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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 30.—VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1875.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

THE progress of our Royal Grand Master in India continues to attract the attention and interest the sympathies of our English Craft. His visit to India seems to have been a very great success, and the effect upon the native populations can hardly be over-estimated. Wherever he goes he is received not only with the loyal enthusiasm of Englishmen, but with unmistakable proofs of the devotion and attachment of the native population to the English "Raj." We sincerely trust that he may have all health given him by a favouring Providence to continue his long journey and each arduous day's work, in all of health and strength; and that after a very successful visit to our greatest of dependencies he may return to loving and expectant hearts at home in all of happiness and peace. The daily papers have been so full of telegraphic accounts that we cannot even give a summary, and our readers are referred to the "Freemason" for a weekly narrative of his travels and his reception.

The struggle with Roman Catholicism and Freemasonry goes on, but we think we see already that the fury is slackening, the tide returning. It is quite clear that the position of Rome is untenable in the matter, and will have to be abandoned by her authorities. The views of a large number of Roman Catholics are not in accord with their spiritual guides in the matter, and many of the "faithful laity" and even the Roman Catholic Clergy, as we know, take a much more tolerant view of the subject privately.

Indeed, it is and must be "a deductio ad absurdum" for them, to hear and read, or aid to promulgate these ecclesiastical "ballyraggings" which call Freemasons hard names, and consign them "ad inferos," whereas they know them all the while to be friendly neighbours, good citizens, upright characters, and loyal subjects.

But Freemasons must take care lest they fall into the same mistake on the

other side. There is a tendency to make the present contest a struggle as between liberality and illiberality, truth and falsehood, light and darkness, loyalty and revolution. No doubt the Romish Church throws down the gauntlet, but there is no "force majeure" on Freemasons to take it up.

Freemasonry does not profess to be, or wish to be in a position of hostility to any religious body, or religion anywhere;—it does not seek or desire to be considered a Quixotic asserter of liberal ideas anywhere, whatever they may be.

On its own good teaching, and in its own peaceful sphere, it advocates unceasingly, and always will do, but in opposition to no one, and no religious body above all, the great and immutable truths of reason and common sense, the undying principles of toleration and liberty of conscience.

We have to note great activity in our Order, in the consecration of New Lodges and Masonic Halls. Our Grand Lodge calendar is rapidly approaching to the amount of 1,600 lodges on our roll call.

We are fully in favour, within certain well defined principles and distinct limits, of the increase of our lodges, as we know many places where another lodge is imperatively needed. We know one town of 70,000 inhabitants, where a fourth lodge could work, but cannot obtain a warrant. Its promoters are, unfortunately for themselves, only respectable tradesmen.

We have to deplore the loss of two very worthy brethren well-known in Metropolitan and Provincial Freemasonry, Bro. John Savage, of London, and Bro. James Franklin, of Halifax.

At the last Lodge of Benevolence a sum considerably exceeding £800 was voted for the relief of distressed brethren and their widows. This is a large sum. It is impossible not to feel a little anxious at the serious amounts voted monthly, the more so, as there seems just now to be a great strain on the funds of Benevolence. We hope that our good brethren are not over-doing it.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF
SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

ARTICLE SECOND.

NOT the least among the various causes which have tended towards the demoralization of the Freemasonry of Scotland has been the extreme lowness of the initiation fees. That they are so very low is matter of great regret to all who have the interests of the Craft at heart, and the attention of the Grand Lodge has repeatedly been directed towards devising means wherewith to remedy the evil. As yet, however, nothing has been done; but there is a growing feeling in the country that something must be done, and that, too, very shortly, if we are to be able to raise our heads with any degree of pride at all.

During the past month we have made many inquiries of the most eminent craftsmen as to what kind of influence the raising of the fees would have upon the status of the Craft, and among these there seems to be but one undivided opinion, viz., that the influence exerted would be a most beneficial one.

Only a few weeks ago, the Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow paid an official visit to a lodge in the west end of the city, and the fees question cropping up, he gave it as his opinion that the initiation fees all over the country were disgracefully low, and expressed a hope that the time would soon be when five guineas would be, not the maximum, but the minimum fee of every province in Scotland. To this we say from the bottom of our hearts, Amen. Amen.

How many lodges in the country charge a fee of five guineas? We only know of two. How many charge three guineas? Say forty or fifty; while as for those which charge the very lowest possible, why their names are legion. Will it be believed by our English Brethren if we tell them that we are ourselves aware of the existence of lodges which not only charge the lowest allowable fee, but require that the candidate pay on the evening of his initiation only half the sum, resting quite contented at getting the remainder within the ensuing twelve months? What a lamentable state of affairs this is. Can any one believe aught else, but that this sort of thing has

a very decided tendency to work mischief? Surely the Grand Lodge ought to interfere and prevent this occurring any more.

A friend of ours happened some little time ago to visit a lodge in Ayrshire to which a charter had been but recently granted. Upon asking the R.W.M. as to the amount of the fees, he found that they were the very lowest allowable, and was considerably astonished at the further information, that only fifteen shillings were required on the night of initiation. This suggested a question, "Do you always have the rest paid?" "Oh, dear no," said the master, "it sometimes occurs that the initiate leaves the town, and we hear no more about him or his money."

Just fancy this. A man being put through his three degrees, registered in the Grand Lodge, and receiving a certificate, and all for the sum of fifteen shillings. It is truly deplorable. It is little wonder that our English and Irish Brethren feel inclined to despise us of Scotland. Why, such proceedings would never be tolerated in their countries.

And now comes the question:—Is the Grand Lodge aware of this? If it be, and do not at once put a stop to it, then it is very much to be blamed; and if it be not, then it is still to blame, because it ought to be aware of it. What are our Provincial Grand Lodges about, if these matters can be concealed from them? Surely they are not doing the duty for which they were formed. What is their object in keeping the knowledge of these facts from the Grand Lodge, if they know them? Alas, we cannot tell unless it may be that the thing has become a matter of use and wont, and they are afraid of the consequences to themselves. If Lodges do not act up to the spirit of the Constitution they should not be allowed to exist. They are bringing a stain upon the banners of the Craft; withdraw the charter. If Provincial Grand Lodges are so negligent of their duties, what is the use of them? Remove their office-bearers. What do we want with men who will wink at such proceedings? Nothing. Give us men in our Provincial Grand Lodges who have not only the mind to have the matter thoroughly sifted and put to rights, but the courage to see the thing actually done. That it would not be a very agreeable task we feel ourselves bound to confess,

but unless it be done, the standing of our proud old Craft will soon be reduced to a very low level indeed.

Raise the fees and what will be the more immediate results? First, a diminution, it may be, to some considerable degree in the number of our initiates. But this would only be for a time. As the Craft managed to better its position, better men would be induced to join its ranks, and this would bring about some of the ulterior results; a strengthening of its influence; a widening of its spheres of usefulness; a raising of its time-honoured name. Then, again, there would be a purging of the roll of lodges, and such as regulate the payment of their fees in the manner we have spoken of would be among the first to be struck off. Well! what would it matter? If we promise obedience and do not obey, surely we deserve to be punished. We do not want such lodges as they are. We would like to feel proud of our fraternity, and not to be shame-faced at hearing any of its lodges spoken of.

How are we to have the fees raised? If lodge A decides to raise its fees, will lodge B follow its example? It may be that it will, but we are rather afraid it will not. Something like this sort of feeling seems to prevail among the members of B. "Let us keep our fees a trifle lower than A, and we will catch the candidates first. Never mind about the quality, let us make sure about the quantity." Money! money! money! that seems to be the great aim of all from the Grand Lodge itself down to the youngest daughter. How are the fees to be raised? Let us institute a commission to inquire how many lodges will willingly raise them. Fifty per cent.! Nonsense. Possibly ten, but far more probably five. How are the fees to be raised? There is only one way. The Grand Lodge must raise the minimum fee by two or three pounds. There is no other way—we say this emphatically—there is no other way. But the Grand Lodge has not the courage to do it, and rather than face the storm which, successfully braved, would reveal to their view the great ocean of prosperity, they quietly allow the grandest old system in the world to sink into a comparative insignificance. What will their posterity think of them when they find handed down to them a rotten old ship which it needs all

their efforts to keep afloat, far less to repair? Will they think with reverence of those who allowed the worm to eat into its planks and made no effort to remove it? Will they respect the memories of those who would seem to have so miserably mis-managed affairs? They may; but if we were they, we wouldn't. Are we very plain-spoken? It may be that we are, but we are not in the least any too much so.

Now, there is another phase of the matter which wants to be looked into. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, the two great centres of the Craft in Scotland, the average initiation fee is about three guineas. So far, so good. But we would like to ask a question: How many members of the various lodges of the two cities have paid even this average fee? Probably sixty per cent. Very well. But what about the other forty? We will endeavour to tell you. Go a mile or two out of the municipal boundary of either city into any of the numerous villages surrounding, and you will find a Masonic Lodge, the fees of which are in all likelihood £1 12s. 6d. (a very common fee in the country). Take a look at their roll books, and you will find that they initiate a very large number of candidates annually. Take a look at their sederunt books and you will find the meetings out of all proportion miserably poorly attended. These two facts strike you. For the size of the village the attendance seems good, nay, more than good, unexpectedly large, but for the number of initiates it is very bad indeed. How are you to account for this? Take another look at the roll book. See the addresses of the initiates. Forty per cent. at least are after this fashion:—A. B., B. C., C. D., Edinburgh or Glasgow, as the case may be. That accounts for the small meetings. Forty per cent. have not paid the average fee of the city lodges; forty per cent. do not belong to the village in which their mother lodge is. Is the inference sufficiently clear? No! Why, surely it must be. Well, if it be not, take a look at the roll books of the city lodges. What do you find there? Why, the names of these very people as affiliated members. Look at the dates; now compare them, and you will find in nine cases out of ten, that they are very shortly subsequent to the dates of their initiations. Here they are in the better lodges in the city participating

in every privilege appertaining to those who have paid their three guineas, and what has it cost them? Why, £1 12s. 6d., and an affiliation fee of perhaps half a sovereign. Ought this to be allowed? Certainly not. Are the men who pursue this course the men whom we want into our Order. Certainly not. How is the matter to be mended? It seems to us that the best method would be to institute a commission of inquiry, and allow a report to be laid before the Grand Lodge. Then there might be some arrangement come to which would tend to prevent its recurrence. For our own part we would be strongly inclined to recommend that those who come from lodges in the country whose fees are lower than those of the lodge into which they wish affiliation should pay, not only an affiliation fee, but the difference between the fees of the two lodges. To those who seek admission into our Order prompted only by curiosity, money may be an object of the first importance, and the cheaper that curiosity can be satiated the better for them, but to those who are actuated by the true spirit of Freemasonry—that spirit of brotherly love, and kindness and charity—money will become only a secondary consideration, and the desire to become members of a most ancient and honourable body, and to lend their influence towards augmenting its powers of doing good, the primary one. Give us such men as the latter, and soon there will be a very different state of affairs. But now comes the puzzling question: How are we to know such men as the former in order to exclude them? Alas, we cannot tell; but this we can tell, that there ought to be a great deal more discrimination exercised when considering an application for initiation, and we advise our Brethren to be sure they know their friends and acquaintances to be good men and true before they append their names to the application forms. An old writer says, "If it be the case that ten guilty men should be let off rather than one innocent one should suffer the penalty, it is no less the case as regards Freemasonry that ten good men should be turned from our doors rather than that one spurious Mason should be allowed inside of them." Apply this, which was written concerning the testing of strangers, to the applications for initiation, and though time alone would tell the

result, yet we believe it would be found well worth waiting for.

We had intended making some remarks about the Ritual and Lodge Instruction, but we have occupied so much space with the Fees Question that we feel compelled to allow these two important matters to stand over for another paper.

X. Y. Z.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CORINTHIAN PILLAR.

An old Athenian woman, bent with years,
Collecting flowers near where Corinth stands,
Her furrow'd cheek bespoke her many cares,
A strange employment for such wither'd hands.

They were not flowers to strew the bridal train,
They were not flow'rs to welcome heroes home,
But meant to scatter sweets where death had lain
A hapless victim in an early tomb.

She was a young Corinthian lady, cast,
All innocence, in beauty's moulding stone,
A fragile flow'r that could not bear the blast,
Which chilly winter had too roughly blown.

In vain the ancient Grecian matron strove
To fill the simple basket at her side;
The bloomless garden, and the leafless grove,
The boist'rous wind had scattered far and wide.

One lonely lily of the field remain'd,
Like to some fading image lingering still;
She snapt the stem; but ere the prize was gain'd,
The snowy honours of the flow'ret fell.

No flow'rs have I to strew, or crown to wear,
Take, then, the meed, an empty gift thy due,
May nature fill the basket that I leave,
And may she grant what art refuses you.

Returning to the little moss-grown mound,
Devoid of art and monumental pile,
She plac'd the empty basket on the ground
And fix'd it steady with an earthen tile.

Then shedding o'er the listless earth a tear,
The aged Roman rais'd her temple for
aye.

'Twas all she had to give, but 'twas sincere,
More worth than all the wide world's
treasures are.

O may the pow'r of Him, who see's from
high,
Grant to her youth my true and ardent
pray'r ;
Who knows my truth with His all-seeing
eye,
And take her to His mercy, and His care.

The care-worn matron left the mournful
spot,
Not certain that her single pray'r was
heard ;
Bending her steps to Athens, heeded not
The blast that blew the lost and
widdow'd bird.

Now jocund spring usurped the fallen
crown,
For soon the bird had pip'd itself to
rest.
The north-east monarch flung his sceptre
down,
Yielding his pow'r to the milder west.

Each parterre, blossom'd bank, and painted
mead,
Spread a fair carpet to the heavy feet ;
The bursting bulb, and the flowing seed,
Like long-lost friends spread forth their
arms to meet.

The empty offing, soon too richly filled,
With odour's bloom luxuriant, stretch-
ing wide,
Reaching the tile, which steadily had held,
Twin'd from its course, fell curling down
the side.

It happen'd that the basket had been
placed
Where an acanthus root conceal'd had
grown,
And in the shelt'ring turf lay warm con-
ceal'd
Till wintry hurricanes were overthrown.

The greatest sculptor Grecian pride could
boast,
In architect'ral thought was wand'ring
near,
When all the visions art had formed were
lost,
For that which nature simply pointed
near.

For he beheld simplicity and grace,
And richness also blended all in all,
Like innocence and beauty in one face,
That sweet expression—loveliness we
call.

The basket form'd the capital ; and thus
The soft leaves falling by the volute
scroll ;
The friendly tile he made the abacus,
Thus did the pow'r of nature frame the
whole.

Now we behold support the royal pile,
The portico, the Greek or Roman dome,
The Chapel's sacred porch or column'd
aisle,
Taught by kind feeling from a virgin's
tomb.

M. A. HARTLEY.

THE MISTLETOE.

"The Mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall."

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

"PEACE upon earth, good will 'mongst
men."

——— Could it be that I was dreaming?

Once more, on that blessed day that for
once, at least in every year, in the world's
weary course, brings, or should bring, peace
to every soul of man, we were all gathered
in the old, old, home. None were missing,
but instead many a fresh young face was
added to us since first I sat in that chimney-
corner at Christmastide.

Again, as in years gone by, rose Mary's
sweet voice in the frequent refrain:—

"Goodwill 'mongst men."

Again rose the merry laugh at the forfeit
pawn. Again were the cousins slyly whis-
pering beneath the pendant Mistletoe, on
which my gaze was fixed. All happy here,

—the consummation of the heaven-sent message—all? “Yes!” I was nearly saying; but even as my eye wandered for a moment from the bough of Mirth, I began to detect a latent sorrow beneath every laughing mask. Grandsire and grandame, with their recollections of departed friends; father and mother, with their blighted hopes; young men and maidens, with their broken troths; the very children, with their tiny disappointments; all with some drop of sorrow in their cup of happiness; for to one and all had come already the rude dispelling of their fancied dream of happiness; to old and young “all things were not as they seemed.”

Pondering, then, where true happiness could be found, if not here, once more my eye lighted on the Mistletoe, and as I gazed the scene changed:—

No longer from Mary’s voice alone, but from a band of minstrels, came the refrain:—“Goodwill ’mongst men!” and men enough there were in all conscience, but in what strangely altered garb—no longer the sober black of our ordinary evening dress, but of every hue in the rainbow; no longer serious broad-cloth, but silks and satins, damasks and velvets; and of what fashions, too—doublets and trunkhose, ruffs, frills, and furbelows without end. Nor was the chamber any longer the same—vanished was the smoothly whitewashed ceiling with its centre flower, from which the bough depended, and instead beams and planks of chesnut and of dark old oak; vanished the modern papered walls, and instead the high, dark, wainscoat—dark with many a generation’s seasoning; vanished even the dearly-loved chimney-corner, with its expanse of glass and gilding, its mantel of polished marble, and its grate, glowing with the bright coal fire, and instead the heavy wooden panelling, grim with its massive carving, and the fire-dogs with their logs of blazing wood, which sent many a crackling burst of sparks up the wide dark cavern of a chimney. But what was that pushing towards the hearth? and that boisterous rush of men, shouting:—

“Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,

Welcome Yule!”

Why, the bringing in of the yule-log,

destined for many a long day past to grace with its grateful glow this well-kept festival!

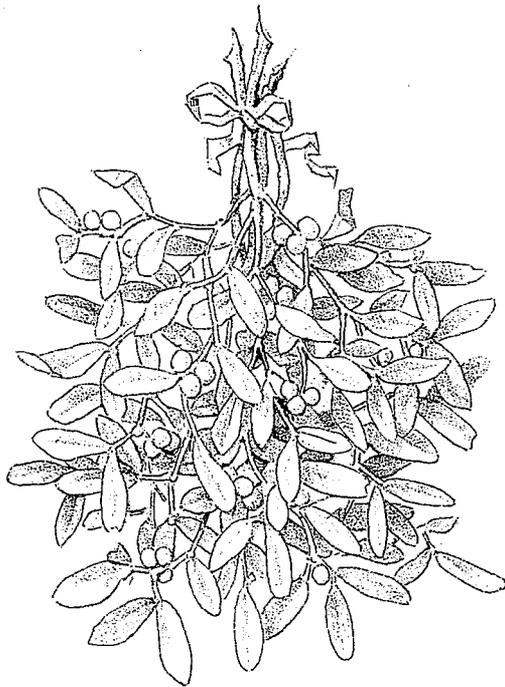
Soon there succeeded the mummers and the morris-dancers, hot-cockles, and shoe-the-wild-mare, and many another Christmas sport, until at last the Wassail-bowl came in, and its bearers sang, whilst round it went right lovingly:—

“It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind;
God bless our master’s heart!
For here we comfort find,
With our Wassail.”

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope, and ever shall,
For this your great good-will
To our Wassail.”

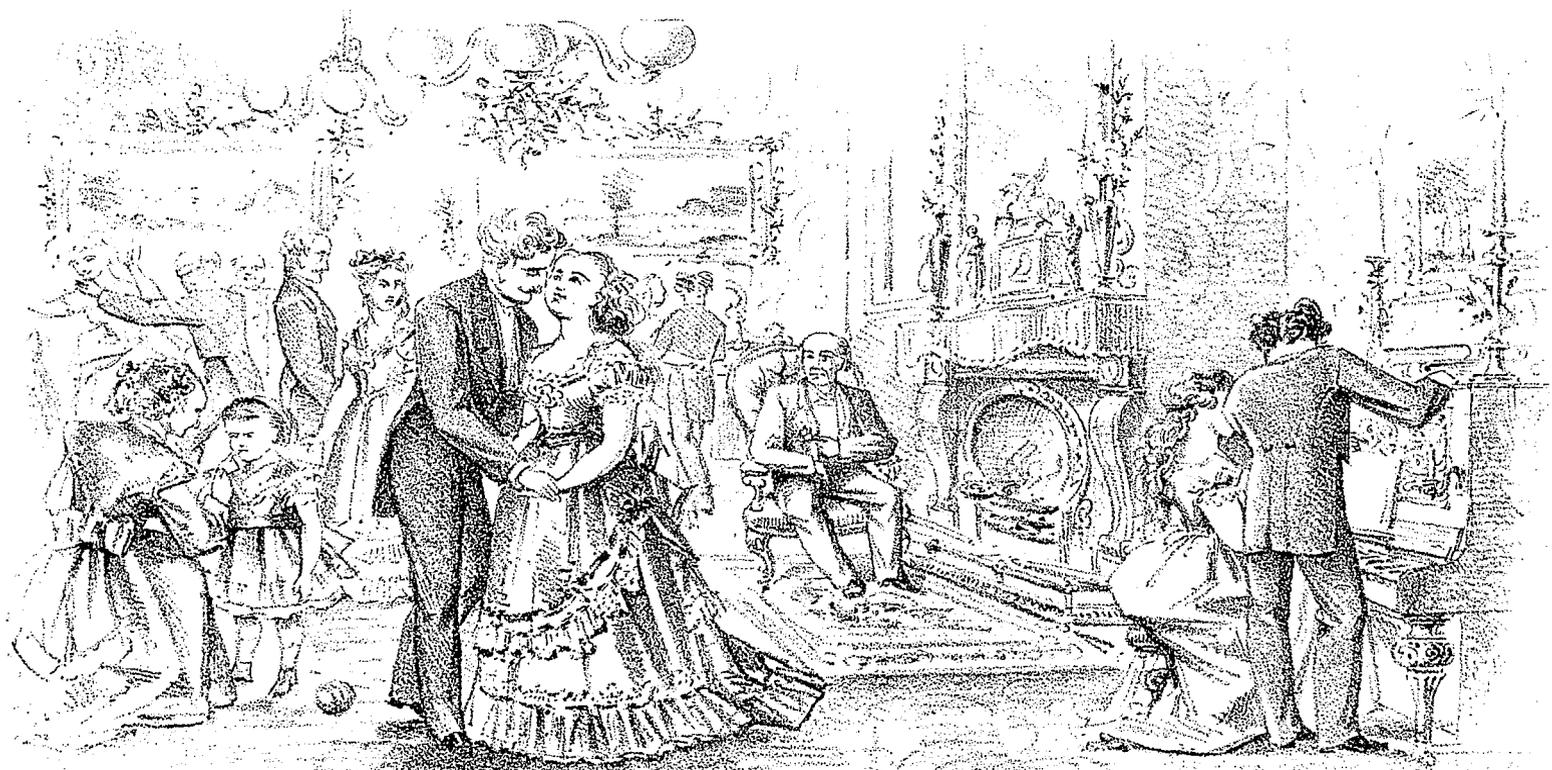
Surely, here is peace of heart, boisterous though be the outward seeming; here, in this manor-hall is true “goodwill ’mongst men” displayed and felt? Once more, as if to an oracle, to the Mistletoe my eager eye turned for an answer. What! No? Hardly a heart beats in the breasts of all those seemingly grateful servitors, but broods over some fancied wrong or act of tyranny. The privileged hour of license of those merry mummers is as fleeting as those crackling sparks; and, as the last drops of the wassail-bowl are drained, so soon will this transient feast-day reach its end, and but the dregs of another year of bitter toil remain behind. Nay, more, even that gentle lady’s heart is wrung with the ingratitude of a rebellious daughter, and the miseries fresh wrought by her loved but scapegrace son. Whilst yet again, the bitter tooth of that serpent envy sorely galls the proud spirit of the baron slighted and passed over by his sovereign prince.

“Good will”—not yet, dear bough?—Again the scene changed:—the lights, the fire were gone, and I was picking my way by the light of the moon over a dreary plain. The oaken walls had vanished, and so, too, had the baronial hall, and I was passing beneath a rude archway into an immense circular space surrounded by twelve pairs of upright stones, bearing rude lintels of the same unhewn material; beneath each arch stood its allotted guardian, armed to repel the intrusion of

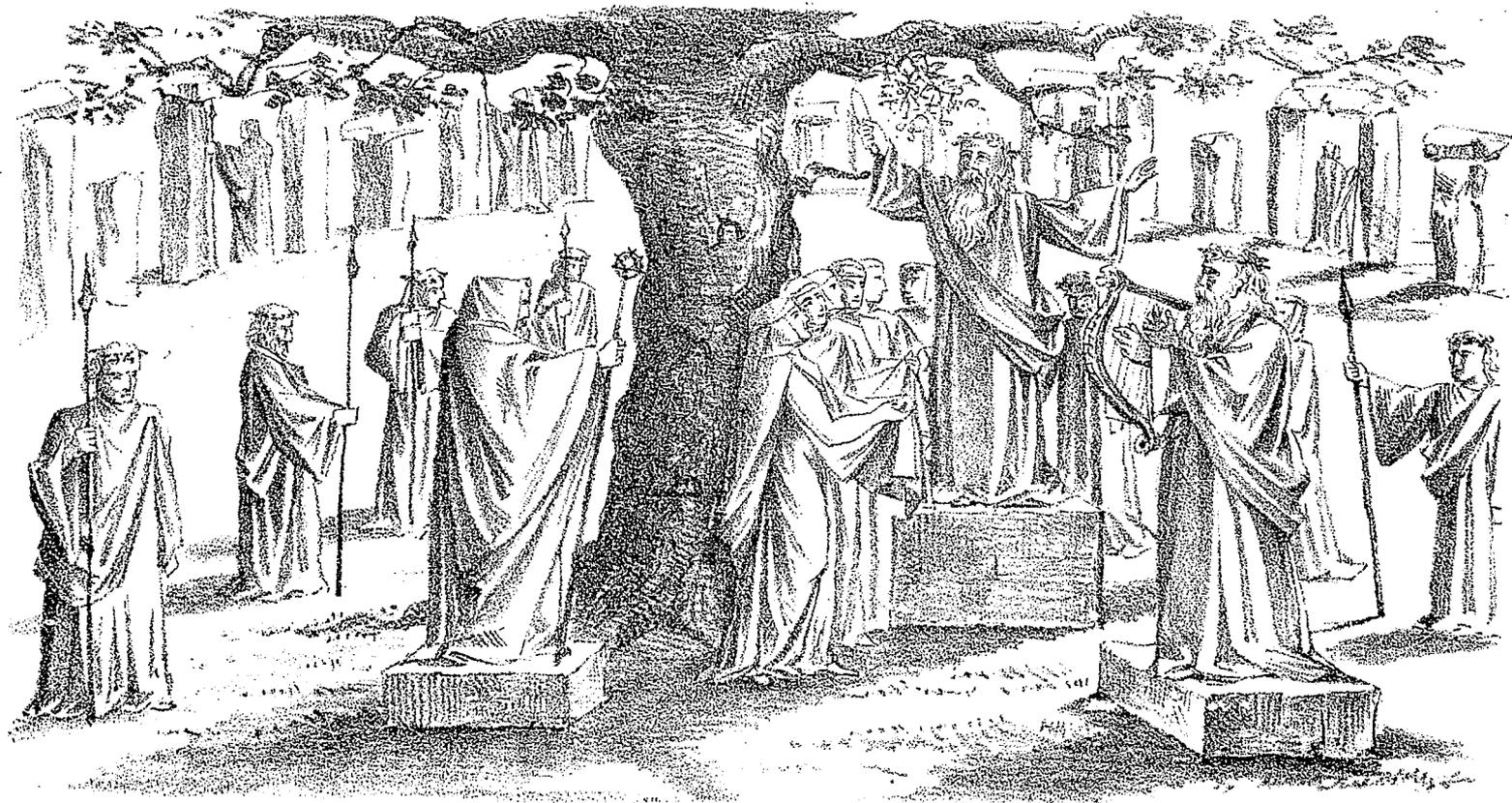


*"Oh! brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
'But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
"Ah! nobody knows, nor ever SHALL know,
"What is done under the Mistletoe!"*









the profane. The ceiling, too, had disappeared, and given place to the canopy of heaven, whilst its fretwork of oaken beams seemed to have recovered their former shape as the spreading and weather-stained branches of the sacred oak which stood in the midst of the enclosure, and just above my head hung the mystic Mistletoe from one of the huge twin side-branches, which I perceived were trained and trimmed crosswise; here and there, too, on the gnarled and knotty trunk were carvings, which I recognized as the sacred "Tau." Almost to my feet reached the great shadow of the tree, and on the cross thus formed there seemed to depend a figure, which I soon found to be caused by that of the Archdruid, who, standing on a stone pedestal on the eastern side, with arm uplifted, brandished the golden knife with which he was about to sever the sacred stem. Close underneath stood the vestals in a row, their pure white robes upheld to catch the bough as it was detached from its foster-parent branch. The old refrain seemed still to linger in my ears, and it was not for some little time that I realized that this was not the effect of fancy, but that the words were being recited to the soft accompaniment of an antique harp by another venerable white-robed and white-bearded figure standing upon a smaller pedestal on the south of the sacred tree; whilst back to me, and between me and the tree, and on its western side, I perceived a third figure similar to the others, standing on a pedestal midway in size between the other two, and bearing in his hand some tool or badge of office.

A little space the Archdruid paused ere, as "Priest of the woman's promised seed," he cut the Mistletoe's stem, and as the soft chant of his fellow died away, the deep tones of his voice fell upon my ear as he unravelled the symbolism of the mystic bough:—

"Long, long ago, my children, was it promised by our common Father, that the heavenborn in earthly shape should suffer and should die, and as His sacred blood outpoured ('without whose sacrificial shedding no sin could be remitted,') should crush the head and power of evil. To Him, 'the Messiah,' points this sacred mark, 'the Tau.' Of Him, 'the Man,' 'the Branch,' this mysterious plant is typical. Comes it not from above, from heaven? and does it not grow on a tree of earth? Truly by

the engrafting of that heavenly branch upon this earthly tree, is shown, that heaven and earth, sin-severed, are at one once more, and beneath its shade is fitly given, in token of reconciliation, the kiss of pardon and of peace."

Thus spoke the Archdruid, and as he ceased, the uplifted knife did its work, and the severed bough fell from its lofty eminence.

Here then, at last, thought I, is the home of peace; but once more I was destined to be deceived, for as I followed the procession from within the circle, my ears were pierced with the shrieks of victims perishing in the roaring flames. Alas! what mockery, I thought, to talk of peace, whilst immolating fellow-mortals thus—how cruel, how desperately wicked! and in the name of religion, too! Once more, however, I caught sight of my mentor, the bough, and my mind wandered down the stream of time, and ever and again were my ears assailed with the cries of victims perishing in God's name. Now it was the blazing faggot of old Smithfield, when the hated Lollard died; then the fire of ancient Balliol, papist-lighted; next "the Dreamer's" soul sighing for liberty in his river-washed cell in Ouse's stream at Bedford; and yet, again, the strife of rival churches, nay, of conflicting sections of the same communion. Where, then, is "peace on earth"? where "goodwill 'mongst men"?

My soul sank within me at the apparent impossibility of getting an answer to my question, when my eye lighted once more on my beloved bough ere it passed for good and all from my sight. Once more the scene changed—gone were all the stones of the Druids, gone the mystic circle, gone the sacred oak—but, instead, in the dark still night, I found myself surrounded, on the bleak hillside, by a few solitary flocks guarded by their shepherds. Ere I could do more than take this in with a rapid glance, I perceived in the East a brilliant spreading light, which, as it increased seemed peopled with myriad seraph-forms hymning the well-known, old refrain:—

"Peace on earth, good will 'mongst men."

That done, they bid us seek the Prince of Peace, in lowly guise, yet Lord of Love. No need of my mentor now, for the mission of the mystic branch was accom-

plished, the "all-heal's" type fulfilled, its shadows merged into substance, and I read that "Peace on earth, good will 'mongst men" was only to be attained by honest sacrifice of self, purest love, unswerving, never-ending charity.

Rapidly, now, my mind reviewed the past, and I saw—just as I had seen Love Divine embodied in human form,—precept becoming practice, and the false supplanted by the true; for I beheld that ancient temple — once Druid-adopted, — now changed into an abode of brotherly love; where, whilst the Most High was worshipped no strife could enter in, no discord mar the perfect harmony of its brethren.

Outside the haronial hall I saw the poor receive their dole, and go heart-lightened, gleefully away.

Whilst, even amidst the modest revelry of my own old home, I noticed the "portions to be sent to those for whom nothing had been prepared," to the joy of the orphan's and the widow's breast.

I was even beginning to see many a sour outside become softened within, and to perceive under a crabbed exterior a latent spark of that charitable mercy which—

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is thrice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes:

It is an attribute to God Himself,"

when the old familiar strain once more fell upon my ear, but this time it was Mary's voice again;—the room too?—why still the old, old, room in the dear old home.

Could I, then, have been dreaming? Yes, indeed, I had; and my visions had been suggested by the talisman placed within my hand by the mischievous Kate, the symbol of the kiss which had disturbed my slumber, the tiny spray slipped from the bough of "THE MISTLETOE."

DEATH.

Death to the virtuous no terror brings;
But in the tyrant's ear there ever rings
A knell imaginary, which casts a fear
Throughout his soul: he thinks the time is near

When shall pass from him all his ill-got
power;
And, as he thinks on Death, he dreads the
hour.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCARABÆUS.

"The true original of Brute worship was the use of symbolic writing; and if so, symbols were extremely ancient; for Brute worship was national in the days of Moses. But symbols were invented for the repository of Egyptian Wisdom, divine and civil; therefore the Egyptians were a very learned people from the most early times." WARBURTON.

"The oblique course of the stars occasioned their representing them by the bodies of serpents; but the Sun they likened to a Scarabæus, because this insect makes a round ball of beast's dung, and rolls it circularly, with its face opposed to that luminary." PORPHYRY.

THE Isiac table contains a curious collection of hieroglyphics relating to the Mysteries of Isis, and amongst the rest, a copy of our anaglyph, accompanied by that universal symbol, the globe, serpent and wings. This monument, which was in the possession of Cardinal Bembo in the sixteenth century, whence it was sometimes called the Bembine Table, was a beautiful specimen of ancient art. It was composed of brass covered over with black enamel, and curiously inlaid with silver plates, on which the hieroglyphics were engraven. Several learned men have employed their ingenuity, at different periods, in its illustration; and Pignorius and Montfaucon have written two several essays on this valuable remnant of antiquity, which is said to be at this time in the Museum at Turin. Modern investigation, however, has pronounced it to be spurious. The Marquis Spineto says, "This table, which is five feet long and three feet wide, is divided into several partitions, filled with all sorts of hieroglyphics; and this strange mixture alone, independent of other reasons equally strong, seems to establish the fact that it is a monument of modern date, fabricated at Rome towards the latter end of hieroglyphical writing by some person who knew but little about the science, but who wished to exhibit some of the *strange doctrines, rites and ceremonies, which had been introduced into the mysteries of Isis*, when they were established in Rome, but very different from those once celebrated in Egypt."*

* Spineto, Hier. p. 51.

But whether it be spurious or not, its contents are genuine, so far as the forms of the various figures are concerned, although their arrangement may be faulty, and not in accordance with the original ceremonies which distinguished the mysteries of Isis in the country where they were first established. The Anaglyph before us, for instance, with its accompaniment of globe, serpent, and wings, is found on the most ancient monuments of Egypt. Bin Washih does not profess to have taken it from the Isiac table, but from ancient writings on pillars and monuments, where all the figures previously existed which were transferred to that table, and used in the Hermesian books by "the sons of wisdom."

The symbols of the two institutions which, for the sake of distinction, I have called the true and the spurious Freemasonry, although the name was altogether unknown at the period referred to, are, in many respects, the same, but their meaning differed materially; because the former were used to embody the sound morality of genuine religion, as it had been revealed to the patriarchs and prophets, and practised by the Noachidæ and their pious successors; and the latter, though professedly an imitation of the primeval system, was applied to the equivocal purpose of establishing and upholding the interests of a rival scheme, which opposed itself to the promulgation of religious truth; and while it held out a promise of superior enlightenment, involved its votaries in the mazes of superstition and idolatry, and substituted stocks and stones for the worship of the only and invisible Creator of heaven and earth.

An explanation of the symbols common to both these institutions would be an effectual means of showing that they are not—and cannot be—identified with each other; but such an attempt would be too diffusive for introduction here. In a few points the ceremonies appear to have been consentaneous; which also occurs in many other societies differing widely from each other in nature and design; but the doctrines are diametrically and irreconcilably opposed to each other, and the corresponding emblems have a widely different signification.

The Jewish symbols which have been adopted into blue Masonry, were exclu-

sively descriptive of the sublime mysteries of their holy religion, and of the name and attributes of the Deity, as they had been enunciated by Moses and the prophets; while the symbols of heathenism, though alike in form, were used to typify the wildest fables of a perverted mythology; and even in their most perfect and unadulterated form, were uncertain in their application, and varied materially as they were expounded to the aspirant in the graduated stages of his progress through the seven gates of purification, which were reputed to complete his formal initiation into the mysteries of the spurious Freemasonry.

"How easily the tropical hieroglyphic fell into the tropical symbol, we may see by the following instances. Eternity was sometimes expressed by the Sun and Moon, and sometimes by the basilisk; Egypt, sometimes by the crocodile, and sometimes by a burning cense with a heart upon it. Where the simplicity of the first representation in each instance, and the abstruseness of the latter, show that the one was a tropical hieroglyphic for communication; and the other a tropical symbol invented for secrecy. Enigmatic symbols were formed by a mysterious assemblage of different things, as in the Caduceus; or of the part of different animals, as in a serpent with a hawk's head; or of things and animals together, as in a serpent with a hawk's head in a circle. The change of the tropical into the enigmatic symbol, is seen in this instance; to signify the Sun they sometimes painted a hawk, which was tropical; and sometimes a scarabæus with a round ball in its claws, which was of the enigmatic kind."*

The principal figure in the Anaglyph before us is an enigmatic symbol, compounded of a hawk, a beetle, and a man. Champollion says, "les anaglyphes semblent être des pages de cette écriture secrète que les anciens auteurs Grecs et Romains nous disent avoir été connue seulement des prêtres, et de ceux qu'ils initioient à leur mystères. Quant à l'écriture hieroglyphique, elle ne fut jamais secrète; et tous ceux qui, en Egypte, recevoient quelque éducation, en possédoient la Connoissance." Now it is well known that the scarabæus and hawk mutually symbolized Osiris, or the sun. The former, according to a very

* Warb. Div. Leg. B. iv. s. 4.

ancient interpretation, because it was imagined to be always of the male sex, and casting the seed of generation into round balls of earth, for the purpose of bringing it to maturity, rolled them backwards with its hind feet, while it looked directly forward; and from this practice it was considered a legitimate emblem of the sun, which, during the period of its retrogradation, appears to take a path through the heavens contrary to the order of the signs.

Ancient writers have assigned a variety of other references to the scarabæus besides the above. It was an emblem of *the world*, because it was said to roll its excrements into the form of a globe; of *an only son*, because they believed that the beetle was of both sexes; of *valour*, whence it was embroidered on their standards, and worn as an amulet; of *the moon*, because it was horned; surrounded by roses, it was the emblem of *a voluptuous man*. But its most interesting reference in the estimation of the free and accepted Mason, is to the *resurrection*. In its first stage of existence it is a worm or grub; and when arrived at maturity, it encloses itself in a shell or *coffin*, and becomes for a season, to all appearance, dead, and actually buries itself deeply in the bowels of the earth; after which it bursts its crust, and issues forth into a new life, a winged insect. This was too remarkable a picture of the death and revivification of Osiris to escape the notice of the intelligent hierophant.

In the earliest times it was used as an emblem of the deity; but was subsequently elevated into a deity itself; and was also considered to be a symbol of divine love and immortality; having, as I suppose, a reference somewhat similar to the fly-god worshipped at Ekron, called Baal Zebub, and mentioned 2 Kings i. 2. It appears to have had the name of Tor or Thror, and although found among the attributes of various divinities, was the emblem of the god Tore, a personification of the sun. It occurs with the heads of various animals, and is often represented in the act of thrusting forward the disc of the sun.

The editor of the Pictorial Bible says, "what precise place the beetle filled in the religious system of that remarkable people, has never, we believe, been exactly determined; but that it occupied a conspicuous situation among their sacred creatures seems to be evinced by the fact, that there

is scarcely any figure which occurs more frequently in Egyptian sculpture and painting. Visitors to the British Museum may satisfy themselves of this fact; and they will also observe a remarkable colossal figure of a beetle in greenish coloured granite. Figures of beetles cut in green coloured stone occur very frequently in the ancient tombs of Egypt. They are generally plain; but some have hieroglyphic figures cut on their backs, and *others have been found with human heads.*"*

In the modern phonetic alphabet of Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Scarab stands for the letter D or T, or perhaps the Hebrew Tzi, which is supposed to have been formed from the hieroglyphic of an animal with two horns, and hence referred to the new moon.

The wings of this imaginary reptile are very different from the wings of a beetle; and there is no violation of probability in pronouncing them to be those of the hawk, because it was one of the sacred birds of Egypt. The wings of a bird represented the winds of heaven. "The two particular winds that most affected Egypt, were the northerly Etesian wind, and the southern; and these were represented by the two wings of the hawk. The latter springing up about the summer solstice, drove before it that vast body of aggregated vapours which, discharging themselves in torrents of rain upon the high mountains of Ethiopia, caused the waters of the Nile to rise. The hawk, therefore, observing at a particular season the same course, was considered as the most natural type of the Etesian wind."†

And this was probably the origin of the fiction which placed wings on the head and feet of Hermes in the character of Mercury, as the bearer of benefits to the people. The Egyptians painted him black and white, to portray his double office as a man and a god; and as the messenger of the celestial and infernal deities.

— Ille patris magni parère parabat
Imperio, et primum, pedibus talaria necit
Aurea, qua sublimem alis, sive equora surra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant,
Tum virgum capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes; alias sub tristia Tartara mittit;
Dat somnos, adimittique et lumina morte resignat.
VIRGIL.

* Pict. Bibl. vol. i. p. 151.

† Maur. Ind. Ant. vol. iv. p. 615.

The hawk was anciently believed to be very prolific, and to attain to a great length of life; both of which were properties of that grand luminary the sun, of which it was a symbol. "It was the emblem of male deities, and called Beg; and chiefly connected with them and the deities of light; but Isis and Nephthys are found as hawks with their appropriate head attires. The deity to whom hawks were more especially sacred was Horus."* As the ox was considered a symbol of fire, and the piercing eyes of the lion the emblem of light, the soaring properties of the hawk occasioned it to be received as the symbol of air. These elements becoming objects of Pagan adoration, the supreme deity was frequently represented under the visible symbol of *fire, light and air*. The ancients also thought that the hawk possessed the power of looking steadily at the sun without sustaining any injury to its vision, and hence it was assimilated in its nature and attributes to the god of day.

Whether this symbol had any reference to the Hebrew cherubim, it would perhaps be useless to enquire. This divine appearance, consisting of *a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle*, was vouchsafed to Ezekiel under the Jewish dispensation, and to St. John under that of Christ; in both of which cases it is pronounced to be "a living creature."† The same august personage appeared to Adam in Paradise; and not only the naked feet, but the actual form which the deity assumed was preserved and transmitted to him in the name applied to him in the very first verse of the Bible, according to the opinion of learned Hebraists, on a comparison of the Hebrew letters with the actual hieroglyphics of Egypt. Thus Dr. Lamb says that in "hieroglyphic characters \aleph signifies a man, \beth a lion, γ a bird (eagle), δ living creature (man), ϵ many eyes.‡ These hieroglyphics give the phonetic word $\aleph\ \beth\ \gamma\ \delta\ \epsilon$ ELOHIM;§ which he thinks was the sole name of the deity till the time of Enos, after which he was known by the name of $\aleph\ \beth\ \gamma\ \delta\ \epsilon$ JEHOVAH, which contains the same

ideas by substituting \aleph for the man, and \beth for the lion.

For these reasons the hawk and scarabæus were combined, in the Hermesian hieroglyphics, in one compound symbol.

(To be continued.)

THE EARLY HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF FREEMASONRY.*

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE history of Freemasonry bids fair to be well written this century! During the last few years the contributions towards an accurate account of our ancient Society have been many and exceedingly valuable. Another volume has lately been issued, this time from "across the big pond," and Brother George F. Fort is the author. His aim has been to bring the antiquities of the Craft down to an undisputed historical basis, in the pursuance of which object he has frequently felt compelled to abandon the usual track followed by writers on the subject, and has relied upon authorities whose testimony—*found noted in the margin*—will be accepted without suspicion of intemperate or uncritical zeal. Bro. Fort commences with a narrative of the state of the fine arts at the decline of the Roman Empire, and also of the propagation of architecture and its kindred sciences by bodies of builders, who developed into the Middle-Age Freemasons, whose history is carried down to the formal extinction of the society as an operative brotherhood in the year 1717. The first part of the work is "purely an historical thread and preface to the subsequent or archaeological portion, upon which especial care and research have been bestowed. For the purpose of aiding in its preparation, many of the principal libraries of Europe were visited by the writer, and important material otherwise obtained while sojourning abroad."

*"The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," 1875. By George F. Fort. (S. P. Putman, Philadelphia, U.S.A.) Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle, London, 8vo., pp. iv, 490.

* Gal. of Ant. Brit. Mus. p. 55.

† Ezek. x. 20; Rev. iv. 7.

‡ See Ezek. and Rev. ubi supra.

§ Lamb. Hier. p. 82.

The treatise is not written exclusively for the information of the Craft, and so Bro. Fort is anxious that it will find its way into the hands of many who are not members of the "mystic tie." Our Brother has done his work exceedingly well, and has evidently spared neither pains nor expense to thoroughly investigate the supposed facts of our Masonic history. If here and there he has taken some of these for granted on the presumed accuracy of the authorities quoted we must not wonder, for such a book as "The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," can scarcely, in the nature of things, be found wholly perfect and correct when it is the work of one individual. "Many hands make light work," and each Masonic student is sure to develop some specialities in which he becomes proficient, but at the same time to the detriment of other departments. We have long contended that the "History of Freemasonry" cannot be written by one individual, but must be the joint production of the many; England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, the United States and other countries furnishing their quota of Masonic students, and repertory of facts. Anderson, Preston, Lessing, Kloss and others such in the past, and Dr. Oliver, Dr. Mackay, D. Murray Lyon, Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, Dr. Rebold, Albert Pike, J. G. Findel, and other celebrities of late years, are all necessary to the production of a complete and reliable history, and when they and others have all done their best to elucidate the truth, it will be for some future Masonic historian to collect the scattered fragments and present one comprehensive harmonious whole. Brother Fort takes his place in the front rank of Masonic students, and so the United States has furnished another competent and zealous explorer of Masonic antiquities. We regret exceedingly not having met with Brother Fort in his travels in England, and from the nature of the few errors which have crept into his work we should judge that he did not visit the study of our Bro. Woodford, nor the sanctum of our Bro. Lyon. We cite two of our reasons for so thinking. Brother Fort does not seem to be familiar with the "Fabric Rolls of York Minster," in which occurs an exact copy of "Ordinacio Cementariorum" (G. C., 100 p.), reprinted in our "Constitutions of the Freemasons" (1869), page xxiii, and in

which provision is made by "y^e Chapitre of y^e Kirk of Saint Petyr of York yat all ye masouns yt sall wyrke * * * in ye loge * * * close bysyde y^e forsayde kirk, * * * yai sall be in y^e forsayde loge atte zaire werke." This was made A. D. 1370, (*circa.* not later than 1372). This provision for a lodge or shed being thus erected and used by the Masons is most important, as it contains one of the earliest allusions to a lodge known. Strange brethren were to be received after due trial and probation, at the "commune assente of y^e mayster and y^e kepers of y^e werk, ande of y^e maystyr masoun, and swere upon y^e boke," &c, &c.

Brother Fort declares that "The earliest authentic record* is to be found on the rolls of Saint Mary's Lodge, at Edinburgh, where it is registered that Thomas Boswell, Esquire of Auchinleck, was elected Warden of the Lodge in the year 1600, and that Robert Moray, a Quartermaster General of the Scottish Army was initiated into the mysteries of the Master Masons degree in the year 1641." In Bro. D. Murray Lyon's History of Mary Chapel Lodge (Edinburgh) we find that John Boswell was present at an assembly of the Lodge, 8th day of June, 1600; he was a gentleman, but the record says nothing of his being a Warden. In the minute of the admission of Quartermaster General Moray, dated 20th May, 1641 (at Newcastle, England, by members of the Lodge), no mention is made of any degree, but simply "doth admit Mr.," and it is even doubtful whether the *Mr.* is not intended as a *prefix* to the name, as the record is most indefinite in a Masonic sense. As to the Old English and Scottish guilds and corporations our good friends Woodford and Lyon would gladly have aided Brother Fort, and through their aid he would have seen documents several centuries old, of much importance archaeologically and masonically.

We are glad to note our American Brother visited the York Lodge, and that he had the good fortune to secure the services of our Brother Cowling (the esteemed Treasurer), in the examination of the records of the extinct Grand Lodge. It is pleasant also to witness the readiness with which Brother Fort acknowledges

* *i.e.*, of the admission of non-professional men into the Lodge of Freemasons.

his indebtedness to fellow labourers, and his careful discrimination between fact and fiction must secure for him the respect of all Masonic students. We are decidedly of the opinion that the work is indispensable to the library of all thoughtful Craftsmen, and especially to those who make the history of the Fraternity their special study. The voluminous extracts, registers, records and other documents are most artistically woven into a homogeneous substratum, which support the arguments of the treatise and unite to make it, without doubt, one of the most attractive, reliable and exhaustive works on Freemasonry which have appeared during this century, and constitute it one of the most masterly productions on the subject which it has ever been our pleasure to peruse. We thank Brother Fort most warmly for the information and pleasure thus obtained, and we hope that a similar experience will fall to the lot of many in this country (and also in the United States), for the volume should be circulated by thousands. We should much like to present several extracts from the work, but can scarcely now spare the time to do more than cull the following extracts, which abundantly support Bro. Woodford and ourselves in upholding the *Guild theory*, and which in a most scholarlike manner place the origin of Freemasonry on a firm basis. "These guilds in their organized forms, so far at least as was essential to their cohesion, introduced naturally such elements, eliminated from civil society, of that age, as tended to direct their establishment to practical purposes. For instance, Freemasonry borrowed, as before suggested, the outlines of its constitution from the three amalgamated principles which were fundamental in the early Middle Ages: the autocratic, personal independence, and ecclesiastical. It was necessarily tinged with the mythological superstitions, which still retained at this period a vigorous hold on the people of Northern Europe. As the guilds traced their origin back into the twilight of time, and were coeval with the first forms of Germanic society, consequently many fragments of heathen rites and observances passed with them into succeeding mediæval fraternities. It may therefore be safely alleged that Teutonic mythology, from its earliest contact with the Eastern builders in the fifth century,

and through the line of centuries following, has contributed very largely to Masonic symbolism."

In terminating the first portion of the History the author thus remarks:—"If we cast our eyes backward over the several pathways travelled, we find, amid the varied circumstances of local and national life, much that points to an association held in check and regulated by secret rules, which vitalized the most distant and distinct branches. These points, which scattered bodies of mediæval masons present in common, are not the result of accident or the work of chance. Everywhere we have seen, or shall hereafter see, a strange conformity, spreading regularly and with an unalterable consistency, through the ancient Masonic corporations of Europe. This unity could not have preserved uninterrupted existence, had it depended upon the transient requirements of any age or nation. Other guilds and associations, established for purposes of temporary and local interest, have long since passed away. Unnumbered corporations, nurtured into into vitality by the troubled times of the Middle Ages, whose duration was the result of fleeting necessity, have vanished, while the mediæval guilds of Masons still survive in speculative Freemasonry. With a consistent harmony, the formularies of internal government, and a rigid adherence to prescriptive usage, such as guided ancient lodges in hewing out of polished stone the elegant designs of the master builder are preserved with zealous vigilance by their successors. Speculative Masonry has perpetuated intact for centuries that which has come down from the very twilight of time. In passing through the various nationalities which have successively fallen to decay, this brotherhood has survived, and, through the long line of ages, continued to guard the relics of a remote antiquity."

We have only to state that Sherman & Co. were the printers, and T. Fagan & Son the electrotypers, to assure our readers that the typographical merits of the volume will not disgrace the eminent American and English publishers.

We hope soon to again allude to Brother Fort's Masonic History, and meantime wish it the success it so thoroughly merits.

THE ART OF PROPOSING.

THE art of proposing, like the art of dining, is a matter of some importance to us all terrestrial atoms. Some of us may call to mind how Mr. Lickwick sagely counselled Mr. Magnus as regards the former, and how Mr. Hayward has eloquently dilated in respect of the latter. Without, then, following in the track of that "immortal man," who in his advice at Ipswich showed himself as shrewd as clairvoyant in all that relates to so grave a question, I think it well to give the readers of the "Masonic Magazine" to-day, and to some young friends of us all alike, a few hints, gathered from the experience of years, which may stand them in good stead in that alarming, nay, awful hour, of their mundane strivings, of their ephemeral existence. And as I think that illustrations are of all things the most effective and convincing, alike to the feelings and mind of man, I shall seek to "point the moral and adorn the tale," by the personal history of an intimate friend of my own, during, as the poet says, "those sublimated hours of a gaudier's existence." My youthful crony, Walter Rumbold, who, notwithstanding some disparity of years, and difference of tastes, is a great chum and mate of mine, came to me the other day with a long yarn, and a longer face. Rumbold, or as his friends all call him, "Rummy," is a very good fellow indeed in his way; who, if he is not very bright, is very true-hearted; and if he is not very sentimental is very straightforward. By the way, "en passant," how oddly nicknames arise and are handed on. W. M. Praed, many years ago in the "Etonian" gave us an amusing essay on nicknames; and his pleasant words may be read as well, and are as true to-day as when first written amid the busy crowd of Etonians. For it is very remarkable, as I said just now, how some one little incident or other will give a man an "alias" for life; not an "alias" by which he is known by the gentlemen in Scotland Yard, like "blinking Jemmy," but nevertheless an "alias" by which he is familiarly hailed, recognized and welcomed, alike in drawing room and dining room, alike in billiard and in smoking room, alike at the cover and at the meet, amid a cheery circle of male associates, amid a laughing collection of female connexions.

Once upon a time Rumbold's maiden aunt, who had a great affection for her nephew, and from whom he had greater expectations, made a very memorable speech.

Rumbold was going out very early duck shooting, whereupon this cordial and devoted relative earnestly enjoined him to take a glass of rum and milk before he started, "to keep," as that excellent and virtuous woman eloquently expressed it, "to keep the cold from your stomach, and the wet from your feet." From that hour, and that burst of aunt-like affection, my friend has answered to the name of "Rummy;" and I have no doubt that that name will cling to him until, as somebody says somewhere, he "shall shuffle off his mortal coil," at least that, I believe, is the correct quotation. Not that my young friend, whose real name is Walter, as I said before, is at all given to imbibe Mr. Stiggins's favourite "vanity"; but his nickname merely arises from the afflicting little incident in his early years to which I have just adverted.

Rummy came then to see me, as I just now observed, looking very much distressed and bothered.

"Hallo," I said, "what's up?"

"What's up?" he answered, "I'm very down."

"What has happened?" I repeated to him anxiously and energetically. "Have you, 'more juvenutis', been dropping your tin on the Leger? Are you keeping race-horses, and have got a large bill for keep, &c., to pay? Have you been losing at Vint John? Or are you in love? In the name of the 11,000, are you thinking really of matrimony? Well, Rummy, I had a higher opinion of you?"

"Old fellow," he said sadly, "I thought 'the last's the ticket!' Its all made up in the family bureau; and I've got to propose to the young woman. And what I now want to know of you, for you know a heap of things, is, what I'm to say, what I'm to do? I saw Jemmy Hope this morning, and I spoke to him about it. 'Well,' was his reply, 'Old fellow, I never did it but once, and that is to Mrs. Hope; and all I said to her was, "I think you and I had better set up shop together;" and like a sensible girl, as she was and is, she calmly replied, "I think so, too." And so we squared up everything then and there; proposing, kissing, and all that sort

of thing, you know." "Now," continued Rummy, "I think young Hope's plan may have done for him, but it does not follow that it will do for me; and so I've come to ask your advice, old boy."

"Well, Rummy," I said, "though the soft impeachment has never been mine, I see the difficulty of your situation, and I think I can put you in the way of saying the proper, and doing the needful."

"Oh!" said he joyfully, "let's hear all about it."

Now, I must observe before I proceed, that Rummy is a man of few words, and of brief letters. The longest letter he ever wrote in his life was about a spavined mare; the shortest he ever penned was an epistle, as he said, to his "governor," when he was very hard up. I think well, in these days of publishing private correspondence, to give my readers a transcript of a letter which, under similar circumstances, might be taken as a model for brevity and point:

"Dear Father,—I'm in Short Street. Send me some ready.

"Your dutiful son,
"Rummy."

I did not, therefore, expect any very great amount of what the young ladies call "sentiment" from him, but still before I could offer him my oracular advice, I required to understand the psychological diagnosis of the case. So I requested him to inform me of all the particulars, and I give them to you as he gave them to me, in his own terse and striking language.

"Well, old fellow, here goes! First of all she's a regular brick. She's very good looking; she's lots of ochre. Her father and mother and my father and mother are all serene. There are lots of pleasant relations, sisters and cousins; and the course is clear, and the thing has to be done. Both the governors have come down handsome."

"Yes," I replied, "but what about the young lady herself; what's she like; what are her tastes and proclivities?"

"Oh!" he said, "she's got black hair and blue eyes, and she's very even tempered; and she's a first-rate stepper. She's very sentimental; she reads a lot of poetry, and has a great deal to say for herself. By the way, he went on, old fellow I wish the gals would not be so down upon us as they sometimes are. We were in Rotten Row

the other day, and we met a sister of mine, for she and I were riding. 'What a pretty mare,' she said, 'what's its name?' 'Arachne,' said my sister. And I'm blessed if that young woman didn't turn to me, looking very funny, and said 'what a nice name; you remember all about Arachne.' Of course I said I did; but who the blazes was Arachne?" I told him with a grateful remembrance of old Lempriere, and the "Scobs," and the "Præfect of School," and "manners makyth man," and "aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi." He then continued innocently:

"I hardly know how to begin with her."

"Well," I replied, "there is one rule good in proposing as in everything else; take it easily, don't get flurried, don't get nervous, but be calm and composed, and you will soon find, if she means business, she will be as the Germans say 'zukommend,' and meet you half way, if she really cares anything about you, or means to have you. Begin a conversation with her carelessly, a question on some subject, lead it on to yourself, and without being too spooney, or too sentimental, manage to intimate to her clearly that you and she had better set your horses' heads together."

"Ah," said Rummy, brightening up, "that's the style of things, my boy."

"But," I added, "don't be in a hurry, and don't slur it over, but be distinct, emphatic and decided. Let there be no mistake about the matter, no 'double entendre,' no parlevouing. A great many marriages never come off because the young men won't speak plainly and honestly to the girls."

"Ah!" said Rummy, "you are the best of friends;" and he took his leave more radiant and cheerful than he entered, to which happier state, I am inclined to think, his "wiring into a bottle of phiz," as the young men say, had not a little contributed. I was sitting in my bachelor sanctum, with Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy in my hand, having forgotten Rummy altogether, his purposes and his proposal, his dulcinea and his dilemma, when all of a sudden in he bolted, like a rabbit, in the highest glee.

"Gone and done it, old fellow," were his first words, almost out of breath, "in first-rate style, won in a canter, though it was a buster while it lasted."

"Indeed," I said, "tell me all about it."

"Well," he said, "I called and lunched, and then the mamma, a very discreet old party, left us, and the other sisters left us, and Ethel and I were a'l alone. I began to feel very queer, when, as luck would have it, she began to talk to me about her 'Bully.' 'Charming bird,' I said. 'Oh, yes!' was her answer, 'and he does sing so beautifully, and I am so fond of him.' 'Oh!' said I, seizing the opportunity, 'he is a very fine bird, but he wants a mate.' 'A mate!' she said. 'Yes,' I answered, 'two is company, one is none.' And as I saw it was no use dallying or dawdling any longer—the thing had to be done—I went on to say, 'Don't you think it's much better to be two than one?' 'That depends,' she said, looking at me, 'who the other party is.' 'But don't you think,' I asked her again, 'that it is nice for two people to go together, and to get on together, than to be all single-handed in the world.' 'I'm never alone,' she carelessly answered, 'I've lots of sisters, brothers and cousins.' 'Bother the cousins,' I said 'sotto voce,' meaning of course the male ones. But, drawing a little nearer to her I said very slowly, and my words would not come, 'I'll get Bully a mate if—if—if—.' 'If what, Mr. Rumbold,' she said, and she looked so knowing, 'If—if, you won't object to be Mrs. Rumbold.' She burst out laughing, and then she said: 'Well, I suppose it must be so; though, Rummy, yours is the rummiest proposal I ever heard of, all proceeding from a Bully.' So the ice was broken, and all was arranged between us à la mode; and here I am an engaged man, and we are to be married in six weeks."

"Well, now you see, Rummy," I at last replied, after having congratulated him, "you see what comes of taking my advice, and 'running straight.' Half you men treat women as if they had neither feeling nor sense, neither heart nor understanding, and no voice in the matter."

"Oh!" said Rummy, "to tell you the truth, I've been very bad for the last three months, and I believe that she always has liked me."

I need hardly say that the marriage of Walter Rumbold and Ethel Harrington took place under the most auspicious circumstances. I never saw a more joyous gathering, or a prettier breakfast. Everything with them has gone as merry as the

marriage bell, and they are a very contented, good-looking, happy couple.

Mrs. Rumbold often says to me, "Thank you, Mr. Tomlinson, for your kind and appropriate advice to Rummy. Who knows if he had not taken it, and followed it to a T, whether he and I should ever have got together." "Verbum," then, "sat sapienti," now as of old. I leave so affecting an illustration, and such sage counsels, to the appreciation of all my readers, whether old or young, male or female; and as I think my theory is unimpeachable, I dedicate respectfully my "Art of Proposing" to everyone who knows and feels that his Kismet is sealed at last, and that the awkwardest hour of human life has dawned upon an embarrassed biped.

T. T.

A WITHERED FLOWER.

O flower dim and withered,
 O flower of faded hue,
 Thou takest me back to other hours,
 To friends and hearts most true;
 Thou tellest yet a tender tale
 Of a dear old past to me,
 Thou whisperest soft words of light,
 And love's own minstrelsy.

We are standing side by side,
 She and I together,
 We are talking of coming days,
 Of good and evil weather,
 When we shall both be breasting
 The surging waves of strife,
 And find some gentle sunshine
 To bless the "weird" of life.

We are looking on a May Day,
 Reckless of care and pain,
 We are making up sweet posies
 Of wild flowers in the lane;
 Or in the fairy garden
 Are gazing with delight,
 On parterres of grateful odour,
 On borders trim and bright.

And the hour at last has come,
 At last the word is spoken,
 And then and there that flower,
 Of earnest love the token,

Is given in the "pleasance"
Or on our homeward way,
Yes! still how very fragrant
Is the memory of that day!

And time has come and gone,
And years have flitted fast,
And all those gracious moments,
Are shadows of the past;
Poor ghosts of care-worn faces,
They tap at our closed door.
For the loving light and the living hope
Can be ours never more.

On that flower dim and faded,
The world has thrown its spell,
Like on all we prize so dearly,
Like on all we lov'd so well;
For that faded flower tells us,
In language void of art,
How that it is an emblem
Of our own withered heart.

Alas! for us, how sad to think,
That all for us is gone
Of what we loved so hugely,—vanish'd
Our dear fancies one by one.
Yes! that withered flower minds us,
How perish love and trust,
And how like all of human mould,
'Tis but a pinch of dust.

W.

AN ORATION

*Delivered by Bro. Pinchinat, in the Session
of the G. Orient of France, commencing
September 13, 1875.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE MONDE MACONNIQUE
FOR SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER.

MY BRETHREN,—Each time that I have been permitted to take part in a General Assembly of the Grand Orient, I have been penetrated by this conviction, that it would be difficult to demand of the members who compose it a better spirit. In the discussion of questions placed on the "order of the day" more or less animated, but always serious, each one has brought, so to say, the mark of his own character and temperament. But, notwithstanding difference of views, which, of necessity, must arise in everything, triumphant majorities as well as defeated minorities, the feeling of brotherhood, of

conciliation, of reciprocal affection, could not and would not disappear in our Masonic relations. Whatever was the result of our voting, our hands continued to seek and to grasp each others' mutually, and without distinction. What, then, is the cause? what is the "raison d'être" of this mutual toleration for which we all pride ourselves, of this touching harmony which nothing can trouble? It is, that we all in this hall have but one object in view, that we all pursue without intermission the same ideal, the most noble that can be proposed to our human activity; it is that, though we may differ as to the means of arriving at the result, we have, and can have, but one and the same end to reach. You know as well as I do, this end, this ideal, this object in view. It is the greatness of our dear order. With respect to it no struggles, no possible quarrels; we are in agreement; our hearts beat in unison; and the personal egotism which we meet at every step in the profane world is powerless here to show itself on the face of our robust faith, of our professed conviction, of our inextinguishable ardour for this great work of justice and of truth. Our union on this basis is indissoluble, so that our disputes leave no trace in the memory of the bitter word, of the offensive remark, of the wounded personality, of the chafed "amour propre;" and when the hour of separation has sounded, we leave behind us neither anger nor revenge, for we all know that each has done his duty, in conscientiously accomplishing that which he believed to be the good, the useful, the welfare of all. At the end of this long and laborious session, you have named Bro. de St. Jean to preside over your labours. This is a just homage rendered to him, whose Masonic life has been one of perpetual devotion to our cause. It is a mark of gratitude for the numerous services he has rendered, and for those which he is ready to render still. May he permit me, in the name of all, to express to him our gratitude. We count on him, and we have the firm hope that he will know in all circumstances how to defend the sacred interests of that Freemasonry which is so dear to our hearts. I will not enter into the detail of all the questions resolved by you. Your votes, only inspired by the anxiety to see our order prosper, to amend our regulations, to place our constitution in agreement

with social progress, have brought about, I hope it, happy modifications. It is in use that we recognize the value; it is practice which will show to us whether we are deceived, or if our work is good. I ardently hope that our labour has been profitable, and that our conditions of life, as well as our lodges, will become daily better. Perfection is not of this world; but human institutions are to be made perfect, and it is this perfectibility with which we are preoccupied everytime that we are reunited in this hall.

But there is one of your decisions upon which I shall permit myself to linger. The Council of the order, which generally leaves to the lodges of our constitution the initiative in projects of law tending to amend the constitution, has presented you this year with a project to which it seemed to attach extreme importance, and by the terms of which it claimed for itself the right of punishing the masters and lodges culpable of having violated the constitution. Under the general terms of the proposition, (and not one of you misunderstood them), it was easy to see that among all the offences that a master or orator is susceptible of rendering themselves culpable, the project visited especially the case where they had tolerated in their lodge political or religious discussions, and in order to render efficacious the power of the council, which has always in such circumstances the right of stopping them in this deplorable path, by suspending them, it asked to remove them from the common right and their natural judges, in order to bring them before a higher jurisdiction. You know the solution, and I do not wish to revert to it; but concerning the causes which have led to this grave question, it is my duty to tell you all my opinions. For two or three years, especially for some months, Freemasonry has been attacked with an excessive violence. It has been denounced, calumniated, turned into ridicule, or represented as an element of disorder and revolution. One might truly say that a "mot d'ordre" had been given, for there is not one of our adversaries who has not thought himself obliged to mingle his voice in this grand concert of imprecations and anathemas. Have we done anything which can justify in any measure a campaign so violently commenced? I may

well seek, I see nothing. I know nothing, as well as in that which concerns the lodges as in that which concerns the Grand Orient of France, of a nature to lead to this deluge of invectives, and of these denunciations to the civil power. Freemasonry has never deviated from its "route;" it has always affirmed that it was unworthy of itself to mix itself in the strife of parties; and, placing its actions in accord with its principles, it has always kept itself within the high and serene spheres of a generous philosophy, the last word of which was, love of humanity. That Freemasons as citizens have such and such convictions, that they enrol themselves under this or that banner, that they manifest their opinions in private reunions, or by their writings, what matters it to Freemasonry? They are citizens; they are free—it is their right.

But when they are re-united Masonically in their lodges, then it is necessary that the Masonic constitution should be scrupulously observed, that the Masonic principles should be vigorously applied; in a word, that Masonic questions alone should be discussed and resolved. It is on the faith of this equivocation, hurled by design among the public by the means of the press, and which consists in confounding the moral existence of the lodge with the political or private conduct of some of its members, that we are represented as conspirators, ceaselessly sapping the basis of society, dreaming of the fall of all authority civil or religious, and seeking in our lodges, hidden from indiscreet observation, the means of perpetuating the most horrible crimes. Nothing is less exact. Falsehood and insult are the weapons of war, of those who support a bad cause. Silence ought to be our only answer if there did not exist a danger for us, namely, that these false assertions may find at the end credit with some; that they are propogated; and that we may become victims of this fearful conspiracy directed against the most honest, the most noble of institutions, the most worthy of consideration, of esteem and of respect. We have protested with all our energy against these calumnies, after the manner of Don Basilio. We shall always protest. But, my brethren, by the side of these protestations, which issue against our will from indignant minds, we have a conduct to pursue in order to

pass with chance of safety the crisis through which we are moving, and permit me to point out to you in a few words, as citizens moderation, prudence, respect for established laws, confidence in the future as Masons, passive obedience to the constitution sworn to, scrupulous observance of our statutes and general regulations. It is for the purpose of repressing a possible violation of the Masonic law, a violation which would be so dangerous in the actual circumstances, not only for the lodge which should commit it, but possibly also for the whole order, that the council asked of you to be armed with sufficient powers. Well, while entirely thanking the council for its solicitude, let us take here a solemn engagement to show by our acts that its fears were needless; that not one of us—not one—will be tempted to compromise the interests of our dear Freemasonry, and never, whatever the circumstances may be, to give grounds for the accusations of our adversaries in severing ourselves from our duties and our obligations. What, my brethren, have we not a field sufficiently large for our studies, our researches, and our labours? Do you forget that the care of humanity ought to be our constant pre-occupation, that as long as the cannon shall thunder masterfully in the world, as long as war shall mow down human beings by thousands, as long as there are sufferings to solace, ignorant to instruct, vices to root out, as long as the moral and intellectual level is not at the height which we desiderate, we have to work without ceasing. Is not this immense task sufficient for you, to which generations of men have devoted themselves, which will absorb your life without arriving at its end, and which our descendants will continue in future generations? Let us not go out of our own spheres, I entreat you, and if we chance to fight for our flag, for our principles of liberty, for the freedom of human reason, may it be equally without passion and without weakness, may it be the fulfilment of a duty imposed on our consciences, nothing less, but nothing more.

I am speaking of a combat. Is it not strange that we are reduced to pronounce this word of hatred, we who profess for humanity the most ardent love? Yes, certainly! we have not sought the combat; we have not provoked our unceasing adversaries. They are they, the opponents

of liberty and of reason; they are they, the partizans of subjection as the end, and of ignorance as the means, who have engaged in this strife with an unheard-of violence. Called by our principles to defend the liberty of conscience, which our ancestors conquered from clerical despotism, can we, I ask you, steal away and desert the battle-field? Our line of conduct, is it not entirely traced out? Have we not, besides, been directly challenged? Do you not know of that burning philippic which has emanated from a leading member of the party which evidently desires our overthrow? Defence is lawful, and we shall defend ourselves by all possible means; resting, nevertheless, within the limits which the civil laws and the Masonic laws impose upon us. We shall join in no religious controversy—Article II of the Constitution forbids us; but we shall explain the principles of our philosophy, of our morality, and the country—what do I say? the entire world—shall decide who they are, whether of them or of us, who are most in sympathy with the ideas, in perfect harmony with Him who once on the shore of Lake Tiberias or Gennesareth substituted for the law of hate which ruled the old world His law of love and forgiveness. These provocatives to strife have afflicted but not surprised me. Our adversaries find in their pathway, in the accomplishment of their ill-omened mission, an invincible obstacle, and before which they will fatally miscarry if they do not succeed in breaking it down. It is human reason; which the philosophical school of the last age has emancipated, in instructing it, in elevating it, in making it understand its rights, and the part it has to play. They proscribe it; they insult it; they wish to annihilate it. But we, who profess that without which everything is error, falsehood, or fanaticism; we, who think that the day on which it is annihilated there will be an end of our dignity as men; we defend it—the accursed thing—and we will defend it as long as we have a breath of life. Behold, my brethren, the true cause of the accusations of which we are the object. To give to their accusation a semblance of justice, they pretend that Freemasonry means Atheism; they represent us as sworn destroyers of all religious ideas. In vain have we proved to them that if it were so, we should be like them,

devoted to intolerance; that, on the contrary, we respect the opinions, the faith, the religious convictions of all our brethren, in the name of that liberty inscribed on our motto; that to avoid mutual chafing, and never to trouble the harmony which ought to exist among us, all discussions to this effect are rigorously interdicted in our lodges, and scrupulously respected; that if Freemasonry had any religion, it would have to make it prevail, and that thus it would violate our great principle of liberty; that it must be secular, but not Atheistical; and that the confusion between these two terms, though so different the one from the other, is a want of logic and of good faith. Vainly have we answered all these things; they do not wish to understand, and, it is to be feared, they will never understand, because they don't wish to do so, this language of good sense and of reason. Our conscience, that only critic of all our actions, imposes on us the obligation of showing ourselves under these grave circumstances up to the height of our mission. In fact, I am not indisposed to believe that these polemics, this persecution, perhaps, may even be profitable to us. Danger has, for a consequence, the awakening from indifference, the exciting of devotion, the giving to our spirits a greater activity, a greater enthusiasm to our minds. We are no longer living in a time, thank God, when thousands and thousands of men paid with their life for the crime of heresy, that is to say, the revolt of their reason against the despotism of a religious sect. Resistance is to-day less dangerous, and were it otherwise, could we hesitate? Already I see men, honourable by their character, their talents, their services rendered to science and their country, coming and asking for entrance into our temples. It is a characteristic sign which ought certainly to strike you, and make you conceive a firm hope of our approaching triumph.

When allies of this worth come to ask spontaneously to fight under the Masonic banner, as well as by an emotion of the heart, of which they may be proud, we have the right to say boldly and with an elevated front that our course is that of right, of truth, of eternal justice, because it is embraced by those who have made justice and truth the constant end of their efforts and their labours. A modern

philosopher, Herbert Spencer, in the course of his remarkable work, "Introduction to Social Science," makes use of a comparison, the justice of which has struck me, and which I will tell to you, because it bears with it its own instruction, and is applicable to our situation. When a man undertakes the ascent of a high mountain, before he gives to his artist-sight the noble and majestic spectacle of the beauties of nature, he begins his journey alert and joyous, sack on back and stick in hand. But the hours speed away, his march slackens, the ascent becomes more rough by degrees, his strength is exhausted, his enthusiasm is quenched, and he sits down, weary, on a stone, ready to abandon his project, discouraged by the unceasing difficulties, and the numberless obstacles which at every instant appear in his way. All of a sudden he straightens himself, he regards the road already traversed, he sees that he has achieved more than the half of the distance, that the top is less far off than he just now judged, hope is re-born in him, he discovers new strength to resume his march, and thinking of the ideal joys which await him, he makes the last effort which conducts him to his goal. We also, my brethren, we have our mountain to climb, on the summit of which we shall find the realization of our wishes, and the end of our labours. It is a long time since we began this trying voyage, and according to all appearance it will yet last for a long time. But is it the fitting time to allow ourselves to be beaten back, when the dangers are most formidable, and most pressing, when we require more coolness, audacity and energy, when we ought to bring into play all our living powers? Is that the moment to allow ourselves to give way to a dangerous prostration? Certainly not; let us cast our regards behind; let us look at the road already traversed, the difficulties already surmounted, and let us say, that by every step we approach nearer to the goal towards which we are moving. Then, with hearts high, and braced-up energies, Forward!

Very dear Masters and Delegates, you are about to return to your respective lodges. Do not dissimulate to our brethren the gravity of present circumstances; quicken their zeal, combat indifference, appeal to their Masonic sentiment, if they are really such in fact and in heart. We

must rally and close up our ranks to face the enemy who menaces modern civilization, and, in consequence, our French Freemasonry, on whose standard are emblazoned the words of humanity and progress. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—sacred triad, magical formula, which freed our forefathers from oppression and despotism, be always present to our minds, direct our actions and our thoughts, illumine our souls, give us the necessary strength, and by thee, in a future near at hand, we shall be victorious, less for our own glory, than for the welfare of humanity.

[Note by the Translator and Editor.]

I have thought it well, and, to say the truth, but fair, to our eloquent Bro. Pinchinat, to give his words "in extenso," but I need hardly say to Anglo-Saxon Freemasons that in so doing I do not associate myself with all his sentiments. It is impossible for an English Freemason to do so, and I much regret that the French and other continental Freemasons weaken themselves, as it appears to me, by their use of a political motto as the watchword of their Freemasonry. Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, are, in my humble opinion, a far better rallying cry for universal Freemasonry, than Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, which have a lugubrious sound for many, and which recent events have shown may still serve as a pretext for heartless wrong and fearful iniquity. Bro. Pinchinat's address is, however, in itself a very able production, and I think just now may be read, with due allowance for continental views and language, not without some profit by us all.

THE THREE R.'S.

There was when even good persons used to say, "You can over-educate the people." Indeed, here and there some very respectable representatives of ancient wisdom still shake their heads mournfully when they read the daily papers, and say that all our present criminality is owing to over-education, and lifting people out of their proper places. Now, we always are curious when we hear excellent people making use of this lugubrious complaint, this morbid comment, with

respect to the things which be, to know what they mean by "proper places." We fear that such a remark implies that a certain number of human beings, gifted with intellect and reason, blessed with energy of will and force of character, are to remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for successive generations. We do not believe in such theories or such expectations. They are altogether unsound and unjust. All nature, for instance, is a system of growth, development, expansion, ripening, and you may add even elevation. The entire character of social life is of advance, industry, intellect, energy, probity, honesty, and steadiness, moving on and moving up. Why, then, should we doubt that such is the proper law of our human probation and struggles? Why should we expect that any class of the body politic is to remain stationary, and neither to advance or improve? It is in truth a chimera and a grievous blunder. While, then, we properly teach all people, old and young, "to do their duty in that state of life where it shall please God to place them," (a very wide description, let us note), we ought always, it appears to us, to hold out the hand of undoubting friendliness and unquestioning sympathy to all efforts to instruct, to improve, to educate our fellow-creatures; we ought sedulously to support every proper effort to spread on all sides of us the all but unspeakable blessings of a sound and useful education. Some persons are fond of repeating the old fallacy, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The possession of learning may result in dangerous consequences to the perverse, shallow-pated, and unstable; but as a general proposition, the familiar saying involves a fallacy. A little learning is not and cannot be as dangerous as no learning at all, and few there are except in a vein of poetry who would endorse the poetic axiom, "where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." Let us believe that our "modern instances" of the mistaken policy of such views, and of such words or truisms "per se," have long outweighed those "ancient saws." It was even said, as we know, by some of old, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," and so perhaps in one sense it may be, that is, of unlettered devotion. But it is far more true to say that ignorance is, and must be, humanly speaking, the mother of superstition. As Freemasons, without

entering into controversial points, we shall always be glad to aid in our humble measure all wise efforts to extend educational agencies. For much remains to be done, and the most genuine alarmist need not yet apprehend a too rapid advance even in elementary knowledge.

All education requires is to be left alone. It will progress in its own way and utility and blessing, if only judiciously encouraged, and scientifically supported. The only fear is, lest it should be too much doctored. Professor Cockroach is at present very much to the fore, and we do not believe in Professor Cockroach. Education, like a good many other things just now, is in great danger of falling into the hands of quacks and charlatans; and too many "cooks" may even yet "spoil the broth."

We have thought it well to show the present position and work of education amongst us, by appending a precis of some of the recent reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, which appeared in the "Times" a short time ago, as they deserve alike careful perusal and serious thought. We have also given a few educational statistics, and though it is said you can prove anything by statistics, as Prince Albert once said so well, they form the only safe basis either of scientific study or political knowledge:

"In the year ending with August, 1874, there were 1,013,068 children in elementary day schools in England aided by Government grants, who were qualified by age and attendances to bring such grants to the schools on passing a satisfactory examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic. There were 857,611 children actually presented for such examination, and 508,232 passed the prescribed test without failure in any one of the three subjects. The inspectors' reports supply valuable accounts of these schools and their work. The Rev. E. P. Arnold, reporting on schools in Devonshire, observes that he is not one of those who think that the results of our elementary school system have been up to this time unsatisfactory. He is not sure that grown-up and educated people do not form an exaggerated estimate of the intelligence which can fairly be expected in a child of 10 or 11 years old. Mr. Arnold says:—'A boy the other day was reading to me these words from a book

of English history—"They raised the standard and marched against the enemy;" and upon my asking him what a standard was, he said it was a "daily paper." But the boy understood the pith of the passage, that the two sides were just going to fight. A supply of reading books of continuous narrative, like the "Vicar of Wakefield," &c., 'would do much,' says Mr. Arnold, 'to give children an interest in their reading, and so to improve it; but to expect an ordinary child in an elementary school to understand all the words in a leader of the "Times," or a page of modern literature will be always to expect a prodigy.' Mr. Arnold notes that under the head of 'writing,' good spelling is required, and to write from dictation correctly requires intelligence; when we hear that nearly 77 per cent. pass in it successfully, it would be very unfair to regard this result merely as a test of mechanical handwriting. In regard to arithmetic, he observes that under the fourth standard are included 'compound rules,' treated as requiring not merely the correct working of straightforward sums, but the power to resolve easy problems in these rules. The following is one put in his district:—'A watch is 37 min. 27 sec. too fast; what is the correct time when it is a quarter past 12 by the watch?' In that district only two-thirds of all the children examined in arithmetic passed successfully, but all the boys in the fourth standard were educated with a view to working such sums as this. The Rev. W. F. Tregarthen, reporting on Dorset and Hants, says that in schools where there is the greatest variety of reading books, the children always read best. Still, he observes, good reading, distinct, intelligent and expressive, is not often met with; fair reading, with correct and distinct pronunciation, and some attempt to give expression to meaning, is not so hard to find. The reading would be better if more time were given to the explanation of words. This inspector notices that good writing becomes the habit of a school where the teacher is a good penman, attaches due importance to the exercise, and insists upon the letters being well and neatly formed. He adds that arithmetic involves thought from the first, and he observes the most amusing efforts on the part of the juvenile mind not to think. Children would rather make

81 strokes on a slate, count them one by one, and then divide them into groups of nine, than learn and apply the fact to all future calculations, that nine times nine are 81. The Rev. J. Rice Byrne, writing of Surrey schools, reports that the reading still falls far short of what it might be if taught thoroughly and on system. He is not aware of there being in any school he inspects a manual of elocution habitually in use, with a view to teach reading as an art. Writing is taught, in general, successfully; where not so, the fault lies too often with the infant's teacher, who neglects to impart to the scholars that ease in forming letters and figures which is rarely acquired if not in infancy. Mental arithmetic appears less frequently than it should do in the routine of lessons. The Rev. C. F. Routledge gives a summary of inspected schools in East Kent; reading passable, but not intelligent; handwriting generally satisfactory; spelling tolerable; arithmetic very fair. The weakest point is spelling, partly because sufficient time is not given to it by teachers, and partly owing to home pronunciation. The Rev. Nevill Gream, reporting on Essex schools, notices that in some where the reading is best done, the children are made, when in the infant class, to read with a loud clear voice, which they hardly ever afterwards lose, and thus the proper pronunciation of every word is secured. He says that large writing is now taught in almost all schools in his district; the delusion of the perfection of small writing has nearly disappeared, and the consequence is that in most schools the writing is executed in a clear bold hand, with considerable attention to the proper formation of the letters, and with a neatness that will last a lifetime. Schools, also, are now rare in his district in which spelling is thoroughly bad, and most teachers recognize that correct spelling should be impressed upon a child's mind by its appearance on his paper or slate, a child's eye being much more easily taught than his memory. Mr. Gream also finds arithmetic generally improved. But where notation is still not taught well, large percentages of failure are sure to follow. In Worcestershire the Rev. J. W. D. Hernaman notices, what is observed elsewhere, also, the depressing and disturbing effect of the recent sudden influx of a rude and ignorant set of pupils, who, at

eight or nine years of age, have to be taught the first elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Rev. J. J. Blandford notices, in several Midland counties, a decided improvement in reading in a fair proportion of schools, and he attributes it in some measure to the introduction, not only of a better class of reading books but also a greater variety. An assistant inspector in a Midland district observes that more attention has been paid to writing since it became the rule that the dictation exercise in all the standards above the first should be written on paper at the annual inspections; writing is now very fairly taught throughout the district, and three-fourths of the failures under that head are due to incorrect spelling. The Rev. J. Lomax, reporting on the Stockport district, notices a gradual but solid progress in arithmetic, perhaps stimulated by prospects of clerkships; but the reading is unsatisfactory, and too often shows an utter want of intelligence and expression. He thinks the lesson should be made more attractive. The writing in the schools is generally good, sometimes of great excellence. The failures arise chiefly from incorrect spelling and improper syllabification of words, often very gross and glaring. Mr. Sharpe, an assistant inspector in East Lancashire, notices that reading has become less mechanical and more intelligent, but still there is want of expression. Girls, he says, enter more into the spirit of a narrative than boys, and generally read better; boys appear to be somewhat ashamed of reading with animation in the hearing of their schoolfellows, but will sometimes cast off their shyness when reading with the inspector as sole auditor. In one school the boys have been induced to act little plays among themselves, and the result is a much better style of reading. Yorkshire inspectors' reports show that reading is too often regarded as saying so many words, instead of as the art of receiving and conveying to others the ideas contained in the words, but that teachers are now taking more pains to make the children understand the meaning of what they read. The Rev. R. Wilde, speaking of the Huddersfield district, says:—'A great deal depends upon the manner in which the "infants" are taught to read. Children of six or seven can be taught to read with intelligence and expression, even

from a book seen for the first time.' He goes on to say that writing is decidedly improving, and the spelling would be better if the children were to look over the piece about to be given for dictation, so as to have the correct spelling first presented to their eye. In regard to arithmetic, another Yorkshire inspector recommends that more attention be given to mental calculation. Mr. Wilde says it is the custom in his district to set three 'straightforward sums,' and one which requires a little thought, and generally goes by the name of 'the problem,' and a child is passed if any two sums are correctly worked. He would like to set three easy problems, and only one straightforward sum, and still require two worked correctly for a pass. This would insure the children understanding the application of the rules of arithmetic, and cause them to think when at their work. But he says that, at present, if he were to introduce this change, he should be torn in pieces by managers and teachers. So he is willing to wait and hope."

And so are we. The future is yet, to some extent, a "terra incognita" to us all, that is, we can hardly estimate correctly or distinctly as yet the effect of the more general spread of education, with its correlative forces and influences. Still the view we take is a hopeful one. Education has done much for the class highest in the social scale. Why should it not do as much for those who form the lowest tier in the great pyramid of social life? In the mean time, leaving the future to the things and minds of the future, we should seek to improve carefully the conditions of all primary instruction, and make all our elementary and normal and technical schools as good and as efficient and as practical as they well may be. Like Longfellow we too may well say,

"Let the dead past bury its dead ;

Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

W.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM
OF A YOUNG POETESS.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Pure as the paper I now write upon,
(And it might serve the Mason in his
need,

Wanting his lambskin apron, spotless
white,

As emblem of that innocence the Craft
Imposes on her children, teaching them
Rather to die than soil their souls with
sin,)

Spotless as the white page I now must
soil,

At thy request, with my unrhyming
verse,

May'st thou preserve thy head and heart
through life,

Young Poetess ; and when thy glass of
life

Has run its sands, may'st thou look back
upon

The past with pleasure, conscious that thy
rhymes

Will help to elevate the thoughts of men
And women, who may read them when the
hand

That wrote them is but dust. Let not thy
muse

E'er stoop to pander to the grov'ling
throng,

But ever strive to wake within the
souls

Of all who listen to thy minstrelsy,
Thoughts pure and noble, feelings all
divine.

Think for thyself ; and be not thou
afraid

To worship Nature with a poet's warmth ;
For well has Wordsworth sung, that
"Nature ne'er

Betray'd the heart that loved her." She
will lead

Thy soul, through flowery and through
starry paths,

On, to the throne of God Himself. Fear
not

To trust her guidance. Let no worldly
thoughts,

Nor worldly feelings, e'er put out the
flame

Of poesy within thee : for that fire
Is so ethereal, that its heavenly warmth
Can comfort thee in all the storms of
life,

Whatever fate be thine. Grasp then thy
lyre,

And be thou true to it, and it to thee
Will be a treasure worldlings wot not
of.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, NO. 114, JPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

P.M., M.E.Z., St. Luke's Chapter, P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P., M.W.S., Victoria Chap., Rose Croix., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark) Past Grand Provost, Order of the Temple, &c., &c.

A VERY interesting book is the first Minute Book of this old Lodge—though it has seen much service and fared ill in the hands it has passed through. It seems to have got into the possession of some cowan, and to have been given over to the tender mercies of some child or children, for almost every leaf has a piece snipped out of it, and youthful scrawls and attempts at calligraphy disfigure almost every page.

The first page in the book, apparently one is lost, which is dated 5th April, 1762, contains a part of the 3rd rule, or by-law, which has reference to the ballot, white and black beans being used as at present in determining the important question as to whether a candidate should or should not be received into the time-honoured fraternity.

"Fourthly," runs the rule, "That after every brother has put in a bean as directed the box be then delivered to the master by the secretary for his inspection. Fifthly and lastly—that if the master find a black bean in the box no further mention shall be made to the intended member."

A very considerate rule this last, and one which might be more generally adopted than it is. The secrecy of the ballot we have known to be more honoured in the breach than the observance—though not in the lodge of which we are writing.

And touching this said system of ballot it would be well if there were some fixed rule as to how it should be exercised. In England an entered apprentice can exercise his right of voting on any question before the lodge, from the election of W.M. to the admission of a candidate to the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry. In America, we believe, it is different; no brother can vote until he is a Master Mason.

In England the ceremony of voting differed in different lodges. In some the deacon carried round the ballot box to each member, and a most objectionable practice, since the officer could hardly fail to see how the brother voted, and the secrecy of the ballot became a farce. In other lodges the brethren went indiscriminately and all in a heap up to the treasurer's desk, and thus confusion was made, and the importance of the ballot was not impressed on the neophyte by a ceremony which should always be done "decently and in order."

But to return to the British Union and its first record of minutes. This volume appears to have served the double purpose of a minute and presence book, and underneath the by-laws quoted we have the signatures of the brethren present.

Jno. Clarke, Master; John Hunter, Senior Warden; W. Clarke, Junior Warden; John Prentice, Stephen Buston, Thos. R. Scott, John Concour, Joseph Clarke, Wm. Prentice. There is no date to this meeting, but the next one is dated 5th April, 1762, when, in addition to the names mentioned above, there appear to have been two visitors present, Jonas Phillips and Marchal Calksen, the latter probably a foreigner. A note is put at the bottom of the entry to the effect that a certain brother, whose name has been cut out, being absent forfeits sixpence. The next meeting appears to have been held 19th April, 1762. At this lodge Bros. Thos. Nichol-Scott, Jonⁿ Clarke and John Concour were raised Masters; and there is a N.B. that certain of the brethren, all but the visitors and candidates in fact, each paid 6d., we will suppose for refreshment. At the meeting dated 17th May, 1762, only four brethren appear to have been present, and the lodge seems to have been under the rule of the J.W., neither the W.M. nor S.W. being there. At a lodge held on the 21st June, Wm. Paxman was proposed for ballot on St. John's day, together with Robert Fenn, and accordingly on the 24th June it appears they were regularly made, agreeable to the by-laws heretofore entered in this book. At the same time John Hunter was, with the unanimous consent of this lodge, elected Master for the ensuing half-year, Wm. Clarke, S.W., and J. Prentice, J.W., of the lodge. This is a very interesting minute, since it would appear that a century ago

the Master was occasionally at least elected half-yearly, and the Wardens instead of being the nominees of the Master were, like himself, elected by the brethren.

At the next lodge meeting John Hunter's name appears as Master, and John Clarke's as P.M., but there is nothing to show that there was any special ceremony in inducting the new W.M. into the chair of K.S., though we should be sorry to assert, as some of the exact writers on Masonic subjects would, that the mere absence of mention of the admitting to the installed Master's degree, was proof positive that no such degree existed at this time.

On the 2nd Aug., 1762, the Master appears to have been amongst the absentees, and John Clarke signs as D. Master, both on this and the following lodge night. Depute Master is quite a Scotch "style," and we never remember to have seen it in an English minute book before. A Captain John Softley, of Sunderland, no doubt in the mercantile service, was regularly made on this occasion. Robert Fenn appears to have served the office of Tyler at this time. A Mr. Wm. Enefer, of Harwich, was duly admitted a brother on the 15th November, 1762, and raised a fellowcraft the same night. This seems to have been a common practice to give the two degrees in one night, for on the very next lodge night Mr. John Bailey, of Harwich, was duly admitted a brother, and raised fellowcraft. At this time the Master is described as Right Worshipful, a term now only applied to Provincial Grand Masters in this country, though in Scotland the holder of the gavel is still described as R.W.M. Right Worshipful, by the way, is, if we mistake not, the style of a Knight whilst Worshipful is that of an Esquire. The former is still used, we believe, by some of the Mayors of our older corporations in the great cities, by the Vicar General of the Province of Canterbury, and the Judge of the Bishop of London's Consistory Court, though the latter is the more usual title assumed by Mayors and Aldermen, and, we believe, the Masters of the City Livery Companies, the relics of the trade guilds of the middle ages. According to Burke Mayors of boroughs and Justices of the Peace are Esquires by virtue of their office; so are servants of the Crown, holding responsible and independent positions, and

it is on this ground that magistrates are always addressed as "Your Worship." The modern fashion of dubbing everybody Esquire who does not actually keep a shop, is as ridiculous as the *servant-galism* of the day whose representatives have their letters addressed *Miss*, and speak of each other as "me and another young lady." But we are sadly digressing—from the title Worshipful. Does it not suggest itself to our brethren that the mere title accorded to a Master shows that his position as such was considered a century ago, and should be now, as one of very high importance in the craft; and, as in choosing the Mayor of a town, it is generally the most distinguished citizen who can be prevailed upon to take the office who is selected to fill the post, and the one whose means, social position, or great talent justify the selection; so in Masonry, we should always be careful to put into office brethren to whom the title Worshipful might properly be applied, without raising a sneer from the outside world at its application to a brother who fails to dignify the office, either by his capacity, his character, or his position in society. But this is a digression which, in later years, at all events, could have no possible application so far as the British Union Lodge is concerned, a lodge which at the present time occupies the first position in the province of Suffolk, and compares favourably in the social status of its members with almost any lodge in England. Recurring to our notes of the British Union, we find that Bro. Wm. Clarke was unanimously chosen Master at the St. John's Festival, 27th Dec. 1762, at which time the Wardens were also elected. The names of brethren absent appear to be regularly recorded, and against their names at the January meeting, in 1763, we find that the forfeits are to be paid the first night when present.

Whether a recurrence to this good, old practice would secure a more regular attendance at lodge meetings, we do not know, and, perhaps, so far as the members generally are concerned, it would be unwise to revive the rule; but with regard to office-bearers it is a matter for consideration for the craft generally whether a fine (which should invariably be enforced) inflicted upon all officers absent at regular lodge meetings would not be a sure way

of securing really good officers, and good working. Of course sickness, the pressing emergencies of public or private avocations would be always fairly considered; but these apart, brethren who willingly accept office should be made to fulfil the duties appertaining thereto.

At the lodge meeting held on the 5th February, 1763, Mr. George Ward and Mr. John Watson, of Harwich, were proposed to be admitted brethren, and the latter appears to have been initiated and admitted to the second degree of Masonry the following lodge night.

At this time it was "ordered by the lodge that no person be ever proposed for being made a brother unless the proposing brother will promise to pay the usual admittance fee of a guinea," [the full amount charged for initiation at that time] "in case the person so proposed should fail attending at the time then fixed for his making, unless a satisfactory reason be given for his non-attendance." It would be well if this rule were enforced now generally. No candidate should ever be allowed to be proposed until the proposition fee, *obtained from him*, and *not* advanced by the proposer, be paid. A great deal of unnecessary trouble and annoyance would be spared if this admirable by-law were at all times strictly enforced.

On the 3rd October, 1763, Bros. Wm. Prentice, William Paxman and Robert Fenn were raised Masters. The last two of these brethren had been made August, 1762, and it would be worth knowing whether a year was required to elapse between the passing and raising, as at present practised in some countries, and notably, we believe, in Prussia. There is a regular record of visitors' names at this period, but nothing to show from what lodges they hailed. At the St. John's Festival, 27th December, 1763, Bros. Wm. Enefer, John Watson and Richard Bennett were raised Masters. Watson had been initiated and admitted to the second degree of Masonry, February, 1763; Enefer had been "admitted a brother and raised a fellow-craft," November 1762, by which we may conclude that a much longer interval elapsed between the passing and raising, than is now deemed necessary, in the one case ten months, and in the other more than twelve months being the period allowed to pass before the brethren were deemed eligible

for the Master's degree. It does not appear, however, that there was any fixed rule upon the subject. Bro. James Clements, a visitor who had previously attended the lodge in October, 1763, was "raised a Master" at the lodge meeting, 20th February, 1764. At the previous lodge Wm. Swain, schoolmaster, of Woodbridge, was balloted for, and unanimously approved of, for initiation; and at the following one Gardiner Whiteside, of Yarmouth Ship (probably a publican, let us hope not a sinner), was duly balloted for, and was made the next meeting. In June, 1764, Thos. Buck was balloted for, accepted, and "immediately raised a fellow craft," the term *passed* apparently not being used at this period. Several foreigners appear to have visited the British Union from time to time, as we may gather from the mention of such visiting brethren as Peter Mitaux, who subsequently joined the lodge, Benjamin Didior, Jasper Fatry (in another place spelt Fætus), Arnold Grownwald, &c.

Gardiner Whiteside, made in June, was raised to the third degree of Masonry in September, 1764, which seems conclusively to show that there was no settled rule as to the limit of time between conferring the degrees longer than that allowed by the Book of Constitutions.

On the 17th December, 1764, there were four visitors present, hailing respectively from St. John's (we presume New Brunswick), Sunderland, Norwich and Harwich. This is the first notice of the locality from whence the visiting brethren came.

A regular record appears throughout of the absentees as well as of those present.

At the meeting held December, 1765, we find the record of the names of the Master, Wardens and Tyler, who were all elected by the lodge.

At the meeting held 7th December, 1767, William Kolly, a vizitant (sic) brother, and Thos. Woodwards, Peter Wootton, William Clarke, Joseph William and John Spooner, were all raised Masters. Wm. Clarke, an inn-holder, one of the brethren named, it appears was balloted for in June, 1766, and probably was made the next lodge night, but there is, unfortunately, a hiatus between June, 1766, and December, 1767, through the destructiveness of the juveniles

who have had access to, and done their best to maltreat this old record of the British Union.

In December, 1767, there is the usual record of the election of the Master and Wardens, with the addition of that of Secretary, Bro. John Spooner being appointed to that responsible office. At this lodge Wm. Kerridge was made a Mason in due form "agrecable to ye order of last lodge night, having paid one guinea in ye hands of Mr. John Prentice for his admission." A similar memorandum is made against several names of brethren made, and we are, therefore, left to the conclusion, as before suggested, that a guinea was the fee charged for initiation, and that it included admission to the fellow craft degree, but whether it also carried the candidate through the third degree is not made manifest. Certain it is that the fee charged was very much less than at present. Mr. Robert Easter, of Walton-on-the-Naze, was balloted for, and duly elected, made an entered apprentice, and "past" fellow-craft, July 21st, 1768. This is the first record of the word *passed* as applied to the F. C. degree. At the regular meeting on the 20th February, 1769, we find that Bro. William Kerridge *was proposed to be raised Master* next lodge night (he was subsequently made M.M. in April), from which it would appear that brethren did not as a matter of right go forward to the third degree, but were, in some measure, dependent upon the goodwill of the lodge, and we will suppose their own merits for advancement in the order. Kerridge had been made in May, 1768. From an entry made in the minute book it would appear that the meeting on the 20th March, 1769, was held at the Green Man, a hostelry which probably at that time held a much better position than it does now, as it is a very humble tavern. At the next meeting, held on the third April, in the same year, the following important note occurs:

"At this lodge it was agreed that the incorporating the Society of Free and Accepted Masons would be of general benefit, and past this lodge *nemine contradicente*, and the instrument for that purpose was signed accordingly."

As our readers know, however, the Freemasons as a society have never been incorporated yet, except, we understand, the

Supreme Council of the 33°, A. & A. Rite, which, we believe, was registered a year or two since. Touching this excerpt we are reminded that in 1771, a bill was brought into Parliament by the Honourable Charles Dillon, the Deputy Grand Master, for incorporating the Society by Act of Parliament; but on the second reading of the Bill, it having been opposed by Mr. Onslow, at the desire of several brethren who had petitioned the House against it, Mr. Dillon moved to postpone the consideration of it "sine die," thus the design of an incorporation fell to the ground. There are some who still think, however, ourselves amongst the number, that the resolution of the members of the British Union was a good one, and the incorporation of the craft a consummation devoutly to be wished.

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter IV.

Paris, 5th March, 1790.

THE affair of the Colonies is referred to Monday. The fermentation it had occasioned begins to subside, and such is the versatility of the people of this country, that the first moment of inquietude past, they seem to forget in some new occupation the ruin that threatened them an instant before. I can compare them only to a nest of emmets which the foot of the traveller disturbs. But the comparison will only hold good as far as the agitation and ferment of the little multitude who crowd to behold the destruction of their habitation; the calm patience, and attentive labour with which they repair their mined edifice makes no part of the national character of Frenchmen.*

Mirabeau read at the Club des Jacobins a most violent and elegant harangue on the immutable right of all the negroes to freedom. He was conjured not to deliver it on

* Recent events have shown that the writer of this letter did not correctly appreciate the real force and stability of the French national character. Of it you may surely say "magnus in propositis, in adactu major."

the present occasion, and for once he sacrificed his vanity to the views of his party. Monday is the day fixed for the final discussion; but I cannot conceive that on Monday it will not be referred till another Monday, and so on from day to day.

There is one extraordinary fact which I am not wise enough to resolve. The majorities of the Democrats when a question is decided by collecting the number of votes is always small, perhaps twenty; on the last division relative to the slave trade the numbers were 315 to 338, and on no division does it appear that the number of deputies who vote exceed 700; and yet all maintain that the Assembly consists at present of 1000; therefore, there are 300 whom when their opinion is likely to be publicly known, absent themselves.

The Parliament of Bordeaux are ordered to the Bar of the Assembly. The Parliament of Tholouse have issued an Arrêt of the same tendency, but they are not yet denoncé. The Club des Jacobins is at this moment divided in two factions, that of Mirabeau and La Fayette; the latter with all his insidious moderation, I take to be *un plus grand scelerat* than he is supposed to be. The night of the 6th of October will always exist as a proof of his incapacity or his guilt; that Mirabeau should be obnoxious to him I can easily conceive, but why Monsieur should be inculpated I cannot tell. It is true that in his heart he is strongly attached to the Aristocrats, but too timid to act, he remains quiet in his own palace. He is clever, but his brother despises his abilities, and formerly the Queen and himself were open enemies. I have entered into a discussion before I have given the argument on which it is founded. A report is whispered about from ear to ear that Mirabeau has received from Monsieur 300,000 ecus, but as the folly of the assertion would be too barefaced if any reason was assigned, none is even whispered. Is it to conceal the past Monsieur had in the pretended plot of M. de Favras. For my own part I guess the report is spread by La Fayette with a view to cast suspicions on Mirabeau, and to intimidate Monsieur to such a degree as to make him fly, and then to reallume the sinking fanaticism of the people with new plots, new treasons and new murders.

Paris again begins to swarm with those numerous banditti, who first began the

revolution, and who had for some time past absented themselves. The return of the Duke of Orleans is mentioned. Even the neighbourhood of the capital is infested by large troops of armed smugglers who enter their goods by force, not by cunning. Scarce a day passes without some skirmish; they are often repulsed, but never vanquished.

Mirabeau declared the night before last at the Club des Jacobins, that he had *un motion effrayant a faire. Un motion* which made his blood run cold. This man only wants the courage of Cromwell. As he neither mentioned the time, or purport of this dreadful menace, he certainly has hopes that it will produce some effect which may justify his pretended regret.

I certainly frequent the houses more of those inclined to Aristocratic than Democratic principles, yet even in the latter I always find a greater number of the former, though they, Democrats, are violent and intolerant. The tradesmen openly avow their discontent; none think themselves obliged to any degree of moderation in their abuse of the Assembly. I can affirm that I have never been in any house where the majority of the company were not Aristocrats; and many of those who professed moderate or Democratic principles have since joined the Aristocratic standard. The petition of the City of Paris relative to the Caisse D'Escompte is referred to a distant day. The politicians of the Palais Royal begin to dissent against it.

The tumults of the provinces seem to diminish.

BYE-LAWS OF THE YORK LODGE, No. 236.

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BY THE EDITOR.

FIRST NOTICE.

WE have perused with much pleasure this valuable little Lodge History, and which reflects great credit on its two able compilers, Bro. John Todd, P.M., and Bro. William Cowling, P.M.

Bro. John Todd gives us a very interesting "resumé" of the History of the Lodge "per se;" while Bro. William Cowling supplies us with a very lucid narration of the Annals of the Grand Lodge of York. We will take them "seriatim."

With regard to the Grand Lodge Bro. John Todd says:—"Previous to 1761, no attempt was made to establish a lodge in the City of York under any other jurisdiction than that of the ancient Grand Lodge. In that year a warrant was issued by the Grand Lodge (modern) of London, to hold a lodge at the Punch Bowl Inn, Stonegate, which had a very brief existence. Another lodge, called the "Rockingham," was also constituted by the same authority with a like result; and a third, under the title of the "Apollo" Lodge (which met at the George Inn, Coney Street), was likewise constituted by the same Grand Lodge in 1773, and continued until about the year 1813, when it became extinct.

"It may seem somewhat surprising that, with a Grand Lodge in existence in York, application should have been made to the authorities in London for the constitution of the lodges above referred to. In all probability, the adoption of such a course arose from the fact that whilst Masonry in the south of England during the latter half of the eighteenth century was making rapid progress, in the north it had for some time past been gradually declining, and the Grand Lodge of all England was, in consequence, in a decaying condition.

"Notwithstanding the encroachment upon its jurisdiction by the Grand Lodge of London, a fraternal feeling existed between the old Grand Lodge and the lodges so constituted, as appears from the circumstance, that on the decease of Bro. Martin Croft, a member of the Grand Lodge of York, in February, 1780, a notice was sent by that body inviting all free and accepted Masons in York to attend his funeral, and two of the lodges, under the constitution of the Grand Lodge of London, took part with the old Grand Lodge in the funeral procession, the expenses of the interment being borne jointly.

"The meetings of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the whole of Yorkshire were held in York from 1738 (the date when the first Provincial Grand Master was appointed by the Grand Lodge of London), until the year 1821, when the county was divided into two provinces, and from that period for the Province of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire until 1835, since which time the meetings of the latter province (which includes York in its Masonic

jurisdiction), have been held in the various lodges of the province, and at York in the years 1836, 1838, 1841, 1843, 1848, 1851, 1856, 1864, and 1874.

"On the 30th April, 1777, a petition was presented to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Yorkshire, signed by Joseph Jones, John Preston, John Stephenson, Thomas Denton, William Walker, William Thompson and John Storr, desiring a Constitution for a lodge to be held at Lockwood's Coffee House, York, to meet on the first Monday in every month during the summer half-year, and the first and third Mondays in the winter. In consequence of this application a Dispensation was, in the first instance granted to the petitioners, viz., on the 20th of June following, to hold regular lodges until a Constitution was obtained. Under this Dispensation the first lodge (being a lodge of emergency), was held on the date of the Dispensation, there being present Joseph Jones, Master; Thomas Denton, S.W.; John Stephenson, J.W.; William Thompson, Secretary; John Preston, and William Walker.

"The Warrant of Constitution was issued in July, 1777, by Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart., Provincial Grand Master for the County and City of York, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England (London), of which the Most Noble Prince George Montagu, Duke and Earl of Manchester, was then Grand Master, and bears the seal of the Grand Lodge, constituting the brethren named in the petition into a regular Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, under the title or denomination of the "Union Lodge," to be held at Lockwood's Coffee House, in Micklegate, in the city of York, and appointing Joseph Jones, Master; Thomas Denton, S.W.; and John Stephenson, J.W., for opening the lodge, the number thereof on the roll of the Grand Lodge being 504.

"The officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge attended on the 7th of July, 1777, to constitute the lodge, when the before-mentioned Joseph Jones, Thomas Denton, and John Stephenson were duly installed as Master and Wardens, along with William Thompson, as Secretary. Up to December, 1787, the Master and other officers of the lodge were elected half-yearly, but at that date it was resolved that the appointments should be held for one year."

Such are the main features of the annals of a very distinguished body of Freemasons, and which is in fact one of the most historic of our English Lodges. It has undergone since that date the usual vicissitudes of lodge life; it has had its days of sunshine and of cloud; its seasons of prosperity and adversity; its hours of decadence, and its "times of refreshing." We are happy to know that it now numbers 140 members, and we echo the truly Masonic aspiration of Bro. Todd, that "this representative of Masonry in the ancient city of York may long continue to flourish, and may be the instrument of disseminating the great and glorious principles of our noble institution to future generations."

We said before that the lodge was an historic lodge, for as Bro. Todd remarks: "All the Minute Books (dating from its establishment), and other documents of the lodge, have been preserved with scrupulous care, and are now in its custody. Having been for many years the only Masonic body in the city of York, the York Lodge is generally considered the lineal representative of the Ancient Grand Lodge of all England, and in consequence, many important and invaluable documents, Minute Books, jewels, furniture, paintings, and other property of that ancient lodge, have been transferred thereto, and are now in its possession."

Its history is, therefore, very valuable and interesting to all who, like ourselves, are glad to witness reasonable and authentic narratives of lodge life and work, and origin, take the place of our looser statements of the past, and furnishing the Masonic student of to-day with facts instead of fiction, with truth instead of myth.

We heartily thank Bro. Todd for his able sketch, and we shall recur to Bro. Cowling's interesting history of the "Grand Lodge of England" next month, quite concurring in the well-merited tribute of respect which Bro. Todd pays to that very worthy brother, when he says: "To Bro. Cowling, P.M., one of the oldest members of the lodge, and for many years its treasurer, the brethren are greatly indebted for his valuable services. His active exertions have been mainly instrumental in securing for the York Masons the commodious and elegant structure in which to exercise the mysteries and privileges of the Craft."

Having ourselves experienced his courtesy more than once, and availed ourselves of his Masonic lore, we are pleased to conclude the first part of our review with these appropriate words.

HOPE.

Bright star of human life,
 What pleasant gifts are thine,
 In every scene of strife,
 Those earthly joys which twine,
 Around each faltering heart,
 And man's own restless will,
 Through the hours which depart,
 And all of good or ill.

Thou canst soothe and cheer and bless,
 And soften and beguile,
 And lighten up distress,
 With thy own endearing smile.
 Thou canst throw a gleam of glory,
 And brightness on our way;
 And illumine life's faded story,
 With an unearthly ray.

To thee we lingering turn,
 As hours and friendship fail,
 Through glowing thoughts which burn,
 Sad disappointment's tale!
 To thee we look in trust,
 From our cradle to our grave;
 As we find that all is dust,
 And Time can nothing save.

O Hope! divinely given,
 By the great Architect of all
 To man from heaven riven,
 By the sad hour of Fall,
 To cheer us on our road,
 Which leads o'er vale and hill;
 Till in a bright abode,
 Our weary feet are still.

Then, Hope, thou shalt give place,
 To never-ending love;
 That all undying grace,
 Which gilds thy heaven above;
 And then thy labours o'er,
 Thy blessed mission done,
 Man stands upon that shore,
 Where God and he are one.

A. F. A. W.

MR. BOGGS A MASON.

BY BOAZ.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs were living a quiet life in one of our retired streets. He had recently joined the Masons, and as a matter of course attended the lodge with enthusiasm. Like all beginners he goes to lodge every night. If there were double the nights every week he would have an engagement for every night; in fact, there are not evenings for Boggs to get around, and Mrs. Boggs doesn't like it. He tells her when he gets home, that at nine o'clock at lodge they had the first degree; at ten, the second; eleven, the third; at twelve, the fourth. As there are only three degrees, he tells her the fourth is a supplementary one, and sometimes it takes until one o'clock, on special occasions to confer it; that it is a beautiful degree, and, oh, how he wishes she could see it. She naturally wishes she could, curiosity is immense with certain people. Whether this is a leading characteristic of the ladies it is not the purpose of the writer to determine, but as Boggs is a man of undoubted veracity it is supposed she believed every word he said; however, time will tell.

By observing the manner Mrs. B. addresses her lord and master, you always tell what kind of humour she is in, when it's "Boggsy," how sweet—sugar is a mild comparison; when it's "Mr. Boggs," look out—there may be trouble brewing; the coast is not clear; but when it's "*Boggs*," it's a never failing indication that a storm is imminent, a regular old-fashioned typhoon. Boggs knows the condition of a Chinese port after one of those terrible battles of the elements, and he takes the necessary precaution that his household shall not meet a similar fate.

The other evening our brother got home quite early, and gave as a reason that at lodge they had the first degree, initiation, only. She said with a sweetness that would rend the most obdurate heart, "Boggsy tell me all about it, what you did there—I would really like to know. Of course I am not inquisitive, do not want to know what is not my own affairs, but, Boggsy, I know you are dying to tell me, now ain't you?"

Boggs (aside).—"Hang it! no I ain't, I

wish that word had choked her. What shall I do? Suppose I must keep peace in the family."

"My dear, I will at some future time tell you all about it, but you must excuse me just now, as I must go to my study and there write an important letter which I had quite forgotten."

He retired from the room, and in solitude gave himself to meditation. He concluded he would invent some sort of a story which would answer the purpose. It is easy enough to plan, but to put the same into practice is quite a different thing. He knew if he told her that they did nothing but sit around, and tell funny stories, that she would have good reasons for telling him that he had better stay at home. Then again if he depicted the scenes of Satans, horned animals, and gridiron eccentricities that are generally attributed to this particular institution, she would tell him that was conclusive evidence that he should stay in nights, and not be making such a fool of himself. Whenever he would speak of being passed to the second degree she would wonder if that meant to be suddenly passed out through a hole in the wall, as she had often seen the same done at the theatre in the pantomines. When he spoke of being raised to the third degree she would invariably ask how many feet. He would tell her it was simply a figurative expression, and meant that he was elevated, fit to associate with a king, that he was above the common level of humanity, high toned, aristocratic, that he might look down on mankind with silent contempt, a sort of mingled disgust. This was the significant meaning which he placed on the word *raised*, and which he delivered with such emphatic enunciation that she had misgivings whether or no she was a fit companion for him.

One evening Boggs came in very late. He thought he would be smart and deceive his wife, thus making her think he had not been out late, so he crept in cautiously so as not to disturb her, and moved the hands of the clock back, as he supposed, three hours, then while looking for a match and getting a light, he asked her why she retired so early. She looked at the clock and addressed him in a manner that was touching, in accents that spoke volumes.

"Boggs, do you think I'm a fool? This is early, isn't it?" He looked at the clock,

and sure enough it was early—in the morning; he had turned the hands the wrong way, and they marked the hour, three o'clock.

When we get into trouble the next thing is to get out of it, and it too often happens that we jump out of the pan into the fire.

"Boggs, this is a pretty way to treat me."

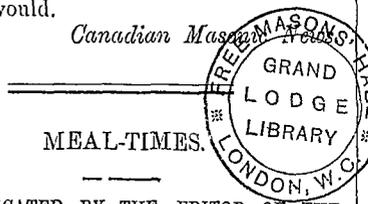
"But, my dear, we had the fifth degree, an extra occasion. After the fourth degree all the brethren went down to Killduff's bil——"

Gracious Jupiter! what had he done? Exposed himself! he tried to make the story run smooth, but the more he said the more he got tangled.

"Boggs," she said, "stop just where you are! That's a failure; you can't blind my eyes with any such nonsense. I've found you out; you can't come your fifth degree dodge over me." Quite a little time elapsed and not a word was spoken, when she continued:

"Boggs, if you will come home at a reasonable hour in future, I will forgive you;" and he was only too glad to promise that he would.

Canadian Masonic Press.



MEAL-TIMES.

(COMMUNICATED BY THE EDITOR OF THE
SANITARY RECORD.)

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven," says the preacher.

"What are the most seasonable times for meals?" is a question oftener answered than asked. Almost everybody has got a set of proverbs, dogmas, or traditional rules, derived apparently from his great-grandmother, on the subject to which he contends the assent is due, not only of himself, but of all who have to discuss the matter with him. And very seldom does he ever seek to test these rules by the experience of others or physiological science. As is the case with all proverbial philosophy, no distinction of individual circumstances is made, and the particular instance is made applicable to the universal.

It is worth while to examine into some of these current notions about a necessity which occupies us and affects our comfort at least three times a day, and often has a serious influence on our future health also. And at the outset let it be stated that any universal rule about meal-times which takes no count of the occupations and bodily peculiarities of different persons must necessarily be wrong. It is absurd to require that the duties and pleasures of existence should give way to the task of supplying nutriment; that would indeed be "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" And it is equally absurd to ignore the idiosyncrasies of individuals induced by original constitution or acquired habit. Everybody who is led to think about a subject at all, in its bearing either on himself or his dependents, should honestly and fairly try during sound health experiments on the prevalent ideas concerning the arrangement of meals, and test how far the self-knowledge thus acquired is capable of application to social and professional requirements.

As an aid to his investigations it may be stated that the physiology of digestion confirms the truth of the following general observations bearing on the times of taking solid food and the intervals between them; it being assumed that the said food is of average digestible quality, and in quantity proportioned to the reasonable appetite, not in excess:—

1. Food for the supply of the daily wants of the system is most rapidly and thoroughly digested when taken early in the day, ere the nervous and secretive forces are exhausted by toil.
2. Rapid digestion in the early part of the day contributes to the immediate demands of motion and innervation.
3. Food for the repair of the continuous wear and tear of the tissues is in less immediate request; the completeness of its solution is of more importance than the rapidity, and it is best taken towards the evening, when an opportunity is afforded for its leisurely absorption during sleep.
4. The duration of digestion bears a proportion to the quantity of food eaten.
5. In youth the digestion is quicker, and the stomach sooner emptied than in grown-up persons.
6. Rest before meals makes the digestion more complete. Exertion immediately

before meals retards digestion, and exertion immediately afterwards deranges it.

7. Sleep retards digestion, but makes it more complete.

8. Alcohol retards digestion, and renders it also incomplete.

9. Earnest pre-occupation of mind retards digestion, and may even quite annul it.

10. Water quickens digestion, and encourages the absorption of fatty and saccharine matters; but its effect on the complete solution of albumen is doubtful.

There can hardly be two opinions among physiologists as to these facts. Few as they are, they may still clear up a considerable number of the misconceptions and contradictions begotten by the traditional empirical ideas regarding meals and meal-times. As an example, try what they have to say respecting—

Breakfast.

Let a healthy man really "break" his "fast" with a substantial meal, and not break his breakfast with irritating little nips or slops beforehand. After the stomach has at its leisure emptied itself during sleep of its contents, and sent them to repair the worn tissues and exhausted nerve force, and the blood has been ventilated and purified by washing and dressing with the window open, then is the time when the most perfect of all nutritive articles, farinaceous food, can be consumed in largest quantities with advantage. Butter also, and fat and sugar, troublesome customers to weak digestions, are then easily coped with, and contribute their invaluable aid to performing the duties of the day. For example, many persons can drink milk to a fair and useful amount at breakfast, with whom it disagrees at other hours. And the widely-advertised "breakfast bacon" by its name warns the consumer against indulgence later on in the day. *Cafe au lait* and sweet creamy tea are to many men poisonous in the afternoon, though in the prime of the morning they are a wholesome beverage to the same individuals.

Let the vigour, good humour and refreshment then felt by a healthy man be utilized without delay in eating a hearty meal immediately after he is dressed, and not frittered away in the frivolities of other occupations. Let not reading, writing, or business—muscular, political, or economical

—exhaust the nervous system. The newspaper and letters should not be opened, preferably not delivered, till the appetite is thoroughly appeased. A Christmas-box to the postman will probably set you in such a part of his beat as will keep these unexploded shells out of sight till the proper moment. Or, let the master of the house have a bag, and sufficient self-command to retain it locked till his household's stomachs are ready to receive the contents without spoiling a meal. Commercial men should insist upon being written to at their offices, and "*O Lectores benevoli*," pray don't bother the doctors too early.

As to the hour of the clock at which breakfast should be ready, that must depend on the avocations of the breakfaster, on his dinner-time, bed-time, and time for rising. Practical and scientific members of agricultural societies say that the most important part of a prosperous farmer's work, be he great or small, is over by eight in the morning. The more acres he farms, the earlier must it begin. And this is not a light occupation, mind and body being earnestly active at the same moment, moving about quickly over a considerable space of ground, and foreseeing the successful carriage of the day's labour. Many robust agriculturists fall into severe forms of dyspepsia, heart-burn, water-brash, intestinal neuralgia, emaciation, consumption, hypochondriasis, or, still worse, into dram-drinking and its baneful consequences, solely from attempting this task before they have fortified themselves by a breakfast. Purveyors of all perishable produce, butchers, fishmongers, green-grocers, market-women, etc., have laid upon them the same necessity of getting their most serious work over, and beginning the mechanical occupation of selling, by the hour when their customers are abroad. And medical men know how frequently these classes suffer from neglecting the precaution here enforced.

At the hour when these people are, or ought to be, taking their breakfast, or even later, there is a continuously recruited army of workers, purveyors of intellectual food, food as perishable and as eagerly hungered for as the last named, who are just sitting down to supper. They prepare themselves for rest, if prudent, by a moderate meal principally of animal food and fermented liquor, which they have then leisure to

digest slowly and completely, so as to repair the wear of the bodily machine by the past toil.

There should be no morning meal for them till afternoon, otherwise it proves a break-rest as well as a break-fast. There are in England many thousand persons employed nightly for the periodical press, and though the greater number, especially of the brain workers, are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," yet in their digestive functions, and the nutrition of their tissues, they do not seem to suffer more than other sections of the industrial population. When they do suffer it is usually in consequence of being roused up too early in an attempt to join the established breakfast at the established family hour. The up-all-nighters, who cannot attempt this, complain less frequently than the mere late workers.

Those who are born to consume the fruits of the earth rather than to sow and reap them, will also do well to follow the same rule that we have recommended for their more industrious brethren. It is true they do not suffer so much from a neglect of it, but they will enjoy life much more by obedience. The adoption of what may be called the French use, namely, a cup of coffee or milk on rising, and nothing else till a heavy *déjeuner* about noon, is associated with a mode of life which fails to develop to their utmost the inborn capacities for exertion, and is being gradually discredited as the upper classes in Europe come more and more to find their pleasure in work.

Commercial men occupy an intermediate place between the classes already named; there is little temptation to them to work fasting, and the current hour of the family breakfast usually suits them very well. The most frequent error they commit is that of swallowing the meal over-hurriedly, and bolting their food. They are in too great haste to get to business. Sometimes they eat too much, in the vain hope of going without luncheon harmlessly.

The balmy freshness of the morning air, further sweetened by contrast with that of a stuffy bedroom, the cheery scene of life and movement succeeding the sepulchral night, and a prevalent sensation of cleanliness and righteousness combine to make the brushing of the rising dew seem a specially wholesome occupation. But any unprejudiced person may easily convince

himself that this is a fallacy. Let him go in for a quick walk before his first meal, and compare his capacity for exertion after it with what it is if he breakfasts first and then goes through the exercise. If the weight of the meal is felt at the pit of the stomach we may be sure there is some error in the mode of taking it. Valuable as muscular exertion is to the health, especially of sedentary workers, they would be better employed in lying on the bed with the window open than in taking walks before breakfast, in cases where the meal cannot be got ready by the time they are dressed.

The drinks at breakfast should be scrupulously aqueous. Alcohol in any form, or at any time, connected with breakfast, before, after, or in the middle, is injurious in direct proportion to its quantity. It induces a congested state of stomach and œsophagus after each dose, which prevents the immediate secretion of salivary and gastric juices, hardens the membrane, and causes atrophy of the secretory glands. And this effect more surely follows when the viscera are unprotected by the presence of unirritating food that might act as a diluent. There is no surer poison than the spirituous "nip," or vinous "pick-me-up" before breakfast. In men it brings on hardening and puckering of the liver and kidneys, palpitations and dilatations of the heart, loss of elasticity in the muscles and arteries, followed by atrophy of the same, early old age and that pottering vagueness of mind which makes them in their latter years the terror of society. In women it causes hysteria, hypochondriasis, and chronic invalidism, as well as sometimes the same tissue degenerations found so certainly in the male sex. It is easy to understand alcohol doing this, when we think of it as arresting the digestion of starchy food, at the very time when that alimentary matter is most wanted to supply force for coming work, at the very time when the viscera are most ready to digest starch, and are most unprepared to resist noxious influences.

An instinctive craving for stimulants in the early morning is almost always the result of indulgence overnight. But with these miseries we have no sympathy, and, instead of the "hair of the dog," would preferably administer the "tail of the cat."

ADDRESS OF THE V. H. AND E.
SIR K.T. COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD
MOORE,

*Grand Cross of the Temple; Grand Prior
of the Dominion of Canada.*

DELIVERED to the Sir Knights assembled in Grand Priory at the Masonic Temple, St. Catharine's, Ont., on the 11th August, A.D. 1875.

Officers and Members of the Grand Priory, Fratres of the Canadian Branch of the United Orders of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem—Greeting.—The high confidence and respect of which I have been the proud recipient at the hands of the Templar Body in Canada from the period of my introduction of the order twenty years ago, and during my presidency ever since, would, I feel at this juncture, be ill repaid did I hesitate to reciprocate that confidence and respect by entering into a calm and dispassionate view of our position, and any further action it may be advisable to take in view of certain difficulties and anomalies that undoubtedly surround us, and especially as relating to our status as a grand body in relation to the other Templar organizations on this continent, they were most fairly set forth in our memorial to the Convent General of England and Ireland, in 1873. I purpose, therefore, at this meeting to lay before you unreservedly my own impressions, confidently trusting that from a wise and temperate course on your parts may result conclusions calculated to promote the advancement and stability of the "Militia" of the Temple in Canada. I cannot but be sensible that you have every reason to complain of the manner you have been treated by the neglect of the Chancellerie in England in bringing forward a plain, matter-of-fact memorial, the granting of which we plainly showed was in the best interests of the order, and was clearly provided for by the Statutes of Convent General (see pages 17 and 18); and that such complaint should be followed by impatience, and a desire that definite and conclusive action should at once be taken on the matter in England.

The resolution adopted at our last Grand Priory asking H. R. H. the Grand Master to assent to the prayer of the memorial, I duly forwarded to his Lordship the Great

Prior of England, to be laid before his Royal Highness. In addition to an official acknowledgment, I have had the pleasure of receiving communications from the Great Prior, Lord Limerick, written with his characteristic courtesy and friendly expressions of interest in all that relates to this Grand Priory, naming that he had written to the Grand Arch-Chancellor, agreeing with what was sought for by us; and he explains with regard to the delay which had taken place, that the protracted absence of the Grand Master on the continent of Europe prevented his signature being obtained to the message relating to the petition; while the lamented death of the Duke of Leinster, the Great Prior of Ireland, immediately before the last Convent General met in Dublin, had caused considerable difficulties to arise in the way of the transaction of any important business, but he assures me that at the next Convent General, to be held this year in London, he would see that there was no further delay, and that he had no doubt that a satisfactory result would be arrived at. Under these circumstances I am sure that you will agree with me that no further steps can be taken until a reply is received from the Convent General. I may add, that I have myself written to the Vice-Chancellor, in London, requesting he would send us the earliest information of action being taken, availing himself, if necessary, of the Atlantic cable; and I have just received through this channel intimation of the meeting of Convent General being definitely fixed for the 29th of October.

I am aware that total separation from the order in England has been mooted by members of this Grand Priory, caused, no doubt, by irritation at the apparent contemptuous negligence in attending to our reasonable request, but I have always contended, and still maintain, that our proper position is to continue firm in our allegiance to the supreme head of the order in England. It is not only the most natural, but where else could we find so honourable a banner to serve under as that of the heir to the throne, who rules us with the sanction and approval of H.M. Gracious Majesty the Queen. Separation would place the Templars of Canada in a very secondary position, as a mere adjunct to the Masonic body, attached to and tolerated on sufferance only, whereas we are now an

integral part of an order, great "per se," desiring a continuance of our connection with the parent stock. At the same time I fully concur in the steps taken by this Grand Priory, and contend that we are entitled to hold the position of a national or great priory, co-equal with those of the nationalities of the empire, and under the direct rule of our royal Grand Master. We feel that it is not consistent with the dignity of this vast dominion, or the high position the order now holds in Canada, and the confidence and self-reliance of its members in their own ability to sustain its prestige, to be recognized merely as a subordinate body of the Great Priory of England; and I am fully prepared to assist in attaining this end by using every lawful means in our power, while discountenancing any hasty movement that would tend to rend asunder ties we have always been taught to consider sacred, nor can I, consistently, take part in any action for independence unless sanctioned by constitutional authority of the parent body, who may themselves desire this separation.

I regret to find that amongst some of the preceptories in England much discontent and dissatisfaction prevails at the recent changes in the Constitution: objections being made principally to the omission of the word *Masonic* in the title of the order, the abolition of past rank, and change in the officers' titles; and memorials have been forwarded from some of the provincial priories to the Great Priory, expressive of their disapprobation, and complaining that the changes had been adopted without time being allowed for a full discussion by the members of the order at large. It appears to me that, in great part, such complaints in England as to the working of the new statutes are founded on erroneous ideas, and want of proper information. The mere non-insertion of the word *Masonic* in the title of the order is in no way an alteration of the Constitution, and there has been no severance of the Masonic connection, but the reverse, as the recent rule extends the Masonic qualification, and no change was made in the old law. It is useful to remember that the word *Masonic* has not been dropped, it has simply not been inserted in the new title of the order, which was necessary, because the official titles in England, Scotland, and Ireland all differed; in the same way no

new names of officers have been created; the commissioners appointed to revise the statutes have only made a choice, out of titles already used in England, Scotland, and Ireland, of those which seemed most in consonance with the spirit of the order, taking what seemed best from all, and desiring not to favour any one of the nationalities. Unfortunately, the union of the Grand Body of Scotland has been delayed; but the committee had no reason to suppose this would be the case, and took what was good from the Scottish branch of the order, as well as from the others. As regards past rank, the number of officers, who, in the course of years, carried such rank, rendered the order simply ridiculous, and which might be likened to an army of officers and no soldiers; the expressed wish in this case, has not, however, been ignored, and the proceedings of the Great Priory in May last, recently received, notify that a partial restoration of past rank has been recommended by the council, and the subject remains open for further discussion. My own opinion is, that some other way of rewarding national and provincial officers for their services during the terms of office might be devised, such as conferring a distinguishing badge for all past officers, and this, I believe, has already been under consideration.

Amongst other objections raised against the present titles, a prominent one is, "That the order, under the present designation, tacitly assumes an identity with the Templars of old, which deprives it of its legitimate claim to be treated as an integral portion of the entire system of Freemasonry." Should this claim to represent the ancient order be set aside, the craft, at the same time ignoring it as a degree of Masonry, what does it represent? It seems almost a sufficient and conclusive answer to such objection in England to refer to the last clause of the Articles of Union of the Grand Lodges of England in 1813, which provides for meetings of the degrees of Chivalry according to the constitutions of the said orders, clearly implying that the Templar degree was then considered one of the orders of knighthood, albeit in connection with Freemasonry. As this objection goes to the very foundation of the present organization of the Temple, it is of the greatest importance that you should have the fullest informa-

tion, and I will, therefore, briefly trespass upon your time and patience by giving you a short sketch of the order, which I trust will not be uninteresting, with my own impressions, gathered from my very varied readings and researches on the subject.

The order commonly known as "Knights Templar," in connection with the Masonic society, represents, and has always been admitted to represent the ancient order of knighthood of that name which had its rise in the Crusades, and was instituted in 1118; violently, but only outwardly suppressed by Philip Le Bel, King of France, and Pope Clement the 5th, by Bull of abolition, dated 3rd April, 1312, the order was not entirely abolished; its formal dissolution by the Pope, and the confiscation of its property could not and did not destroy all the brave and noble spirits who had been so long associated together; uniting themselves to other existing orders of knighthood, they perpetuated their own, and thus preserving the memory, as well of their greatness as of their misfortunes, continued their assemblies without attracting attention. The accusations by which the suppression of the order was sought to be achieved by the Papal power, united with nearly all the monarchs of Christendom, was but a cloak to conceal the actual motives which influenced their persecutors, and the pretences under cover of which they were arraigned were utterly false and without foundation. When the Holy Land was lost and abandoned after the capture of Acre, the Templars, returning to their numerous wealthy preceptories spread over Europe, seemed to have given up all further thoughts of fighting for the Holy Sepulchre. The order was no longer of use as a military body, and it was felt that their day was past. Between them and King Philip of France a bitter and undying hatred had been engendered by numerous acts of arrogance and insubordination against his authority. Their enormous wealth and great military power inflamed his avarice and roused his jealousy, as leading them to aspire to a jurisdiction independent of kings, considering themselves superior to monarchs and other potentates. On the other hand, they arrogated to themselves a higher degree of knowledge in all things, and taught in their secret conclaves, where none but the most trusted members were admitted, that the Papal power was a false

and dangerous assumption of authority over the minds and consciences of men, and that very many of the dogmas of Rome were gross and childish superstitions; they also cultivated and assumed more liberal views of faith and religion than those current at the time, being well acquainted with the ancient mysteries, the learning, legends, and traditions of the people they had come in contact with in the East—hence the Order of the Temple was felt by both king and Pope to be highly dangerous to the perpetuation of their despotism over the souls as well as the bodies of mankind, and was followed by the most ruthless attempts utterly to destroy it.

Attempts have been made at different times to revive the chivalric Order of the Temple, and restore it to its former recognized position amongst the orders of knighthood, but without any satisfactory result; and various theories have been brought forward to account for the connection that exists between it and Freemasonry. The origin of this connection has always been, and I believe will continue, one of those enigmas which will never be satisfactorily cleared up, for there is no real connection between the order and Freemasonry as regards aim, object and ceremonial, still the order, as now known, requires that Freemasons, and Freemasons only, can be admitted to its chivalry, but it is an error to class it amongst the purely Masonic degrees, a classification for which there is no warrant. Its Christian and Trinitarian character is sufficient proof of this. It merely claims to have traditionally preserved the dogmas and rites of the Templars from oblivion, perpetuating in a symbolic form the idea on which the original order was founded. Amongst the many theories set forth as proofs of that legendary claim, some writers confidently assert that the order in its present form was preserved and handed down through what are called the *Hautes Grades*, a system of rites and degrees principally derived from the ancient mysteries and secret societies of the middle ages, to which attention was first directed on the continent of Europe at the beginning of the last century. Many of them had long previously existed, although, from their secret nature and the absence of written records of their proceedings, they were but little known. The Templar ritualistic ceremonies were

most probably introduced into the speculative system of this high grade of Masonry by some of the continental members of the chivalric Order of the Temple, now obsolete, which it is said had been revived and continued from the time of the martyrdom of De Molai, and that the order thus preserved was afterwards grafted on the English York rite of Freemasonry. There appears to be some foundation for this theory, as the English modern Templars conferred for many years, in the body of their encampments, the degrees known as the "Rose Croix," now the 18th degree of the A. & A. S. Rite, and the "Kadosh," the 30th degree of the same rite; and it was only a few years since, that these grades were surrendered by the greater number of the encampments in England to the A. & A. S. Rite, on its establishment there, while they are still retained by a few of the most ancient of the bodies of English Templars. The order called "Knight Templar Priest," or "Holy Wisdom," was also a grade conferred in the encampments, claiming to have been instituted in what was called the Year of Revival, 1686, and was the religious ceremony constituting chaplains of the order. The "Rose Croix" taught the Templar his faith—the greatest and most important truths of Christianity—that by Christ and by His name only can he be saved. The "Kadosh" was instituted to keep in perpetual remembrance the constancy, courage and sufferings of the Templar Knights, and the martyrdom of their Grand Master Jacques De Molai, at Paris, on 11th March, 1313. The reception of the Templars was always in secret, none but members of the order being present; and their formulas were hidden from the vulgar eye. We have, therefore, reason for supposing that many of the features of the esoteric communications at receptions have been preserved and handed down to us in the ritual of installation, by its association with Freemasonry as a secret society.

The Order of Malta, originally known as the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, was a distinct society from that of the Templars. This grade keeps in remembrance this once famous order, and its amalgamation of a portion of the Templars, and the union that took place in Scotland between these two orders. The old Order of St. John and Malta never had

a secret system of initiation, or any connection whatever, legendary or otherwise, with Freemasonry until the degree called Knights of Malta appeared during the last century, connected with the Templars in the York rite, but quite distinct in its organization from the military and political Order of Malta then occupying that island, and has so continued to the present time. The combined orders are now known as the United, Religious and Military Orders of Knights Templar and Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta. The assumption of the name "Palestine" is only to be accounted for as the Templars and Knights of St. John resided there for several years. "Rhodes" and "Malta" from the Hospitallers of St. John, not the Templars, having held possession of those islands—that of "Rhodes," for 200 years after they were forced out of the Holy Land; and, when driven from that island by "Soliman the Magnificent," the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, in 1530, gave them Malta, where they remained until it was surrendered to the French in 1796, and the political power of the order abolished.

The installation of H. R. Highness as Grand Master of the Templar Order, and the careful revision of the Statutes, in accordance with ancient usages, has materially tended to restore it to its proper position. Few can deny, excepting those determined to find fault, that a thorough revision was required. If the order is to be considered (and what else is it?) as representing the Templars of the Crusades, it was surely necessary to follow out the original organization as nearly as the usages of the present age would admit. My own conviction remains unshaken as to the legitimacy of considering ourselves as representing the ancient Order of the Temple; and in this I am certainly not singular, for at the installation of H. R. Highness as Grand Master, the Arch-Chancellor of the order, Judge Townsend, LL.D., of Dublin, in his beautiful address, speaks of the Prince having been admitted a Templar under the auspices of a Sovereign who claimed to be a lineal successor of the ancient Grand Masters of the order, alluding to Sweden. There, it is asserted, one of the original members of the "Order of Christ," in Portugal, the name assumed in that kingdom by the Templars after their

dispersion, had received authority to disseminate the order, and had introduced it into Sweden, where it was incorporated with Freemasonry.*

In concluding this subject, I cannot help commenting strongly upon what I consider a most uncalled for remark, made by some of the objectors to the new Statutes: "That there is neither foundation nor historical legends to support the numerous changes;" and, "That the newly-created honours of 'Grand Crosses' and 'Commander' being only attainable at the pleasure of the Grand Master, will only be an excuse for exclusiveness and favouritism." I am afraid the old adage holds good here: "That we are apt to despise in others what we do not possess ourselves." This was scarcely the return to be expected for the praiseworthy efforts of the framers of the new Statutes to raise the status and dignity of the order. H. R. Highness, being next to the crowned head, is the fountain of honour, and, did he wish to follow the example of the Swedish branch, could cause "the decoration" to become civil—recognized by the state. Hailing, as we do, from that grandly romantic period of English history, the time of the Crusades, the order cannot be questioned as to its objects and history. I will only add here, and that most impressively, that while thus endeavouring to give you some insight into its history and present position, it must not be supposed there is a desire on my part, or that of any true Templar, to ignore the obligations the order owes to Freemasonry, which has so long fostered it, or weaken a full allegiance to that most honourable and time-honoured institution.

It becomes my painful duty to announce to you, that during the short period that has elapsed since our last annual meeting, the hand of the fell destroyer has again weighed heavily upon us. I respectfully refer to three of our brethren who are now at rest, and have passed from our sight for

* When the Templar Order was dissolved, Pope John XXII. gave permission in 1319 to re-establish it in Portugal. This order was secularized in 1789, divided into Grand Crosses, Commanders, and Knights, and the Grand Mastership vested in the King of Portugal. The Cross of the order is a red cross patec, elongated in the lower limb, charged with a plain white cross, both crosses fimbriated gold; this may have originated our united order cross, namely, the Templar cross charged with that of Malta.

ever. The Grand Master of Canada, Judge William Mercer Wilson, ended his earthly pilgrimage at Simcoe, Ont., on the 16th January of this year; and will be long mourned and remembered by the whole Masonic body in Canada; few have been more esteemed and looked up to as a ruler of the craft, or deserved the high reputation he enjoyed as an upright judge, a loyal subject, and a true Mason. He was born in Scotland, in 1813, and settled in Canada in 1832. He held the rank of colonel in the militia, and did good service, during the rebellion, in command of a troop of cavalry. In February, 1862, he was installed a Brother Templar in the Richard Cœur de Lion Preceptory of London, Ont., and was subsequently elected E. Commander of the Godfrey de Bouillon Preceptory, Hamilton; was appointed to the rank of Grand Marichal in the former Grand Conclave of England, and held the office of District Provincial Grand Prior of Western Ontario, at the time of his death, a very few weeks before which he wrote to me expressing his anxious wish to fill satisfactorily his office of Provincial Prior, and advance the prosperity of the order in Canada.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS.

(Continued from page 183.)

THAT old church, as I said before, has long supplied me with abundant food for fancy, and for thought, when in moralizing mood, or in lonely hours I have sought, and not sought in vain, at any rate to my own satisfaction, to extract a lesson from every stone, a presence from every shadow. And as there is no possible appearance, I believe, of its ever fresh yet changing beauty with which I am unfamiliar, having looked upon it under every aspect and at every hour, I have not, I am apt to flatter myself, been a scholar in that pleasant school altogether in vain. For, in truth, not only with the warmth of an enquiring archæologist, but with the affection of a devoted friend, have I at last accustomed myself, to regard that old familiar outline.

Just as Eothen, far away on the sacred soil of Galilee, heard, as he fondly fancied, the rejoicing peal of his own Somersetshire

church bells, so, wherever I wend my way or pitch my tent, while life itself shall last, there will ever rise on the tracing-board of memory, fresh and clear before me, the gracious and friendly vision of that dear old church.

Yes, it seems but a moment ago, that in admiring reverence I was contemplating its graceful proportions, even in the early dawn, before the busy world had come abroad, and was watching the cold, grey light creeping by slow degrees over wall and tower, bringing by little and little into clearness and distinctness, the whole stately fabric.

Or now, it is, that in the full brilliance of the midday sun, those searching rays fall with startling clearness on the long southern face, until every course, and every stone, rough ashlar and smooth ashlar, seem marked with minute distinctness in the indescribable blazon of that glaring light. And now, as the shadow on the dial faintly points to the passing hour, and the golden rays of gleaming brightness tinge church and trees with a rosy hue, a supernatural glow, as if of expiring strength, lightens up the view.

But ere long the sober mantle of twilight wraps, in its misty dimness, all of that fading brightness, and throws its pale grey haze over tower and pinnacle, wall and buttress alike.

While, once again, under the still and wondrous grace of the rippling moonlight, with flashes from every latticed pane, I have believed I saw, as Ruskin thought he saw in Giotto's handiwork in other years, the Lamp of Beauty, shining true at last. Well, just then, kind readers, as in that fresh and fragrant time before the full power of the midday heat has swept away the dew from the grass and the odour from the flower, I have watched the dull shadows flit away, and all things come out clearer and clearer to the sight, so I have, perhaps fancifully enough, loved to trace the progress of life's young morn, as one by one the early clouds disperse, and we move with buoyant steps and joyous hopes, to the fuller experience of assured wellbeing, and realized happiness.

Alas! just as the brilliancy of God's own great light has poured in golden radiance over those erect and unbending walls—and yet a passing cloud has ere very long dimmed that scene of brightness and of

glory—so, too, the darker shadows of a mournful experience have fallen on every lot and every heart, sweeping away with their resistless eddies those hopes which never have been fulfilled, those aspirations which have been buried in an untimely grave.

So, too, sunset with its short-lived splendour has illumined the scene, throwing the spell of a parting glory on all around, and in the same way we may often have seen the last reflections of a transient brilliancy lighting up the memories of the past, or the last few hours of our fitful life. Or, while as the twilight moments make all things dimmer and darker, far and near, so do we often stand looking onwards with fear and doubt, to the coming morrow. All is hazy to our sight; all is wrapped up in fog and gloom.

Yet once again. Under the soft beams of that undimmed moonlight, falling in placid beauty on hill and dale, on all nature at last at rest, the old church and churchyard seem penetrated through and through with brightness, while over the far champaign, spires and houses amid waving foliage seem like fiery land-marks to the eye. And yet all that brightness is doomed to fade—and in a moment literally all is dark and drear. How often, when all seems brightest and happiest in existence; when affection is most tender, and sympathy most ripened: alas! a shadow of darkness passes across the scene.

Yesterday, all was full of mirth and glee; to-day all is full of mournfulness and lamentation.

Time may soften, but even time can never fully heal that sudden and cruel wound, and never will that shadow pass away from our homes, or our hearts, till we ourselves shall be where no shadows can fall upon the reality of our being any more. In this way it is that I have been long accustomed to create for myself, some may think foolishly enough, a world of shadows; to call up alike from living and from dead, those airy phantoms of the imagination, and to see, moreover, in every life and every condition of man, unceasing if abiding shadows.

Yes, most true it is, that the shadows of the great shadow-land rise and fall over all callings and responsibilities alike, over the deltas of youth, of promise, of hope, of love; over the wide desert of barren

longings, fruitless endeavours, and withered expectations. There are the shadows, for instance, which separation has cast so sternly over our whole moral being, and earthly lot! We once had hoped to breast the breakers of life together; but ours has been a severed and distant existence. We have hardly met in the long flow of years; the old, familiar face has past altogether out of sight, if not out of mind. Or there has fallen upon us the blight of a sorrowful visitation. We have lost from our sides, and from our homes, those who made life itself enjoyable to us. The pleasant voice is still, the bright smile is missing, the fairy presence is seen no more, the loving heart, the true affection, the tender friendship, all are gone; all but shadows now, which once shed such fragrance and such peace on our weary wanderings, on our allotted weird.

Then, too, there are all the shadows which an accusing memory will often fling over the most prosperous worldly life to-day, the shadows of the haunting mystery which poison our purest joys; the shadows, which those veiled figures which never leave us by day or by night, throw over our pathway to-day with their mocking fingers, and their haunting remembrances of "bassesse," of sinfulness, of falsehood, of chicanery, of profligacy, and of wrong.

Some of us often live as if we could banish them from us by a stern effort of the will, or forget them in the full tide of sensuous living, or escape from them in the circle of dissipation, or the gathering of gaiety. Hopeless delusion! They follow us wherever we go, they are with us at every feast, they are near us in crowds or in solitude, they take the vacant chair at the board, and regard us in their stillness and solemn masquerade, as if with weeping eyes, and tender hearts. Thus, then, there are shadows of various sorts which belong to every individual existence, some of one kind, some of another. Who, indeed, is exempt from them? What lot of life is there where they are not? They fall in darkening powers, they hover in shrouded solemnity over the palaces of the high, and the cottage of the humble; they are near us in business, and in pleasure; in company and in retirement; in the House of Prayer, and in the domestic circle.

Remember for us all alike they have their meaning and their message. Let them

come to us all, then, and let us welcome them when they do come.

For they are messengers, after all, of another world, denizens of another land, harbingers of another state of being.

They would seem to recall to us the past with its many remembrances; to soften, to control, to bless the present with their loving, if saddened presence; to point to and tell us of that future, when all shall be plain and clear, when the fog has lifted, when the "shadows flee away."

And if to-day, for you and me, for all the toiling and troubled children of the dust, the shadows of our being still are with us ever, in season and out of season as we often think; if go where we will we cannot escape them, if do what we may we cannot forget them; depend upon it, One greater and wiser than we all are, has a good and gracious end in view, in such an abiding dispensation. As long as we live here, the shadows are with us, and float over us until the entrance of the dark valley. One day they will have left us; on that day and only on that day, in which when it at last dawns, no gloom or clouds, or haze, or fog, or shadows lower any more, but all is pure and perfect, and undimmed in knowledge, in affection, in truth, in love, in light.

W.

A THOUGHT ON A SUMMER SEA.

When the golden sun is sinking
Down beneath the western sea,
Oft there comes a solemn, silent,
Brooding calm of mystery.

And the night shades slowly creeping
Up and over all the main,
Cover up the old world softly,
So she goes to sleep again.

Then the stars shine out so sweetly,
Sadly o'er the quiet scene,
'Till the glimmering, gleaming twilight,
Comes and drowns them in its sheen.

So they shut their bright eyes slowly,
Very slowly, one by one;
And the earth awaits the coming,
Of her sovereign lord the sun.

EMRA HOLMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE
AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

IN 1850 the Romish Church had 788 priests, 587 churches and chapels, 10 colleges, 11 male convents, and 50 female convents, in England and Wales. From 1850 to 1875 they have increased to 1,728 priests, 1,041 churches and chapels, 18 colleges, 77 male convents, and 246 female convents.

According to M. Durin, the quality of beet-root is in inverse ratio to the bulk of the crop. This is no more than might have been expected; for nature is full of compensations. Thus cows that give the most milk, do not furnish so rich a fluid as the more moderate milkers; animals that bring forth young in greatest numbers, generally produce much poorer offspring than more moderate breeders; and fruits and vegetables are subject to the same law. The tree or seed which produces the largest crop, either fails in flavour, in size of produce, or in both. The cattle which are best for the butcher are not the best for the dairy. The strongest horse is not the swiftest. "Whatever is, is right."

Mr. W. H. Johnson has communicated to the Royal Society the results of his experiments on the action of hydrogen and acids on iron and steel; from which it appears that a piece of pliable iron wire, which would bear bending backwards and forwards several times without breaking, on being immersed for a few minutes in strong hydrochloric or dilute sulphuric acid, became so brittle as to break "after being bent once on itself;" and if the fractured part be wetted while still hot from the breaking, it froths, through bubbles of gas being thrown off for half a minute or more. Steel does not froth when placed under similar treatment; but the action of acids is quicker on steel than on ordinary iron. Ten minutes immersion in dilute sulphuric acid, will occasionally cause a coil of highly carbonised tempered steel to break into several pieces whilst in, and from the action

alone of, the liquid. That hydrogen is the cause of these remarkable changes seems to be proven by the fact that only those acids which evoke hydrogen by their action on iron have any effect, nitric acid having none.

The works of our immortal Shakspeare, which have never been so popular with the Latin as the Teutonic race, are now being translated into Italian, by Giulio Carcano, and published at Milan. The edition is to be completed in from seven to ten volumes. The former translation by Leoni is said to have been far too "free." Should Carcano succeed in making the countrymen of Dante and Boccaccio acquainted with the real merits of the still greater Shakspeare, he will become one of the greatest benefactors of his country; for, as Thomas Carlyle well puts it:—"In spite of the sad state hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give up rather than the Stratford peasant? There is no regiment of highest dignitaries that we would not sell for him. He is the grandest thing that we have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: 'Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspeare.'" And yet so little did the gifted and liberal-minded Voltaire comprehend this greatest of Englishmen, that he compared his most intellectual tragedy, that of "Hamlet," to "the work of a drunken savage"!!! May the people of united Italy understand him better through their countryman, Carcano, than ever the witty Frenchman did.

I am glad to see that the admirable little sixpenny "Guide to Ryedale," published by Mr. George Frank of Kirbymoorside,

in the spring of 1872, has reached a third edition. Though the notices are necessarily brief, yet we have faithful guidance to Gilling, with its Castle of the Fairfaxes and church containing "in the chancel the tomb of a knight, in the sculptured tracery of the fourteenth century, combining in a peculiar manner the monumental cross and the recumbent effigy;" Helmsley, with its ruined castle, (once during the stormy days of 1644, taken for the Parliament, but not without a stern struggle, by Fairfax) and its fine monument in the market place by George Gilbert Scott, of the late Earl Feversham; Duncombe Park, with its mansion in the Doric style, built from designs by Sir John Vanburgh, and containing some of the finest sculpture and paintings in the kingdom; Rievaulx Abbey, which was, as Dr. Young remarks, "the first Cistercian monastery in Yorkshire, being founded in 1131 by Walter Espec, a wealthy baron, who was also the founder of Kirkham Priory, and of Warden Abbey in Bedfordshire," and which I may add is one of the finest ruins in England, rich as she is in those relics of the past; Kirbymoorside, where the Stutevilles once had a castle on Vivers Hill, of which not a stone remains, and where the Nevilles had a castle on a less lofty site, of which very little remains, and in the best house then in the town, (and *not* "in the worst inn's worst room" as Pope has it,) died the profligate Buckingham; Kirkdale, with its Saxon church and inscriptions older than the Norman Conquest, and its far more ancient cave, where, besides the remains of 300 hyenas, Dean Buckland found the bones of elephants, tigers, bears, wolves, rhinoceroses, hippopotanuses, ox, deer, hares, rabbits, water rats, mice, ravens, pigeons, ducks, larks, snipes, &c.; Welburn Hall, with its fine cedar tree, noble row of oaks, and avenue of beeches; the bonny little vale of Douthwaite; Lastingham, where Cedd founded a monastery 125 years ago, when the whole neighbourhood was a desert, and where the crypt of the church is well worth a day's march to see; and Pickering, with its ancient castle and fine gothic church; all these, with some few other places of less importance, are pointed out in an agreeable manner, and the pith of their history given, for the small sum of sixpence! Mr. Frank's excellent "Guide" is very neatly printed, not

altogether without illustrations, and in a convenient form for the pocket, and ought to be (as it evidently is) very popular with tourists. Having visited the places named, I can all the better bear my testimony to the value of the little compilation; and Ryedale is a district well worthy of a visit.

If the reader examines a Map or a Gazetteer of Yorkshire he will find in the North Riding, about nine miles E.S.E. from Northallerton, and eight from Thirsk, pleasantly situated at the foot of the Hambleton Hills, the small village of Cowesby; and our Scandinavian ancestors did well to leave their plundering as rovers on the sea, and follow cow-keeping in so fine a pastoral country. When that wonderful Domesday survey was made, it appears to have had neither church nor priest, but the plough was doing its civilising work, and the others were to follow. Even yet, of the 1165 acres composing the township, 820 only are cultivated, the remainder being roads, woods, and moors. Lawton, in his valuable Collections relative to Churches and Chapels within the Diocese of York, tells us that "this church is an ancient rectory," and that "the glebe house is unfit for residence." I may add that it was a ruinous cottage, distinguished by a sun-dial from the others in the village, and has now been pulled down, T. W. Lloyd, Esq., J.P., the present patron, having made an exchange in 1868, considered to be for the benefit of the church, by taking the old rectory and giving in lieu thereof a good mill, at the western extremity of the parish. The miller's house has been converted into a manse, and the mill itself, gutted of its machinery, and the stream that worked its wheel diverted, forms an excellent storehouse for the parson's garden produce; not quite adapted, however, for the storage of the valuable treasures with which he has been forced to stow the upper chambers. For there, crammed in boxes, for want of room to place them carefully on shelves as he would wish to do—seeing that he values many of them above their weight in gold—are books of all sizes, from the smallest pocket volume to big folios, which form a classical library of rare works such as none of our universities or national libraries can boast of, and which the present proprietor authorises me

to offer "without money and without price," to any man, or to any two men, who can read them. They were the collection of a life time by the father of their present possessor, the energetic and indomitable scholar, the late Rev. John Oxlee, well styled in the "Jewish Chronicle" "a profound student not only of Hebrew, but rabbinical literature in its most remote and abstruse ramifications, well versed in the cognate languages, a great linguist in general, and an eminent divine in particular;" whom the "Clerical Journal" asserts "was a prodigy of Hebrew and rabbinical learning;" to whose unrivalled knowledge of what to most scholars is a totally unknown branch of learning, we have the repeated testimony of such publications as the Journal of Sacred Literature, the Churchman's Companion, the Ecclesiastic and Theologian, the Christian Guardian and Church of England Magazine, the American Church Review, and the Jewish Messenger, with that of numerous learned divines, amongst whom I may mention Bishop Heber, Bishop Middleton, Bishop Burgess, Bishop Horsley, Dr. Mill, Dr. Routh, Dr. Knox, Dr. Coit, and Dr. Rowland Williams, --the latter of whom unhesitatingly declared that "the late learned and reverend John Oxlee knew more Hebrew than all our generation of Bishops and Oxford Regius Professors collectively." He had mastered, by his own unflagging industry and natural ability for learning, no less than one hundred and twenty languages. Dr. Nicholl, the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford before Dr. Pusey, wondered how Mr. Oxlee could have obtained the exceedingly rare books quoted in one of his works alone. Now, though I know my dear old friend, the genial rector of Cowesby, himself no mean scholar, would part with his father's library "like blood from his heart," as we say in Cleveland, yet it pains me to see it in its present situation, and I would strenuously recommend one of our wealthy universities to endeavour to purchase this invaluable treasure, which once dispersed might never be collected together again; and I would recommend my friend to stipulate in disposing of it that it should be kept for ever distinct, and known by the name of "The Oxlee Library," so that this unrivalled collection of rabbinical and linguistic lore may be preserved for the use of future students, and as an enduring

monument of the gifted and learned divine who, unaided by wealth, gathered together in a well-spent life such a library as no other Briton possessed.

Mr. Edward Stanford, the well-known publisher of Charing Cross, has just issued a new practical Guide to Carlisle, Gilsland, Roman Wall, and neighbourhood, from the pen of Henry Irwin Jenkinson, Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies, already favourably known to the public by his Practical Guides to the Isle of Man and to the English Lake District,—a new edition of the latter being now in preparation. Some of the most stirring incidents in English History are so intimately connected with the district to which Mr. Jenkinson has become so trustworthy a guide, that his next pocket-volume of 300 pages, with its excellent map—for all Mr. Stanford's maps are good—ought to command an extensive sale. "The historical facts," the author tell us, "have been gleaned from various sources, and the guiding matter is the result of a personal visit to every place mentioned." The book is full of interesting and useful information, not only on the history and topography of the district, but there are good chapters added on Local Names, Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is, the increasing demand for good books on Agriculture; for I may repeat what I have elsewhere* said, that "he that fosters or improves Agriculture benefits the human race; for without it, the world would become a sterile wilderness, unfit for the habitation of man. It is Agriculture—or the art of cultivating the soil so as to make it produce the greatest quantity and the best quality of vegetables fit for the food of man and of domestic animals, or proper for the manufacture of raiment, of furniture, and such like, at the least cost—which furnishes us with nearly all the necessaries, and most of the comforts, of life. It has turned many of our bleak moorlands into verdant pastures, and our waste marshes, by its power, have been changed, as by the wand of a magician, from ague-breeding poison-beds, into fields waving with the golden grain." Amongst the latest publications of Messrs. William Blackwood and

* The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage.

Sons, of London and Edinburgh, I am glad to see a second edition of Mr. Robert Oliphant Pringle's able book on "The Live Stock of the Farm," and a third edition of that amusing as well as instructive little work on "Cattle and Cattle-Breeders," by William M'Combie, M.P., whose Tillyfour breed has become famous throughout the civilised portion of the globe. In future "Notes," in the "Masonic Magazine," I hope from time to time to draw upon those two reliable sources, for the instruction and improvement of Craftsmen; for the true Mason is ever anxious to make all the liberal arts and sciences his study, if within the compass of his cable-tow. To those of my brethren, however, who are more immediately interested in the breeding and feeding of cattle, I would recommend the purchase of the two books now before me, if not already in their libraries, for no farmer's bookshelf should be without them. As upwards of eighteen millions of hundred-weights of butchers' meat are now consumed every year in this kingdom, more than two-thirds of which is the produce of our own pastures, the subject is one of vital importance. The elaborate "Tables of the Measurement and Weight of Cattle, &c.," given at pages 417-426 of Mr. Pringle's sterling book must be worth many times the price of it to all sellers and buyers of live stock.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

(Continued from page 200.)

"Then it is all over with one of us. There will be a death in the family within twenty-four hours."

"I wish I hadn't come with you," said Meyrick.

"Come on," said William, now in quite a fever of excitement. "Dear, I hope it will not be John, and we parted such bad friends."

"John fell out with me to-day, too," said Meyrick; "and I threatened to break his head."

"Well, let us hope it will be grandmother."

As they approached the Plas the storm increased. The trees were lashing each other fiercely with their leafless branches,

and showers of twigs were hurled against their faces. The Plas was all in darkness, and looked so solemn and funereal that they were almost afraid to enter. William went first; then he stopped and waited for Meyrick.

"They say, too," he whispered, "that at such a time a corpse is seen lying stretched across a bier in the hall. Suppose we should see it?"

"Oh, go in," said Meyrick; "let us know the worst at once."

The hall was all in darkness; but William found the matches on the table, and was just going to strike a light, when Meyrick stumbled over something in the hall.

"Hang it—a dog!" he cried, and dealt a desperate kick at it. It was a heavy blow, and was followed by a sound of crashing and breaking, and a short, sharp cry. "What have I done?" cried Meyrick. "A light!—quick!"

The light revealed the body of a youth lying apparently lifeless on the floor. William gave a loud shriek—

"It is brother John!" he cried. "Meyrick, what have you done? You have killed him."

It was the white horse, you see; he would not be denied.

Well, after a moment's speechless horror, the two young men looked into each other's faces; the same thing had occurred to each. They were both on bad terms with John. They had killed him; they would be seized, condemned, hung. In the flurry of the moment, they did not see that the most sensible way would be to give the alarm at once, and explain things. They thought only of concealment. Listening intently, they found that no one was aroused. Then they took up the body by the head and feet, gently carried it to the woodhouse, and placing a log against the body, as if it had fallen down, they crept away guiltily towards the town, overpowered with grief and terror. They had not, however, got more than half way back before William stopped suddenly, and, clasping his hands to his temples, cried,

"Meyrick, my hat!"

His hat had blown off when they were carrying poor John, and in the excitement he had forgotten all about it. There was nothing for it but that they must go back; else they might both suffer.

They reached the house at last, and crept cautiously around to the yard. The tempest had abated now, and a wan yellow moon showed over the trees. William's hat lay full in the moonlight in the middle of the yard. He had just clutched it, when he heard a noise from the woodhouse, and looking up, saw a ghastly figure, having the features of his brother John, but clad all in white, in the very habiliments of the grave. His companion saw it at the same time, and they both darted away at their utmost speed. But the figure, whatever it was, followed them, without sound or apparent motion; each felt that the touch of the spectre was upon him. They reached the town at last. There was a light in my surgery, and for it they made like frightened deer.

I must tell you how it was that my surgery was lighted up at that time of night.

John, as I told you, had spent the evening with me, and I was heartily wishing that I could get rid of him, when as luck would have it, a message came from the quarry to which I am a surgeon, to call me to see a young man who had fallen and broken some bones. The messenger had come on horseback, and he went on to the Goat to order a car and horse to take me to the quarry, whilst I put up my instruments and so on. Among other things, I took a small bottle of chloric ether, as a stimulant, in case it was required. I couldn't leave John in the house, and so I took him with me. We reached the quarry, and I attended to the young man, leaving John in the car, and, as it happened, the bottle of ether, too. It was a cold night, and John, seeing the little case-bottle, thought it contained spirits, and, first testing it with his nose, applied his mouth to it, and took a good pull at it.

When I returned to the car, I found the bottle empty, and John lying at the bottom of the car fast asleep. Fortunately, as it seemed at the time, he had not drunk enough to do him serious harm, but the effect was as if he were intoxicated, and it would be best for him to sleep it off. But as we were driving homewards, it occurred to me that I would not like to have him at my house any longer, and, as it was not far out of my way to go round by the Plas, I determined to leave him there. When I reached the house every one was in bed,

and not to be awakened. I made up a sort of nest for master John, with mats and rugs, upon the hall floor, and drove homewards through the avenue, the white horse in the car showing conspicuously against the dark background of the night, and frightened our friend William and his companion, as I have told you. And that was how the accident happened to poor John. When I reached home, I had some medicine to make up, and hence the light in the surgery.

Well, not to keep you any longer in suspense, I may tell you that John was not killed—not even seriously hurt—and what happened to him in the woodhouse he told me afterwards, and it pleased me so much that I will tell you all about it.

He had not been long in the woodhouse when the cold brought him to his senses.

He was under the impression at first that he was still in the car, and that some one was leaning heavily upon him. This was the log, you remember, that they had placed against him. Well, he gave a violent push, the log fell to the ground, and he rose to his feet quite bewildered as to where he was. Seeing, however, the moonlight shining through a chink in the door, he made towards it, and tried to pull the door open. But the log he had pushed off him had jammed itself against the door, and was immovable. Then it struck him that he was in prison. This narrow confined place, out of which it was impossible to get, must be a cell of the police lock-up. He had been riotous in his cups, no doubt, and the police had taken him up. He was very indignant at first that he, a gentleman's son, should be treated so, and he hammered violently at the door for some time, and shook it; but finding that nobody took any notice of him, he made up his mind to go to bed.

Feeling about with his hands he discovered a kind of a ledge on a heap of roots, where they had been taken away for household consumption. It was more on the level than you might suppose, the twigs, and fragments, and chips from the chopping filled up the crevices. Still, it could not be very soft. But John thought it was the prison couch, and took off his things down to his shirt and drawers. Then he crept into bed, but found everything very uneasy.

"They don't shake their flocks out in prison, anyhow," was his first muttered thought, as he felt the sharp ends of the roots against his bones. "This is the worst bed that ever I was in: I'm hanged if they don't stuff their bolsters with chips! And they are sparing with their blankets, too," he said to himself, grouping here and there in vain for the bedclothes. "Hi! police, police!" he shouted, "come and make my bed properly." But nobody came; and then, in trying to make himself more comfortable, he seized a projecting root and pulling violently at it, he brought down a whole shower of lumps of spia wood upon him. He could endure it no more, but jumped up, and seizing the first thing that came to hand, which happened to be the log lying against the door, he began to lay about him violently, intending to break everything in the cell. The log having been removed, however, the door began to swing quietly open by its own weight, letting in a bright flood of moonlight. "Diaoul!" cried John, pleased, but frightened at the result of his exertions, "I've broken out of the lock-up; I must run for it now." It was then that William saw the ghost.

Away went John, and away went William and Meyrick, pell-mell: but John thought that the doctor's stuff he now remembered to have swallowed had turned his brain. For although he being quite well aware that he was running from the lock-up to his own home, and every step of the way was familiar to him, yet the evidence of his senses seemed to show just the contrary, and everything came to him back end foremost. There were the crags, and the avenue, and the bridge, but all in the wrong order; and the police, too, instead of their pursuing him, it seemed as if he were after them—two flying policemen dashing along at their utmost speed in front of him. How they did run, those nimble constables!

"They're trying to cut off my retreat," said John to himself; "but I'll out-pace them." For liberty is sweet, and the faster they ran the faster ran John, till at last they all burst in at my surgery door, one on the top of the other, frightening me into fits, waking up the baby and Mrs. Evans, and setting all the dogs round about barking like mad. There, gentlemen.

"But," said one of the company, "how was it that he could run like that after the kick he'd had."

"The grandmother's best bonnet came in for that. A careless servant had left it in the bandbox upon the hall floor, and it was found with the occipital part of it frightfully fractured."

"How did your grandmother take it, William?" asked the doctor, turning to the hero of the tale, who followed its progress with rapt attention, making occasional gestures of dissent.

"Well, indeed," replied William, cheerfully, "she was thankful it was no worse."
The Keystone, Phila.

SONNET.

(For the *Masonic Magazine*.)

O, the wide scope of our fraternity;
Free as the winds, which o'er the mountains blow,
Free as the dark-blue ocean's boundless flow,
As the sun's universal gospel free
To bless mankind;—such our Freemasonry.
Is't a "religion," this our craft?—if so,
'Tis void of all rash pride,—not one, I trow,
Which ventures to ascend presumptuously
From earth to heav'n, but which descending thence
To earth—like to that chaste and modest Bride
Of Heav'n, which John saw in th' Apocalypse—
Brings down to earth, and doth to earth dispense
Heav'n's choicest gifts; benevolence, allied
With kindest acts, and truth's fraternal grips.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

THE "SPECIALITE" SHERRY.—This Wine, which possesses really a genuine light and wholesome flavour, has attained great popularity, and is largely patronised by the medical profession. We find it free from that mineral acidity so invariably found in sherry of the present day. The wine has been submitted by Messrs Feltoc and Sons (of Albe-marle Street), the importers, for analytical purposes, to many of our most able medical men, who unanimously, we may say, recommend it for its valuable dietetic qualities.—*The Freemason*.