H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER

OF

FREE & ACCEPTED MASONS OF ENGLAND.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not this month much to record, except the onward progress of English Freemasonry. The constitution and consecration of three new lodges within ten days within the Metropolitan District, and three in the provinces, is a remarkable proof of the expansiveness just now of our lodge system.

The Chaucer Lodge is a new lodge established at Southwark, not far from where once stood the Tabard. While the lodge was being consecrated, and the orator was alluding to Chaucer and the Tabard, the remains of the old hostelry were being demolished. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that the last Tabard was the original Tabard! That had long yielded to the encroaching hand of time, and had been followed by another Tabard, which, often repaired, has at last disappeared from Southwark. We think it was a happy idea that linked the fortunes of the new lodge with the venerated name of Chaucer, as, whether he were a Freemason or no, as some have thought, he was officially connected with the operative guilds of Freemasons. Some of us will remember how he tells of some of the guilds of London, clothed in the "solempne livery" of a "grete Fraternité," and we shall wish that he had said something about the "Fremaçons"—the whilom form of the word. So far, the earliest mention of "Fremaçon" is about 1398, we believe, proving to us its simple derivation from the Norman French.

The building of the New Surrey Masonic Hall is a very good thing for the district; but London is still far behind the provinces in accommodation for the Craft. The proceedings, under our distinguished Deputy Grand Master, were most successful, and we wish all prosperity to the new W.M., Bro. Lailham, and the officers and brethren of the Surrey Masonic Hall Lodge 1539.

The Alexandra Lodge has also been consecrated, and our able and esteemed Bros., J. Hervey, G.S., R. J. Simpson, P.G.C., R. W. Little, and others, took part in the day's proceedings. According to the "Times" of Monday, 19th July, the announcement was officially made at the meeting that the English Grand Lodge had recognized the Grand Orient of Rome.

The three provincial lodges are the United Military Lodge, 1537; the Abercorn Lodge, Middlesex, 1549; the Liverpool Lodge, 1457, at Liverpool. At the United Military Lodge Major-General Brownrigg, P.G.M. for Surrey, made a most admirable speech, which appeared in the "Freemason" of July 10th, and which we earnestly commend to the attention and perusal of our Brethren. At the consecration of the Abercorn Lodge, Bro. R. W. Little gave an able oration, and at the consecration of the Liverpool Lodge, Bro. the Rev. J. M. Morgan, P.P.G.C., W. Lanc., delivered a very eloquent address. Bro. R. J. Simpson, P.G.C., at the consecration of the Alexandra Lodge, gave an eloquent oration, which appeared in the "Freemason" of July 24th.

The Bishop of Orleans, "more suo," has penned a fiery pamphlet against Freemasonry. The Bishop, who is, as most know, a very able writer, though he deals with Freemasonry generally on the grounds mainly of the Papal interdicts, specifically attacks the French and Belgian Freemasons for their political proclivities and their non-religious avowals. We wish that we could say or think that Monsigneur Dupanloup has no ground for what he advances so very clearly and fully. In our humble opinion, the great defect of French and Belgian Freemasonry is its dealing with political and religious questions. To us in England the banishing of the Bible from the lodges is a deplorable mistake, and we fear that their acute opponent has hit a terrible blot, alike in their profession and their practice. We hope, however, as it is never too late to mend, that both the French and Belgian Freemasons may retrace their steps, and become what they say they are, but which at present they certainly are not, in their intolerance towards the Bible, a liberal, a tolerant, a religious, a philanthropical organization, truly Masonic in word and deed.

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" AND FREEMASONRY.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

In the "Edinburgh Review," some time ago, appeared an able critique of *Norman Architecture*, &c., by Henry Gally Knight, M.P. We do not purpose following the article in its treatment of the subject as affecting the claims of the Norman School of Architecture, but desire simply to consider the statements made therein with respect to Freemasonry. We are told that, "As the substratum and foundation of any consistent theory for the history of art in the middle ages, we must advert to the fact, that in the earlier eras of society, all handicrafts (save and except those upon which slaves were employed) were carried on by societies which the Romans termed 'colleges;'—receiving in the middle ages the appellation of 'guilds,' 'mysteries,' 'zunften,' or other analogous denominations. . . . . Furthermore, these colleges adopted as a leading or fundamental principle, that they conferred an hereditary privilege or duty. The son succeeded to the occupation of the father; just as in the companies and guilds, the son became a freeman by birthright. His trade was his best estate—his inheritance. . . . Amongst the Roman 'colleges' the company of hereditary architects held a conspicuous place. . . . . But the Masonic square, the level, the trowel, and the mallet, all carefully represented upon the memorial of the Roman architect, display how important a feature the mechanical practice of the art was considered, in estimating the calling to which the master belonged. Now it is to the societies representing and continuing these Roman colleges, in those cities of Gaul which, during the middle ages, and indeed, until the great political revolutions of our own times, retained the unbroken succession of their municipal government from the imperial age—as was peculiarly exemplified in Nismes and Cologne—that we would attribute the structures which we have designated as the *Romanesque-imperial*, and described as always exhibiting a decided, and often a successful endeavour to assert the relationship to the prototype. . . . After the extinction or dissolution of the bodies deriving their succession from the colleges, the art would only be practised by insulated workmen."

The foregoing we take to favour the "guild theory" in connection with Freemasonry, which Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, and ourselves, have for some time endeavoured to support as the only reasonable view of the origin of modern Freemasonry, and surely such a paternity should be thought sufficiently ancient to satisfy the most exacting, whilst its harmony with history must ever secure for it the acceptance of all thoughtful masonic students.

We read again as follows:—"We adopt, however, with more certainty, the opinion long since suggested by Wren, that the Societies of Freemasons became the means of spreading the knowledge, as well as the practice, of Gothic architecture throughout the middle ages. Whether any of their original lodges are, as they themselves assert, founded upon the Roman Colleges, or whether they were affiliated upon similar institutions in the middle ages, is open to much conjecture; yet we cannot deny but that their symbols retain the impress of high authority. Many of them can be traced in the Roman sepulchre, or the quarter gem; and although it may be hard to admit that the craftsmen of York are the unbroken successors of the architects sent to Britain by Claudius, yet they might, perhaps, more truly assert, that they derived their reorganization from members of the brotherhood, travelling into this island at more recent periods, from Germany or Gaul."

'Confused, ignorant, and even absurd, in the traditional 'Charges'* which unfolded to the Masonic aspirant, the incipient *lodgenna*; the dignity of his art, the connection assumed between Masonry and the severe sciences, bear a remarkable resemblance to the canons of Vitruvius; and the astral hieroglyphics, so conspicuous in various portions of the mediæval structures,

* From the language of these Charges, they are, in the existing texts, at least, as old as the early part of the fifteenth century. The one which we have before us has the following attestation prefixed:—"This is a very ancient record of Masonry, which was copied for me by Mr. Reid, Secretary to the Grand Lodge, 1728. Lord Coleraine, Grand Master; Alexander Clarke, Deputy; Nat. Blakesby, J. Highmore, Grand Wardens."

furnish a very remarkable comment upon the Vitruvian precepts of combining astrological and architectural science. The signs of the Zodiac, the seals and configurations of the planets, the phases of the moon, are found in the recesses of the portal,—in the gem-like orb—high in the vaulted roof—in the pavement of the choir. . . . If any mysterious doctrine is, or has been at any period really taught in the Masonic Lodge, it may, as in the case of the Templars, be deemed an extraneous engraftment; for which the practice of secret initiation, anciently common to many other similar bodies, prepared the way. Yet it is remarkable that the *mythos* of the disciple slain by the jealousy of his master, whose skill he rivalled or excelled, and presented as the basis of modern Masonic system, retains a local habitation at York and at Lincoln, at Rosslyn and at Rouen, whilst the window or column which tradition assigns as the cause of the rivalry, displays the pentalpha, or exhibits the adornment by which they are rendered the acknowledged tokens of the fraternity." . . .

"In England, the lodges, at an early period, were proscribed by the legislature. . . . . Under these circumstances, instead of being surprised at the deficiency of evidence, it is, in truth, remarkable that such distinct and satisfactory evidence of the labours of the Freemasons should have been preserved. . . . As to our own country, in despite of the statute, the abbott, nay, the sovereign retained Freemasons as the architects of their proudest structures."*

After disproving the assertion that Gothic architecture was due to the Freemasons, or in other words, their offspring as a *congregated body* by working in concert, and clearly stating the impossibility of any such united action any more than for a scientific *society* to discover gravitation, a literary *academy* to compose a "Paradise Lost," or an academy of the fine arts to have painted a "Transfiguration," the writer observes that the fraternity of Freemasons simply performed the useful and important duties expected from such organizations, viz., "They assisted in the spread of knowledge, and in bestowing upon talent the countenance and protection of station and established power."

Finally, the author of the interesting article (Sir Francis Palgrave, apparently a *non-mason*) remarks, "Much more might be said on the subject of Masonry. The connection between the operative Masons, and those whom, without disrespect, we must term a convivial society of good fellows—who, in the reign of Queen Anne, met at the 'Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul his Churchyard'—appears to have been finally dissolved about the beginning of the eighteenth century."

The note below the foregoing is important, and is to the following effect: "The theoretical and mystic, for we dare not say, ancient Freemasons, separated from the Worshipful Company of Masons and Citizens of London, about the period above mentioned. It appears from an inventory of the contents of the chest of the London Company that not very long since it contained, 'A book wrote on parchment, and bound or sticht in parchment, containing an 113 annals of the antiquity, rise, and progress of the art and mystery of Masonry.' But this document is now not to be found."

Having presented the foregoing extracts from an article in the "Edinburgh Review," we should like to draw attention to a few points which appear to us important.

1. The MS. mentioned in the note, having passed through several hands, is now in the possession of Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, and as we have explained in our "Old Charges of British Freemasons," it is almost word for word, with the celebrated "Cooke's MS." (British Museum), published by Bro. Spencer, London.

2. The second MS. alluded to, however, is not so easily traced, in fact so far is unknown. It is just possible that one of the existing MSS. may prove to be this very document; and we, therefore, hope to have the assistance of Masonic students in seeking either to discover the original MS. or find it amongst those still preserved in our libraries. The fact of such

* The following items are extracted from the entries of the works performed at the Palace of Hampton Court, between the 26th February, 27 Hen. VIII. to the 25th March, then next ensuing. "Freemasons. *Master*, at 12d. the day; Warden, at 5s. the week; Setters, at 3s. 8d. the week; Lodgemen, at 3s. 4d. the week." One of the first and second class, four of the third, and twenty-nine of the fourth classes.

a manuscript being in the archives of the Masons' Company goes far to illustrate its operative connections, and suggests the thought that we may yet succeed in discovering something more definite as to the character of the company.

3. Respecting the "connection between the operative masons," and the speculatives, which Sir Francis Palgrave considers was dissolved about the beginning of the eighteenth century, we are quite content to abide by his opinion, for about that period, we all know, Freemasonry became much more speculative than ever it did before, and generally—though not universally—ceased to be connected with the operative Craft. A *severance*, however, suggests a *prior connection*, and so evidently the able writer of the article in question believed in the continuous existence of the Society of Freemasons for centuries; and that the operative department, so to speak, of the Institution was not severed from the *esoteric* and speculative portion until the period mentioned, viz., early in the last century. The *final* disjunction also suggests the *partial* severance previously, which was accomplished, and can still be traced in the records of some lodges, which exhibit the fact that prior to the formation of the speculative Grand Lodge in 1717, the members had ceased to have any practical connection with operative Masons, and thus had *partially* accomplished what the Revivalists of 1717 *completed*.

HOMERIC TROY.

A MEETING of the Society of Antiquaries was held at Burlington House on Thursday evening, June 24, Earl Stanhope in the chair. His lordship had previously received Mr. Gladstone and the Trojan discoverer, Dr. Schliemann, and a small party at dinner. Dr. Schliemann read a paper entitled "The Discovery of Homeric Troy." There was a full meeting of the Fellows, and among those present were Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., Lord Talbot de Malahide, Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., Mr. Paley, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. C. T. Newton, D.C.L., Admiral Spratt, Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., Mr. George Richmond, R.A., Sir John Lubbock, M.P., the Earl of Rosebery, Dr. L. Schmitz, Sir John Heron Maxwell, Dr. Dasent, Dr. Acland, Professor Rolleston, Mr. Penrose, Mr. John Evans, &c.

Routine business having been transacted, the President introduced the illustrious excavator of the Troad to the crowded assembly.

The paper opened with some remarks on the topography of the Troad, and noticed the once flourishing city, Alexandria Troas, which, from the extent of the ruins, Dr. Schliemann thought must have contained half a million of inhabitants. Differing from common opinion, he thought the city was not founded, but only enlarged by Antigonus, and cited Strabo for that opinion. Its extensive Byzantine *débris* leave no doubt of its having been inhabited till the end of the Middle Ages It is now called Eski-Stambul. On the left the traveller immediately afterwards passes the island of Tenedos, behind which, according to the "Odyssey," the Greeks hid their ships after the construction of the wooden horse. At Cape Sigeion begins the Hellespont, the strait between the Troad and the Thacian peninsula At the foot of the cape were two conical heroic tombs, commonly identified with those of Patroclus and Achilles. Here was the celebrated plain of Troy, 8½ miles long, 1¾ to 5 broad, and bounded on the north by the Hellespont, and on all other sides by continuous heights, sloping from Ida. The terrain was then further described in detail. The Plain of Troy was traversed by the River Scamander, still recognizable in its present name Mendere. The river rises from a cold and a hot spring, in a valley near the summit of Ida, and after a course of 36 miles, falls into the Hellespont near the town Kum-kalé. The river was minutely described, and the Homeric notices of it were compared with its present state. There could be no doubt that in the poet's time it filled the broad bed of the little rivulet called Intepe-Asmak. If it had occupied its present bed it must have passed through the Greek Camp. The modern Dumbrek-Su was Homer's Simoïs. Other remarks followed on the waters of the district. The question had not been yet decided whether the plain of Troy had once been a deep gulf and harbour, consolidated into

land in the course of ages by the mud of the Scamander and Simoïs. But it might be easily decided by sinking shafts, for below the alluvial soil, which must abound with freshwater shells, would be found seacockles and seasand and stones. However that may be, those who assume from the "Iliad" the existence of a deep gulf in Homer's time, do not, in Dr. Schliemann's opinion, rightly interpret Il. II., 92, and XIV., 35-36, for the poet merely intends to describe here the Hellespont's low shore, encompassed as it is by Cape Sigeion and the heights of Intepe. Dr. Schliemann cited and commented on Professor Forchhammer's "Observations on the Topography of Troy" as to the impossibility of the Plain ever having been under the sea, and maintained that it was the tradition of all antiquity that a gulf had once existed in the Plain of Troy, citing Heredotus, Strabo, &c. He trusted, however, that he could prove that the gulf had been filled up long before Homer's time; and that the Plain extended as far into the sea as now, for the town of Kum-kalé is situated on the point of the Plain which projects furthest into the Hellespont, and stands on the site of an old city, which could be no other than Achilleion, whose foundation reached to about B.C. 800. Dr. Schliemann then entered into various criticisms on Homeric texts relative to the topography of the Plain of Troy, examining the true sense of the Θρωσμος πεδιου (Il. XI., 56, X. 159-161, and XX., 1-3), objecting to the common translation "hill in the plain," preferring to render it "the upper plain," which ascends a little, but has no elevation in the shape of hills. Dr. Schliemann then spoke of the conical hills of the Troad, called "heroic tombs," several of which must have existed in the time of Homer, since he mentions those of Achilles, Myrine, Aisuetos, and Ilos. Sir John Lubbock's investigations of the existing *tumuli*—the results of which were negative—were referred to, as well as the excavations of Mr. Fred. Calvert, whose brother also had examined the so-called tomb of Patroclus, without finding either ashes, charcoal, or bones. In none of the six excavations had the old identifications been confirmed by the criticism of the pickaxe. In this Plain of Troy, whose topography he had endeavoured to describe, must be sought the site of Homeric Ilion.

Dr. Schliemann then recapitulated the arguments stated in his celebrated book, "The Antiquities of Troy," which have led him to identify the City in the "Iliad" with the modern site of Hissarlik 1. In all antiquity till the time of the Diadochi it was deemed certain that the Ilion of the Greek colony stood on the site of Homeric Ilion. The testimony of Herodotus and others of the ancients were cited in proof at some length, and it was shown that the Ilion which Xerxes and Alexander visited as Homer's Troy could have been none other than (New) Ilion—*i.e.*, Hissarlik. Till the time of Demetrius of Skepsis nobody had ever heard of any other. Demetrius had pitched on a place called the "village of the Ilienses," but Dr. Schliemann had excavated the site, and found none but most insignificant remains. Chevalier's identification with Bunarbashi had also been tested with the pickaxe, and no pottery, the infallible criterion of an ancient site, had been found there. 2. Having excluded the claims of other sites, Dr. Schliemann detailed the immense positive results of his own excavations at Hissarlik. He gave a most interesting *résumé* of his discoveries in the perpendicular pentapolis, buried beneath the ruins of (New) Ilion, all these five cities, one upon another, being therefore older than B.C. 700, the date of the foundation of the Greek colony. Not much, if anything absolutely new was brought forward. The reading of the paper occupied an hour and a quarter.

On the conclusion of the paper, Lord Stanhope, with a few warmly complimentary remarks upon its great value, expressed his conviction that Dr. Schliemann had really ascertained the true site of Homeric Troy. He then invited Mr. Gladstone to open the discussion.

Mr. Gladstone, who was warmly received, said,—I should be better pleased to listen to the observations of others on the able and interesting paper we have just heard, if I presumed to offer any remarks, so that I might have first had the benefit of their thoughts; but I cannot for a moment decline to answer the appeal which you, my lord, have been good enough to make to me, especially introduced as it was by a commendation which I am far from deserving, and also for another reason which I will proceed to state. I own I

am not ill pleased to say a few words before this assembly, not because I think you will derive any great benefit from what I have to say on the subject of the paper, but because it enables me to give some vent to my opinion and feeling with regard to the claims of Dr. Schliemann. I think that we see in Dr. Schliemann a spectacle, not perhaps so rare in his own country as it is among us, of the most pure, simple-minded, and ardent devotion to the cause of literature and knowledge in one of its most interesting departments. Dr. Schliemann, with immense labour, as he has told us in that very striking work of his autobiography, qualified himself, and provided the means which others would have spent perhaps in ignoble waste; and having in one arduous course of labour, thus furnished himself with what was necessary for the purpose of his pursuit, he proceeded to engage himself and to give his life to another course of exertion, perhaps still more arduous, and the result certainly has been that he has given us the most splendid example of disinterested sacrifice. Also, as Lord Stanhope has said, he has conferred a service which cannot be over-estimated or forgotten in the history of primeval inquiry itself (cheers). The field which has been covered by Dr. Schliemann's work, and by his remarks to-night, is so wide, that even if the clock now pointed to the hour at which you commence your papers it would not be possible for me to attempt to traverse it. Nor do I pretend to state that, after the interval of rather a lengthened period of arduous work in that other department to which Lord Stanhope has referred, I am as fresh and as exact in my recollection as I should like to be if I were to proceed to discuss controversially or even argumentatively, the conclusions of Dr. Schliemann. I feel also that even the best and most circumspect among us are at present in this condition, that from year to year the evidence varies, though I by no means think the direction in which it leads is from year to year reversed. On the contrary, upon the whole, it appears to me that there is considerable unity of direction to be discovered in the additions which have been made to archæological knowledge, especially within the last ten or twenty years. At the same time, with regard to particular and special conclusions, they must necessarily be formed with considerable reserve and caution when our evidence is still partial and incomplete. I wish, therefore, to speak with very great reserve on anything which I may say, and to reserve to myself the liberty of correction, as well as to give my judgment with submission to those who are better informed. I think, indeed, our debt as regards Dr. Schliemann is really independent of the truth or untruth of his discovery. We owe a debt to him for his devotion and for his example—a debt which could never be cancelled even if he were to fail in the proof of any of his conclusions. (Hear, hear.) But I must also say it appears to me, endeavouring to look calmly at the matter, that Dr. Schliemann's main conclusion is exceedingly difficult to shake. I myself have for many years been very strongly what may be called a believer in Homer and the Homeric poems, as far as regards their poetical unity, and as far as regards their historical character, in the highest sense of history—that is, as regards the manner and institutions of mankind. But with respect to the question of the facts of the poems as distinguished from the manners, the institutions, and the characters described, on this matter my mind has been altogether open, and, I think, to some extent impartial. I am bound to say, also, I have always had the impression—I don't know whether Dr. Schliemann shares it or not—that it is extremely difficult as to certain details to reconcile the topographical features of the Plain of Troy, as it now exists, with the topography described in the "Iliad." I have never been able fully to embrace the opinion current until quite recently, that Bunarbashi was the site of Troy; for it was quite impossible to reconcile that site with the distance from the sea, and to bring together the natural features of the place with the described features of the poem. But I don't see by what arguments are to be met the proofs adduced by Dr. Schliemann in favour of Hissarlik. He has shown indubitably that at a great depth below the surface he has found the remains of a city of a certain size and a certain advance in civilization—a city which underwent a sudden and violent destruction by means of fire, and so far he is in entire and indubitable accordance with Trojan and Homeric traditions. (Hear, hear.) Looking further into the details of

Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and the details of the Homeric poem, in almost every point on which I have had the opportunity of instituting a comparison, there is a wonderful precise correspondence between the facts of the poem, and the evidence afforded by the objects which he has discovered in the recesses he has unveiled. One of the most important pieces of evidence is that which relates to the use of metals, and in this great department, the discoveries correspond with the representations of Homer. It is undoubted that Dr. Schliemann has discovered objects manufactured of copper, while, on the other hand, he has not found a trace of iron in Troy. I am not quite certain from my recollection of the text now, but do not think Homer ever speaks of the use of iron at Troy. He speaks of iron in his own time, but as a thing so extremely rare and valuable as to approach in character the precious metals. Again, with respect to its non-appearance among Dr. Schliemann's objects, we must bear in mind that it is an extremely perishable metal when exposed to the influence of corrosion, and it would not, therefore, be surprising if every foot of the site were turned up, that no iron relics should be discovered. Then, again, with regard to pottery, Dr. Schliemann tells us that in this third pre-historic city, which he takes to be the city of Priam, the pottery was generally hand-made, but that he found in that city a certain number of plates which were made by the potter's wheel. If that is so, it is evident that the potter's wheel was just beginning to be used, and, we may assume, that it had not yet been employed in producing works of art. This, I think, is in precise correspondence with the stage of the potter's art as we find it in Homer, who only just mentions the potter's wheel, but does not refer to any work of art, or even any object —certainly to no important object—of pottery. There are a large number of points to which it is impossible now to refer; but I am bound to confess that I do not think it will be possible to thrust back the period of the existence of Troy to an antiquity so remote as that suggested by Dr. Schliemann. First, the evidence of the poem is against it. One of the principal of Homer's genealogies—which really conveys his idea of history, for he had no knowledge of chronology—is that of the family of Priam; and this gives Dardanus as the founder six generations before Priam and the Trojan war. Consequently, six generations before that war there was no Troy. Now, Dardanus's name is found in Egyptian inscriptions whose chronology has now attained a considerable degree of fixity, of the time of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, which may be stated to have begun somewhere about the fifteenth century before Christ. The accesssion of Rameses II. may be placed about half a century afterwards, or say at the beginning of the fifteenth century before Christ. That, however, will not be quite long enough for the purposes of Dr. Schliemann. It is a curious fact that, according to the Egyptian inscriptions, the time of the reign of Sesostris, or Rameses II., was the time when there was a strong combination of the Assyrians and Khita, or Hittites, which included the Lycians, Mœsians, the Dardanians, and the people of Asia Minor, to check Egyptian power. Therefore, in the fifteenth century before Christ the name of the Dardanians still was in possession of the Plain of Troas, and Troy did not yet exist, because afterwards their historical names are blended. It is, therefore, quite plain that you cannot undertake to throw back the Troy of Priam to such a remote antiquity as Dr. Schliemann is disposed to claim for it, and I think that if he gets an antiquity of 1,300 or 1,400 years before Christ he ought to be very well satisfied. (Laughter and "hear, hear.") The right hon. gentleman concluded by congratulating the Society that light was now beginning to pierce the thick mist which had hitherto obscured such remote subjects of antiquarian research, and by a renewed eulogy of the labours of Dr. Schliemann.

Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged applause, and a cordial vote of thanks to Dr. Schliemann having been carried with enthusiasm, the meeting closed.—*The Times.*

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

Art thou an angel from above,
That youthful hearts to thee make love?
Hast thou e'en come to tempt youth all,
From single blessedness to fall?

Thy face, thy form, attraction win ;
To covet thee scarce seems a sin !
Thy walk e'er shows a queenly grace,
As well becomes a beauty's face.

Nature and study both combined
To give all talent to thy mind ;
Since past thy childhood thou hast grown,
Thou dost not live for self alone.

Taught from above, inspired by Heaven,
Thy hand sends forth the Gospel leaven,
Converting souls from error's ways—
The young rise up to chant thy praise.

Lives of sinfulness now cease,
The works of piety increase,
Youths give to God their golden hours,
For wisdom's ways, the paths of flowers.

A spirit quiet, meek, thy robe,
Thy praise increases o'er the globe,
And thou shalt shine as stars most bright,
High in God's firmament of light !

A. G. S., *in Loomiss's Journal.*

DRAGONI'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARVIN HYDE.

Chapter I,

"Ho, comrades! be merry men to-night! By the mass! this is right good wine! A brimming goblet to the Count Dragoni's beautiful daughter."

"Ay, Elena Dragoni, the fairest of high-born Venetian ladies!" shouted a hundred voices; and a hundred banditti lifted a hundred drinking-cups to their lips, drained them to the lees of the flashing wine, and then dashed them down upon the festal board.

A rare banquetting hall was that of these Italian outlaws. Cut in the solid rock, with no sun ray penetrating its massive walls, but lighted by antique lamps fed with perfumed oil—a table standing its entire length, around which sturdy, athletic men, with heavy features, hair and beards of raven blackness, and clad in a wild, picturesque costume, reclined in cirles, and partook freely of well-cooked viands and ruby wine mantling high in silver flagons that perchance had once graced a noble's board, with golden goblets and plate of every description, richly inlaid with precious stones—such was the apartment, in the depths of an Italian forest, where the bandits held their revels.

"'Tis time our chief was here; he tarries long in the city to-night. The Virgin keep him from all harm!" exclaimed the bandit who had first spoken, crossing himself. "Holy Mary grant that old Dragoni may not discover him!"

"Never fear for Carlo Trevorra!" exclaimed another. "Let me tell you, comrades, that our brave young captain fears not old Dragoni's eagle eyes, nor the prying emissaries of the Council of Ten; nay, not even the deepest dungeon of the accursed Inquisition—so long as Signora Elena's bright eyes are the stars that lure him to her side. Ay, brothers," said the old man, and he smote his hand heavily on the board till the goblets rang loudly, "ay, for more than two score years has Martin Monadi been a free rover, yet never served he a braver chief than Carlo Trevorra!"

"Ay, three cheers for our brave young captain!" responded the first speaker, and again their shouts were echoed back from the cavern's walls; yet hardly had the shout died away, ere the shrill notes of a bugle rose on the air, peal following peal in quick succession.

"Ha, Carlo returned!" exclaimed the men, and quickly raising a trap-door, descended a flight of steps, and hastening along a subterranean passage, they cautiously unbolted a door cut in the rock, and gave the newcomer admittance.

"'Tis a wild night," said the bandit chief, lifting his beaver and shaking the rain-drops from its waving plume. "Are the men in?" he inquired, as they proceeded along the passage.

"Ay, signor," was the response of the man, who held the flaming torch to light him up the narrow staircase.

Giving his rich velvet cloak to a page, the young captain flung himself on a couch before the blazing fire. Then he arose, advanced to the board, drained a cup of wine, and paused before his men, turning a bold, handsome face full upon them.

"What tidings from Venice, signor," exclaimed the old man, Martin Monadi, who seemed privileged above all others

among those rude outlaws, and whose years befitted him most for the position of adviser to the brave, handsome, but extremely youthful chief who held sway over them.

"Tidings?" said the captain. "Ha, my brave fellows," and a bitter smile curved round the Italian's well-cut lips, "know ye that all Venice is placarded, and that a price is set upon the head of your chief? Merry tidings that, i'faith!" And the smile broke into a derisive laugh.

A murmur of surprise ran through the hall, and several of the banditti grasped at the daggers in their belts.

"By the mass! but 'tis true enough," continued the young captain. "Listen, comrades! 'Twas early morn, as you know, when I entered the city in my good friar's garb," and he glanced down at the coarse robe which hung loosely over a doublet of embroidered velvet. "The sun had scarce looked out from his Mediterranean bed, when I anchored my gondola at the landing-stairs, and betook my footsteps to the streets. But though 'twas early, the maskers were already abroad in these high carnival times, and so drawing closer my cowl, I walked onward. 'How now!' exclaimed some one, brushing past me. 'Whither in such hastle, holy padre? Hast thou found the hiding-place of Carlo Trevorra, the bandit, and art hastening to the Doge to gain the reward offered for his head?' And then, with a merry laugh and a slap on my shoulder that almost sent the breath from my body, he hurried on, leaving me standing still in surprise. But a moment restored my caution. Again I went on my way, mingled with the thickest crowd of maskers, unmindful that everywhere I turned placards met my gaze, wherein five hundred ducats were offered for my head. By the Virgin, my men, it was right pleasant thus to defy the power of his most gracious highness, Geronius Priuli, Doge of Venice, and the most worshipful Council of Ten!" And the bandit captain laughed quickly. "But when was Carlo Trevorra ever fearful of danger?" And he glanced proudly round on the circle of dusky men.

"Never!" they replied; and again their tumultuous shouts beat the air of the rocky cavern hall. "Never! Carlo the brave! Carlo the undaunted!" rose in a shout of exultant applause.

"'Tis well," continued the young captain, after a short pause. "I saw the danger, shunned it not, and yet I am with you again in safety. But it may not be amiss to shun Venice for a season. It appears that the noble senator who escaped us in the forest proceeded straight to the council, and lodged his complaint against me; hence the fame your captain has suddenly acquired. We must not rush heedlessly into exposure, unless we would find a home in the Inquisition's dungeons. The knowledge of our boldness is the talk of all Venice; the spies of the council are wary; we must be on our guard. And yet you may deem it strange that Carlo Trevorra counsels others to shun what he seeks himself. To-morrow eve must again behold me in Venice. Shall it be alone?—or what half-score among his brave men will meet him there, ready to do his bidding?"

Scarce had Carlo paused, gazing around on his men with a keen, anxious glance, ere full three score were upon their feet, with hands upon their rapiers' hilts.

"It is enough," said the captain. "Ye are all true fellows and brave. By the Madonna, but Carlo Trevorra will not soon forget this! On the morrow will I choose; for to-night feast long and late, and let the red wine flow like water. Ere the sun has twice dipped his crimson face in the western waters, the bandit chief shall be richer—ay, a thousand times richer—than any Venetian noble, and the Council of Ten may have need of double, ay, treble the price set upon my head."

And so saying the young captain drained another goblet, and passed from the hall to his own chamber.

For a few moments surprise was depicted on the faces of the men sitting at the board.

"What new project is our gallant captain brewing now?" asked one.

"I'faith, that's an easy question; but who was ever known to keep his secrets closer than our captain?" replied another. "Let us leave him alone with it, and for to-night pay court to this rare vintage of Tuscany. Per Bacco! but 'tis most sweet, and has a flavour that smacks of age. 'Tis like that we poured so freely into our throats the night we robbed old Jose Verriez, the wine-merchant. Comrades, didst ever listen to the story of that night?"

And leaning back on his couch, the speaker launched into an oft-repeated tale, to which the banditti were never weary of listening.

But follow we the fortunes of Carlo Trevorra, the hero of our recital; and, begging the reader's permission, let us relate events that transpired a year anterior to the opening of our story.

Chapter II.

A midsummer's evening bent softly over Venice, when at an open window of the Palazzo Dragoni sat Elena, the count's only daughter. Her waiting-maid had long since been dismissed; the little page who brought her flowers and carried her fan and gloves whenever she tripped lightly down the landing-steps to take her daily sail in her father's velvet-cushioned gondola, had been asleep for a full hour on a pile of cushions in an ante-chamber; the birds in their splendid cages drooped their heads under their folded wings, and now Elena sat alone, indulging her own thoughts and inhaling the fragrance of the night-blooming flowers.

There were many gondolas abroad upon the Adriatic, and the merry laughter of their occupants swept along on a light breeze that gently stirred the blossoms of an orange-tree at her window. The apartment was shrouded in dimness; yet by the lingering twilight its luxurious furnishing could be distinctly noted. The walls were draped with blue velvet of the richest texture, as also were the low couches ranged around. The floor was of the purest white marble, and in the centre the arms of Dragoni were laid in gold. In one corner stood a table spread with a velvet cover, and upon it an ornamental basket composed of precious stones, and a porcelain vase filled with the richest tropical flowers. In a deep niche at the farthest extremity of the apartment was heard the low dropping of perfumed water, which a small fountain sent forth in various jets and sprays into a marble basin beneath.

Though the Count Dragoni's only daughter was but sixteen, still she was an Italian of sixteen, and passing beautiful. Her hair, of a rich chestnut hue, was braided back from a snowy forehead, and fastened at the back of her head with a golden bodkin. A delicate and peach-like bloom mantled her cheek, and her ruby lips were parted with expectation as she leaned from the casement to listen to the faint sound of muffled oars approaching below. Presently a gondola shot under the balcony, from which sprang a young man attired as a citizen, who rapidly ascended the landing-stairs, and seizing one of the stone balustrades, cleared the balcony at one bound, and stepping through the low Venetian window, stood by her side.

"Cara mia, dost think me bold?" were the first words he uttered to the beautiful and trembling girl.

A glance of tenderness was her expressive answer; then she hastily exclaimed, "Oh, Pietro, your danger. If discovered, what punishment too great? Pietro, I tremble!" and she glanced around with an air of terror.

"That is my own unselfish Elena!" said her lover fondly. "Woman-like, you see only my danger, while yours is far greater; for, cara, even your noble birth could not prove your shield were it known that you stooped to love a low-born citizen."

"Nay, Pietro, I fear not," she replied; and the girl drew nearer him who stood beside her. "I have no thought for rank, for it sits heavily upon me so long as it parts me from your heart. The world's scorn is naught; it is a sire's curse I most dread; and yet, for your love, Elena Dragoni is willing to brave even that!"

But what need here to repeat words that have always been, and will be spoken, so long as lovers are tender, and women are true? Suffice it that to this pair of lovers the hours passed swiftly, hours fraught with happiness and bliss; and the fair moon had nearly dipped her crescent into the eastern wave when the citizen rose to depart.

"Let love and caution be our watch-words!" murmured Pietro, as Elena cautiously unclosed the Venetian blind for his departure, and in another minute his gondola shot swiftly down the flashing waters of the Adriatic.

(To be continued.)

Review.

Consequences and Ameliorations of Blindness. By Wm. Moon, LL.D. Longmans & Co., London.

We have perused with much pleasure this admirable little book,—fitting corollary

as it is to previous works from the same zealous and earnest writer. It is quite clear that Dr. Moon's heart is in his work, honest work and great work as it really is, and we rejoice to think, not only how much good his labours have effected, but how truly these painstaking efforts of his are now appreciated by many who take a thoughtful interest in the good and happy work of philanthropy. To lessen the sorrows of life, to mitigate the afflictions of to-day, to soothe and to soften, to elevate and to impress those whom earthly infirmity has marked as its own, is ever a righteous and a sacred mission for all who have time to bestow, or means to make use of. But when, as in the case before us, some patient sufferer not repining at his own incurable malady, sets himself gallantly and devotedly to aid and improve his fellow sufferers, it is impossible but to feel the highest admiration for talent consecrated to so high an end, and for the labour of a life bestowed ungrudgingly in the amelioration of the bodily, the mental, the moral lot of others. Dr. Moon tells us in this concise little work, the story of his endeavours, in modest yet moving words. He gives us also some facts which are very startling, and some statistics which will be new to our readers, and which may make some of us realize for the first time how vast not only is the field of human sympathy for personal calamity, but how widely spread is the result of evil, and of suffering in this fallen world of ours. For despite, that some may question to-day, as the sceptic sometimes ventures to do, the moral government of God, one fact remains indelibly imprinted both on the annals of time, the trials of man, and the progress of our race, that sin and sorrow and affliction and malady everywhere abound, weaknesses of body, weaknesses of mind, and that in them all, we still must discern, unless our eyes are blinded by the hurtful glare of hopeless unbelief, the solemn trace of that eternal government of this lower creation by Him who is over all, God blessed for evermore.

It seems from Dr. Moon's work that that there are no less than 30,000 blind persons in Great Britain and Ireland—and that the approximate number of blind persons in the world is not less than 3,000,000.

Among the blind in England and Wales in 1871, were 270 gentlemen with private means, 665 ladies, 21 clergymen, 14 Nonconformist ministers, 352 musicians, 131 shoemakers, 78 army pensioners, 135 grocers and tea dealers, 134 seamen, 331 farmers, 495 agricultural labourers, 275 miners, 441 general labourers, 122 female domestic servants, 84 laundresses, 4 law clerks, 1 engraver, and 14 watch and clock makers.

There were in England and Wales in 1871, 21,590 blind persons. In Scotland 3,019 ; in Ireland 6,879. Surely this is a sad catalogue.

With, then, the fact of this great affliction before him, in all its acute personal pressure, Dr. Moon in 1840, when he became blind himself, and when he sought to alleviate the sad tedium of visual darkness by reading, found that the system of reading for the blind, a great resource for all, was very difficult of attainment.

So far back it seems as 1784, a system of embossed reading was introduced at Paris, when the type resembled purely Italic letters, and in 1817 the large and small Roman letters were used. In 1827, Gall's angular type was made use of in Scotland, and in 1837 Alston's Roman type was introduced. From that time several modifications have been arranged in Great Britain, Germany and America. But they have all been found too difficult for the majority of the blind to decipher in consequence of numerous lines and intricate forms. Indeed, the Council of the British and Foreign Blind Association has condemned such forms in these distinct words : "The Roman character in all its existing forms, is so complicated that it requires long education and great acuteness of touch to read it with ease, and its universal adoption would be tantamount to the total exclusion of the great majority of the blind from the privilege of reading."

There have been also put forth the stenographic systems of Messrs. Frere and Lucas, but though the characters are simple they are burdened with numerous contractions difficult for the aged, the nervous and the uneducated to acquire and to master.

Braille's dotted system, though easily learnt probably by the young, is unsuit-

able for the adult, to all accustomed to rough manual labour, and to the advanced in years.

Accordingly Dr. Moon set to work to attempt the completion of a system of reading adapted to all classes and ages of the blind. As he very touchingly says himself—"By Divine blessing upon my endeavours, I was enabled to project a plan embracing very simple characters for the alphabet, which is composed principally of the Roman letters in their original or slightly modified forms, combined with full orthography. Some few of the new complex letters of the Roman alphabet could not be altered to advantage, and I therefore substituted new characters in their stead, and when the alphabet was completed it was found to consist of nine distinct characters of very simple formation placed in various positions."

So that this alphabet actually consists of eight of the Roman letters unaltered, fourteen others with parts left out, and five new and very simple forms, which may be easily learnt by the aged, and even by persons, as we ourselves have seen, whose fingers are hardened by work.

This ingenious alphabet is of universal application, and has been already adapted to 80 different languages, alike European and Asiatic, African and South American. We give an illustration of the forms in ten different languages, of the embossed character, by the kind favour of Sir Charles A. Lowther, a most zealous and munificent friend of the blind. Since Dr. Moon began his really invaluable labours, 100,000 volumes have been circulated, including portions and the whole of the Word of God.

Dr. Moon's library for the blind, in his type, which may fairly be termed the universal type for the blind, now comprises, in addition to the Holy Scriptures and a large number of single chapters, 37 volumes of Religious Works, 53 Biographies, 49 volumes of Tales and Anecdotes, 27 volumes of Poetry, 4 of History of England, 2 of Geography, 4 of Biblical Science, 1 of Natural History, 1 of Astronomy, an atlas of the Stars, a Primer, and several easy reading Books, a Spelling Book, a Grammar, and many volumes in foreign languages.

Is not this a pleasant amount of good work manfully done in the truest spirit of religious philanthropy? We think it is; and we beg therefore very earnestly to commend this little book to the persual of all, whose hearts are moved by the sufferings, and whose energies are devoted to the mental and moral improvement of their fellow sufferers.

It must be very gratifying to Dr. Moon to have been permitted to see the great result of his labours, and the general appreciation and admiration of his strenuous anxiety to benefit his fellow sufferers.

We are not all permitted to have here this always deep satisfaction to the thoughtful, the benevolent and the religious; but still for all true workers for God and man "their works do follow them."

Dr. Moon in the later hours of his life, has the intense happiness, in the Providence of God, of finding that he has not altogether sowed, or planted, or laboured in vain.

We take the liberty of adding, that any brethren who may be desirous of trying Dr. Moon's invaluable system, by applying to the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine," 198, Fleet Street, will be put in the way of obtaining what they desire.

W.

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

CARL MAUCH'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

THIS was on the 31st of August, 1871, and here the traveller stayed till May 21st, 1872; but he soon gathered intelligence of the vicinity of the ruined edifices which tradition had so long indicated there. On the 3rd of September his perseverance was rewarded by the finding of another goldfield, from which, during succeeding months he washed out enough, at least, to assure himself of the richness of the alluvial deposits; and on the 5th of the same month he achieved the crowning success and guerdon of his long and lonesome researches in the discovery of the long-sought ruins of Zimbabye, Zimbase, or Mazembase; defaced, shattered, and weather-beaten by the storms of many centuries, but still standing in their weird

and mystic grandeur on the summit of a lofty hill of granite. Well might he exclaim, as he stood almost bewildered, and these things passed before him as a dream, "God be praised for this: to Him be honour." From 1867, when he first heard of these ruins, and 1868, when the fuller description was given him, his heart had been set on this achievement, and now, on the 5th September, 1871, he stood upon the heights of Zimbabye, the discoverer of the long-sought relics of a civilization which ages ago had passed from Africa. On a granite hill, 400 feet above the level of the country, and about 4,000 feet above the sea, stood the massive walls, apparently of a fortress, impregnable to enemies provided only with ancient implements of warfare. One portion of the wall, frowning over the very edge of a precipice, was still about 30 feet in height, 12 feet in thickness at its base, and six or seven feet along the ruined top. Circular in form, with irregular or zigzag walls continued round the summit of the hill, and forming passages now blocked up. It was impossible to trace with accuracy a plan of the various parts of the building, for the fallen stones, rubbish, and vegetation had in many places nearly obliterated it; the western slope of the hill especially being covered with the ruins; and it may well be understood that our poor traveller, who, at the risk of his life, and robbed of nearly all his outfit, had reached these ruins, was obliged to leave to a future time the task of clearing away the accumulated rubbish, to seek for relics that might fix a date or indicate the nationality of these edifices. Nevertheless, some remarkable facts are pointed out; the walls were built *without* mortar, and of small hewn granite blocks, about the size of our bricks, as if abundant labour, but no machinery for moving heavy weights, had been at the command of the architects. From the under side of these walls several beams of close-grained, dark-coloured stone projected; they were probably 15 or 20 feet long, but much of their length was built into the wall to give them firmness. These sections were ellipsoid, their depth 8 inches, and their thickness from 2½ to 4 inches, showing that the architects well knew what form would afford the greatest strength with the least possible weight. On these beams the only attempt at ornament in the form of zigzag or diagonal lines and lozenge-shaped figures was observed—a broken bowl of soft stone was also found in the ruins. On the plain, about half a mile from this hill, stands another large round tower, about 150 yards in diameter and 24 feet high, the walls being twelve feet thick at the base and eight at the top. The most noteworthy building in this rondeau is a small tower, with no observable entrance, about 30 feet high, 15 feet in diameter at its base, cylindrical to about 10 feet high and thence tapering to a diameter of 8 feet at the top.

After long and patient inquiry, Mauch was referred to a survivor of one of the ancient tribes to whom all the traditions respecting the ruins were known, and from this man he learned that one of the towers was called the House of the Great Princess, or Palace of the Queen; and also that in former times it had been the custom for the people to assemble at intervals of three or four years for solemn feast and sacrifice. The High Priest (for so Mauch renders his title,) with his assistants—viz., two maidens, two young women, and a man, went round among the people, and was greeted with clapping of hands. Two young oxen and a young cow, all black and without blemish, were brought forward, and of these, the cow was bound, laid upon the pyre, and burned alive. One of the oxen was slaughtered and eaten on the spot, and the other was brought to the mountain to some distance outside the circular wall, killed, and its flesh left for wolves and vultures. The High Priest now betook himself to his sanctum, and from the before-mentioned bowl scattered beer around him and prayed. He prayed that Mali (or the Father) would remove all disease from among them, and suffer not the healthy to become diseased. This ended, the assembly fell upon their faces exclaiming, "The High Throned has made all right." The festivities occupied a few more days, and the people dispersed to their homes.

Mauch's informant was said to be a son of the High Priest Tenja, who had performed these religious ceremonies for thirty or forty years; but one evening, encountering his enemy, Mangapi, he was barbarously murdered, and his sons, not having learned the use of all the implements, or the routine of the ceremonies, could not

continue the sacrifices. This man, Bebareke by name, lived still in the neighbourhood with his family, but apart from the new-comers, to whom he was unaccustomed. Mauch offered him a blue blanket, or a white one with red stripes, red beads, or brass, but he declined, as he could only wear or use ornaments that were black. He gave Mauch his son *Mudsuru to be a guide to Senna, that he* might be taken to Europe and instructed in the mode of making offerings. Mauch describes him as a true, faithful, and right-hearted guide and companion; and greatly lamented that the destitute condition in which he reached Senna rendered it impossible for him to afford the charges of bringing his friend to Europe, and obliged him to part from him there.

Mauch remarks upon the similarity of the sacrifices just described to those of the Israelites, and thinks we should not be far wrong if we suppose that the Queen of Sheba, during her stay in Jerusalem, became converted to the religion of the Jews, and on her return with skilled Phœnician builders to oversee and instruct her own people, raised these edifices as a copy of the Temple on Mount Moriah and Solomon's Palace in her own land near the sources of the Sabia River.

The Portuguese knew for three or four hundred years of the existence of these ruins, and reported them as equal in magnificence to those of ancient Rome; but they were ancient then, and were even at that time supposed to be the palace and city of the Queen of Sheba.

In the rondeau on the plain stands also a double giant tree, the only one to be found in the country, probably the same known as the *Almnegem* or *Algumim*, and at Quillimane Mauch saw a native resin that burned with a similar odour, and learned that these trees were common on the lower Zambesi. They are not generally known, but no doubt will yet become an article of commerce.

In 1872 Mauch continued his journey northward from Zimbabye, crossing various sources of the Sabia River, and passing about seven miles east of the village of Umtigesi (visited by Baines on the 16th July, 1870), and four or five miles east of the mountain called Tuthaba Wahula, or Woedza, also seen and laid down by Mr. Baines.

The watershed, as laid down by coincident observations of the two travellers, passes west and east north of Umtigesi, so that the Kitore and other rivulets flowing thence cannot go north to the Zambesi as laid down by Guido Cora, but must, as shown on Petermann's map, form the head-waters of the Sabia. In about latitude 18° 15′ south, and 32° 10′ east longitude, another group of ruins was passed, and Mauch applied the name of Altar to one particular stone among these. (It is well known from travellers in Matabeleland that large rocks are enclosed, and that the Mashonas resort to them for religious purposes.) Here the traveller crossed the watershed, and the sources of the Zambezian tributaries henceforth supplied their needs. In 17° 46′ south, 32° 40′ east, ruins were again found, and north-west of the Jaukombe River, and south of the Nâké River of Dr. Livingstone, in latitude 17° 30′, longitude 32° 50′, Mauch discovered still another, and at present his last, gold-field, to which he gave the name of Kaiser Wilhelm, naming the mountain which bounded it on the north-west Bismarck, and one to the south-east Moltke.

Here the natives wash the river sand for alluvial gold, finding nuggets as large as hazel nuts, and asking leave of none but their own chiefs, who take the larger pieces as their tribute. The gold is sent for barter to the Portuguese. The chief of this district is named Somalia. Thence he travelled east-south-east to Makombe, the chief of the Baloka; then east-north-east to the Zambesi, about 10 miles south of Senna; thence he proceeded to Quillimane, and there obtained a passage to Europe.

Mauch concludes his journal of his eight years' wanderings in the interior of south-eastern Africa with the expressed hope that the facts he has brought to light may be the means of inducing the equipment of a better-provided and properly organized scientific expedition to explore the country thoroughly, and make known to the world its treasures of archæology and its mineral and other riches.—*The Guardian.*

MOZART AS A FREEMASON.

An address delivered in the Lodge "Astræa Zur grunen Raute" and "der drei

Schwerter," after the initiation of two Brethren distinguished for musical ability. Translated from the German, by Brother Charles H. Titus, Jr.

Perhaps you remember that I some time ago communicated to you a history of our ROYAL ART, how it spread from England through Hamburg to Berlin, to us and all the northern part of Germany. It would be natural for me now—in spite of such scanty information—to wish to sketch for you also the spread of Masonry in other German states, particularly in Austria, under the noble, liberal Emperor, Joseph II., (whose father, Francis I., had joined the Society in Italy). The material for this, however, is very meagre; but in this connection another item is found, which will certainly address itself to every Brother Mason, and especially to all musicians, and those who are to-day initiated.

What Brother would not at once by that most noble song of the Masons—"In these sacred halls," "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," be reminded of Brother Mozart? And what Brother would not rejoice to hear that he belonged to our Order, and of the influence it exerted upon him?

On this point we find admirable intimations in the excellent biography of Mozart, by Otto Jahn, who, however, speaks as one of the profane.

He says: "It is well known that in the last part of the previous century the inclination, through secret unions and fraternal orders, which were for the most part in some way connected with Freemasonry, to promote intellectual, moral and political advancement, was wide spread in Germany, and won a mighty influence, which was, perhaps, most plainly manifested in the traces which it had impressed upon the literature of that time. A review of the most important events belonging to this period is given in Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century, Vol. III., page 278, and Gervinus' History of the German National Literature, Vol. V., page 274.

However much or little has been attained in this way towards the true elevation of mankind, by whatever excesses of folly or crime, even riotousness and deceit, the alluring forms of a secret society have been abused, we must point out the fact that princes—among them Frederick the Great—that the noblest and greatest minds of our nation, Lessing, Herder, Wieland, Goethe, have sought in the Order of Freemasonry an effective means of attaining their highest aims. It is sufficient here to mention what Goethe said in his eulogy on Wieland: "If this long-established and (after many vicissitudes) oft-re-established Union were in need of a testimony, then could this most welcome fact be brought forward, that a man, rich in talent, wise, prudent, circumspect, experienced, right-minded and temperate, believed that he found among us his equals; felt, while among us, that he was in a society which he, accustomed to the best, gladly acknowledged as the consummation of his natural and social wishes." Moreover, Wieland himself declares, "that, by the spiritual temple of Freemasonry, no other or more worthy object could be signified than the earnest, active and constant striving of every pure and honest Mason, by unwearied preparation, to bring, first of all, himself, and then, so far as possible, those united with him, even nearer to this idea of humanity: that man is destined to be a living stone in the eternal temple of God, and that he has already in his rough nature all the necessary qualifications."

To the golden words, which our noble Brother Wieland has so significantly spoken for the encouragement of all younger, newly initiated Brethren, I quote in addition, from Tanti Sainct Nicaise, the words of the distinguished Brother, Kessler Von Sprengseisen:

"To do good, to relieve the distress of mankind, to spread enlightenment among his fellows, to soften human animosities, to be continually zealous; in all this not to grow weary,—this—this is the true duty of the Mason, the secret of the Order. Mysteries of secondary importance are the ceremonies by which one of the profane becomes a Freemason. How much the Order contributes to the now prevailing toleration, especially among the religious parties, is so evident that I need not enlarge thereon"

Very conceiveable it is, that in Vienna, also, as there the striving for enlightenment and improvement was actively aroused under the Emperor Joseph, the form of the secret society was found of use, as being particularly effective and serviceable for that purpose. In the year 1781,

a union was formed of the most eminent minds of Vienna, under the guidance of the noble and accomplished Ignaz von Born. The object of this union was to promote the advancement of the freedom of thought and of conscience favoured by the government, and to fight against superstition and fanaticism; consequently, against the principal support of both, the monastic order.

Reinhold and the friends of his youth, Alxinger, Haschka, Leon, Ratschky and Aloys Blumauer, formerly a Jesuit, then also Van Swieten and Censor, were the most zealous participants in this league. To maintain the outward union of those who were joined in mind and heart, they made use of the forms of Masonry. Their lodge bore the name "Zur wahren Eintracht," (The True Harmony), and they worked for a long time, indirectly supported by the government of Joseph, on the plan which they had marked out, with much effect and a successful result. With the weapons of learning and eloquence, now in earnest, now in jesting tones, they unitedly fought against those who, in this kind of contest, were by no means skilful adversaries.

From this circle (to which other men of importance, such as Sonnenfels, Ratzer and Gemmingen belonged) proceeded the satirical poems of Born and Blumauer against the monastic life, which at that time had an extraordinary effect.

The Vienna "Realzeitung," edited by Blumauer, was the scientific organ through which it was sought to remove in the slow manner by which they came, superstition and prejudice, according to the principle of Blumauer, that the work of enlightenment advances slowly, and that the unlearning of things which have been once hammered into the head demands much more time than the learning. Naturally, Freemasonry became the *mode* in Vienna, and it was much misused. Caroline Pichler accounts for this in her Memoirs, book 1, page 105, from the fact that the Order of the Freemasons was conducted with a very ludicrous publicity and ostentation. Freemasons' songs were composed, printed, and universally sung. Freemasons' jewels were worn as trinkets on the watch chains; the women received white gloves from apprentices and fellows, and many articles of fashion were called "a la franc macon." Many men allowed themselves to be initiated out of curiosity, entered the Order and enjoyed at least the delights of the table-Lodge. Others had other objects. It was at that time not without profit to belong to this Brotherhood, which had members in all the colleges, and everywhere had influences to draw into its bosom overseers, presidents and governors. Then one Brother helped the other. The Brotherhood was upheld everywhere. Those who did not belong thereto often met hindrances: this fact allured many. Again, others, who were more honest or more circumscribed, sought with devout minds higher secrets, and thought to find in the Order information about secret sciences, about the philosopher's stone, about intercourse with spirits. Whether these criticisms of the profane were founded in truth, I leave to the opinion of every worthy Brother; but that now, and for a long time, Masonry, especially as purified after the system of Schroeder, has made any further abuse of the kind impossible, is sufficiently evident. Charitable the Masons certainly were. Much was done in the Lodges for the poor and unfortunate.

There were eight Lodges in Vienna in 1785. The oldest, "Zur Gekronten Hoffnung" (Crowned Hope), was the one to which Mozart belonged. There were in the same Lodge many noble and rich members. But in December, 1785, after the people in Bavaria and elsewhere, in the pursuit of their investigations against the Illuminati, had also commenced to persecute Freemasonry, the Emperor Joseph issued a decree, in which, with the severe expression "that he knew not the secrets of the Order, and did not wish to experience the jugglery of the same," he recognized Freemasonry on condition of certain reforms, and placed it under the protection of the state,—a thing which was done according to the will of this wise monarch from a particular motive,—to remove the many Lodges in small places and suffer them only in great cities.

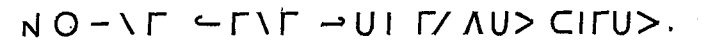
This decree, praised by some as a proof of the highest wisdom and favour, lamented by others as the ruin of true Masonry, gave occasion for violent disputes; it moreover caused the accomplishment of another purpose, namely, the fusion of the eight existing lodges into three, by order of the

Specimens of Dr. Moon's Type for the Blind.

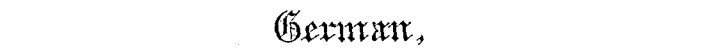
As applied to foreign languages.

English,

French,



German,



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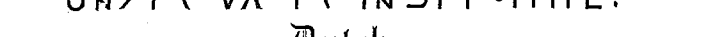
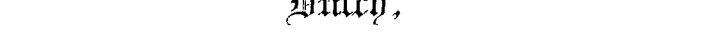


Swedish,



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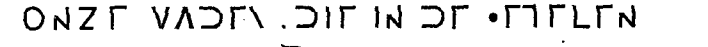
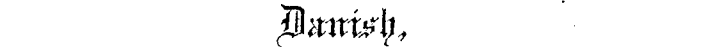


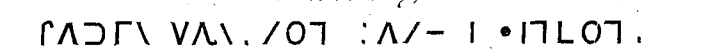
Arabic,



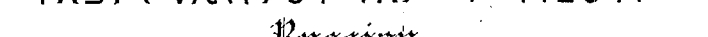
Armenian,

Greek,

Hindustanee,



Ningpo,



104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

W. H. TAYLOR, Sc. BRIGHTON.

Emperor. Born, who disapproved the change, and who had previously been universally respected, had to endure many personal attacks; an unpleasant encounter with Joseph Kratter called forth a long list of odious pamphlets. Born withdrew altogether fron the Lodge in 1786. This was a perceptible loss for the intellectual vigour of the Lodge. Others followed his example. The Order was obliged to submit openly to ever-increasing assaults and suspicions, which afterwards led to public ill-will against it. But not a few Brethren remained constant. Mozart belonged to those zealous ones, and up to the time of his death was interested in the lodge. He even, according to information imparted by his wife, had entertained the idea of establishing a secret society of his own, "die Grotto," and drew up rules for it.

The thought of being helped on to success through the Order could scarcely have moved Mozart to enter it; such considerations did not exist in his character. The result shows this, for his connection with the Order was of no pecuniary profit to him. His relations with Puchberg, of whom he speaks later in his letters, were purely private, even if the circumstance that they were Freemasons exercised an important influence thereon. In the respect in which the Order stood when Mozart came to Vienna, when the most important, most cultivated men, whom he everywhere met in the best society, belonged to it, it is not to be wondered at if Mozart was also attracted to it; indeed, the necessity of a more earnest, more solid and more intellectual conversation, which he would expect to see satisfied here, must have led him thither. But we find also other traits deeply implanted in Mozart's nature, which were so allied with what the Order designated as its chief object, that they well show why Mozart, that genial, honest man, joined himself with his whole soul to this society. Above all, his humanity, his warm sympathy for human joys and sorrows, the heartfelt longing to help and to do good, which amounted even to a weakness in him; but most of all an active feeling for friendship, which was peculiarly prominent in his character, must have induced him to join the Order. A society which had for its object the fraternization of its members could not but possess strong attractions for him; so much the more as that peculiarly lively feeling of independence, which he possessed in common with every great nature,—the belief that a man should not be esteemed merely for his rank, station, and ancestral outward belongings, but for his true worth,—found satisfaction in the corresponding principle of the equality of every brother within the Order. The polemic position which the society assumed toward the monks would have the effect to attract rather than repel him.

If we have found grounds sufficient to show Mozart's attachment to the Order of Freemasonry, then we can accept with certainty the fact that his participation in the same exerted an influence on his advancement. That earnest and lively struggle for a freedom depending on intellectual and moral improvement which was so fervent at that time in Vienna, would in those years be essentially defended by the Freemasons. That Mozart was in earnest with Freemasonry is best shown by the fact that he exerted himself with success to move his worthy father to enter the Order; a testimony which his lodge has given him in the funeral oration delivered at his death.

To his connection with Freemasonry, Mozart as a composer is indebted for many impulses, inasmuch as the "Macic Flute" "(Zauberflote)" was not only in plan and text founded on Freemasonry, but the musical ideas also were essentially controlled by it. Here we may mention the compositions which Mozart prepared for appointed festivals in the Lodge. Naturally, they were written for male voices only, and betray also that he bound himself to certain conditions and limitations.

A song of a soft, pleasing character is the "Gesellenreise," composed on the 26th of March, 1785, which is printed with different text in Opus VI., page 28, and which we, if it be thought best, might appropriate to ourselves through our beloved musical brethren. The original text runs:

"Ye who to a new grade of knowledge now advance, walk firmly on your way; know that it is the path of wisdom. Only the unwearied may approach the source of light."

Another song, composed earlier, is accompanied by the organ, with a chorus for tenor and bass voices, and similar

choruses for three voices are made use of in other Freemasons' cantatas. So, for an example, in the original manuscript of Mozart in the possession of Andre, the text of which begins, "Dir Seele des Weltalls, o Sonne," etc., (To thee, soul of the universe, O sun, etc.); as also the cantata composed in honour of the oft-mentioned Brother Born, on the 20th April, 1785, engraved at Vienna and sold for the benefit of the poor, which was performed in the presence of Mozart's father a short time before his departure. This with other words has been arranged for use in church.

The second Freemasons' cantata was composed on the 15th of November, 1791, and was brought out by Mozart a few days afterwards in the Lodge "zur gekronten Hoffnung." It is the last work which he completed. The score, with the original text, was published by Joseph Hraschanski at Vienna, for the benefit of Mozart's family, under the title "Mozart's last Masterpiece"; and through the kindness of Brother Gretschel, now gone to the eternal East, the brethren of our lodge heard this cantata under the title, "Lob der Freundschaft," (Praise of Friendship,) with great delight.

A composition of wonderful beauty and of the highest peculiar character is the Masonic funeral music, composed in July, 1785, on the occasion of the death of Brothers Mecklenburg and Esterhazy, for the orchestra, which was published as Opus 114 by Andre of Offenbach. That Masonry by its stand against the monks had gained many enemies may be seen from the fact that Mozart's father, who, as well as his son, was in the service of the Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo, at Selzburg, feared lest his son might hint at the secret of the Order in his letters, since he generally received them already opened.

In a truly sublime style Mozart writes about death to his father, who was taken into the Masonic Society while on a visit to his son, when he was suffering from sickness:

"Since death is the true end of our life, I have for a few years past made myself so well acquainted with this true, best friend of man, that its image has not only nothing terrible for me, but is very full of rest and comfort! And I thank my God that he has granted me the good fortune to provide for me the opportunity (you understand me) to learn to know him as the key to our true happiness." These expressions are a proof of the high moral earnestness with which Mozart, in his connection with Freemasonry, sought for enlightenment on the highest questions of being. It will not be without interest to compare the utterances on death and immortality of Baggesen, whose excellent song for the bass voice, "O selig, wer dies Pilgerleben," etc., (O happy, who this pilgrim life, etc.,) is often sung among us, and who was an enthusiastic Freemason. (Correspondence, Book I, page 314).

The letter of Mozart sets the seal on that beautiful, pure and manly relation which existed between father and son; in the face of death stood they as men prepared through the conviction that pure love and faithfulness, earnest striving for morality and truth, reach beyond the bounds of earthly being.

Now, permit me, my dear Brethren, to close with the following brief extract from the funeral oration on Mozart:

"He was in life good and kind and upright, a Mason in intellect and feelings; the darling of music,—for he raised us to higher experiences. Severed now is the tie! Him shall the blessings of Masons follow, joyously and confidently, for our Brotherly love shall lead him even to the land of harmonies. We in silence followed his steps as he sought those whom fate had struck down, as he to the widow's huts so often carried the unboasted gifts, where he built his fame on the blessing of orphans, gave his cloak to naked poverty, and trusted to God for the reward which followed him to the grave; who, rocked by the siren songs of flattery, could rejoice in the joyous glances of his poor Brothers, and not forget to be a *man*."

We select the following interesting items in explanation of the foregoing, from Edward Holmes' charming "Life of Mozart," published by Harper & Brothers in 1845:

"Mozart had now [1783] for some time been enrolled a Brother of a Lodge of Freemasons at Vienna, and had the honour to compose the music for most of the remarkable solemnities and festivals of that Order. The jolities of this club seem to have been much to his taste, and often raised his spirits when depressed by too close attention to composition.

"The visit of Mozart's father lasted six weeks [1785). He was now in declining health, much afflicted with the gout, and, during his whole stay, almost constantly indisposed. However, what could be done to make the time pass cheerfully was done; he heard music at home and abroad, and was carried by his son to the Lodge of Freemasons, and initiated into the mysteries of that Fraternity.

"In the middle of this year [1785] he composed several songs, an orchestral dirge for the Freemasons' Lodge, on occasion of the death of a distinguished brother of the house of Mecklenburg and Esterhazy, and the pianoforte quartette in G minor.

"The plan of the 'Zauberflote' originated about May in this year [1791], with Schickaneder, Mozart's old acquaintance, and the companion of his revels. The theatre of which this man was the manager was fast falling into a ruinous condition, partly from his own carelessness, partly from the absence of public patronage; and in a half-distracted state he came to Mozart, telling him that he was the only man who could relieve him from his embarrassment. 'I!' replied Mozart, 'how can that be?' 'By composing for me an opera to suit the taste of the description of people who attend my theatre. To a certain point you may consult that of the connoisseurs and your own glory; but have a particular regard to that class of persons who are not judges of good music. I will take care that you shall have the poem shortly, and that the decorations shall be handsome: in a word, that everything shall be agreeable to the present mode.' Touched by the entreaties of Schickaneder, Mozart promised to undertake the business for him. 'What remuneration do you require?' asked the manager. 'Why, it seems that you have nothing to give me,' returned Mozart; 'however, we will so arrange the matter that I may not quite lose my labour, and yet enable you to extricate yourself from your difficulties. You shall have the score, and give me what you please for it, on condition that you will not allow any copies to be taken. If the opera succeeds, I will dispose of it to other theatres, and that will repay me.'

"The delighted manager closed this advantageous bargain with the most solemn assurances of good faith. Mozart soon set to work, and so far kindly consulted the taste, or rather interest, of Schickaneder, who was constantly with him during the progress of the 'Zauberflote,' as to strike out whole scenes that displeased him, and to compose one duet five times over in order to satisfy him. In a few weeks the opera was produced; its reputation spread throughout Germany, and it was soon performed by several provincial companies; but, alas! not one of them received the score from Mozart! The cruelty which Schickaneder in this instance superadded to his black ingratitude was chiefly shown in his being fully aware of the necessitous condition of the man whom he thus basely defrauded. Mozart did not permit conduct of this kind to disturb his equanimity. When made fully aware of the manager's treachery, he exclaimed, 'The wretch! and dismissed the matter from his thoughts.

"It was during the composition of the 'Zauberflote' that the eruption of those symptoms which portend decay of the vital powers and a general breaking up of the constitution first appeared. As usual, he grew interested in his work, and wrote by day and night, but not, as formerly, with impunity. He sunk over his composition into frequent swoons, in which he remained for several minutes before consciousness returned. His health suffered so much, that in the month of June he suspended for a time his labours on the 'Zauberflote,' and made a short excursion to Baden. It is entered in his catalogue as finished in July, though it was not performed till the 30th of September. That it was not quite finished, however, at that time, but submitted to various alterations and additions, will presently appear.

"While engaged in the hurried composition of 'La Clemenza di Tito,' his last opera, he was in the daily habit of visiting a neighbouring coffee-house with some friends, for the purpose of recreating himself with billiards. One day, they observed that he drew a book at intervals from his pocket, in the midst of his game, and humming as he made some hasty memoranda in it, pursued his play. The company at Dussek's house (where he was living) were soon after astonished to hear him perform the beautiful quintette in the first act of the 'Zauberflote,' Hm, hm, hm, which he had completed in this manner.

"Towards the close of September [1791] he was again at Vienna, where the 'Zauberflote' only awaited the last touches to be quite ready for representation. On the 28th of this month he composed the memorable overture and a priest's march. The opera was produced on the 30th with a success which fully warranted the manager's prediction.

"By the advice of his physician the score of the 'Requiem' was taken from him. This, for a time, had a good effect; the removal of the work which so fatally excited his imagination caused a sensible improvement in his health, and by the middle of November he was so far recovered as to be able to attend a meeting of his old friends, the Freemasons. Their joy at seeing him again among them, and the excellent performance of a little cantata which he had just written for them, entitled 'The Praise of Friendship' ('Das Lob der Freundschaft'), greatly revived his spirits. On reaching home after this festival, he said to his wife, 'Oh, Stanerl, how madly they have gone on about my cantata. If I did not know that I had written better things, I should have thought that my best composition.'"

In the catalogue of his works is mentioned "A Cantata: 'The Joy of Freemasons,' composed in April, 1875."

He was born January 27, 1756; died December 5, 1791, aged thirty-five years and ten months.—*Keystone, America.*

HUBERT AND IDA;
A LEGEND OF S. SWITHIN'S EVE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Glorious sunset rays were glinting,
Hill and dale, and mount and lea,
Purpling white smoke curling upwards
From the minute gun at sea.

Tinting all the rippling waters,
And the vessels sailing o'er;
Making golden tower and steeple,
With the glories as of yore.

Twilight came upon the ocean,
Came and touched the ancient town;
Slumb'rous shadows brooded over
Lofty headland, noble down.

And the curfew sounding sweetly,
Caught by western evening breeze,
Floated over tower and steeple,
Over those soft summer seas.

All around seemed calm and peaceful,
All on earth in sea and sky,
Just as if there were no sorrow,
Strife and discord ever nigh.

Just as if this were a heaven,
And no sin-stained stricken earth,
Where the battle wages ever—
'Tween good and evil,—sadness, mirth.

So thought Countess Eva gravely,
As she looked o'er sea and land;
Looked out westward through the gloaming,
Seeking loved ones on the strand.

One a fair and stately maiden,
Eldest of a noble band,
And another loved as fondly,
Walking with her hand in hand.

Sauntering careless in the twilight,
Over shingle, yellow sand,
In and out, o'er rocks and caverns
Still they linger hand in hand.

Now the tide is creeping, crawling
Like a treacherous snake it moves,
Slowly round the cliffs and upwards,
Towards those Countess Eva loves.

Looking down from beetling crag-path,
High above the fated pair,
Countess Eva sees the peril,
Of the dear ones loitering there.

The summer moon a path of glory
Spreads across the glassy sea;
Billow over billow rolling,
With a soft sound ceaselessly.

Onwards with a stealthy motion
As a truant creeping home,
See the tide comes sweeping, flowing,
With the white crest of its foam.

In the pathway of the moonbeams,
Where they shimmer on the strand,
By chill waters now surrounded,
Still they wander hand in hand.

Seeking here and there some outlet,
Hoping yet some path to find,
Which may lead them yet to safety,
Leaving treach'rous sands behind.

Vainly do they call for succour,
None are near to help and save;
Rushing waters come between them,
Both must find a watery grave.

Oh! the terrible despairing,
Oh! the anxious bitter cry
Of the mother who above them
Standing breathless, sees them die.

Sees the waters lapping round them,
Narrowing ever where they stand,
Till a last sad vestige only
Now remains of shifting sand.

And the lover's mute appealing
To the God who reigns above,
Seems but mocked by swelling waters,
As they bear him from his love.

So in death e'en they're divided,
For a cruel hungry wave
Carries her away, and sunders
That brief union in the grave.

A love of years, a love of childhood,
Which had only grown with time,
Now to close, oh, bitter ending,
Just when both are in their prime.

Still he would have borne it bravely,
Called that painful past but sweet,
If the false sea had not robbed him—
E'en in death, of her so meet.

Parted by the glittering wavelets,
Plashing idly on the shore,
Just a little distance only,
But to meet, oh! nevermore.

From the grave he could not save her,
Though he now himself might save,
For a huge wave bears him safely
To the shore, to find a grave.

Just across the streak of glory,
Comes a shadow and a cloud,
Winds are rising now and sobbing,
As of death and of a shroud.

Dimly sees he coming towards him,
Washing nearer with each wave,
What was only now the maiden
Whom he loved, but could not save.

Clambering up, on a rock above him,
Looking down on that sweet face,
Borne so close beneath him, peaceful,
Full till now of light and grace.

Can he live now she is taken
From his side in fear and pain?
Can he look on her dear mother?
Ne'er on this earth, ne'er again!

She, the stately noble lady,
Standing awestruck, shrieks for aid;
But, alas! no echo answers;
All her fond hopes sadly fade.

Grief and fear o'ercome the mother,
Standing 'neath that placid moon;
Calling vainly for assistance,
Sinking down in helpless swoon.

But the lover hears the last cry,
Dimly distant though it seems,
Just as one hears sounds and voices
In the visions that are dreams.

Dimly sounds the shrill beseeching—
Wail that comes adown the breeze;
Like the cry of some strange night-bird,
Hid midst grand old forest trees.

Something told him that a mother's
Sad, sad cry, gone up on high,
Had repeated the old story—
Earthly love is born to die.

That this world is not for ever;
That here pleasure leads to pain;
And the happiness of summer
Soon brings winter in its train.

And with one wild sob of madness,
Holding life without her cheap,
Looking down upon the waters,
Hubert took the fatal leap.

Down to where fair Ida, lying
In a little fairy cove;
Where the straggling moonbeams wandered,
And the wave plashed soft above.

* * * * * * *

And the fishers tell the story,
How one, passing on the cliff,
Saw the tragedy enacted;
Saw the corpses stark and stiff.

When the tide had slowly fallen,
Leaving these two on the shore,
He descended with another,
And with help the lovers bore

Up the craggy path and homeward,
To the castle of the Lord,
Where the sad tale they related,
Of the daughter he adored.

Side by side the lovers lie now
In the great ancestral tomb,
'Neath the stately fane where slumber,
All the dead in endless gloom.

Countess Eva now amongst them,
Never did she come again,

But on that drear night she wandered
Over breezy down and plain.

Gone distraught and always asking
When would Ida soon return;
Sinking slowly, ever sinking,
Her life's lamp doth feebly burn.

And at last the Countess Bertram
Went the way we all must go;
And the old baronial mansion
Was once more the house of woe.

Now they all are gone and vanished;
Naught remains to tell of those,
Save the sculptured urn and hatchments,
Showing where they now repose.

But the fishermen still show you
That great rock the Lover's Leap,
And the Fairy Cove, and tell you
Tales that make your cold blood creep.

How once every year at even
Two young forms do wend their way,
Over sand and over shingle,
Towards the cliffs out near the bay.

How the tragic scene's repeated
Where the faithful lovers died,
Where the bodies were discovered,
And the mother wildly cried.

And some think the place is haunted,
But of that I cannot say,
Only on St. Swithin's Even,
Naught would make me pass that way.

* * * * * * *

Still the glorious rays are glinting
Hill and dale, and mount and lea;
Still the white smoke purples upwards
From the minute gun at sea.

Just another cloudless evening
Like the time I said before,
And the sunset on the steeple
Brings back glories as of yore.

Tells such stories as I tell now,
Of a day now long gone by;
Just to bring back the remembrance
Of some lost chord silently.

Some sweet scent—a sound of music,—
Some one word—how oft they bring
A joy, a sorrow, or a something
That perchance to which we cling.

So this hour and day have brought me
Back to this old legend too,
And I tell you as I've heard it,
Vouching that at least 'tis true.

And if you can find that old town,
Which stands nobly by the sea;
With its Church an ancient building
Founded by the Bruce, say we:

Then on asking they will show you,
Fairy Cove and Lover's Leap,
And I trow will show you also
Those grey cliffs so bold and steep.

June, 1875.

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

(Continued from page 8.)

A MASON, as a lover of quiet, is always subject to the civil powers, provided they do not infringe upon the limited bounds of religion and reason, and it was never yet known that a real Craftsman was concerned in any dark plot, designs or contrivances against the state; because the welfare of the nation is alone his peculiar care, so that from the highest to the lowest step of magistracy, due regard and deference is paid by him.

But as Masonry hath at several times felt the injurious effects of war, bloodshed and devastation it was a stronger engagement to the Craftsmen to act agreeable to the rules of peace and loyalty, the many proofs of which behaviour, hath occasioned the antient kings and powers to protect and defend them. But if a Brother should be so far unhappily mistaken as to rebel against the state, he would meet with no countenance from his fellows, and tho' he could not for that crime alone be excluded the lodge, the Brethren would keep no private converse with him, whereby the government might have cause to be jealous or keep the least umbrage.

A Mason, in regard to himself, is carefully to avoid all manner of intemperance or excess, which might obstruct him in the performance of the necessary duties of his laudable profession, or lead him into any crimes which would reflect dishonour upon the antient fraternity.

He is to treat his inferiors as he would have his superiors deal with him, wisely considering that the original of all man-

kind is the same, and tho' Masonry divests no man of his honour, yet does the Craft admit, that strictly to persue the paths of virtue, whereby a clear conscience may be preserv'd, is the only method to make any man noble.

A Mason is to be so far benevolent as never to shut his ear unkindly to the complaints of wretched poverty, but when a brother is oppressed by want, he is in a peculiar manner to listen to his sufferings with attention, in consequence of which pity must flow from his breast: and relief without prejudice according to his capacity.

A Mason is to pay due obedience to the authority of his master and presiding officers, and to behave himself meekly amongst his fellows, neither neglecting his usual occupation for the sake of masonry, nor to quarrel with the ignorant multitude for their ridiculous aspersions concerning it, but at his leisure hours he is required to study the arts and sciences with a diligent mind, that he may not only perform his duty to the great Creator, but also to his neighbour and to himself; for to walk humbly in the sight of GOD to do justice and to love mercy are the certain characteristicks of a real Mason, which qualifications I humbly hope they will possess to the end of time, and I dare venture to say that every true brother will join with me in *Amen.*

The benefits arising from a strict observance of the principles of the Craft, are so apparent, that I must believe every christian would be fond to profess and practice the same, because those principles tend to promote the happiness of life as they are founded on the basis of wisdom and virtue.

Now as it is every man's wish and design to accomplish the business of an happy life, how comes it that we see so many fall short of it? the reason I believe will appear conspicuous, when we reflect that the giddy crowd which are most numerous open a beaten tract which their erring and mistaken followers after their mad example pursue, leaving the light of reason behind them; and as the wise *Seneca* justly observes it fares "with us in human life, as "in a routed army, one stumbles first and "then another falls upon him, and so they "follow one upon the neck of another, till "the whole field comes to be but one heap "of miscarriages. Wherefore how careful "ought we then to be (if happiness is our "aim) to leave this croud, for true felicity "is not to be found there, but in a sound "mind which judges aright and perseveres "in such judgment, ever observing a due "decorum in our actions and squaring our "lives according to the dictates of right "reason." And surely it may engage the admiration of some that a Craft (whose antiquity is from time immemorial, and whose qualifications are not only proveable by the touch-stone of true merit) should meet with contempt or fall into decay; but when daily circumstances are the evident marks of my assertions, I must with some regret lay open the irregular deeds of mistaken men, and should be well pleased that they, seeing their follies, may no longer continue in them, but rather persue the the antient land marks of our virtuous Brethren.

In the first place as our priviledges and instructions, when rightly are made use of, are not only productive of our welfare on this side of the grave, but even our eternal happiness hereafter, they ought to be communicated to those alone who might improve and enhance their value; whereas on the contrary in several Lodges, too many have been fond of a trifling treat, and have sold their birthrights at a mean price even for a mess of potage; and instead of taking a due and especial care to enquire into the reputation or character of a candidate, they have imprudently hurried him into the Craft, and that perhaps too at an age before he arrived to mature discretion, or while under bondage and servitude contrary to the known constitutions.

REMARKS.

That this custom hath been too prevalent, I believe no one who hath been conversant with our Lodges will deny; and as it must give pain to every faithful Mason to see the sacred rules of the order profained or broke thro', I shall beg leave to acquaint the Brethren, that all persons admitted members of a lodge should bear the character of being free in birth and from bonds, for in juvenile years it is not to be expected that any one can be capable to promote the welfare of the Craft, which is or ought to be the real intention of introducing any member therein, who likewise ought to be without maim or defect, either in body or mind; the former being sufficient to prevent them from serving their Lords and Masters as

they ought, and the latter from falling into immoral or scandalous actions, which the Craft, instead of countenancing, ever showed the utmost abhorrence and detestation thereto.

And from the imprudence of introducing such members, various divisions and disputes have arose in Lodges, where the Brethren (instead of preserving the harmonious and friendly concord that ought to subsist amongst them) have unluckily fell into factious parties; so that unanimity, which will ever be the lasting cement of the Brotherhood hath been dissolved.

REMARKS.

As an house divided against itself cannot stand, so likewise is it absolutely essential that every community should preserve peace and harmony as the surest foundation of its welfare; and I cannot help expressing my concern to hear of so many idle and trifling disputes as lately have happened amongst some of the fraternity, occasioned, as I must imagine, by the unfortunate and inconsiderate election of their members; the examples of whom ought highly to engage us in a strict examination of the temper, disposition, and conduct of each candidate; for one contentious man may subvert and spoil the peace and quiet of our harmless hours, and as the old Proverb alledges.

Unica prava pecus in ficet omnia pecus.
One scabby sheep may infect an whole flock.

But how ridiculous do partisans concerning religion appear amongst us? Whereas the Craft, tho' founded upon that solid basis will admit of no such controversies, and provided we are not all of the same opinion in matters of faith, yet ought we ever to be of one mind in matters of Masonry; that is to labour justly, not to eat any men's bread for nought, but to the utmost of our capacity to love and serve each other, as Brethren of the same household ought to do: nor can I help judging it as great an absurdity in one man to quarrel with another, because he will not believe as he does, as it would be in him to be angry because he was not exactly of the same size and countenance, &c. but the true Brotherhood are resolved never to suffer any strife to enter into the door of the Lodge upon that or any other point whatsomever.

Some years ago I had the honour to introduce to the Grand Lodge a remonstrance, setting forth the necessity of a strict scrutiny into the candidates behaviour and character, which I humbly proposed should be by their having one months notice and upon receiving such intelligence, they (as having power) should appoint two of their members nicely to examine into the requisites, and tho' that most revered and august assembly did not agree to it at that particular juncture, I cannot held believing it would greatly tend to the honour and welfare of the Craft, and prevent some complaints of which we at present have cause to make mention of; but, however, shall always be fond to leave all matters of consideration to their mature and superior judgment.

The honours due to the Craft forbids me to pass over a certain set of unprofitable labourers, who under a pretence of knowledge in the art, strive to lead astray, after their irregular method, many persons of credit and reputation.

REMARKS.

It is too well known that in this city lately hath appeared a number of mean and low spirited wretches, who, (if ever just) have turned rebels to our well formed government and artfully brought into their iniquitous net several unguarded men, who from me shall meet with pity instead of blame (because they knew not the truth) wherefore I shall beg leave to acquaint them, that the laws of our constitution are so agreeable to the disposition of every good man, and so easily performed that I dare say no one can have an excuse for not obeying; but as these labourers work not to serve our worthy masters, they receive instead of the advantages accruing from our vineyard, the just reward of their actions and in each honest breast are stigmatized with a name I here shall not mention.

These despicable traders or hucksters in pretended Masonry, every prudent Brother ought carefully to avoid holding any converse with them, but as the learned apostle, St. *Paul*, in his Epistle to the *Thessalonians*, very justly advises, *Withdraw yourselves from every Brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition he received of us; for yourselves know how you*

ought to follow us behaving orderly amongst you, neither eating any man's bread for nought, nor weary with well doing; but labouring night and day to raise up the fallen, not counting them as enemies, but admonishing them as Brethren.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. MUGGINS' LOVE STORY.

"MARRY young," somebody once said. I have no idea who the idiot was that said it, and I wouldn't give fifty thousand dollars to find out, but I do know that I once attempted to act on the advice, with the most exasperatingly unpleasant results.

This is a love story.

Nota-bene.—I have put in this line to catch the eye of the ladies, for I know that if I can but establish my reputation as a writer of amatory romances, I shall rank with Dumas, and Sand, and Sylvanus Cobb, and other celebrities, who have recklessly given their names to fame by enlisting the sympathetic sympathies of the tender sex.

I was once a youth—a young youth, and a verdant. The things I have learned since that period of my existence only serve to show how little I knew then. Well, to confess my indiscretions in a breath, when I was passing through this adolescent period, I fell in love.

She was beautiful, she was fair, with blooming cheeks and golden hair, with breath of roses, eyes of fire, a Grecian nose, or I'm a liar, or words to that effect. For a more elaborate description, I refer my readers to any of the twenty-five cent novels of the day. To me she seemed the *ultima thule* of perfection, not only in face and feature—I would say, *form* and feature—but in her sunny temper, kind disposition and general slap-dash way of speaking her mind, which compelled my heroic admiration more than any other attribute of her habits or character.

I can remember as though it were but the day before yesterday, how I used to go to church with her on a Sunday, and walk home with her after the service, as proud as a peacock before his tail feathers are pulled out. I'm not so proud now.

I remember one day in particular. It was a balmy Sunday afternoon in June—I say June, because all the balmy days are in June; and after that they (the days) become hot and sticky, till the cold weather comes, and then all the balm is frozen out of them most effectually—a balmy Sunday afternoon in June. I had not been to church that morning, because I had hugged my bed so late, dreaming drowsily of my love, that it was impossible to make my toilet in time, and so, after dinner, I spent a couple of hours in arranging my necktie and arraying my faultless form in my choicest suit, which consisted of well,—no matter about that—I am not a tailor, and if I should attempt a description of my wardrobe, I should only expose my ignorance of the draper's art, and so I will consent myself by saying that it was a bang-up suit, and cost me over forty dollars, without counting the coral buttons in my white vest.

With a smile of the most self-satisfied, complaisancy, my pearl castor jauntily poised on one side of my head and my cane under my arm, I ran up the steps and rang the bell. The servant admitted me with a broad grin, which I at first attributed to her delight at beholding such a splendid specimen of the *genus homo;* so I smiled responsively, and said:

"Good afternoon, Jane."

She tittered audibly as she returned my salutation, and that arousod my indignation. I said nothing, but striking an attitude of dignified *hauteur*, I strode into the parlour.

There she sat, sweet Rosa Myrtle, (such was her floral cognomen) loveliest of her sex, and looking more lovely than ever. I was just stepping forward to greet her with a lover's ardour, when, for the first time, I noticed a broad-chested, stalwart man sitting by her side and holding one of her hands in his.

They say love is blind, and I have no doubt that is true, or I should have discovered this giant on first entering the room. He was not so small as to be easily overlooked, and at length my ferocious eyes took him in from head to heels.

What was he here for, anyway? What business had he with that little hand in his great paw? I said "Good day" to Rosa, and tried to smile sweetly on her, while I glared furiously at him. The result was a very hideous smile, and an exceedingly sickly glare.

She said "Good day, Ephraim," and then rising up, her hand still clinging to his, however, introduced him to me. If he had let go her hand, I should probably have heard the name, but I had neither ears nor eyes for anything but that clasped and mute evidence of love between them, which sent a sickening chill to the very centre of my jealous heart, and rendered me blind and deaf to everything else.

Ordinarily my conversational powers are second to few or none, but on this occasion all my thoughts and ideas seemed to pour in a torrent through one jealous channel, while etiquette demanded that I should appear to ignore the possibility of there being a rival within a thousand miles, and that I should converse with the utmost hypocritical nonchalance imaginable. I was never equal to the requirements of a hypocrite, however, and so I turned away and sat down at the piano, and tried to drown my sorrow in the Black-key Mazurka.

There was a deal more black-key than mazurka in my attempt to drown sorrow in that lugubrious way, however, I am grieved to say.

I confess I did not like the aspect of things at all. This same giant of a fellow I had seen prowling about the streets the Saturday before, but I had not the remotest idea he knew Rosa Myrtle. "Well," I thought to myself, "I will sit here and drum on the piano a while, and if the fellow has any breeding he will soon take the hint and leave."

But my attempt to sit him out did not meet with the success that I had counted on. There they still sat, hand in hand, and talking in low, earnest tones, as if they were all the world to each other, and I—well, if the piano stool had been cushioned with pins and needles, points up, I couldn't have been more uncomfortable. I thought of a thousand expedients for getting rid of him, but none of them were practicable. He was such an overgrown and over-towering specimen of humanity that any physical effort to dislodge him did not seem feasible, to say the least, and any hints in the way of side glances and "a-hems" seemed entirely thrown away.

So, at last, I gave up in disgust, and took my departure, as full of wrath as I could possibly be, and not explode, and went away meditating some scheme of revenge.

This sort of thing was kept up for a week. Wherever she went, he went, and whenever I called at the house, he was there. In short, I learned that he stayed there night and day; and the jeers and insinuations of my friends didn't make matters any better. I was jealous—there isn't the slightest use in denying it. I felt jealousy creeping up and down my back like cold chills, boiling up in my veins like volcanic lava, and burning and freezing me by turns till I was almost, if not quite, mad.

It is barely possible that other young men have been in precisely similar situations at some time or other during their lives, and if so they will fully appreciate the condition of mental agony in which I existed during that long-to-be-remembered week. Sleep? Not a wink. Eat? Not a mackerel. Life was a dreary burden. I thought I would see her and have an explanation, but wherever I found *her*, I found *him*; so that plan failed. I consulted with a friend, a dare-devil sort of fellow, who advised a duel, by all means. He wouldn't waste words. He believed in prompt action.

I left the whole matter in his hands, and the result was that a mortal encounter was settled upon, as the best method of dealing out unlimited satisfaction to all parties concerned; and one cold and drizzly morning I found myself pacing up and down the banks of the river where we had appointed our meeting. My faithful second accompanied me in my lonely walk.

Presently my detested rival appeared. I grasped one of the pistols, and might have shot him dead on the spot—or shot at him, at least,—if my second had not said—

"Don't shoot! wait for the word!"

On came my rival, like a tornado, never pausing till he stood directly over me, when he seized me by the coat collar and plunged me into the river, pistol and all.

"I don't want to kill you, you little nincompoop," said he; "and as for *you*, you couldn't hit the side of a barn." All the while he was *sozzling* me up and down in the water. "I'm no rival of yours," said he, "I'm Miss Myrtle's *brother!*"

I was entirely satisfied.

Yours contentedly,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

Voice of Masonry, America.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

(*Continued from page* 15.)

WHAT interests us most is the vast literature they produced and the religious forms they bequeathed to posterity. To illustrate this, I will only dwell upon the famous series of twelve tablets, of which the flood legend forms a part. Twelve adventures are related there, most probably in connection with the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, of a hero, whose name is read in the Chaldean from Izdulbar, meaning "the fire-brand," another word for the sun. His deeds remind altogether of the twelve labours of Hercules and of Samson, the Jewish Hercules. He is represented as a mighty giant and a conqueror of many cities, killing lions and monsters. Having triumphed over all his enemies, he falls a victim to a woman, whose love turns, like that of Delilah or Deianira, into hatred and curse. But Firebrand's love is the goddess of love herself, named Ishtar, the Hebrew Astarte. Having offered to marry him but to meet his refusal, she heaps misfortune upon misfortune on him. His wise counsel and interpreter of dreams, Heabani, whom he had taken, like Joseph, from a dark, perilous cave to his court, was taken from his side, and at last a disease befell him, too, from which nobody could cure him, except the wise Hasisadra, who had escaped the flood, and lived on the isle of the blessed. To him he then journeyed along, passing a country enwrapped in dark clouds, where giants stood, like Atlas, guarding the rising sun, "their crown at the lattice of Heaven, their feet under hell." Traversing this, he arrived at a garden, like the Western Land of the Hercules legend, full of trees glittering with gold and jewels, there to meet Hasisadra, the man who had survived the flood. From him he learns the story of the flood, told much in the same way as in the Bible. Hasisadra, too, offered a sacrifice to the gods, who had made him build a ship to save his life therein. Having told the story of the flood, and how he was carried up into the company of the gods, Hasisadra reveals him the secret of the life-giving water, and made him bathe in the lake, when "his disease in the water to beauty turned." Having reached his home again, he laments the loss of his friend Heabani, who finds no rest in the grave, and is finally, like Henoch, of the Bible, transferred into Heaven by the aid of Hea, the god of the ocean and infernal regions, after having offered the following prayer:

Return me, he says to his own ghost, from hell the land of doom,
From the house of the departed, the seat of the god of Hell,
From the house within which there is no exit,
From the place wherein they long for light,
But light is never seen, in darkness they dwell,
The place where dust is their nourishment, and their food mud.
To the place of seers I will enter,
Where they are wearing crowns, who from days of old, ruled the earth,
To whom the gods Anu (of Heaven), and Bel (of earth) have given renowned names.
A place where water is abundant drawn from perennial springs.
To the place of seers I will enter,
To the place of bards and great men,
To the place of interpreters of the wisdom of the great gods.

Thus ends these remarkable legends.

But their value lies not in the direction of confirming, but of throwing new light on, the Biblical legends. Both "Firebrand's" and "Hasisadra's ark" are often mentioned on the inscriptions, and seem to point to the same arks, on which Osiris, the Egyptian god (Hesiri), rides while descending into the nether world, where hell and Heaven meet. But while the ark of Noah is still a mere chest, the ark of the Chaldean legend is a regular ship, launched into the sea and navigated by boatmen. The god who told Hasisadra to build a ship, is Hea, the god of the ocean, the same who calmed the anger of Bel, the prince of the gods, and prevailed upon him not to destroy men any more by a deluge, there having been during six days and seven nights rain which swept away all life from earth. The whole flood legend, however, is merely an episode, inserted into the grand epopee of "Firebrand." But Firebrand, the ruler of Babylon, with her four cities united into one, turns out

to be Nimrod, as this reading of the name Izdubar is made probable by Smith and others. Yet the same has been found on inscriptions to have been worshipped as a god and addressed in prayers. Indeed, he is described in our poem as coming along with the limbs of a god on his body; his shape is divine, "his work is human." Nor can we help suggesting the same to have been the original type of all the Samsons and the Hercules, when beholding the large figure of Nimrod on a statue, taken from the gate of the palace at Chorsabad, showing a gigantic shape of a man strangling a young lion with his one arm, while holding a club or boomerang in the other.

There is also mention made in the most interesting poem of the various amours of Ishtar, the Assyrian Venus, whose charms "Firebrand" despised. Of these, her marriage with the unfortunate Tammuz, "whose loss country after country is mourning," is of especial interest, as it is the same whom Ezekiel found the idolatrous woman weeping for (chap. viii., 5. 14), and whose loss was lamented in the same way by Ishtar, as was Adonis in Phenician mythology by Venus, and Osiris by the Egyptian goddess Isis, as seen in another remarkable piece, describing the descent of Ishtar into the land of the dead in the search of her lost beloved. From the description of the nether world, in this and the other piece I mentioned above, it appears that the notions concerning Heaven and hell belong to the remotest antiquity, and, I think, it is not too bold to assert that they were forwarded in an unknown time by Chaldean priests to Egypt and to India, where we find them in common with many other religious beliefs and rites peculiar to the Chaldeans. This may account also for the striking similarity observed by scholars between the Hindoo legend of the flood, and the Chaldean account. In the same way attention has been called to a large number of coincidences in the belief in spirits and their evil influences, in the tree of life and the water of life, in exorcisms by the use of signs and sacred numbers, found between the old Chaldean religion and more or less that of all the others. To mention another instance, we find the infant-life of almost all great heroes surrounded by one and the same beautiful legend, showing the protecting hand of Heaven held over their precious life. Egypt has her Osiris, Rome her Romulus, Greece her Hercules and Perseus, Persia her Cyrus, Judaism its Moses, Buddhism its Buddha, and Christianity its Jesus, all saved in some way from dangers threatening their infant life. To learn their original, or, at least, a story anterior to all of them, we must turn to Chaldea, to hear Sargon, the founder of the early City of Akkad, telling this story in a poem reading as follows:

I am Sargon, the mighty King of Akkad.
I was born of a mortal mother, yet not her husband, but a god, is my father.
When being delivered of me my mother placed me on the Euphrates,
Putting me in an ark of rushes, coated with bitumen.
Onward the river carried me to meet Akki, the gardener.
He made me his son, and, reaching my seventh year,
I from a gardener became a King.

Nevertheless, I am far from believing people to have merely copied from each other for 10,000 or 20,000 years. There is a fine story told of King Midas, who turned everything to gold while touching it. This is the nature of true genius. Though drawing all their knowledge, art and science from others, the Greeks stamped whatever they undertook to copy with the seal of their genius, and it turned into beauty. The prophets, the poets, and the wise men of Israel, too, derived a good deal of what they knew from heathen nations, even the form of Hebrew poetry having been proved to be of old Chaldean origin; but they threw all the wisdom gathered from others into the crucible of their mind, and it came forth all pervaded with the spirit of holiness, and shining with the awe-inspiring majesty of divine truth. There is one curious little discovery which I cannot refrain from mentioning lastly. Small images of clay with either a human head and a lion's body, or a lynx's head and a human body, were found in small cavities at the threshold of the entrances within the royal palaces of Ninevah, besides slabs of gypsum inscribed with prayers and magic formulas, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the abodes of the King, while the principal doorways were guarded by cherubs, the genii, in the

shape of winged bulls and lions, as the Egyptian were by sphynxes. There, then, the same household gods or Teraphim are met with, which, as you will remember from the Bible, Rachel stole from her father for the purpore of transferring them to her new home; or the Penates which Æneas carried along from old Troy to Rome. By this peculiar old custom we cannot help being impressed with a grand and touching lesson.

Looking over the large ground man has trod on ever since the early Chaldeans pitched their tents in the centre of Asia, where they lived, together with the old Chinese, to settle, perhaps ten thousand years before our era, at the shore of the Caspian Gulf, up to this day, how many nations do we behold carrying along their sacred household reminiscences to keep up the connection between remote past and distant future! Yet they move onwards, each nation and each age improving upon the other. Can we fail to recognize in all this the guiding hand of a Supreme Power watching over the destinies of mankind, and never allowing one of their dear and sacred truths to be entirely lost? Ages bequeathing to each other the inheritances of the past, and nations transmitting, while dying, their productions and traditions to others rising in their stead, keep up that mighty, ever-growing stream we call progress. which, indeed, shows merely an everlasting reform.—*Voice of Masonry, America.*

AN ORIGINAL DISSERTATION ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

Delivered in the Town Hall, Colchester, before the Members of the Y.M.C.A.

It is a German proverb, I think, that "speech is silvern, and silence golden." That mighty poet, the poet Tupper, thinks differently, for he says that "speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;" meaning, in homely Saxon, that we think first and speak afterwards. But do we, O men of the Town Council of Little Pedlington and Eatenswill? Some people object to wit and humour, abominate anecdotes, and think every punster a pickpocket, like poor Cowper the poet. To such persons the introduction of fun into a lecture must seem dreadfully out of place, in fact, quite improper. There are none such here I see. But remembering that the proper study of mankind is man, one cannot but wonder how little such people must have studied their fellows, not to have found out that in this "merrie England" of ours, where, by the way, it is said, and said untruly I think, that we take our pleasures sadly, we need plenty of laughter to chase away our tears; we want some little relaxation from the cares and anxieties of humdrum every day life,—we need some little joy to compensate for the sorrow which most of us have known something of before we have reached middle age.

It has been to some a matter of regret that humour cannot be introduced into the pulpit. It seems to us an odd place to look for fun, but some of our old divines did not disdain—and notably, Dr. South—the use of the ecclesiastical rostrum.

Mr. Spurgeon, I am told (not having had the pleasuue of hearing him, I cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion), makes great use of humour, and I daresay there are some of us who have heard of the Reverend Rowland Hill's preaching a charity sermon at Wapping (before the Claimant's time, of course), which he commenced by saying: "I come to preach to sinners, to great sinners, yea, to Wapping sinners!"

Talking of Dr. South reminds me that when he was Charles II.'s Chaplain, he was preaching one day before the Court, which was composed of the most profligate and dissolute men of the nation. He perceived in the middle of his discourse that sleep had taken possession of his hearers. The Doctor immediately stopped short and changing his tone of voice, called out to Lord Lauderdale three times. His Lordship standing up: "My Lord," said South, with grave composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loud, *lest you awaken his Majesty!*"

Bishop Kennet says of South, "that he laboured very much to compose his sermons, and in the pulpit worked up his body when he came to a piece of wit, or any notable saying." His wit was certainly

the least of his recommendations; he indulged in it to an excess which often violated the sanctity of the pulpit. When Sherlock accused him of employing wit in a controversy on the Trinity, South made but a sorry reply: "Had it pleased God to have made you a wit, what would you have done?"

What may be called an instance of clerical wit and wisdom is told of Fenelon, author of Telemaque, Almoner to Louis XIV., afterwards Archbishop of Cambray. On one occasion, the King was astonished to find only Fenelon and the priest at the Chapel, instead of a numerous congreation as usual. "What is the reason of all this," said the King? "Why," replied Fenelon, "I caused it to be given out, Sire, that your Majesty did not attend Chapel to-day—that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

When Louis appointed Fenelon chief of the Missionaries to convert the Protestants of Sausonge, his Majesty insisted that a regiment of Guards should accompany him.

"The ministers of religion," said Fenelon, "are the Evangelists of peace, and the military might frighten all, but would not persuade a single individual. It was by the force of their morals that the Apostles converted mankind; permit us then, Sire, to follow their example. If we would draw to us our diffident brethren, we must go to them like true Apostles. For my own part I would rather become their victim than see one of their ministers exposed to the vexations, the insult, and the almost necessary violence of the military men." That was the spirit of a true Christian.

Professor Aytoun in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" says, that when Prince Charles Stuart and his Highland host had possession of Edinburgh, the Established Clergy were nearly to a man against him, and one minister had the courage to conclude his prayer nearly in the following terms: "Bless the King—thou knowest what King I mean. May his crown long sit easy on his head. And as to this young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee in mercy to take him to thyself and *give him a Crown of Glory.*"

I do not defend humour in a sermon—because we never have it—except by mistake sometimes, and I, of course, am one of those who think that "Dullness is sacred in a sound divine."

But to those who object to wit and humour out of the pulpit—what can one say, except to repeat the well known apothegm of honest Joe Miller (who, by the way, was born in the last year of the reign of the witty monarch, and I am afraid awful scapegrace, Charles II.)

"The gravest beast is an ass;
The gravest bird is an owl;
The gravest fish is an oyster;
And the gravest man is a fool!"

Wit may be allied with great eloquence, the lecturer continued, for was not Sheridan one of the wittiest, and at the same time, most eloquent speakers of the day. Who does not remember reading of the magnificent speech he made on the articles of impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1787, when he spoke for five hours and forty minutes. On the conclusion of this speech the whole assembly, members, peers and strangers, involuntarily joined in a tumult of applause, and loudly and repeatedly clapped their hands. A motion was immediately made and carried for an adjournment, that the members who were in a state of delirious insensibility from the magical influence of such powerful eloquence, might have time to collect their scattered senses for the exercise of a sober judgment. This motion was made by Mr. Pitt, who declared that this speech surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind.

And then think of the effects of eloquence. Think of Demosthenes, Isocrates, Plato and Pericles amongst the Greeks, of Cicero and Seneca amongst the Romans.

You, many of you, no doubt have read Shakespeare's magnificent speech, which he puts into the mouth of Mark Antony.

Cicero said it was owing to Mark Antony that Rome could boast of being a rival to Greece in the art of eloquence. He was unfortunately killed during the commotions between Marius and Sylla. He was discovered in a secret hiding place to which he had fled, and soldiers were sent to dispatch him, but he supplicated their forbearance in so eloquent a manner that

the only man who had the cruelty to kill him was one who had not heard his prayer.

Think of Caractacus, the British King, who, after bravely fighting the Romans, was taken prisoner in chains to Rome, but from his eloquent appeal to Claudius obtained his freedom,

Think of Peter the Hermit, who brought about the Crusades through his eloquence. John Knox, whose oratory was the main cause of the downfall of the Papacy in Scotland. Then again was there not Luther, whose eloquence burst the bonds of the Church in Germany, and brought about what some call the Blessed Reformation.

Turning to modern times, think of such men as Lord Brougham, who advocated the cause of that ill-used lady Queen Caroline, against her husband George IV., and whose powers of oratory had a wonderful effect in securing on her behalf as a woman and a wife the loving sympathy, and turning upon him the indignant scorn and the vials of its wrath of the whole British people.

John Wesley, too, who might almost be called the founder of Dissent in England—for before his time the Nonconformists were (since the Restoration of the Stuarts at least) an inconsiderable and certainly an uninfluential body—very different to what they are now.

Wilberforce (the father of a greater orator—the late Bishop of Winchester) through whom slavery was abolished.

I might go on for long instancing men who had done great deeds through their eloquence, but I forbear.

The great statesmen of to-day of whom casual mention has already been made, are living instances of the powers of eloquence and of the great results produced thereby. The progressive advancement, the much needed reforms, or the conservative policy, which propounded and urged on this side, or supported or checked on that, still tend to keep the balance of power between the three great estates of the Realm intact—whilst they further the welfare of the nation by the progress and advancement of wise and beneficent measures to the advantage of the State and the good of the people.

The absolute recognition of freedom of speech both in and out of Parliament makes us the envy of every civilized nation in the world, and its tendency, in spite of the ill-judged attempts of one or two demagogues to whom allusion has been previously made, is manifestly to increase and extend the power and moral influence of this mighty empire of which we are proud to boast that each of us is a unit which makes up the great total of the British nation, and each man amongst us is still proud to say —like the Romans of old: *Civis Romanus sum!*

Think of the advantages of an orator, his power and influence, the heights to which he can climb in this free country—"as which of you shall not?"

Why should not Colchester produce a man, who, like the great Cardinal who was the glory of Ipswich (whose inhabitants are only now talking of raising a statue to his memory), or a more modern instance, John Bright,—shall by his own unaided genius rise from the ranks of the people to stand on the steps of the throne? And now I must close. I fear I have already tried your patience and good nature sorely in listening to my lucubrations.

There are many here present no doubt who could put in better form the scattered thoughts which I have jotted down, but if this brief lecture incites one or two of the young men in this audience to cultivate in themselves one of God's greatest gifts to men, the art of speech, I shall feel that my task, however ill performed, has not been done in vain.

I cannot, however, conclude, without giving in few words, Moile's admirable description of what an orator should be.

"Elate he stood, with frank and earnest mien,
No measured cadence heard or motion seen;
No art scholastic, no theatric grace,
Unmeaning gesture, passion out of place.
Mouthing, false emphasis, or laboured leer,
Nothing superfluous, nothing insincere:
But manlike moved and bore him in discourse,
Ardent and grave and tempering still his force;
With arms stretched forth, or folded, or at rest,
As willed the power by whom he seemed possessed,

While features augured all his tongue alleged
And tones winged home each barbed shaft they edged,
And with spontaneous sallies bright and bold,
Resistless streams of oratory rolled!"

And what a grand thing this oratory is. What a noble end, in dying, to be recognised as one of England's greatest speakers, to lie side by side in our great Valhalla, Westminster Abbey, with great soldiers, philosophers and poets, and have it said:—

"There lay the warrior, and the son of song,
And there in silence, till the Judgment Day,
The Orator, whose all persuading tongue
Had moved the nations with resistless sway."

LEAVING SCHOOL.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL, *Author of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect."*

A noise of children's voices
Sounds along the street;
A noise of patter, pattering,
Of many children's feet,
All coming from the school-house,
With hearts as light and gay;
Their lessons all are over,—
Now is the time for play.

O, happy, happy children!
Enjoy life while you may:
No hours to come can equal those,
You spend in childish play:
Wealth may be yours in years to come,
Or fame may deck some brow,
But wealth nor fame can make you feel,
As you are feeling now.

The boys are setting wickets up,
The girls have form'd a ring,
And hand in hand around they go,
While merrily they sing.
Sing on, fair children! girls and boys,
Those are your happy days;
A few short years, and then for you,
Begin life's thorny ways.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE MINUTE BOOK OF THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATESHEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Minute Book of this old lodge has been placed in my hands for perusal and publication, in the general interests of Masonic Archæology; and I have the greatest pleasure in submitting the following "excerpta" to the notice of the readers of the Magazine, and to fellow Masonic students everywhere. In a small history of the lodge, published by authority in 1870, we find the following statement, and with it I think well to begin the paper:—

"The precise date when this lodge was founded cannot now be accurately ascertained, but there is good reason for believing that it existed as an operative lodge, and in proper working order, about the time when the Grand Lodge of England was resuscitated in 1717.

"The original home of the lodge was at the village of Swalwell, in the county of Durham, about four miles from Gateshead; and a tradition existed amongst the elder brethren of the lodge, that it was founded by the operative Masons brought from the South by Sir Ambrose Crowley, when he established his celebrated foundry at Winlaton about A. D. 1690. There is, however, no evidence in existence to support this theory.

"The oldest minutes of the lodge are written in sheets, bound up with a copy of the Constitutions of Freemasonry, published in 1723, edited by the celebrated Dr. J. T. Desaguliers, D.G.M., and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Montague, Grand Master.

"This Minute Book, with the Warrant and other valuable documents and property of the lodge were lost before the year 1770; but the Minute Book was fortunately recovered by Bro. John Etridge Wilkinson, who found it exhibited for sale at a book stall, purchased it, and presented it to the lodge in 1845. The various minutes of lodge meetings, annual appointments of Worshipful Master and Officers, and indenture of Apprentices were duly recorded in the old book, furnishing to the Brethren of Lodge of Industry an interesting record of Masonic History.

"The original Warrant of the lodge was dated 24th June, 1735, the number of the lodge at that time being 132. After this Warrant was lost, a Charter of Confirmation was granted to the lodge in October, 1771, by the Duke of Beaufort Grand Master, which is now in posseasion of the brethren of the lodge, and constitutes their authority for all Masonic purposes.

"In 1867, the lodge resolved to apply to the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of England, the Earl of Zetland, for permission to wear a centenary medal, which was granted without hesitation, and Bro. W. Gray Clarke, the late Grand Secretary, in reference to the age of the lodge, stated that the Lodge of Industry first appeared in the books of Grand Lodge in 1735, and had continued on the rolls of Grand Lodge regularly since that time."

The following account of it has also appeared in the "Freemason," which, as it was written by myself, I deem it also well to give here, as it affords a fair account of the book as now before me.

"The Minute Book of the Lodge of Industry, Gateshead, has been lent me for perusal and description by the great kindness of the W.M. of the said good lodge, through the courteous intermediation of P.M. Bro. E. Robson, Treas., and a most interesting relic it is.

"This old record is a paper book bound up with Anderson's Constitutions of 1723.

"Some of the MS. entries begin at the reverse end. Some go through as usual from left to right.

"The earliest minute is of 1725—at the reverse end—to this effect, very noteworthy: September 29, 1725. 'Then Matthew Armstrong and Arthur Douglas, Masons, appeared in the Lodge of Freemasons, and agreed to have their names registered as "Enterprentices," to be accepted next quarterly meeting, paying one shilling each for that rank, and 7s. 6d. when they take their freedom.'

"Twenty-one minutes in all are consecutively entered at the reverse end, the last dated December 7th 1776, more or less all relating to the taking and acceptance of apprentices.

"When we turn back to the continuation of the printed Constitutions we find some very remarkable entries.

"The 'Orders of Antiquity,' almost identical with those of the Alnwick Constitution, but standing separately there, the Apprentices Orders, the General Orders, the Penal Orders, the Fund Laws, are all of rare archæological value.

"Unfortunately between the numbered pages, 36 and 37, a "hiatus valde deflendus" occurs, where some scrupulous, or unscrupulous, brother has deprived us of several pages of MS.

"I hope that the original 'Fund Laws,' are nevertheless to be put together from other pages of the book.

"It may interest some to know that in July, 1746, it was 'enacted at a Grand Lodge,' held that evening, that no brother Mason should be admitted unto the dignity of a 'Highrodiam,' under less than ye charge of 2s. 6d., or as the Damaskin or Forin, as John Thompson from Gateside, paid at the same night 5s. N.B.—The English Masters to pay for entering unto the said Mastership 2s. 6d. per majority. This is headed 'Memorandum of the Highrodiams,' and there is a list of seven who only paid 1s. 6d., and four thorough English names, equally who paid 2s. 6d. with this note, 'Engl. 8th, pd. 2sh. 6d.'

"There is a further list of twelve, who, I presume, paid the 2s. 6d., and over the leaf we have two lists of twelve and thirty respectively, the twelve are headed the names of the brothers in the High Order, &c. To pay for making in that Order, 1s. 6d. At the head of the other list is 'English Masters, to pay at entrance, 2s. 6d. each.' At the bottom of the list are the names of six others, or of the six receiving brethren.

"We have the names of five 'Raised Masters' on the same page in 1771 and 1772.

"I have said enough to show the interest of this most valuable Masonic book, and I conclude with the regulations of 1733, which are exceedingly valuable archæologically, as our Bro. W. J. Hughan will agree:—

"'June 14, 1733.

"'It is agreed by the Society, that any brother of the lodge that hath an apprentice that serves his time equally and lawfully as he ought to do, shall be made free for the sum of 8s. And for any working Mason, not of the lodge, the sum of 10s. And to any gentleman or other that is not a working Mason, according to the majority of the company.'"

The following are minutes which range from 1725 to 1776, and show how truly operative the lodge still remained, though it had received a Warrant from the Grand Lodge in 1735.

The following is the earliest minute in this valuable book :

"September 29, 1725. Then Matthew Armstrong and Arthur Douglas, Masons, appeared in ye lodge of Freemasons, and agreed to have their names registered as 'Enterprentices,' to be accepted next quarterly meeting, paying one shilling each for entrance and 7s. 6d. when they take their freedom."

"June 24 1728. Then John Robinson, notified to ye lodge his having taken Matt^{w} Bambrough apprentice for seven years, and promises to show or produce the indentures ye next quarterly meeting day."

"Dec^{r}. 27 1729. Then Matthew Bambrough appeared in ye Lodge of Freemasons, and [a word interlineated and erased] his master showed his indentures which were agreeable, he will have his freedom when out of his time paying 7s. 6d. to ye lodge box."

"September 29 1730. Then George Gillespy notified to the lodge his having taken Tho. Clough apprentice for seven years, and promisses to show his indentures next quarterly meeting."

"December 28 1730. Then Matthew Armstrong notified to ye lodge his having taken John Lawthers apprentice for seven years, and hath shown his indenture, for which he hath paid 6d."

"March 25 1731. Then Mich Dalton notified to ye lodge his having taken Robt Hunter apprentice for seven years, and promises to show his indentures next quarterly meeting for which he hath pd six pence."

"June 21. 1732. Mr. John Thomson entered in our Society of Freemasonry — He is clearly a speculative Mason.

"December 1st 1735. Then Abraham Shield notified to ye lodge his having taken Robt Elliott apprentice for seven years and promises to show his indentures ye next quarterly communication for which hes pd 6d."

"December the 7th 1737

"NB. This day W^{m} Burton of Whickham his indenture was read over in the presence of the Society then assembled bearing date the third of the instant as an apprentice to Matthew Armstrong of Swalwell.

"Pd for Redigistering the sd apprentice according to law 6d."

Now these two last minutes are after the grant of the original charter from Grand Lodge.

There are thirteen other entries, the last dated December 27th, 1776, all relating to the registration of apprentices. I give two more of them for a special reason.

"25th March 1754.

"That Bro. W^{m} Burton having taken John Cloy'd as an apprentice for 7 years made his apperance and had the apprentice charge read over, and pd for registering 6d."

"25th Do. That Robert Hope having a son call'd Rob^{t} Hope Jun^{r} made his appearance and had his order read over, and paid for registering 6d.

"NB. The above Robert Hope does not belong to the Lodge."

I think all Masonic students will see and say, that these are alike interesting and valuable minutes from an archæological point of view, as they serve to suggest many important considerations affecting the early history of Freemasonry in England, about the time of the revival, as it is called. The next earliest minute I find is that I have already transcribed above, the very important one of 1733.

This is followed by the minute I now give:

"It is enacted by the Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society ; that if any person shall presume to speak in the lodge after it is regularly opened by Master and Wardens without standing up and directing his discourse to the Master shall for the first offence pay 2d. for the second 4d. and so on as the majority o the Society shall think proper.

"May ye 6th 1734."

The next is an interesting minute for various reasons :

"Decr. 27 1734.

"It is agreed by the Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society that if any brother shall appear in the Assembly without gloves and aprons at any time when summoned by Master and Wardens shall for each offence pay one shilling on demand."

A later hand has interpolated "white" before "gloves" (both which words, moreover, are lined through), and has changed one shilling into sixpence.

As this minute is previous to the granting of the Warrant, it is remarkable as a witness to old Masonic customs.

The next minute is somewhat curious, as it is headed "Feby. 7th, 1734, and March 25th, 1735"—Feby. 7th, 1734, being probably an error of the scribe for 1735.

"Then agreed by the whole Society then assembled, that every first Monday in each month shall be the meeting day and the six weeks meeting laid aside. It is agreed by the same Assembly that any member which doth not appear being within two miles of the place, shall pay two pence."

We find the following amusing minute:

"June ye 24 1726.

"Then agreed by the whole Society then Assembled that all Vissiting Brothers shall pay the same Dividend towards the reckoning as those of the Society."

On June the 24th, 1738, appears this minute:

"Agreed by the whole Society then assembled that ye Clark shall have 10/6 per Annum for taking care of the Society's affairs as formaly, all tickets given gratis to the Members of the Lodge."

The following interesting minute is recorded December 27th, 1742, the lodge now being under the Grand Lodge of England:

"It is agreed by the whole Society then assembled that what work is to be done by a Bro or Brethren of this Society. NB. That what Bro or Brothers is capable of performing such work is to be Imployed before any Foriner in such work as is to be done; as mason work, toquer work, or any other employment, &c."

To show the disciplinary regulations of the old lodge, I transcribe the following minute of June 4th ,1744, though it has been crossed through, and the initials of the crosser, probably J. B., stand in the margin:

"Whereas it is Inacted by Provincell Master and Master and Wardens of this Constituted Lodge what Brother soever belonging to the Society shall abuse the Sabbath Day by Disguising himself in Liquor, so that this Lodge may not scandalized as formaly for each offence 1 shilling."

On the 30th September, 1745, it is "Enacted by Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society then assembled that no Vissiting Brother shall be accepted in our Lodge as such without they bear us company in the Procession Day. No admittance to such except they are in a Constituted Lodge."

"June 1st 1752. Enacted by the Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society then assembled that no cash shall be lent to any member in the Society." No doubt a very prudential resolution.

This is the last actual minute in the book, all the rest being merely lists of officers for the year, and one financial minute.

I have already alluded to the entry in 1746 about the "Highrodiam," and give the whole page verbatim et literatim where it occurs:

"Brought forward 1746. (25).

"Bros. Hawdon, P.G.M.; J. Hawdon, S.G.W.; J. Lawther, J.G.W.; J. Foy, Dep. G.W.M. 1746; Michael Hawdon, Perticuler Lodge, Master; Sen. Thomas Eccles and Jun. Thomas Liddle, Wardens; Wm. Gibson, Chris. Dod, Stewards.

"Memorandum. Highrodiams to pay for making in that Order only 1s. 6d.:—

"1. Hendk. Jones.
2. Thos. Dalton.
3. John Emmerson.
4. Wm. Hawdon.
5. Robert Hawdon.
6. James Foy.
7. John Lawther.
8. John Payne.

Paid 2s. 6d., English, William Gibson.
John Hawdon.
Thos. Liddle."

Side by side with this entry occurs the following entry, "Name of the Highrodiams." July 1st, 1746, Enacted at a Grand Lodge, held that evening, that no brother Mason should be admitted into the dignity of a Highrodiam under less than a charge of 2s. 6d., or at the Domaskin or Forin, as John Thompson from Gateside, paid at the same night 5s.

Underneath these two entries we read—N.B. The English Masters to pay for entering into the said Masterships 2s. 6d. per majority. High order continued:—Bro. Dodd, 1; Wm. Gibson, 2; M. Eccles, 3; John Howdon, 4; Michael Howdon, 5; John Lee, 6; Thos. Liddle, 7; Wm. Hall, 8; W. Burton, 9; John Gibson, 10; Stephen Chambers, 11; Thos. Hunter, 12; Thos. Wake, 13. Amount carried forward.

Over the leaf follows a list of names, one paying 2s. 6d., one paying 1s. 6d., a list of "raised members," 5 in number, in 1771 and 1772, and 7 names, June 24th, 1762, either of members of the Order, of new members, or of those present on that date. The "Highrodiams" seem to us to be a corruption of "Harodim," what Domaskin or Forin may be, deponent cannot even guess,

Between pages 36 and 37, so numbered, several leaves have been cut or torn away, a subject of deep regret, as there must at least be twenty so missing.

All that remains are seven rules, which I transcribe, because signed by a large number of brethren. "June ye 24th 1732.

"18th. If any member dyeth after he become a real member 40s. shall be allowed for defraying his funeral charges, and 5s. for his widow, executors, administrators or assigns, to which charge each subscribing member shall 1s, next meeting after the Interment or be excluded from the Society."

Curiously enough this is the actual system still of some modern "Dead Briefs," as they are called in the north of England.

"19. That any member being within 2 miles of the place of the deceased shall in a solemn manner attend the corps to the grave where they shall deliver the tickets to the stewards then attending or forfeit 1 shilling.

"20. In order to attend the funeral each member shall meet at the house where the Society is kept, from whence they shall be conducted to the place where the deceased is. Each member shall bear his own expenses.

"21. If any one happens to die before he hath been a year in the Society the money that he hath desposed in the box shall be returned towards his funeral charges." [Two lines are here erased.]

"22. For the more deacent attending a funeral each member shall at his own expence purchase a black cape, hat band, and black gloves or forfeit 2/6 to ye box.

"28. If any member neglecteth coming when invited to a burial or summoned upon any urgent occasion, except as above mentioned shall forfeit 1sh. and this Society to continue to be such as long as any three members agree to hold the same."

The following is the subscription :—

"We whose names are hereunder subscribed are agreeable to the foresaid articles as witness our hands June ye 24th 1732.

"Matt Armstrong, Geo Gillespy, Jos Gillespy George Stokes, Arthur Dowglass, W^m^ Hawdon, Thomas Dalton, John Rohmford, John Thompson, Michael Dalton, W^m^ Blacklock." A name erased.

Other signatures in 1732. "Hendrick Jones, Peter Brown, George Pesco, William Brown, Joseph Clark, William Tods, John Dover."

It seems as if these rules were signed on entrance, as four columns of original signatures continue until August, 1773. I might linger longer over this interesting record of an old lodge, and our older Brethren, but I will keep for another Article several very interesting transcripts to which I have already alluded.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

It has been said that Sir Walter Scott's Life of Bonaparte was the greatest romance he ever wrote; whilst others have urged in extenuation that he took his "facts" too much from newspaper reports, which at that time were not to be so much depended upon as in the present day. A correspondent of the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" noticing "a rather remarkable effort of descriptive reporting" in the present day, says :—"In the Beecher-Tilton case, I noted Victoria Woodhull was summoned as a witness. The pressmen present seem to have sharpened their pencils when the apostle of free love 'took the stand,' as they say. In varying words, they describe her appearance; and from five of the efforts of leading papers, kindly sent me, I cull the words relating to the dress of Victoria. Says the 'Sun' dogmatically, 'her dress was *black* silk;' the 'Evening News' has it that 'she was dressed in a dark *blue* promenade suit;' the 'Tribune' will have it that she had on a 'dark *purple* dress;' the 'Telegram' emphasises the fact that she wore—if not a wreath of roses—

at any rate she was dressed in a 'dark *drab* suit;' whilst the 'Herald' as usual distinguishes itself from its competitors by saying that the dress was a 'suit of *gray*.' There's variety for you; and if these five witnesses could not decide the colour of a dress, who shall wonder if one opinion becomes five from five standpoints?" To which I will only add, that if five eye-witnesses cannot agree one with another on the colour of a lady's dress, at the very time of seeing it, but each publish different accounts to be immediately read by numerous people who have also seen the said dress, how can we poor historians help falling into numerous errors, however anxious we may search for the truth, when we are compelled to take most of our facts from others? Who after this can wonder that Sir Walter Raleigh, writing his "History of the World," when a prisoner in the Tower, should be unable to unravel the cause of the quarrel which had just taken place under the window of his cell? Should a painter ever wish to portray the female advocate of free love in any of his pictures, he will have the advantage of being able to represent her in a kirtle of black, dark blue, dark purple, dark drab, or gray, as may best suit his fancy, and to appeal to the press for a proof of his strict historical correctness.

"An Account of the Old Streets and Homesteads of England," illustrated by numerous examples, selected and drawn on wood, by Mr. Alfred Rimmer, of Chester, and with an introduction from the pen of Dean Howson, is about to be published.

We hear much in England of every village of any importance in the United States of America having one or more newspapers, but little as to how many of them are losses either to those who commence them, or those who unfortunately give them credit. We learn from "Rowell's American Newspaper Directory for 1875," that upwards of a thousand of of them failed during last year. Our Transatlantic cousins evidently need to study one of the rudimentary lessons of political economy, that of supply and demand. It might help to save them from some other errors which it is not necessary here to enter on.

Sir Michael Costa, Sir J. Benedict, Sir R. Elvey, Professor Ella, Professor Hullah, and Herr Halle, have been nominated as examiners for the new National Training School for Music.

"Under Heaven there never was such a smith," is the boast of the Japanese when speaking of their celebrated countryman of the sixteenth century, Myochin Muneharu. The visitors to that real educator of the people, South Kensington Museum, can now judge for themselves, by examining his large bronze sculpture of the Sea-Eagle, which has been added to the South Court. The "Athenæum" describes "this statue of the bird of prey in the act of departing on the wing, as it seems to us, from the verge of a rock; the neck is thrust outwards, the beak slightly opened, as if to emit a scream before descent is begun. The neck feathers are bristling, and, this we do not understand, they appear to have become concave, the tips being elevated; the crest is raised; the expanded wings seem to vibrate in every quill; the tail is spread like a fan. The execution is elaborate and careful, but not merely minute—it is marked by something like largeness of style, and a fine feeling for the differing textures and forms of the various kinds of feathers is distinct."

One would scarcely pick a rural policeman at a venture as the likeliest man in the parish to be a poet; yet the occupation, humble though it may be, when honestly performed is as honourable as any other. Now, as in the days of the ancient Roman, the head of the body politic would be useless without the too-often despised humbler members. And Freemasons, of every clime and creed, gladly accept that sublime conservative-democracy of PAUL, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, where he says:—"The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary." And why should not the poor rural policeman, going his lonely beat at untimely hours, through villages and past farmsteads where nothing is to be heard save "the watchdog's honest bark," and along highways and byeways where nothing crosses his path except the hungry fox prowling for his poultry prey, unless a human thief should unhappily be on the same unholy errand,—why should not this man, with the silver moon and myriads of beauteous stars spangling the bright blue immensity of sky above him; with the most gorgeous sunrises, or most brilliant sunsets constantly exposed to his view, as he may happen to be upon

day or night duty; and with all the songs of birds, and beauty of wild flowers and trees, and perfumes of new hay and blossoming beanfields, as no mean addition to his scanty pay; why should not sweet Poesy sometimes come to him, as she has come, a benignant goddess, to many others in humble life, and as she will come, like many other of God's best gifts to man, to all who will humbly receive her. WORDSWORTH has told us truly that "there are many poets who ne'er penn'd their inspirations." But for many years past, Mr. James Conway (who for fifteen years has been a rural policeman, and once or more has been nearly killed in doing his duty manfully, when having to deal with human beings sunk beneath savagery), has not only burst frequently into song, but has found the local newspapers, both in Scotland and in England, glad to insert his poetical contributions in their Poets' Corners. These have been collected into two little volumes, each complete in itself; the first, "Saint Godric and other Poems," published some three years ago, immediately reached a second edition; the second book, entitled "Home Lyrics," has just been issued. I hope, in a future number of the "Masonic Magazine," to notice the somewhat eventful life of this humble but worthy man, and to give the reader a few fair specimens of his poetry; in the meantime, I am happy to bear my testimony to the worth and ability both of the man and his books, at a time when ill health, which has attacked both himself and his family, is compelling him to resign his humble post as a policeman.

Those who remember reading Bro. George Augustus Sala's description of the vagaries of the Spiritualists in "How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser," will not think the picture overdrawn when they peruse the French police reports of the trial and conviction of the hypocritical charlatans who have been reaping a golden harvest from their credulous dupes in Paris, under the pretence of photographing the spirits of their departed friends; a game that was first played in America, and has since been used in England, and which seems fair to call for a considerable amount of reformatory prison discipline for the plunderers, and for careful lunatic treatment for the poor deluded dupes, who will not believe that they have been duped, even when their dupers make a clean breast of it after conviction, and show up the duplicity they have practised in open court. At least the latter is the case in France. Buguet, the professed photographer of spirits; Leymarie, the editor of the Spirit Review; and Firman, a medium from America, have been unfortunate enough to have amongst their numerous customers a few clever detectives, who soon saw sufficient to arrest them on a charge of swindling; and the Paris Correctional Tribunal has sentenced Firman, the "medium," to six months' imprisonment, and Leymarie and Buguet to be kept "in durance vile" for a year. But as they pretend, like Owen Glendower, to be able to "call spirits from the vasty deep," time cannot hang heavy on their hands, with or without oakum picking, or other prison employment. The mere laying of three rogues by the heels in hold, and that too in a foreign country, and none of them of greater interest to us than the numerous army of scoundrels in general, would scarcely of itself constitute matter for a paragraph on Literature, Science or Art. But the richest part of the whole affair is, Buguet, the spirit-photographer, produced in open court his swindling apparatus, and showed plainly how the whole thing was done. Photographic appliances, such as are necessary for taking the likeness of one still in the flesh, a musical box, (surely the spirits cannot be much used to hear the golden harps of the angels, considering how delighted they seem always to be with the commonest earthly musical toy,) a big doll, jointed and dressed in gauze, but without a head, just as the dupes it was for were without brains; and some hundreds of photographic portraits of men, women, and children, these were the whole and sole requisites for producing as many photographs of spirits as there were dupes able and willing to pay twenty francs a piece for. If the lady-cashier of the studio could worm out of the waiting dupe the important information of the age at the time of death, the sex, and any other particulars of personal appearance, a spirit-photograph was at once secured, which the pleased dupe declared to be able to recognize at once; but if, as in the case of M. Cassonade, a grocer, who wanted a spirit-photograph of his son, a lad of ten years at the time of death, and got the portrait of an old man of sixty instead, as our wily spiritualists did

not guarantee a resemblance even, let alone strict correctness, there must be other twenty francs stumped down before another attempt could be made. And the dupes were impiously told to pray, and to procure the prayers of others, to help to secure a good spirit-portrait, while the knavish photographer was choosing out one of his many hundreds of photographs from the box, affixing it to the headless doll, and copying it along with the spiritual drapery shadowed by the gauze, the musical box in the meantime discoursing most heavenly music for the amusement of the spirit. However weak Buguet may be in honesty, he must be possessed of very strong nerves to be able to go through his exposure, to explain all so fully to the judge in open court. But his impudence was not so great after all as the credulity of his dupes, most of whom were rich enough in everything but common sense. Count de Bullet (an appropriate title enough, seeing that he had been an officer in the army), the first witness, had been tricked out of four thousand francs and the musical box to boot; but, although he was shown the photograph, numbered 305, from the box, and the judge got Buguet to show him how he had deceived him by copying it with the gauze-dressed, headless doll for his ancestor, "a man convinced against his will," as BUTLER tells us, "is of the same opinion still," and so was Count Bullet. "You see that you have been duped?" remarked the judge, after this thorough exposure. "That," rejoined the Count, "is *your* opinion; it is not mine" !!! One, who had been trained in the Polytechnic School, and is said still to be a colonel of artillery, like the others, could not be convinced of the imposition practised upon him by all the exposing of the dodge both by judge and photographer. "Permit me not to believe in the process you describe!" was his rejoinder to Buguet's explanation of how he had deceived him. In vain the judge showed him that it was really the portrait of a townsman at Dreux, and that it had also been copied, aided with the useful gauze garments of the doll, for the spectre-portrait of a merchant of Bordeaux, as well as for his uncle. In vain Buguet acknowledged all this, and explained the whole trickery practised upon him; in spite of all, the poor deluded colonel of artillery exclaimed with fervour, "I am sure that it was a spirit. I know that M. Buguet is a medium; I know it; I am sure of it!" On reading such nonsense from the mouths of men who ought to be the leaders of the people in Literature, Science, and Art, as well as in morality and religion, one is almost provoked to call out for "a whip and a dark room."

It is said that an attempt will shortly be made to navigate balloons in the air with steam instead of gas. The invention is approved by Bro. Glaisher, F.R.S., the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Dufferin, and other friends and members of the Aeronautical Society; has been named by F. W. Brearey, the secretary, "the aerial steamer," and is the invention of Messrs. Moy and Shill.

Some fine old China has just been obtained, in perfect condition, by means of diving operations, from the wreck of an East Indiaman, which foundered near Elfsboy, on the Swedish coast, a hundred and sixty-three years ago,—when Queen Anne was on the English throne, though really ruled by her quarrelsome ministers; Marlborough was just dismissed from all his appointments, and the treaty of Utrecht was unsigned. What a history has been that of our country, since the ill-fated vessel sank! and what mighty movements have marched on, for good or for evil, since the cargo of this East Indiaman has laid unmoved beneath the billows of that best of all images of eternity, the broad, deep sea! How different is the state of English society from those for whom the china was first intended, to those into whose hands it is now likely to fall. One will feel anxious to learn more about this remarkable cargo, and the diving operations to secure it.

The "British Architect" says:—"We understand Mr. William Andrews, Cor. M.R. Hist. Soc. 1, Caughey-street, Hull, is engaged on a work which will appear annually, under the title of the 'Archæology of the Humber District and Hull Notabilia.' A description of the various objects of antiquarian and historical interest in the neighbourhood will be given, as well as notices of works relating to the archæology of the locality." Knowing Mr. Andrews as an intelligent ardent, collector, I feel confident that he will work that fine field for an antiquary, and will amuse whilst he instructs us.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

A CLOSE, HARD MAN.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned money he toiled to gain,
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent,
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.
The years went by, and his hair grew gray,
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within,
Grew hard as the money he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting, and man but dust.
The heirs were gay,
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now, who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold,
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave.
All their gold some day,
Will melt away,
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

Freemason, St. Louis.

Chippings.

"WAITING."

BY AVE NIK.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait." Yes, that's Scripture, and a very comforting passage it is sometimes. But don't you think there is more than one kind of waiting?

Now, there is 'Zekiel Hull, just round he corner, who has been waiting this twenty years for something to turn up." He is a *very* patient man. I have seen him stand for an hour and not answer back while his hard working wife teased him to saw a little wood. He never mends his gates, or rakes up his yard, or brings in a pail of water for his wife, but he'll sit for hours and talk about the Lord's doings. If a rich man fails, he always talks about the mercy of the Lord, but if a poor man gets rich suddenly, or even slowly and by his own perseverance, then 'Zekiel straightway wonders whether he has been given over to—well, the other person you know. He sighs a great deal over the hard times, but he is always patient. In fact, he is pre-emminently a waiting man.

There's Theodosia Alison. She has been waiting—well I won't try to tell how long—but a great while for a husband. She always keeps her hands very soft and white for his future admiration, and dresses her hair in the very latest style.

Very sweet and patient she looks, sitting in the cool parlour, while her mother drudges away in the back kitchen. But I wonder if the Lord wouldn't be about as glad as I would to see her mother do part of the waiting. I don't believe in monopoly, even of the waiting business.

In the little brown cottage over the way lies the Widow Stoddard, waiting for the angel of death. For six years she has been a widow, toiling along for her little ones.

Now that fell destroyer, consumption, has laid her low, and she can do nothing more but *wait.*

I went to see her the other day. Deacon Skinner's wife was there before me, baking, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting. I passed her into the little bed-room where the sick woman lay, her face as white as the pillow on which it rested, her large, dark eyes looking away out of the window, and up into the blue, blue sky.

How sweet her smile of welcome!

How cheerful her words! We talked of the Spring-time, the flowers, the birds, the sunshine, and most of all, of the Father's love that shone in and through them all. The sweeping and the dusting in the outer room continued, but as I gazed on the white, patient face before me, I could not but think that there *is* a waiting which is also *serving.—New York Dispatch.*