrance-passage*, then, in the autumn season of that one year of the northern hemisphere, *the equinoctial point of the heavens coincided with the Pleiades as to their respective meridians.*"

Mr. Proctor also considers this fact as one of those proofs which fix the beginning of exact astronomy at this period. He says that "in the year 2170 B.C. *quam proximè*, the Pleiades rose to their highest above the horizon at noon (or technically made their noon culmination), at the Spring Equinox." He then proceeds to comment on the importance that would be attached to "the remarkable star-cluster coming then close by the sun in the heavens though unseen," by minds which were fully impressed with a belief in the influence of the stars on this earth.

It was at or about this time also, that the Chaldean astronomers who had come down into Egypt painted figuratively in the heavens those ancient constellations which in their order of procession so forcibly associate themselves with that dread catastrophe—

. . . "When raging ocean burst his bed,
O'erthrew the mountains, and the earth o'erspread.

Dr. Hales refers to this subject in his great work on Chronology, and ascribes—though I believe wrongly—the origin of the constellation figures representing the Deluge to the rebellious followers of Nimrod. Some will say, "All these fancies connecting the constellations with the early traditions belong to a school that has passed away." May be, though, that old learning, of which Bryant appears to have been so eloquent an expositer,

* Bible Teachings in Nature, 1868.

† Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid, 3rd Edition, p. 339.

as far as my slight second-hand acquaintance with his theories has shown me, and which saw in the myths of the ancients glimpses of Primeval Truth, was not all wrong. Certainly we, who cling to the "old truths," must lean rather to their view than to that to which Mr. Proctor refers as being held by some modern scientists, viz., that the whole tradition of the Deluge arose from a poetic fancy depicting the scenes of a grand drama in the starry skies.

Mr. Proctor, however, tells us that at this period alone, *i.e.*, between 2,100 and 2,200 years B.C., could those constellations have been conceived, which used to appear painted on the dome-like ceiling of the Egyptian astronomical temples, and which he contends have been used by Homer in his description of the shield of Hercules* The circum-polar position of the Great Dragon being described in the lines—

"The scaly horror of a dragon, coil'd
Full in the central field, unspeakable,
With eyes oblique retorted, that ascant
Shot gleaming fire."

He declares in favour of Homer as the author of the description of the Shield of Hercules by comparing it with the description of the shield of Achilles in the Iliad, which displayed—

"The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd
The Pleiades, Hyads, and the northern beam,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the cycle of the sky,
The bear revolving, points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted."

Let me now request the Brethren to note the remarkable connection which existed in the year 2170 B.C. between midnight of the autumn and noon of the spring equinoxes. Professor Piazzi Smyth draws attention to this subject, pointing out that what is generally called "the Vernal Equinox" is incorrectly so termed if we consider only the best time for observing it. For whereas it is impossible to see what stars the sun is amongst at noon, as the Greeks vainly attempted, yet the Architect of the Great Pyramid secured the same results by observing "the anti-sun, or the point of the heavens *opposite* to the sun at midnight. Wherefore his *time of the year* for making his observations of those Taurus stars (the Pleiades) which the sun is amongst in spring, is evidently in the autumn."†

Masons will therefore observe that although the exigencies of the case required that the master builder of this wondrous pile should work at night to study the mysteries of the plan of the Great Architect of the Universe, yet there were reasons for giving to that invisible noon culmination of the Pleiades in the spring, greater importance than its midnight crossing of the meridian in the autumn. At least it would appear so when we consider that in the year of the foundation of the Great Pyramid, and, as we contend, of the Craft thereat, the Sun, and the Seven Stars were on the meridian at the same instant; the centre of our Solar System, and the centre of the Stellar Systems were in a line—the pointers of that wonderful time-measurer, which, like the hands of a clock pointing to noon, will not resume the same position until their set round has been accomplished.

Having then, I hope, proved the Great Pyramid to be as remarkable in date as in position, in the next number I will endeavour to bring forward the leading characteristics of the builders, and try to deduce therefrom who they were.

(To be Continued.)

* "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," p. 346.

† "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," p. 340.

In Memoriam.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

ANOTHER dear old friend hath pass'd away
From friends he loved on earth, and was by them
Esteem'd and loved, as a true, genial man,
Who when he gave his hand, gave his heart too :
As honest as the summer's day is light,
And warm in his affections as the sun
That wakens all to life.

I see my friends
Fall on all sides, nipt by the frosts of death,
Like leaves from autumn trees : warning to me
That I must soon bid this fair earth adieu ;
For it is fair, though we deform it sore
With hate, and violence, and selfishness,—
With perfidy, oppression, and all crimes
That spring from sensual feelings, ignorance
Of what mankind might be, and how we best
May realise its final destiny.

Oh, let us each, in our own sphere, aspire
To do what good we can whilst we are here ;
So that when'er the final summons comes,
We may put " off this mortal coil " in peace,
And those who will survive us then may feel
That we have done our best to leave the world
Better than we had found it.

We have heir'd
Rich legacies of blessings from our sires ;
And it is just that we should pass them down,
Not merely undiminish'd, but enhanced,
To future generations.

He best serves
His Maker who does most to bless his race ;
To render life a higher thing to all
That breathe our atmosphere.

'Tis not my faith
That earth will always be a lazar-house,
And its inhabitants the loathsome slaves
That in all ages most of them have been ;
For every honest heart 's a witness true
In proving what a better, happier world,
We might make of it, if each one would try
To be themselves but truthful, kind, and wise,—
To enlarge the little circle of their love ;
Embrace within their spirit's kindly folds,
Not merely all mankind, but all that lives

In universal nature, of which we
But form a part, to be in harmony
With all the rest of the immense design
Of the Almighty Architect divine.

Peace to thy spirit, my departed friend !
May the dull earth lay lightly on thy ashes,
The wild flowers that thou loved grow on thy grave,
The birds thou loved to hear sing o'er thy head,
For thy heart loved all rural sights and sounds.

Now thou art gone to perfect peace and bliss,
Where 'tis our cherish'd hope to some day join
Thee in the spirit-land ; meantime on earth
We oft will think of thy kind, genial smile,
As one that never sprang from churlish heart ;
And thou in our remembrance long will live,
Absent in body truly, but in soul
As ever present with us, until we
Meet thee again, where partings are no more.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

X. APRIL.

“ WELCOME, O sweet caprice of smiles and tears !
Spoilt darling, with the fickle, flashing, eyes,
Trembling 'twixt joy and foolish happy fears,
Now laughing loud, now shivering through with sighs.
Pleasant, art thou, young sister of the Spring,
Light dancing o'er the golden fronded moss ;
To thy fresh notes the merry echoes ring,
While larches shake their emerald tassels loose.
Soft Aphrodite waits with myrtle crown
To grace thee as the First Love of the World,
To soothe thy sigh, beguile thy fretted frown,
And kiss away thy anger, rain-empared.
Shine out, then, tenderly, betwitching elf,
Earth hath no fairer child than thy fair self !”

Who loves not April—sunny, but treacherous ? Say not so, but, rather, “ of changeful mood.” Who welcomes not the April day, the picture of our lives ?—

“ When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

“ I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming on of storms.

"From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

"The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

"When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

"And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

"Inverted in the tide
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

"Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed."

"Many a thought," indeed! of life with all its changeful vicissitudes, nor, if we read the lessons aright of the April shower, need we be altogether despondent even in our darkest hours:—

* * * * *

"The gloom came on suddenly,—that we must own,
And we wondered where all the world's beauty had flown,
As the clouds gathered up and the rain rattled down
In a leaf-laying shower.

"The blossoms fell prostrate and pensive awhile,
Bending down to the earth in most pitiful style,
Even after Apollo re-burnished his smile
With more radiant power.

"But at last they stood up in their strength, one by one,
And laughed out in the face of the beautiful sun,
With a perfume and colour they could not have done
Were it not for the shower.

* * * * *

"Now, 'sermons in stones' we are told may be learned,
And methinks a quick eye may have aptly discerned
That a rich draught of wisdom may often be urned
In the cup of a flower.

"Come, read me the riddle, and read it aright,
All ye that have too much good luck in your sight,—
All ye that are faint in Prosperity's light,
Just for want of a shower.

"Have the wit of the blossoms, and ask for no more
At the hands of Dame Fortune, in station or store,
But think it a blessing if sorrow should pour,
Or disquietude lower,

"For the cloud and the rain-drop are exquisite things,
Though they dim for a season our butterfly wings,
And the sweetest and purest unceasingly springs
After a shower."

Hardly a time in the April day that is not full of beauty and promise; is it at early dawn? Then, when—

“A wind comes up out of the sea,
And says, ‘O mists, make room for me!’”——

the watery curtains are rolled back, and Nature’s jewels are left glittering in the early sunshine on every blade of grass.

“It says unto the forest: ‘Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!’”——

and all Nature wakes to the glory of another day and the flowers unfold to greet the morn with beauties fresh-renewed.

“It touches the wood-bird’s folded wing,
And says, ‘O bird, awake and sing!’”——

and forthwith the picture is complete, instinct with the touch of life, and myriads of birds raise the early song of thanksgiving to the God that gives them being.

April, then,—“proud pied” April—is come, and with it the first time that Nature’s lovely treasures seem to *force* themselves upon our notice. Hitherto we have been fain to seek them diligently, now we seem to be wellnigh bewildered with their profusion.

Milton’s “Rathe Primrose” first claims our attention, blossoming now in extreme luxuriance. One of the most singular features of the growth of this favourite flower is that, although its flowers seem to be scattered amongst its leaves, in reality they all spring from the centre of the tuft. Lengthen this point of junction somewhat, and diminish the size of the flowers, and you have the Oxlip. Increase still more the size of this stem, and make the flowers yet smaller, and there is our childhood’s friend, the sweet Cowslip. The Polyanthus of the garden is merely another variety of the Primrose. The variation of colour in the garden variety need be no matter of wonder, when we remember that, in Somerset, the ordinary Primrose is frequently found of different shades, until quite a marked red is reached. The ordinary colour, as we have before remarked, is not yellow, but a peculiar pale green; this is rendered quite evident when a specimen is dried, for the blossom becomes completely of this latter hue. No domestic animal will eat either leaf or blossom of this plant, except the pig; strange to say, though, that we have lately heard of a recipe for Primrose-Pudding. Can it be that friend Darwin is right after all, and that there is some kinship in the nature as well as the habits of the *gourmand* and the animal that we have just mentioned?

There are two other species of Primrose than those we have already mentioned—the Bird’s Eye Primrose, with blossoms of a pale lilac purple, sprinkled with a fine white powder—and the Scottish Primrose, of a similar appearance, but smaller and stouter in its habit. Both varieties, which flower later in the year, are confined to the Northern parts of Great Britain.

Companions of the Primrose—

“Gleaming like amethysts in the dewy moss,”

are the Violets, also already mentioned. Of these flowers, besides the varieties before named, the Sweet-scented, the White, and the Dog Violet—there are several kinds,—the Hairy Violet, named after its appearance; the Marsh Violet, a pretty transparent-looking plant; the Yellow Violet, growing on moorland heaths; and the Tricolor, or Wild Heart’s-case, the progenitor of our garden Pansies, in all their varieties from—

“The shining Pansy, trimmed with golden lace,”

to the deep dark purple and the brown. The name Pansy, which is a corruption of the French *Pensée* (thought), was spelt by our old writers in a variety of ways: Ben Jonson calls it Pausé; Milton, in his *Comus*, thus—

“The shepherds at their festivals
Carol their good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths in the stream
Of Pancies, Pinks, and gaudy Daffodils.”

Michael Drayton writes :—

“The Pansie and the Marigold,
Are Phebus' paramours.”

Whilst Edmund Spenser sings :—

“Strew me the ground with Daffe-down-dillies,
And Cowslips, and King-cups, and loved Lilies,
The pretty Paunce
And the Chevisaunce
Shall watch with the fayre Flour de Luce.”

Other ancient authors refer to the plant as “Heart's-ease,” “Herb Trinity,” and “Three Faces under a Hood.”

Meet companion of these general favourites is the dainty little Wood Anemone, or Wind-flower of older authors, whose exquisite white flower, with its purplish back, is too well-known to need description. In some counties, where the soil is chalky, the beautiful Pasque-flower Anemone is also met with. The Light-blue Mountain and the Yellow varieties are very rare indeed. All belong to the Ranunculus family, the acrid properties of which are well known; the leaves chewed produce violent vomiting, whilst applied to the skin, they act as vigorously as a mustard poultice.

We have already alluded slightly to the Cowslip in speaking of its close resemblance to the Primrose, but this flower, so eagerly sought by the little ones must not be thus lightly passed over. In many counties it is called Paigle,—whence the name and what it means we know not. Several rustic practices are connected with it. Certain of our old herbalists, who never missed an opportunity of vituperating the physician's “drugs,” proclaim the praises of ointment made of Cowslip petals; one of them says :—“Our city dames know well enough that the distilled water of the Cowslip adds beauty, or at least restores it when lost.” This ointment is still used in country places to remove freckles and sun-burn. Most showy balls are made for the children of the blossoms; for this purpose the clusters are picked off from the top of the stems, and a number of them hung upon a string stretched between two chairs; the blossoms are then pressed carefully together, and the string drawn up tight, so as to bring them into a ball with the bloom outside; the experienced maker of these pretty floral toys is extremely careful that all the flowers shall be fully expanded. Although the tufts of this plant are much disliked by the Agriculturalist on account of their large size yet utter inutility for food for cattle, the leaves are sometimes boiled as a vegetable. Cowslip wine is too well known to need more than a passing mention.

Shakespeare, Milton, and Ben Jonson all speak of the Cowslip, thus the latter says, in the Shepherd's Holiday :—

“Strew, strew, the smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The Primrose drop, the Spring's own spouse,
Bright daye's eyes, and the lips of cows,
The garden star, the queen of May,
The rose to crown the holiday.”

Nor do more modern poets pass it over, for familiar descriptions of “The Freckled Cowslip” are—

“Cinque spotted like the crimson drops
P' the bottom of a Cowslip.”

and—

“Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head.”

The handsome green and gold Pilewort is now in its fullest beauty, but it must not be confounded with that most gorgeous of flowers, the Marsh-Marigold, largest and most showy of the Butter-cup or Ranunculus tribe; as its name implies it is only found in very moist situations. Not far from this plant will probably be found its intimate relation the White Water Ranunculus with its curiously cut leaves. Hard by will doubtless be flowering the “wan-hued” Lady's Smock, as well as the handsome Bitter Cardamine. Several of the Speedwells are now in bloom,—the Germander Chickweed, the Vernal, and the Trifid—so called from the shape of the upper leaves, which are deeply cut into the shape of triple fingers.

Two of the most beautiful of the Lily tribe are also now blooming, one, the Wild Tulip, only found in chalky soils; the other, which is unfortunately giving way before the now almost universal practice of draining, the Fritillary or Snake's-head Lily. This exquisite blossom is said to derive its name from *fritillus* (dice-box), the common companion of the chequered board, the flower being beautifully chequered with pink and dull purple. Sir William Hooke derives its other name from the *Numidia Meleagris* or Pintado, whose plumage is chequered in a similar manner. In olden days it was called the Guinea-hen or Turkey-hen flower; in some country places it is still known as the Chequered Daffodil, and in others as the Snake's Head, to which the flower and stem, especially before the flower is expanded, certainly have some resemblance. The French call it *La Fritillaire méléagre*, and the Germans *Kiebitzey*.

We have but few British species of this tribe of plants, but our gardens are indebted to them for some of their brightest ornaments. We must not pause here to notice them for they are so numerous that old Gerarde said of them, long since:—"All which to describe particularly, were to roll Sisyphus' stone, or to number the sands."

There is one close ally, though, that we must not pass over, for it is a most striking object now with its broad green fleshy leaves—not unlike the Lily of the Valley—and its handsome bunches of pure white flowers, we mean the Broad-leaved Garlic, or Ramson, as the country people call it. If you gather it beware of where you put it, for its odour is simply intolerable. Farmers hate it, for cows will readily eat it, and then the butter and cheese are impregnated with a flavour as pungent and disagreeable as the odour of the plant.

An effective contrast to the white flower of the Garlic is found in the purple blossom of the Early Orchis; the leaves of this plant are very beautiful, the shape being most elegant, and the colour, green, spotted with a purplish brown. Another species, the Spider Orchis, is likewise blooming now.

During this month we shall find the short tendrils of the Spring Vetch upholding its pretty and innocent-looking flowers of purple or white. Another flower of this month, seemingly not very generally noticed, is the Wild Wall-flower, of which Gerarde says, "The people in Cheshire doe call it Winter Gillyflower." Moir, amongst other poets, sings its praises:—

" In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
'Tis sweet to throw the lattice up
And scent thee on the breeze;
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorne by the road
The linnets sit and sing."

Its scientific name is derived from the Arabic *Kheyry*, the Dutch call it *Viobier* and the Spaniards *Violette Amarella*. This plant, although too pungent for human consumption, is still perfectly innocuous.

Few of our wild flowers are more admired, perhaps, than the graceful Harebell, bending to every gust of wind that sweeps over its open haunts; for, although we may now and again find it on the summit of a tall cliff, or on the top of some old wall, it is ever most plentiful—

" On the swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
The blue-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold."

Another Blue friend that we must now turn our attention to is the beautiful Wild Hyacinth or Blue-Bell. Scarcely a copse that is not carpeted with this handsome flower, for it is to the woods what the Buttercup is to the meadow. Notwithstanding the beauty of its flower, the plant is not a harmless one, for its round root is full of a poisonous clammy juice, indeed this juice exudes from every part of the plant when bruised. Though unfit for food, and useless now, time was when the plant was much prized, for of this juice was made a starch wherewith was stiffened the huge ruffs of former days; the book-binder, too, used to employ it as glue, and fasten with it the covers of his volumes. Another plant, used in a similar way in olden days, is a close neighbour of the Hyacinth in its growth, we mean the Cuckoo-Pint, Wake-Robin, or Lords and Ladies. The tuber of this

last plant when grated into water yields a white sediment which is a substitute for Arrow-root; indeed, some years back, there was quite a manufactory of it carried on in Portland Island. In dry woods will now be found the Wood Crowfoot or Goldlocks, a species of Buttercup. In the same locality, too, will most likely be seen the yellow-flowered Weasel-snout, or Yellow Archangel, of which the mode of growth is similar to that of the White Dead Nettle. The scientific name, "Weasel-scent" is evidently derived from its disagreeable odour when manipulated. The Dutch call it "Dog's Nettle," the French *L'Ortie des Bois*.

At the foot of yonder Elm is growing an extremely curious plant, one of the class so rare in this country, the Parasitic. It is the Toothwort, and possesses no leaves, but has in their place a kind of fleshy-looking scales; its leaves are of a purple tint. Further in that shaded thicket is another most extraordinary looking member of the vegetable kingdom; a strange object, certainly, with its slender stalk topped by a green, square, head. It is the little Moschatell, and its square head is formed of four green flowers placed back to back, with a fifth, as the cover to the other four. Most likely this green little plant is, together with another strange green flower, the Mercury, nestling under some Wild Currant or Wild Gooseberry bush, either of which we should now be sure to find in flower. So too, should we the Crowberry, amongst the mountain pastures.

If we turn next to the hedgerows we shall find that pretty shrub, the Bird Cherry, in blossom; although very ornamental it is of little use to man, save that its wood is esteemed by turners, being hard and richly veined; its fruit is quite uneatable, and probably dangerous in large quantities. The Wild Cherry, proper, too, is now in bloom, as is the Wild Pear Tree. The fruit of this latter is hardly one that a connoisseur would choose, but the wood of the tree is valuable, as, being very compact and fine grained, it is useful for fine carvings. Formerly it was used for engravings, and it is said that the curious old cuts in Gerarde's Herball, from which we so often quote such quaint and interesting matter, were executed on blocks of this wood.

Amongst other trees in blossom we may notice the Oak, Ash, Birch, and Chesnut, all of which, except the Ash, bear their fertile and barren flowers separately, like the Hazel. The Willows still show their catkins abundantly; while the Box must be added to the list of trees with flowers of separate sex.

Amongst the Butterflies we shall find but little change in our list, but a goodly number of Moths are beginning to present themselves; most of them being night-flyers, however, we see but little of them. We may, however, observe the Emperor Moth, the Water Carpet Moth, and the Cockscomb.

The Birds are now busy with their nests, the Jackdaws and Starlings laying in abundance. In the meadows is heard the rough, harsh note of the Corncrake, and the curious cry of the Wryneck, whilst, during the month, we may expect to hear the friend of our childhood, the Cuckoo. Pre-eminent, however, above all other birds is now heard the glorious song of the Nightingale.

Lower in the scale of creation we notice the appearance of innumerable Beetles, such as the Death Watch, and the various Ladybirds. Red Ants now come forth, and the Mole Cricket may be heard, whilst Bluebottles become more numerous than agreeable.

For the "First of April" good old Gilbert White chronicles that Spiders' Webs are to be seen spread on the surface of the ground. Are those the only traps duly set and as duly tumbled into on that notable "Feast of all Fools," we wonder?

Many and varied are Nature's treasures now, but none in the sweet balmy days of Spring seem to compensate us for the dull, dark days of Winter like the flowers of which the Countess of Blessington wrote:—

"Flowers are the bright remembrancers of youth,
They waft us back with their bland odorous breath,
The joyous hours that only young life knows,
'Ere we have learnt that this fair earth hides graves,
They bring the cheek that's mouldering in the dust
Again before us, tinged with health's own rose;
They bring the voices we shall hear no more,
Whose tones were sweetest music to our ears;
They bring the hopes that faded one by one,
Till nought was left to light our path, but faith,
That we, too, like the flowers, should spring to life,
But not, like them, again e'er fade or die."

FROM IDEALITY TO NATURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

READER,—hast thou ever felt what it is to have an exquisite imagination, and a seeming acquaintance with chimerical people, who are the mere mental creatures of thine own creating, mystical, ideal, beautiful?

This uncontrollable, ephemeral, and ethereal imagination, often presents ideal gardens full of flowers and fountains, and peopled by beautiful beings. Then we may seem to have ideal ships sailing on ideal seas to ideal countries, or even to ideal worlds. This ideality appears as a mental luxury, or brain food, giving both warmth and force to the imagination; but, as often as not, leading to nothing but vanishing visions. Yet with all its fallaciousness and flimsy flattery, and its well-known nothingness, Ideality has a great charm. For all ideal things are pure. Hence they have a soul-enthraling effect. The features and form, the grace and goodness, of an ideal Beauty are perfect. Who can gainsay them? The Houris of a Mahometan's paradise are true types of ideal beauty. The songs sung to Loveliness, the lines penned, the sonnets written, the poems printed, the love fancies of youth, the imagined husband, or wife, the glorions and happy future, often, very often, prove to be the outcomings of ideality—the offspring of the fertile brain. When men and women arrive at maturity the ideal in a great measure vanishes; sometimes leaving a large amount of self-made disappointment, if not of despair, behind. But what careth the mass of mankind, as far as outward appearances are concerned?—Nothing! The day cometh and waneth; “to-morrow” is as far off as ever it was; and thus weeks, months, and years pass by. So much for the surface. But who knows all the amount of misery, heart-burning and yearning that is contained beneath the ever-rippling waves of human life. Notable ambition, secret longings, individual envy, just and unjust reproaches, promises not fulfilled, sudden failures, riches elbowing poverty into the gutter, virtue standing in the cold, vice basking in warmth, honour shielding reprobates, and the sacred name of Religion invoked to cover all. Charity having to endure all things. Hope, anchor abandoned. Faith, wandering about, having no resting-place; and the Love of God ignored, if not despised!

Let us step aside from the busy world of humanity and ideality, and just take a glance at Nature, where we can always behold something fresh and sweet and beautiful, and where the prospect of the earth is always lovely and peaceful. Whether it be by mountain, rill, or rivulet, or larger river pleasantly winding out of sight, through wood and forest glade, down to the ever-moving sea—grand in its rest, mighty in its depth, terrific in its tempestuous raging, and withal sublime; made glorious by the vast expanse of cloud and sky. Even now, although the year is young, wild flowers are blooming, and birds with their tiny throats and shrill voices are joyously heralding the fast approaching spring. How welcome to the earth is the vivifying rain and sunshine, and how invigorating is the wind! The rain softens all dormant seeds, and the swelling germs gain warmth and active life. The sunshine gives fresh life to all latent existence; and the wind, with its shrill voice, awakens plant and shrub, and tree,—breathing gentle zephyrs to woo the flowers, and blowing fiercer gales wherewith to arouse the giant trees by whistling through the branches. Walk in the woods, and thou shalt see from out of the beds of dainty moss, so fresh and green, the sweet violets lift their modest heads towards the sunbeams, and thus receive many a kiss; for which, in return for genial warmth and strength bestowed, they silently diffuse their luscious perfume through the air, to be wafted onward about the shady grove, and over many a mead. Pale primroses shall greet your feet, their delicious delicacy and simple sweetness are emblematical of childish innocence and youthful grace. See how from that mass of ovate leaves, green as the purest emerald, they unfold their pale petals to the sun, and send forth

many a charming cluster of buds and flowers, pleasant to behold, and reminding us of the coming spring. And later on, how sweet it is to view the bright green fields where "daisies pied" put forth their buds with rosy lips just peeping from the calices; when ripened by the sun, and panting to be free, they burst their tender bonds, and expanding to the light, show their fair hearts and bow their blushing heads. How happy and delighted the birds appear to be! Even they with their little throats, warble sweet songs of praise, and seem to watch and sing of the earth's increasing loveliness. Yon Lark is soaring high, and pouring forth melodious strains of Nature's clear-toned minstrelsy. Hush! the song hath ceased; down comes the tiny songster to the earth, and sipping refreshment from the moist grass, carols his prelude to another song. The Linnet twitters, and takes up the song, singing softly with a wondrous sweetness, flying in jerks, he seems to say, "Come all ye birds and sing to-day." Scarce hath the Linnet ceased to sing, ere the spotted Thrush in yonder tree, tunes up its pretty throat, and warbles out a song of full and rounded notes, which, echoing through the trees, thrills the Blackbird's heart, and makes him whistle out of very joy. Soon then the denizens of wood and field, enlivened by these harmonious strains, lift up their voices in unison, and pour forth a chorus of gladness, bidding man be happy, and more natural, telling him to dwell contented, and to study Nature by revelling in her beauties, seeking pleasures as innocent as the fields and the earth afford. Trusting more to loving-kindness than to power. Living for each other, and not for selfish purposes. Abounding with happy thoughts. Having sympathetic and generous hearts. Being endowed with feelings of good Fellowship and Brotherly Love. Incapable of doing a bad deed, or of imputing a wrong motive to any one. But thoroughly capable of being moved by the best and the holiest of emotions. Forgiving and forgetting. Striving to please, and never displeasing. Studying the welfare and happiness of others; and above all, delighting in Nature, and in Nature's God. Glorifying His wondrous works. Contemplating the heavens with joy. Having a reverential and loving humility. Venerating all good and holy things. Looking upwards with faith. Soaring with our souls beyond those beautiful clouds which have the silver linings—emblematical of the purity and brightness behind them. Drinking deep draughts of natural delight, and luxuriating in the glories of Nature. Watching the golden sunset, and hoping that our rest may be as bright and as typical. Looking out for the rising of the sun, and trusting that our resurrection may be as fair, as pure, and as glorious. Beatifying ourselves with sacred promises. Having Faith, Hope, and Charity. Exhorting, and exalting Truth. Loving purity and goodness. Eschewing evil. Having smiles on our faces, and kindness in our hearts. Trusting each other. Never doubting. Returning good for evil, dwelling with the Christian Virtues. Spreading good broad-cast by word and deed. Having no pride, but seeking wisdom. Fearing no man. Going to bed with a clear conscience, and having a pillow of roses. Rising refreshed and happy. Causing cheerfulness and gaiety to abound. Daily doing some good deed, and living a life of usefulness.

Did the birds sing all this? Well! yes, they appeared to do so to me, and do so sing even now. Listen to them, and listen long; then it may do your heart good, and exalt you above the every day common things of life. So that thou mayest well exclaim:—

"Oh, Earth! Is Heaven more fair?"

THE TRUE MASON.

From the "New York Dispatch."

No Mason is he who is dead to the wailings

Of those whom misfortune has placed under ban;

Who is harsh, unforgiving toward other men's failings,

Or does any act that debases the man.

He may seem a good brother in sight of his fellow,
 Be high in his Order and learned in its code ;
 But still his pretensions are truthless and shallow,
 And he is no Mason in sight of his God.

But he's a true Mason whose soul ever rises
 Above the small honours and glories of earth—
 Who all the poor glitter of tinsel despises,
 And loves to be measured alone by his worth

With Square and the Plumb-lead as emblems to guide him,
 From the line of strict duty he scorns to depart ;
 With the Rule and the Compass both ready before him,
 He rears a true Temple of God in his heart.

His thoughts are as pure as the snow when it falleth ;
 His zeal is enlisted on rectitude's side ;
 No fear of men's scoffing his courage appalleth,
 As he stands the oppressed and the friendless beside.

At the cry of misfortune his love is awakened ;
 Large minded, he succours, with nought of display
 The widow, the orphan, the hungry and naked,
 From his portals are never sent empty away.

In precept though firm, he is soft as a mother,
 Who seeks in affection her offspring to mould,
 More apt by example to win a lost brother,
 And waverers keep in the Good Shepherd's fold

Unsullied by contact with lusts that surround him,
 Large hearted, he loves with a God-like regard ;
 He lives a rich blessing to all who are round him,
 And dies to receive the true Mason's reward.

AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMMA HOLMES,

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

CHAPTER V.

A PROPOSAL.—THE FIRST APPEAL.

WOLVERSTON is an old town in the north of England with an ancient church and a history ; also barracks, a theatre, a concert hall, and a Mayor and Corporation. It has a large population, and as it is a seaport as well as a market town, I need not add that there are always ships sailing in with cargoes from the North, East, South and West, and innumerable sailors, fishermen, brokers and tradesmen generally bustling about and carrying on their business from morning to night on the

* Bro. Holmes wishes us to state, in order to close the controversy, that while he has sought to give in this story a truthful representation of events of which he has a vivid recollection himself, twenty years ago, he by no means wishes to impugn the comfort or efficiency of the present arrangements for the administration of that great institution—Christ's Hospital.—Ed.

docks and quays, or in the dusty, poking offices and shops of which the streets seem to be almost entirely composed; and there exists plenty of pleasure for the young, and plenty of crime as well for all.

Mabel's uncle, Mr. Seymour, did not live in the town of Wolverston, but he had a handsome mansion in the country, about five miles distant, and he came in almost every day of the week, and as he was one of the county magistrates he had a good deal to do at the Town Hall, especially at the sessions, was well known, respected and liked in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, and was altogether a rather popular and decidedly influential man in those parts.

The Theatre Royal, Wolverston, was a handsome building, and as a place of amusement was very successful. There were always actors of talent there (happy place), pretty actresses, and generally a very good, though small, *corps de ballet*. I don't know that I should introduce you there, gentle reader, though I assure you it was conducted in a very respectable manner, and was patronised by the aristocracy of Wolverston, but that the exigencies of my story oblige me to do so. However, more of this anon.

Well, Mabel came up by the train from town late that night, having enjoyed very much the first part at least of her journey, whilst her cousin had been with her; but when he left it had become sadly dull.

"He was a very interesting companion," thought she. "He talked so well. Was so pleasant and agreeable altogether, and then he was so attentive, and seemed to study her comfort so much in every way."

Well, it was not so long they were parted at all events, for he had promised to come up and stay with them during the race week in November, and it was only a month to that time.

Of course Uncle George was pleased enough to have his pet home again, and of course the cousins were glad to welcome their pretty relative.

Mabel was very much improved, so every one said, and certainly looked bewitching. They kept open house at the "Elms," and scarcely an evening passed but her cousins, Philip and Herbert, who by the way were both in love with her themselves, brought in some bachelor friend or other from Wolverston, who was sure to go again with a very vacant sensation about the region of the heart.

Mabel flirted to her heart's content, and so the month passed quickly and merrily by, and Fitz came up for the races. It was a long way from town to come, so Mr. Seymour said, and he would not think of Reginald's returning for another fortnight after the races, and then he should only go back to fetch his friend Seaton, of whom he, Uncle George, had heard a good deal from Mabel, and so they would all spend the Christmas Holidays together.

Fitz was not at all hurt at this arrangement, in fact he thought it a very good one, with the exception, perhaps, that Mark Seaton would be coming up at Christmas, whom he had begun to look upon as a rival, strange to say.

Mabel was certainly a nice girl, she improved amazingly upon acquaintance. It was evident she was not indifferent to him, she had shown that unequivocally more than once. Mark was a good fellow, but then Mabel did not care for him, she had owned as much since he had come to Wolverston. Besides, very likely Mark had forgotten her by this. He had certainly talked very little about her of late, and had become, in fact, rather moody and reserved upon the subject. Mabel would have money one of these days; it was all bosh what he had said to Mark about her penniless condition.

"By Jove," Fitz burst out as a wind-up to his meditation—"By Jove, I've half a mind to propose to her myself."

Mabel had been showing Fitz the lions of the place that day in company with two of her cousins, young ladies who were very much attached to each other, quiet in demeanour, not to say slow, and rather in awe of their erratic, independent, but beautiful cousin.

A hint was to them quite sufficient, however, and though they were supposed to be one party, the two sisters followed demurely out of ear shot of their companions, who rambled about the old Church and the Chantry just outside the town, and the ruins of

the castle, and then strolled up the hill towards the barracks, nominally to see the view from thence, so Mabel said, but really, if the truth must be told, in hopes of meeting some of the officers, most of whom were known to the "Belle of the County," as Mabel was called.

I cannot really say whether Mabel loved her gay, clever, handsome cousin in the truest sense of the word, or whether she was only flattered at attention from a man who was already of some rank in the literary world, and promised to be one day great among his compeers.

I think she loved him in her way, but I am afraid she was so thoroughly a flirt as to have lost almost all that pure, true affection which cannot long exist where love is scattered far and wide like largesse to a crowd. But a coquette never forgives one who, being bound to her, casts an eye of favour upon another, and if ever there was a coquette born and bred, Mabel was one.

This little excursion, then, with one "whom to look on was to love," had led Fitz into that train of thought in which we found him just now, as he was arranging his toilet for dinner on a day soon after his arrival.

Reginald Fitzgerald was a man of action in his way, and it was not long before he had made up his mind to propose.

I am afraid he had often made love before, so he was no tyro in the art. To-morrow week would be the bespeak at the theatre, when all the county magnates would be there, and Mr. Seymour and his family were going as they did every year. Fitz thought to himself, "I'll propose there, it will be just the thing, romantic and peculiar."

On second thoughts, however, it struck our friend that there might be difficulties in the way of his doing it properly then, so it would be better to do it to-night.

"Yes, to-night," he added to himself, "I'll get some excuse to leave the table before the others have finished their wine, and go to the drawing room to the ladies, and then Dame Fortune befriend me."

There was only the family party at the dinner table, but as that numbered twelve in all, nobody felt any need of more.

Dinner over, the ladies soon retired, and Fitz, pleading some excuse about the wine not agreeing with him, and a wish to try over a new diet or two, before the rest joined them, speedily found himself seated by Mabel at the grand piano in Uncle Seymour's handsome drawing-room, whispering to her pretty nothings as she listened, well pleased, to his cooing.

Master Fitz was particularly cool in the way in which he proposed, but he had plenty of modest assurance, that young gentleman.

There were two pictures on the wall opposite to them which speedily caught the eye, and he instantly recognized them as "proofs before letters" of Frank Stone's most popular subjects, "The First" and "Last Appeal."

No doubt the reader knows the pictures to which I allude.

One is of a youth and maiden dressed in the costume of a century ago, loitering near a rustic porch, and it is evident from the happy smile on the face of him who appeals that his prayer is answered, and she has consented to be his. The other is of a young man standing at a well, where a fair peasant girl has gone to draw water, like Rebekah, or Jethro's daughter of old. He has seized her hand, and with passionate tenderness implores her to listen to one last appeal. She turns away with a look of inexpressible grief and sadness, and tries to free herself from his grasp, as she casts a look upon him which says as plain as eye can speak—"I cannot love you."

"Mabel, do you see those pictures: which is it to be?" Fitz murmured in a low voice. His voice was very dulcet when he spoke low, and so was Mabel's.

The three sisters were at the other end of the room, busy at some game, which seemed to thoroughly occupy their thoughts, and they paid little heed to the conversation which was going on between the cousins.

"I don't understand you," Mabel said.

"Do you not understand that I love you, Mabel? Have you not long seen that my

whole thought has been of you. Mabel, say you love me in return, and I am happy."

"Fitz, are you in earnest?"

"Yes, as there is a heaven, I am; I have loved you long and earnestly, and never could forget you now, if I tried—say, dearest, will you be mine?"

Mabel looked down, but never said a word. "Silence gives consent then," Fitz said, "and so I seal our compact thus," and he bent over and kissed her.

Mabel blushed a little and looked more beautiful than ever as she lifted her soft violet eyes and looked upon her lover. And there was that look therein which quite satisfied him, and I think his face approached again far nearer hers than was necessary in turning over the leaves of music.

The engagement was soon known, and everybody congratulated Mabel, including Miss Renard, who was more than usually unctuous in her congratulations, but who mentally resolved that if she had her own way it should never be.

Miss Renard was a lady of a certain age, whom Fitz had met the first night of his coming to the Elms, when there was "a muffin struggle," a thing in which old maids delight, and Fitz, who was a thorough Irishman, made desperate love to the said lady, as he said afterwards, just for the sake of variety, and "in order to keep his hand in."

Miss Renard, poor lady, had thought the handsome stranger as she called him, was struck with her great personal attractions, and had quite made up her mind to accept him; so when she found he had only been making game of her, as she would express it, she was determined he should rue the day.

"How nicely they have decorated the theatre," Mabel says to her friend, Miss Renard, who had accompanied the party thither through the kindness of Mr. Seymour. He would persist in inviting the ancient damsel to share the private box with them that evening, on the occasion of the bespeak, when all the rank and fashion of Wolverston and its neighbourhood thought fit to patronise the temple of the drama.

"Yes, dear, it is very nice," Miss Renard answers, "but where is your cousin? I thought he was coming," she continued, knowing all the time that she saw him talking below to some one who looked like one of the company, probably the lessee himself.

"Oh, yes, Reginald will be here directly, I suppose," Mabel says languidly. She rather thinks Miss Renard a bore.

The fact is, Master Fitz, in coming in, is struck with a name on the play-bill which he fancies he knows.

"Yes—no—can it be that they have engaged Nellie Longmore for the night from London?"

"Not unlikely, though, they must have some good leading lady on these occasions, and I daresay it would pay too," he mutters to himself.

"By the way, I'll send in my card, I daresay she'll see me," and, thus saying, Fitz slips behind the rest, and presently hails the manager, whom he knew in London as the 'second low comedian' at the old Adelphi Theatre, who now had graduated in another 'line of business.'

"I say, Mr. Foster, will you be good enough to send this round to Miss Longmore, and ask for an answer for me?" Fitz says, handing the manager a card with a word or two scribbled upon it.

"Very well, sir, I daresay it will be all right. Shall be happy to introduce you to Miss Longmore, if you like. The fact is we are not in the habit of letting any stranger behind the scenes. It doesn't pay, you know, and they never do it even in London now at the best theatres, as you are aware. But of course we consider you as one of ourselves, if I may say so."

"Thank you, I feel complimented I'm sure," replied Fitz, with the slightest possible sneer in his tone.

"Perhaps you'll be so kind as to send round word to me at the stage box where my party are," and with that off stalked Mr. Fitzgerald, curling his moustaches, and smiling to himself a rather haughty, sarcastic smile, as he thought of the manager classing *him* with the actors.

To be continued.

"VALE PONTIFEX MAXIME!"

THE ENTOMBMENT OF PIUS IX.

WE have thought it well to take this interesting account of the funeral of a deceased Pope, and the election of a living one, from our excellent contemporary *The Graphic*.

"The arching dome of Michael Angelo, almost a lesser sky within the sky, rises dim and shadowy above the basilica dedicated to the Galilean Fisherman. The great, grim mosaics waver in the uncertain flicker of torches; and the huge letters of the inscription show fitfully, like the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's Feast. "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram edificavi Ecclesiam meam.*" The letters come and go, one by one, fragmentarily. They are no longer the clear black Roman characters. They are hieroglyphs full of a hidden and mysterious meaning. Within the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, to the right of one entering St. Peter's by the great door, lights have been burning all day, and a still form, guarded by still forms,—the only restful figures in the vast thronged edifice,—has been lying with a smile on its waxen face. There it has lain all day, and for four days and nights; smiling quietly, as though the Angel of Death had whispered a secret in its ear, which made earth poor and small as an infant's toy. It wears a deep crimson regal mantle, and a mitre covered with cloth of gold; and gloves of crimson silk clothe the aged hands which clasp a small black cross, on which a silver Christ hangs sorrowful and compassionate. On one finger of the crimson-gloved hands glitters the episcopal ring. It has been there for four days in solemn pomp and state, surrounded by guards, to keep away the eager multitudes pouring on, pouring on, like an exhaustless sea. And still that secret whisper of the Angel of Death keeps the waxen face smiling. Under those closed lids there are visions that we cannot see. Within those dulled ears are sounds that we cannot hear. Let who will pause before that venerable shape in reverence or derision, it will not quiver, it will not throb. It remembers the secret whisper, and smiles quietly with an impregnable calm, to which the mightiest monuments of time-defying Egypt are but handfuls of changing dust.

But now the struggle and the throng are past. The great doors have shut out from the church the busy world, even as those closed eyelids shut it out for ever on the seventh day of this month. The lying-in-state of Pius the Ninth, Pope of Rome, is over. Thousands have come to gaze upon the show. Thousands of footsteps have shuffled over the marble pavements, and out again on to the great steps, and across the Piazza, where the soulless fountains ceaselessly aspire to fall again, and plash indifferent to sunny rainbow or dull thunder-cloud, and so into the streets where the full life of the City absorbs them in its flow. Quiet,—an awful quiet,—reigns in St. Peter's. Think of the vast building, silent, save for an occasional sound of stealthy voice or foot!—a sound which flutters in shuddering echoes to the dome, and breaks its wings and dies there. Think of the vast building, dark save for some points of yell w flame within the Chapel of the Sacrament, and a glare of tapers in the opposite chapel, whose light falls from its open door upon the dim pavement of the aisle, and the redder flare of a few torches shedding ghostly shadows on marble column and image, gilded altars, and the colossal bronze baldequin above St. Peter's tomb. Strange to think of,—is it not?—that the bronze of those twisted columns once lined the dome of the Pantheon! And now within that whilom pagan temple, divided from us by the flow of yellow Tiber, lies another king and ruler of men but recently called to his rest. Him, too, have the thronging thousands flocked to gaze upon in his last repose, and him, too, have they found and left impassable, deaf to the blare of his loved soldier's bugle, smiling—he also—in the calm contentment of that last whisper, "*Miserere, Domine!*" That is the sigh of the living when the pageant is over, and the great gates are shut, and the dazzling tapers spent. "*Miserere nobis!*"

Hark! the appealing hymn sounds in faint strains along the lofty aisle! They are going to carry the Pontiff to his sepulchre; to hide him from the eyes of men. "*Miserere!*" They raise him on the bier on which he has lain in state, and begin a slow procession;—perhaps the strangest, most impressive, and most solemn, which has ever wound itself around the curving spaces of St. Peter's. The last! The last! Those words keep humming in our ears. There will be other Popes, and they will die, and priests will bury them. But with the death of Pius the Ninth a chapter of the world's story is closed; the leaf is turned; History has written "*Finis*" on that page. On the next—what will be written?

The iron gates which divide the Chapel of the Sacrament from the body of the basilica are still closed. Within the chapel slowly gathers an assemblage of the Princes of the Church. The Cardinals have descended by a private staircase from the Hall of the Consistory within the Vatican to the chapel, where they await the reverend Chapter of St. Peter's. As each Cardinal passes before the bier, he stoops to kiss the foot of the dead Pope. Outside the iron gates are crowded the guests admitted by special permission to witness the ceremony. These are the whole of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See, many members of the Roman aristocracy, bearing such historic names as Orsini, Colonna, Gaetani, and some strangers, many of them ladies. They are, for the most part, kneeling; and from time to time a crucifix, a rosary, or a medal, is passed to the attendant priests, with the prayer that it may touch for a moment the corpse of Pius the Ninth, and thus become a relic precious to the devout.

At length from the opposite chapel—that called the Chapel of the Choir, or Canons' Chapel—arrive the clergy of the Basilica of St. Peter, Monsignore Folicaldi, Bishop of Ephesus and Canon of the Basilica Vaticana, at its head, wearing a white mitre and black cope. Assisted by the inferior clergy, he sprinkles the corpse with holy water, reciting the accustomed prayers the while; and now the bier is raised upon the shoulders of the Noble Guard, and the procession begins.

First walk the Mace-bearers of the Chapter; and the Great Crucifix is borne aloft. Then a crowd of Church dignitaries, amongst whom certain of the Cardinals are eagerly observed. Which of those old men is to be the new Keeper of the Keys? What stirring ambitions, zealous bigotry, sincere devotion, pious faith, and angry arrogance, dwell beneath those reverend gray hairs? Cardinals Bilio, Pecci, and Di Pietro are amongst the most closely noted. But what avails the keenest scrutiny? These are not men to wear "their heart upon their sleeve." And now the haughtiest spirit is for awhile subdued by the solemnity of the moment. The dim light, the awful vastness of the edifice, the pathetic sounds of the Psalm "*Miserere*," chanted in a subdued tone, the associations of the time and place, the aspect of the dead Pope's face immovably serene and smiling in its white calm, as he passes for the last time through the great basilica, which has so often witnessed his triumphs and his pomp,—all this makes up an overwhelming impression, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Chanting still the procession moves along the aisle, passes close beneath the sitting statue of St. Peter, with the keys in its bronze hand, which seems to move in the flicker of the torches; reaches the apse, with its huge *barocco* altar, and so called Chair of St. Peter; turns, and goes back down the church on the north side until it arrives at the Chapel of the Choir, where the final funeral ceremonies are performed. Here the bier is reversed, so that the corpse is carried into the chapel with its head towards the altar, in accordance with ancient custom. It is set down in the midst, and surrounded by the members of the hierarchy and the Noble Guard.

And then the choir (called the Capella Giulia, or Julian Choir) begin to sing the antiphone, "*In paradysum deducant te angeli*," and the psalm, "*Sicut cervus ad fontes aquarum*." Whilst the grave and majestic music, executed by voices alone, thrills through the lighted chapel and out into the dark nave, three coffins are brought in, and placed before the altar. One is of cyprus wood, the second of lead, the third and largest of chestnut wood. When the singing and the muttered prayers, and the solemn aspersion with holy water, and the incensing are over, there is a moment's pause. Every eye is fixed upon the dead face so soon to be hidden for ever from human eyes. The moment

has come. Monsignor Ricci, Majordomo of His Holiness, advances to the bier, and, with evident emotion, covers the face of his dead master with a white silken sheet. At a signal from him, the Chaplains of the Basilica, assisted by several officers of the Noble Guard, take up the corners of the crimson cloth upon which the body lies on the bier, and, raising it thus, reverently deposit it within the first cyprus-wood coffin. This done, Monsignor Ricci places in the coffin three bags of crimson velvet, containing coins and medals of gold, silver, and bronze, whose number corresponds with the years of the long Pontificate which has just closed. Also he deposits there a parchment scroll within a leaden tube, on which is written the eulogium of the dead Pontiff, and an outline of the chief acts of his reign. The cyprus coffin is now closed, and screwed down. The Cardinal Secretary of State, retiring from it, makes three genuflections—the last act of homage which Pius the Ninth shall receive from mortal man in *saecula saeculorum*. The leaden coffin bears a cross above the late Pope's arms, which are surmounted by the triple pontifical crown, but *without the keys*; these emblems being attributed only to a living ruler of the Church. Moreover there is engraved upon the leaden coffin the following simple inscription:—

CORPUS.
 PII. IX. P. M.
 VIXIT. AN. LXXXV. M. VIII. D. XXVI.
 Eccles. Univer. Præfuit.
 AN. XXXI. M. VII. D. XXIII.
 Obiit Die VII. Febr. An. MDCCLXXVIII.

And beneath the inscription a skull and two crossbones. The leaden coffin is again enclosed within a large external case of chestnut-wood, and each receptacle is sealed, with all accustomed formalities, with the various seals, seven in number, of the Camerlengo, the Majordomo, and the Chapter of St. Peter's. Finally the heavy mass is placed upon a species of truck on wheels, covered with crimson cloth, and slowly rolled along till it is brought to a standstill beneath a gaping chasm in the wall above a certain door to the left of one of the galleries of the Canons' Chapel, which is opposite to the monument of Pope Innocent the Eighth. In this provisional depository lie the remains of each deceased Pope until his next successor dies and replaces him. Gregory the Sixteenth lay here for many years, but, it is said, was removed to his last resting-place before the termination of the late unprecedentedly long Pontificate.

And now, amidst an oppressive and breathless silence broken only by suppressed sobs of women and the harsh occasional creak and jar of pulleys, the coffin, strongly secured by ropes, is slowly hoisted to the niche above the door. As it rises, slowly and heavily, the choir begins the psalm, "*Benedictus, Dominus Deus Israel,*" and at the moment when they come to the verse, "*Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedunt,*" the coffin reaches the appointed spot, disappears within the wall, and the masons instantly begin to close it up with stones and mortar.

It is over. Another Pontifex Maximus rests under the shadow of the mighty dome. A pale young moon glints silvery upon a window, here and there making the torchlight ruddier. Stole, and cope, and mitre glide away. The flash of arms and red and amber uniforms is swallowed up by darkness. Black shadows in mourning garb blot the wide pavement of the nave, and are gone. Silence steals down from the dome again, and walks the church unchallenged by a stray echo. Darkness, raven-winged, stealthily chases a moonbeam here and there, and the inscription, like the writing on the wall, shows more mysteriously fragmentary than ever, "*Tu es Petrus,*"—the rest is oblivion.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

The election of a Pope is a ceremony well in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of the result. Considering that its rules and regulations were settled long before the modern science of election was understood, and long before the ballot had found its way into the institutions of Europe, the scene, with all its formalities, is interesting, not only from the picturesqueness of its details, but also as a sort of antiquarian curiosity, and as a proof of Papal ingenuity in quite the Dark Ages of history.

The actual voting for a new Pope takes place invariably in a chapel within the walls of the Conclave—or rather, more strictly speaking, in what is called the Presbytery of the Chapel, the lower end of which is closed by a curtain of violet-coloured silk. The interior decorations of the Presbytery are all of a gorgeous kind, and suited altogether to the auspicious event of an accession rather than to the melancholy ceremony of the funeral just concluded. At the other end of the building is the altar, covered with a crimson *pallium* embroidered with gold, upon which are placed lighted candles illuminated in colours after the Roman fashion. In front of it, on the Gospel side, is placed the Papal Cross, and near to it the Papal chair upon which the Pope Elect will presently take his seat to receive the first “adoration” of his late colleagues. On the other side is a large table, also covered with crimson cloth, and having upon it the necessary appliances for proceeding to the ballot. These consist of a vast number of voting papers, printed with the accustomed formula, and folded ready for use, wafers, wax candles, needles, and red thread, the purposes of all which will be seen in the sequel. There is also a printed card containing the words of the oath which each Cardinal takes as he deposits his *schedulla* or voting-paper.

Against the side walls of the Presbytery are ranged in order the seats of the august electors. Their backs, and the *baldachini* above them, are of silk, which is of a violet colour for all those Cardinals created by the late Pope, and of green for those created by his predecessors. These canopies are, moreover, attached to cords, by means of which each can be instantly lowered at will, and, as soon as a valid election has taken place, the Camerlengo lowers every one of them except that which covers the seat of the new Pope. In front of each seat is a small desk with black blotting-book with golden tassels, quill pens, ink, and paper, and candles, in case the daylight should not be sufficiently strong at any afternoon sitting. There is also a detached desk in the middle of the space between the two rows of chairs, at which any Cardinal who is afraid of being overlooked by his neighbours may sit down and inscribe his *schedulla*, undisturbed.

When the hour of voting arrives—viz., at eleven o'clock on the first day—and if the first attempt is ineffectual, then at eleven and five each day of the Conclave the Cardinals are summoned by a bell, and by the voice of the Master of the Ceremonies, calling them “in Capellam Domini.” They arrive, clad in the cassock, sash, and *amice*, and with the red hat, and take their seats in order. Mass is celebrated; the hymn, *Veni Creator*, is sung; and then the door of the chapel having been locked, the important business of the day begins. Three modes of election have been established by the long usage of centuries. The first, “per inspirationem, adorationem, et acclamationem,” is when the whole number of assembled Cardinals with one consent choose and elect by acclamation the occupant of the Holy Chair. The second method is followed when, after discussing the claims of two or more candidates who are known to be likely to succeed, an arrangement is come to by which the partisans of all except one give up their own opinions, and accede to the vote of the majority. In each of these cases no voting is necessary, and the new Pope is immediately conducted to the throne on the altar steps. More commonly, however, the succession has to be decided by actual voting, and then the following proceeding is scrupulously carried out.

Each Cardinal advances in order of precedence to the great table, and takes up a voting-paper, with which he returns to his desk. Upon the voting-paper, which is about 8 inches long by 4 inches broad, is this formula in Latin:—“I, Cardinal (name) choose as Supreme Pontiff my most reverend Lord (name) Cardinal.” The motto and device of the writer follow, and the paper, folded in four, is sealed with four seals, and then folded once more and carried to the silver chalice in which the votes are taken. As he does so he pronounces the oath binding him to elect that person whom he thinks most fit for the sacred office. When all the *schedulle* have been placed in the chalice the scrutator shakes them or mixes them up together, and transfers them into a second receptacle, from which they are poured out and counted, to see that they correspond with the number of the vote. They are then unfolded one by one, so that the name of the candidate written upon each is seen, while the name of the voter remains unknown and covered by its four

seals. If any one candidate obtains more than two-thirds of the votes he is declared elected. The whole of the *schedulle* are then opened entirely by breaking the seals, and the name of each elector verified. In the mean time the *baldacchino* over each of the Cardinal's seats, except that of the elected Pope, is lowered, and all eyes are turned at once in the direction of the chair thus silently indicated.

If, however, as so often happens, the requisite majority is not secured, a most curious practice immediately follows. The scrutator takes up the *schedulle*, transpierces them all with the needle and thread before mentioned, and carries the bundle thus made to the back of the altar. Here there is a small grate provided with matches and bundles of straw. Some straw is placed within it, and the useless voting papers are thrown on the top. A light is then struck, and the inflammable mass is instantly consumed. A thick smoke is caused for the moment, which, rising through a long funnel to the roof of the edifice, gives to the populace outside the news that no Pope is yet elected. "*Papa non e fatto!*" cry the spectators as soon as the puff of smoke is seen, and no other sign is forthcoming until the Conclave is open and communication with the outside world restored.

The result of a successful election is not, however, complete until the elected Cardinal has accepted it. The question is put to him in a set Latin formula by the Cardinal Camerlengo and the three chiefs of the Sacred College. If he accepts, the Cardinal Deacon requests him to state what name he intends to take. He is led to the altar, and offers up a prayer, after which he is attired by the masters of the ceremonies in the splendid apparel of the Papal dignity, and seats himself on the throne to receive the first "adoration" of the Cardinals.

E. B. M.

J I L T E D.

BY THE REV. T. P. WILLIAMSON.

WHEN Cannelmas cam last about,
 It wor a weary tahn !
 Oor coo gat choakt wi' tonnop-root,
 An' fayder brak hiz arm.
 Then mudder teeak an' telt ma theer
 Ah mun te sarvice gan' ;
 Fer Ah wor tonn'd o' eeghteen year,
 An' sheea 'd mak shift wi' Nan.
 "Sarvice !" Ah sed—" a pratty teea !
 An' what 'll Mattha say
 (He luvs ma just that desprit weel)
 Gin Ah sud gan' away ?"
 Then up sheea spak, az chirp az chips,—
 "An' Mattha wants te wed,
 He'd better let it pass hiz lips—
 Nut keep it iv hiz heead."
 " He hez ten yacker, ivvery bit,
 Tweea coos, an' pigs az weel,
 Sum sheep teea, an' a canny tit,
 An' t' cawf at 'z ommest veaal."

“ That lass he hez te mind hiz yam,
 Sheea 'z neea gert things it 'z clear,
 An' gotten warse sen fost sheea cam,
 Bud gat roond *him*, Ah hear.
 Seea thoo mun gan' te Abram Grant's
 O' Pinchinthurp toon-end !
 They' ve happen'd twins ; an' t' wife sheea wants
 A lass 'at hez sum fend.”
 An' seea that neet, when Mattha cam,
 Ah telt him all sheea 'd sed ;
 He teeak it quiet as a lamb,
 An' hing'd hiz colly heead.
 An' when he rahz 't—“ Fra Commondil
 Te yonder spot,” sed he,
 “ It 's kittle rooad, an' monny a hill—
 Ten mahl, or else Ah lee !
 Ah 've luv'd tha, lass, uncommon strang,
 Bud we mun boo te fate ;
 Ah 'm sarten seear, or it be lang,
 Thoo 'll finn'd annudder mate.”
 An' sed, az thruff t' lahle yat he past,
 “ Ah 'z seear Ah wish tha weel ! ”
 Ah thowt, fer seear, me hart had brast,
 Az he touu'd on hiz heel.

* * * * *

An' seea Ah 'z noo at Abram Grant's,
 An' t' twins tha be seea cross,
 Gin t' Lord mah feeble sarvice wants,
 Mah life wor nut mitch loss !
 Ah thinks o' Mattha day an' neet—
 Ah 'z telt he 'z teean wi' Nan ;
 Bud, Oh ! Ah thinks it can n't be reet
 To be seea fause a man !

Tweedell's Northern Almanack.

Little Brickhill Vicarage.

ON THE TESTING AND STRENGTH OF RAILWAY MATERIALS, &c.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT,

Mem. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society.

TIMBER.

LLOYD'S CLASSIFICATION OF TIMBER.

THOSE in the first class are : English Oak, African Oak, American live Oak, Saul (India), Australian Ironbark.

ALBURNEM.

If we examine the cross-section of the trunk of a tree we shall find it consist of three principal parts—pith, wood, and bark ; the perfect, or heart bearing wood

occupying the larger portion. All timber trees increase by addition to the external surface, and it therefore follows that the wood of oldest growth is found in the centre of the tree, and that the several concentric layers are younger in proportion as they recede from the centre. Around the perfect wood there is seen a concentric belt of younger growth, which has not yet attained to the maturity of the heart-wood. This belt is called the *alburnum*, or *sap-wood*; around it is the *liber* or inner bark, surrounded again by the outer bark. The centre of the heart-wood is occupied by the pith, and there is a communication between the pith and the bark that is maintained by the medullary rays, which, as their name expresses, radiate from the pith, in the centre of the perfect wood, to the external coating of the wood, or bark. When cut in a sloping direction, they produce the beautifully varied appearance called "figure" in ornamental woods.

MINERAL CONSTITUENTS OF TIMBER.

These vary very much with the nature of the soil on which it is grown, but consist chiefly of the carbonates of potash, soda, lime, and magnesia, with generally a small portion of the sulphates, chlorides, and phosphates of the same substances. The following table exhibits the weight of mineral ash remaining after the combustion of 1,000lb. weight of different woods, all equally dry when weighted:—

1,000lb. of elm yielded	19lb. of ash
" poplar "	20lb. "
" willow "	4½lb. "
" beech "	2lb. to 6 lb.
" birch "	3½lb. "
" oak "	2lb. "
" pine "	1½lb. to 3lb.
" ash "	5lb. to 6lb.

SAPWOOD.

The sapwood in all fir timber is useless, and very generally there is a large proportion of it in comparison to the heartwood. It is rather a curious fact that there appears to be a difference between the pines and the generality of the hard wood timber in this, that a small proportion of sapwood in fir is indicative of the inferiority of the timber. Thus the red pine of Scotland has fewer layers of sapwood than either the red pine of Canada or of the Baltic. As a general remark, it may be stated that the greater quantity of sapwood there is about a tree of any description of fir timber, the better will be the quality of the "spine," which is the technical term given to the mature wood. It should be an object with consumers of wood to see that their purchases include as little sapwood as possible, but it is quite impossible for deals and timber to be imported quite free from it.

I noticed, during the construction of Blackfriars Bridge, two whole baulks of timber were tested as to their compressive resistance with the following results:—

	Length.	Size.	Crippled with	per foot.	Reduction in length.
Red	20ft.	13in. by 13in.	118 tons	or 112 tons	... ⅝in.
White ...	"	"	147 "	126 "	... ½in.

CREOSOTING TIMBER.

Throughout Grimsby Docks the timber used was perfectly dried and creosoted by Bethell's process, and care was exercised to ascertain that the due amount of creosote was employed, each piece of timber being accurately weighed after it had undergone the creosoting process. Without for a moment doubting that chemistry may some day supply a cheap and efficient preservative against the attacks of the white-ant and "rot," still there can be no doubt whatever that "Bethell's process" is by far the most efficient yet brought to light. Thorough saturation is what is wanted, and "Bethell's process" can accomplish this.

In creosoting timber for Railway work, the standard quantity specified by the Great Western and Great Northern Railways, is 35 gallons to one load of 50 cubic feet, being 0.7, or gallons, or 7lbs. to a cubic foot; the oil to be 1,000 specific gravity.

When railway sleepers and telegraph poles are properly creosoted, they undoubtedly receive a prolonged life. Sleepers should be specified to be of good, sound, well-grown Baltic redwood timber, free from sap, shakes, large or unsound knots, and other defects, and to be creosoted with at least 35 gallons of creosote per load, to the satisfaction of the company's engineer. The preservative properties of creosote appear to be three-fold: First, it prevents the absorption of moisture in any form or under any change of temperature; secondly, it is noxious to animal and vegetable life, thereby repelling the attacks of insects and preventing the propagation of fungi; thirdly, it arrests the vegetation or living principle of the tree after its separation from the root, which is one of the primary causes of dry rot and other species of decay. Wherever creosoted timber can be applied it would seem advisable to do so, because it not only resists the changes of weather, but also adds to the strength of the wood. On the authority of Messrs. Armstrong and Forster, of Sunderland, we know that a series of experiments proved this to be the case.

The size of the pieces tested was 2ft. 6in. by 2in., by 1½in., and the pressure was applied midway between supports 2ft. apart.

	Not Creosoted broke with.	Creosoted broke with.	Gain through being Creosoted.
Memel fir	11cwt.	11½	¼
Scotch fir	13½cwt.	15½	1½

In each of the above cases the breaking weights are the average of six tests.

TELEGRAPH POLES.

Non-creosoted telegraph poles are very short-lived, 7 years being the maximum; some have decayed in 3. A fair average would be about 5 years.

Creosoted poles, on the contrary, are very durable, and as yet sufficient time has not elapsed since the process was applied generally to telegraph poles to say positively how long they will last—certainly twice as long as *non-creosoted*. Much depends upon circumstances, quality of timber, description of soil in which they are erected, and the way they are creosoted. Under very favourable circumstances 20 years life might be expected; but an average life of 14 years may safely be taken.

The following, from the *Architect*, well deserve noting:—

“In most of the specifications for works in London, as Builders know, the usual description given for timber is ‘Best Memel, Riga, or Dantzic.’ This clause is for the most part liberally interpreted to mean timber fit for the work that has to be done, and it is not the custom to require any positive evidence that the timber supplied to any building is *best timber* in the timber merchants’ application of the word; in point of fact, not 10 per cent. of the timber used in ordinary building contracts is of that particular quality, and there are no good reasons why it should be.

“*Best Timber*, in a timber merchant’s specification, means timber exceptionally straight-grained and free from knots; and of timber so selected a large percentage is subject to heart shakes and cuts up unsound, and from the very straightness and softness of its quality is not so well adapted to sustain heavy weights as the second quality, which is not so clear of knots, but as a general rule is sounder and stronger. In point of fact, what are called the second qualities of Memel and Dantzic timber do most of the London work of high class, and come into the market as ‘*Second Memel*,’ and ‘*Good Middling Dantzic*.’ In some cases, where the timber is used as whole timber, as for piles or heavy warehouse girders, the ‘*Thirds*’ in Memel or the ‘*Common*’ in Dantzic may be used; but, except for these and similar purposes, they are too coarse for good work. And here let me say that the great secret of buying timber to advantage is personal inspection, as different parcels submitted under the same description and specification will vary so much in quality as to make a difference in the actual value to the builder of 20 to 25 per cent.

"The supply of Riga timber has lately been limited, but the foregoing remarks as to Memel and Dantzic may be taken as equally applying to Riga.

"Sometimes a parcel described as 'Thirds' comes over equal to good seconds; and, on the contrary, many parcels of seconds ought properly to be described as thirds. Our London system is to buy the timber in the water at the docks, where it is rafted in floats, as it is discharged from the vessels. A float of timber averages 18 loads of 50 x 50 cubic feet; it is rafted sometimes single and sometimes double, and by walking on to the rafts a good judge sees at a glance the general quality of the cargo; and in special cases, if worth the trouble, may go through and select his timber stick by stick, on an understanding with his merchant to that effect; the only expense thereby incurred being the cost of re-rafting—in taking the rafts to pieces and fastening them up again.

"The disadvantage of our London system is that, as a rule, timber is always used wet, not only containing its native sap, but also the absorption consequent upon being perhaps some months in the water; hence, when care is not taken, arise those terrible shrinkages that sometimes occur. I recollect the case of a large house where the whole of the interior divisions were carried out by a series of heavy quarter partitions (without any brick internal party walls) resting upon each other up to 40 feet high. No precautions were taken against shrinkage, and the consequence was that within a few months after erection the whole of the floors, especially the upper ones, were out of level. The roof gutters would not take off the water; every plaster cornice in the house was cracked, and the expense of reinstatement was very serious, the sole cause being the shrinking of the timber. In heavy roofing too I have seen serious results from the same cause.

"It is vain to attempt to buy *seasoned* whole timber—there is not such a thing in the market. The only cure is that in the designing of the building the arrangements should be such that at no point shall the shrinkage of timber have the effect of injuring the stability of the work. In the present day, with our facilities in the use of iron, this is easily accomplished. A good deal of Swedish timber has recently been imported and extensively used, though never mentioned in the specification or supposed to be allowed. It has much improved in quality of late years, and there is no real practical objection to its use except in name, as for most purposes, if of good quality, it is just as good as Memel, Riga, or Dantzic. It should not be used in large scantlings where weights are to be carried, as, though tougher than the other qualities, it is not so strong; but for smaller scantlings it is perfectly adapted. The absence of turpentine renders Swedish timber less durable than 'Memel' or 'Dantzic' for damp situations, such as *ground joists* or *tide work*, where the timber is alternately *wet* and *dry*.

"When seen in the stick, before cutting, a certain difference in the method of preparing it for the market enables the practised eye to detect it at a glance; but when well selected and the slabs taken off, in many instances, when mixed with Memel in scantling, no man in London can say which is which. This very remark was made to me by an architect of forty years' standing, who had raised himself *from the bench* by his own exertion and self-education, and a lengthened practice confirms me in this view.

"Of course there are certain characteristics of the timber that are distinctive—there are certain pieces of Swede that no man would pass for Memel, and certain pieces of Memel that could not be mistaken for Swede; but the per-centage of both qualities to which this last remark applies are certainly not more than 10 to 15. As Swede is generally about 30 per cent. cheaper than the other descriptions, I need not say that its use is far more extensive than is generally known.

"The following ports are the best: Sundswald, Soderham, Swartwick, and Lluysne. These generally produce a full sized timber, and the Lluysne has this advantage, that it generally takes a reddish tinge when sawn; and when that is the case is not to be distinguished from Memel, to which it is *not inferior in point of fact*. From the other ports the wood runs smaller, and is therefore wasteful in conversion.

"As a general rule Swede timber is apt to run taper, and in estimating an extra

allowance for waste should always be made ; whenever it runs about 12" square it is almost sure to open shaky at the heart.

"As to size for general use, as a rule Riga runs rather small, not over 13" ; Memel, as an average, 13 to 13½ ; but if joists or girders are required to hold 14" deep when slabbed, there is nothing to be had but Dantzic. In the course of one season I had to provide about 200 loads of this scantling for a special purpose, and it was all that there was in the market ; so that in more than one instance I was applied to by *Builders* to see if I could spare them a few sticks. It is possible by special arrangements with the merchants abroad to obtain a shipment of rather larger timber, but the limit mentioned above gives the general run of the market for ordinary purposes.

"Swede is apt to run rather irregular in size. I have seen a few sticks as large as 16" ; but this almost invariably opens shaky. The best size to buy Swede is 12" down to 11 and 10½.

"Some very superior small Memel is to be bought for purposes to which it is adapted about 9" square ; it is equal in quality to the very best, but is to be had considerably cheaper on account of size.

"For light shoring and small scantlings where no weight is to be carried, such as ceiling joists, &c., it is often advantageous to use *Die Square*. It comes over from 4 to 8" square, any length, is about half the price of full-sized timber, sometimes less, and the sawing is saved.

"In buying timber in the water one or two points are worth attention.

"Never buy timber that floats too low in the water, as in that case it is either sappy or shaky, and always look at the ends with an especial view to soundness.

"There is very often a little shaky appearance, which is of no consequence. But if there is anything like a shake running through the heart of the pieces, I reject it at once, as I know that it will open shaky.

"The peculiar green shade that denotes sap is recognised at a glance. And I will give another piece of advice. If doubtful as to buying a lot of timber, go and look at it on a *wet day*, as the rain has the effect of showing up the defects if there are any.

"Do not be too much afraid of knots if they are not large or dead. Some descriptions of timber that look rather coarse, open sound and clean equal to the best.

"*Pine 'red'*, which is good and fit for anything, and yellow, which is rarely to be trusted, have both at intervals been used in the London Market, but the prices of both lately have been such as to exclude them for timber purposes.

"Oak is generally specified to be '*English Oak*,' but a great deal of foreign oak is used ; Stettin, Memel, and other ports furnishing a capital article, straighter in grain than English, and rather easier to work—in endurance quite equal for all practical purposes—and when converted as good as English in all respects ; in fact better, as it is not so apt to cast ; the twisting up of sills, and other failures resulting from the use of strong grown wiry native stuff, being entirely avoided by the introduction of '*Baltic Oak*.'

"As far as timber goes this pretty nearly exhausts the materials in most general use ; for exceptional purposes other woods are employed.

"Teak for Railway carriages and the treads of warehouse staircases is about the most durable material we have ; it has also been used for manger rolls ; but the desperate labour of working it keeps it out of use for all but the most exceptional purposes.

"*Elm*, for vice benches, bench tops and coffins, may just be mentioned ; and then, as far as timber is concerned, there is not much more to be said.

"Some wood was imported into this country from California as an experiment a few years ago, in the shape of whole timber deals, battens, and planks.

"The whole timber was simply magnificent—4 ft. square in the butt, 60ft. long, with scarcely a knot—and the other articles equal in quality.

"The rate of freight, however, was prohibitive, and after the first importation we had no more. It had this peculiarity in working : *with the grain*, it worked as easily as ordinary Memel fir ; across grain, it was as hard as wainscot.

"It made splendid joiners' work, and would be, I imagine, unapproachable for ship masts ; but its importers lost money, and there is no supply.

"In the conversion of timber to its purposes in the building, a little care will sometimes save a great deal of money.

"Sometimes one comes across a *butt* of Memel perfectly clean and free from knot or shake of any kind. In a largish purchase, say 100 loads, there are generally some of them: if these are selected and put on one side, afterwards cut down by the mill—at home if you have one, abroad if you have not—they make simply the best staircase treads. From their width, $13\frac{1}{2}$ " they save cross-tonguing; the price, of course, is cheap as compared with the Petersburg or Onega planks usually used; and for appearance and wear nothing more can be required by the most fastidious; they only want a little seasoning.

"When timber runs rather coarse, that is, knotty, reserve it for the larger scantlings; a 4-inch knot should be avoided in a girder 12" deep, but is fatal in a piece of 6×4 , while in its bulk the piece of half timber would probably bear more weight on proof than a soft-grained piece perfectly clean and free from knot of any kind.

"The variation of the market in various classes of goods sometimes makes it worth while to use battens, planks, and deals for timber purposes, the price per standard at which they are sometimes bought—taking into consideration the sawing which is saved—having the result of making them cheaper than timber.

"Caution must, however, be exercised in doing this where heavy weights have to be carried. These materials, planks, battens, and deals, are usually cut out of smaller and younger timber, and *area* for *area* it will be found, as I have proved more than once by experiment, that, used in this form, they will *not do the work* that by the ordinary calculations, accepted and used by the engineering profession, timber is usually supposed to do; indeed a soft open-grained deal, say of 9×3 , as compared with a close-grown piece of strong Memel timber, should have an allowance of at least 20 per cent.; *i.e.*, if the strength of timber is nicely proportioned to the weight to be carried by the engineer who furnishes the design. In some cases the substitution of these materials for cut timber from the log becomes a dangerous experiment, and should only be attempted when there is plenty of strength to spare; in ordinary house-building, for instance, it may be adopted occasionally with the most economical results.

"As to the prices of timber, they vary more perhaps than any other article used for building purposes; when I first began to buy timber, now many years ago, I paid £40 for goods that often since I have bought for £20, and at the higher price I was well served.

"At present, the trade shares the general commercial depression around, and prices rule lower than I have recollected them for many years.

"While the foreign markets have also changed to a great extent, there is much more care taken in the selection and arrangement of timber abroad than there used to be, and, therefore, judgment has not quite so much play. The timber is sorted much more carefully, or to a line, and therefore mixed lots, as we used to call them, never come into the market. By mixed lots I mean freights where firsts, seconds, and thirds were sent together without distinction of quality, and where, therefore, personal judgment was the only test of value."

MORITZ GRAF VON STRACHWITZ.

THE poems of Maurice, Count Strachwitz, were published in a little volume (5th edition) by Edward Trewendt, Breslau, 1864. We are not, unfortunately, aware whether any subsequent or larger edition has appeared, and only, therefore, deal with what we know, and, to say the truth, like much.

We are not, of course, prepared to uphold all the views of the poet, nor even to

defend many of his utterances. Like many other poets we could name, his writings must be taken "cum grano," inasmuch as his ideas, it must be confessed, are often not a little erratic, and the "lees" are many and powerful of the strong and luscious wine, which, as a "child of song," he calls himself (ein ehrlicher Geselle), he offers to the guest at the poetic banquet. His "coronæ convivales" are, it must be admitted, rather fantastic, if graceful and sweet-scented. Perhaps, too, we feel it right to say, that he may be properly accounted a pupil of the pure Epicurean School, (never the highest in poesy), and we cannot, therefore, conscientiously recommend his often exquisite strains for the approval or study of the young, or for any, until Time has mellowed their experience, and Religion has given to Life its happier direction, its controlling sway.

But still, as Count Strachwitz has many admirers in Germany, and his name and verses are almost apparently unknown in England, we have thought it well to call attention to a few translations from his poetry, which, however imperfect in themselves, may afford a part-idea, at any rate, of the originality and sweetness of the writer. We have often found much gratification from the perusal of his ringing lines, and think that, had his life been prolonged, and his Muse winged, so to say, a steadier flight, he would have ranked among the masters of German Minne-singers. As it is, his mingled Epicureanism and Stoicism must prevent his taking the front line in that goodly array, as we are among those who think, and think strongly, that the Divine gift of *ποησις* to man must ever be permeated and purified, in order to rise to the highest use and most beneficial effect, by that reverential and religious spirit which never forgets, which ever acknowledges, the unspeakable gifts of T.G.A.O.T.U. And if in the case of Strachwitz some of his lays appear to the sober mind to be too sensuous, —too much given up to an unhealthy ideal,—too deeply absorbed by a mere earthly phantasy, too frequently to be tinged with a marked and melancholy materialism,—still, like as in a glade in a forest, where the green intervenes between the overhanging trees on either side, so he has passages of exquisite simplicity, grace, and poetic feeling which command admiration, and appeal forcibly to our sense of all that is true and tender, graceful and affecting. We therefore venture to commend the examples of his animated and effective verse which follow to the fraternal criticism and contentment of our readers, the more so, as notwithstanding his defects, we by no means wish to imply that Strachwitz is an irreligious writer.

STANZAS.

My darling, come—'tis good for both,
 When at last the Eve appears,
 When the day, to its departure loth,
 Has made its eye red with tears ;
 For then the very deepest blue
 Environs yon hilly wall,
 And sweetly in its timidity
 Murmurs the waterfall.

Noiseless the wings are flapping
 As they swim on with the stirless wind,
 For Slumber that realm is lapping
 With its breath both soft and kind.
 It makes the waves smooth as a river,
 It does not ruffle your hair,
 It bids not the leaves to quiver,
 It only kisses each leaf so fair.

The flowers seem dreamily to bend,
 And breathe out voluptuously,
 There floats the thought of the legend
 And of mythic chieftains by ;

The trees in their stillness all alone
 Look up to Heaven there,
 And are murmuring in gentle tone
 To themselves,—their evening prayer.
 My darling, come,—the glowing sea
 Is behind the mountain rolled,
 And casts on the streamlet before me
 Its last little streak of gold.
 My darling, come—the night is here,
 The fair roses sip the dew,—
 Come, Oh ! come, my love so dear,
 My heart it pines for you !

LEBENSANSICHT.

Oh, cease to speak unto me !
 You only speak, in truth,
 To stone and wood : you can't o'erthrow in me
 My joyous pride in youth.
 You never shall persuade me,
 That every man is base,—
 That Right has utterly ceased to be
 Amongst our mortal race.
 The Light is not so pale here,
 As you would make believe ;
 The Cloud is not so thick here,
 About which you ever grieve.
 The World is not so bad, indeed,
 As you say it does remain,
 Neither so endless is the need,
 As you evermore complain.
 The Heaven still of meteors bright
 Possesses a goodly share ;
 The earth of every glad delight
 Is yet by no means bare.
 Still we've true-hearted heroes
 With plume and sword on earth ;
 Still we learn songs of heroes
 Of true heroic worth.
 Still we've poets gentle-hearted
 Our wilder ones among,
 And women tender-hearted
 Still glow as lights of song.
 The golden foliage of the Vine
 Has gleamed for ages long,
 The fragrant breath of Spring divine
 Has year by year been strong.
 There manly, noble hearts indeed,
 Are upstanding for the right—
 There the Bark of Hope it does not need
 To go down utterly in the night—

And where of Hope the gentle flame
Still glows in every breast,
There need we not to seek to blame
The fresh joy of song confess—
And gather ever so sadly above
The foggy mist the heart :
Oh ! let that heart be full of love,
And joyful still be Art.

A SONNET.

I SING and speak, thou hear'st it not ;
I weep and complain, thou hear'st it not ;
I chant in the holy fear of night,
I chant by day, but thou hear'st it not.
I sing aloud like a thunder-roll
In the heavy storm—thou hear'st it not ;
I sing quite gently, like the kiss of the West
On a bank of roses—thou hear'st it not.
And when in my song both lightning and storm
I clash together—thou hear'st it not ;
And whatever I bear in grief and pain,
And in love—thou hear'st it not.

DU GEHEST DAHIN.

OH ! bright, bright day, thou passest away :
How cold and dull is the world to-day !
No breath of being, no waves in their strife,
No Love, and no Life,
However I seek—despairingly.
Like the sun itself, thou fadest away,
To which the Persians, kneeling, pray.
I look at thee, O Queen of the Day,
Until gazing, gazing, I blinded stay,
Till thou sinkest in the blue sea.
Thou passest away, and thou scarce can know
Both my bitter strife and my heavy blow ;
Without thee no sorrow, without thee no dream,
Without thee no Time, and without thee no gleam,
And still I remain all silently.
Thou passest away, and I am still no more :
I leave the strains to pass as before ;
Thou castest thy beams both bright and bland
On another shore—on another land—
And I must suffer alone.

A PRAHLEREI.

AND art thou proud ?—then, by my oath,
A greater pride is mine
If bloomed ten times more bloomingly
That Flower-yoke of thine ;

If shone ten times more graciously
 That stately form in you,
 More tenderly, more wistfully,
 That eye of heavenly blue.

And art thou cold?—O proud, proud heart,
 Far colder still am I,
 If gleamed ten times more gleamingly
 Thy face, as morn flits by.
 Though even were it mightier
 Thy long eyelashes' play,
 Or brighter and more Spring-featured
 The fairy-show fades away.

And as I wrote these rhymes of mine,
 Then I knew not the reason why ;
 And as I spoke of pride and coldness
 I was dumb without reply.
 I'm sent to my knees with terror
 By a look, a word, to-day.
 So cold remain, so proud remain,
 But drive me not away.

I WOULD I WERE A POET.

I WOULD I were a poet—
 A poet of lasting fame :
 The flowers, which are my songlets,
 I give unto thy name.

Upon my wreaths of poesy
 Thy feet shall wander now ;
 The spirit of my dreamings
 Greet thee with kneeling vow.

To thee they must do homage,
 And find their Queen in thee.
 I would I were a Poet—
 Alas ! that cannot be !

GERMANIA.

LAND of the sword and land of right !
 Land of poesy, land of light !
 Land of the true and the free !
 Land of the Eagle and the Lion !
 Land near to death thou seem'st to be—
 Look to thyself, O Germany !

O Rulers cradle !—near and far
 Ferments in thee the Burgher war :
 In thee a thousand voices cry—
 A thousand spears are brandished :
 In feverish dreams, alas ! you lie—
 Arouse ! arouse ! O Germany !

Gentle whispers, anger-loud,
 Lies that crush in their dim cloud ;
 In the dust lies modesty,
 And doubt destroys faith's gentle dove.
 Ever No, and never Yea—
 Say Yes now, O Germany !

On thy knees for ever pray
That the Lord crush not thy way ;
 From the Lords of Tartary
May He truly thee defend,
For Siberia 's near to thee—
 Be true to thyself, O Germany

That Prince and People trust each other—
That no Monk thy light shall smother—
 That no Marat mislead thee,
Or fill thee full of massacre ;
For Marats already are in thee—
 Beware of them, O Germany !

That God shall keep thee in His grace,
Darling of our worldly race !
 Defence of peoples free !—
That thy word go far and near,
Thy Star of Honour gleam from sea to sea,
 And thy sword, O Germany !

We might prolong these extracts, but we think that we have given enough to interest some of our readers. We may recur to the subject, as some of Strachwitz's poems display a very reverent spirit, and we have had to leave out one or two extracts.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

A LODGE LECTURE.

(Continued from page 473.)

A THIRD difficulty is an opposing theory which commends itself to some minds—namely, that of a select and secret Order, which has preserved the teaching and mysteries of Masonry, having derived them from the Knightly Orders, and mainly the Knights Templar, who brought Freemasonry—or rather Egyptian traditions—back from the East. The only objection to such a theory is, that we have evidence that Freemasonry existed, as a system and brotherhood, long before the Knights Templar were founded. Indeed, it is much more likely, from the known facts of the case, that the Knightly Orders were, as our own traditions say, patrons of Freemasonry, and adapted the existing system, of which they obtained cognizance as protectors of the Guilds, with its secret forms and mysteries, to their own secret receptions. The Knightly Orders, the Templars, certainly had what they called a “*secreta receptio*,” or secret ritual of acceptance, and there can be no doubt that many of their forms and ceremonies were very much akin to our own.

I have read carefully every work on Templary, home or foreign, I could find, but I never have been able to discover anything confirmatory of a Templar origin for Freemasonry, though much which is most adverse to such a theory. I have seen, for instance, in the great Library at Paris, a Templar ritual, which is of last century, and professes to give, as if apparently not long after the period, an account of Jacques de Molais' death. But that ritual makes a marked difference between the three degrees of Operative Freemasonry, and the order or degree to which the candidate was about to be admitted. It confirmed me, when I read it and transcribed it, in the conclusion I had

previously arrived at, that long before the Knights Templar were formed into an Order the Operative Guilds had carried on their work of initiation and probation, though admitting into their body, to strengthen them and protect them, both the Ecclesiastic, and Knightly Orders.

The same remarks, very nearly, will apply to what is called the Rose Croix theory. That a Society of Rosicrucians, as they are termed—from their founder, Christian Rosenkrantz—or Brethren of the Rosy-Cross, existed in the world at one time, adepts in chemical or illuminati in alchemical science, admits of no doubt. That they may have used Masonry for their own purposes is not impossible or improbable; but that my brethren of the Rose Croix Degree, however excellent in themselves, as some I know are, are really in any measure descendants of the old Rosicrucian Confraternity, any more than that the Masonic Knights Templar are lineal descendants, or even preserve the ritual and secret reception of those famous soldiers of the Cross, the poor brethren Knights of the Temple at Jerusalem, is, I believe, a delusion.

One more objection has been made to the operative origin of Freemasonry—that it is impossible to see, in the usages of a purely operative body, the end and object of a speculative Brotherhood, whose authentic annals do not date much earlier than the beginning of the last century. But we have evidence to prove that in 1646 Freemasonry was an established institution in this country, when Elias Ashmole, a purely Speculative Brother, was admitted at Warrington. In 1682 he was admitted “a fellow,” not of the “Masonic Company,” but of a Society of Freemasons. Dr. Plot, in his “History of Staffordshire,” published in 1686, alludes to the existence of the Order in terms which carry it back beyond the commencement of the 17th century, at any rate.

The earliest use I have found of the word “Freemason” and “Freemasonry” is in a contract to build Fotheringay Chapel, in 1435; but if Sir F. Palgrave’s words are literally exact, as I have already said, there exist in the Exchequer Rolls documents dating as far back as the reign of Edward I., mentioning the Freemasons, Master and Wardens, Fellows and Apprentices.

No doubt it is true that in later times the complete supremacy of the speculative element has given a purely moral and spiritual application to our technical phraseology, and has tended to encourage that fuller teaching of a universal brotherhood. But though this be so, it does not do away with the almost positive certainty that the Operative Lodges have handed down to us those leading truths and distinctive landmarks which we still, as Speculative Masons, carefully preserve. So that, in conclusion, whatever may be said for or against this view of this History of our Order—whatever difficulties there may be—and that there are still some I do not deny—yet further investigation, I feel convinced, will show us that it is only thus, when we profess to give an exact account of our Brotherhood, that we can harmonise it with the known facts of history, or explain numberless anomalies in that history which otherwise are altogether insuperable.

The Freemasons, in the early part of the 13th century, seem to have formed themselves into small and migratory societies, under the government of a Master of the Craft, with the privilege of taking apprentices, who, after a due initiation, became Free and Accepted Masons. Thus we have the word “Freemason” brought into use—not, as Mr. Halliwell thinks, because they were cutters of freestone, or as Leland seems to say, from the French “Frères Maçons,” but because they were free of their Guild or Corporation—free, in opposition to the serfs and villeins of those days—free to fix the price for labour in their General Assembly, and included with the freedom of that extended but secret Brotherhood which bound together in one bond of mystical union the Masons of different countries.

I am afraid that my Lecture will have seemed to many both dry and uninteresting, almost unavoidably so; but I yet can plead for it an honest endeavour to find the truth, without any prejudice or partiality in favour of any preconceived opinion. I have offered it to you this day as a Masonic student, and hope that we may yet live to see a thoroughly reliable history of our Order written, based on the needful and all-important certainty of genuine witness and authentic statements. Not that, in saying this, I wish to blame our earlier Masonic historians, Preston especially, who seems to have used the

documents he alludes to with scrupulous fidelity, and always to have had evidence of some kind for the statements he makes. But Mr. Hallam has said that the History of Freemasonry has been written hitherto either by panegyrists or calumniators, each equally mendacious. Whether that is just or no of others I will not stop now to inquire, but I venture to hope that my Brethren present will acquit me of such a charge in either sense, and will accept in good faith and fraternal sympathy this humble effort of a Masonic student to illustrate the annals and to uphold the true claims to antiquity on historical evidence of our useful and beneficent Craft. And if in this most imperfect sketch I shall have excited the interest of Masonic students in the subject to which my Lecture has related, or helped them to an appreciation of the deep reality of our Masonic History, which I trust I shall have convinced them is most important in itself, I feel that these few stray thoughts and humble researches will not have been submitted to your fraternal consideration altogether uselessly or in vain, while I shall be more than repaid, for any time or labour I may have spent in the collection of evidence and in the preparation of the Lecture I have had the honour and privilege to deliver to you to-night.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

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

AS an illustration of the progress of textile manufactures, Mr. Brassey, M.P., recently stated, that in 1874 there were 39,000,000 spindles in England, 5,000,000 in France, the same number in Germany, 2,900,800 in Switzerland, and 1,500,000 in Austria.

There are a class of "*feelosophers*," as Cobbett would have called them, who have pictured savage life as the golden age of happiness from which mankind have fallen. Mr. Anthony Trollope, who has been contributing to the *Northern Echo* a series of interesting letters on South Africa, says of the Kaffirs:—"An ordinary man of the tribe, when dying, is taken away to die alone in a ditch; and, when dead, is put away under the ground without a word. But the funeral of a Chief is attended with many ceremonies. His arms and ornaments are buried with him, and friends are appointed to watch his grave, for a longer or shorter period, according to his rank. If he have been a very great Chief, the period is sometimes a year, during which the watchers may do nothing but watch. The grave of the Chief becomes a sanctuary, at which all offenders may take refuge. The neighbouring Chiefs, when told of the death, are compelled to shave their heads." The authoress of *Scenes in our Parish* asks, "What matter if the traveller's scrip be empty, when the sunset shines on him, as he ends his toilsome journey, and enter's his own Father's house?" And although we may be able honestly to exclaim with Thomas Hood,—

"Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the cold tomb and the long grass for ever!"

Yet who would not prefer dying at home, on his own couch, surrounded by ministering friends, to the "primitive simplicity" of savage neglect. I may be too effeminate, but, for my own part, give me a good feather bed to a ditch! Like Falstaff, "I would fain die a dry death."

My literary and antiquarian friend, Mr. J. Tom Burgess, F.S.A., in his genial book on *Historic Warwickshire*, remarks:—"The course of the Avon marks the great natural division of the county. The southern open country is termed the Feldon or champagne

country. The northern bank is termed the Arden, or the woodland. The heights of Shuckburgh, Napton, Burton, and Brailes alone break the monotony of the plain of the Feldon, which rises in successive undulating billows to Hodnell, Gaydon, and Wellesbourne, and sinks to the foot of the Edge hills, on the Oxfordshire boundary." And further on, in the opening of his chapter on "The Heiress of Canonbury," he tells us:—"There is no spot so difficult to find, and no place better worth seeing in the county of Warwick, than the old moated mansion of Compton Winyates," which "is built in a recess or comb of the Edge hills, about equal distances from the villages of Tysoe and Brailes, whose handsome churches are the pride of the country side; indeed the church of Brailes, desolate as it now appears, is known as the cathedral of the Feldon." One cannot help wishing that Mr. Burgess had favoured us with a chapter on each of those fine old churches. In my various rambles in the Midland Counties, I have missed visiting both of them. Brailes is a place with a history of its own. Before the Conquest, it was one of the possessions of Edwin, Earl of Mercia; and afterwards, including the two hamlets of Chelmescott and Winderton, it yielded, to William the Conqueror, the then respectable sum of fifty-five pounds a year, and twenty horse-loads of salt. For four hundred years it was the property of my remote "antecessors," the old Earls of Warwick, who, among other privileges, claimed that of having a gallows there, which I am afraid was too often used when milder measures might have better served all useful purposes. The church, dedicated to St. George, is 164 feet in length, and 58 feet broad, with a noble tower, 120 feet high, in the Perpendicular Style; and though the church itself has suffered fearfully from the profanations of ignorant churchwardens in the dark ages of church architecture, it yet contains many good specimens of the Early and Later Decorated, as well as the Perpendicular; and I am glad to learn from the Vicar that this worthy workmanship of our ancient operative brethren is to be thoroughly repaired and—where absolutely necessary—restored. I feel certain that the architect (Mr. W. Smith, of 10, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.), whose name is well-known in the Isle-of-Ely, Lincolnshire, and Leicestershire, will see that none of those ill-adapted alterations are made which so often cause good antiquaries to regret the so-called "restoration" of ancient churches. £2,700 have been already received or promised; liberal subscriptions having been contributed by the late Marquis of Northampton, the Bishop of Worcester, the Archdeacon, the Rural Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, and the spirited Vicar and his good lady; whilst upwards of one hundred and fifty clergymen have shown their interest in the work by donations varying from £50 to £1. It is a worthy undertaking, in which every Freemason ought to take an ardent interest; and, as at least £1000 more will be required to complete the arduous undertaking, I specially commend it to the consideration of the Craft in general, and of those in particular who (like myself) whilst most highly prizing the fine symbolic teaching of our Speculative Masonry, have a warm reverence for the skilled workmanship of our old operative brethren, who, though dead, still speak to us in their matchless works. And surely a Freemason of the nineteenth century ought to be able to exclaim with the Puritan Milton of the seventeenth:—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

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