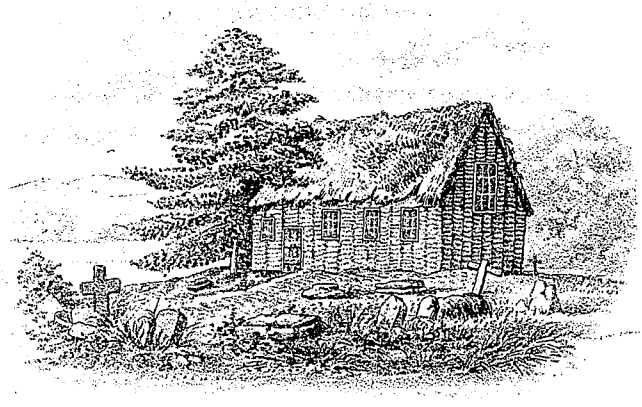

The First Church in England, A.D. 61.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal event of the past month has been the happy return to Old England of our Royal and illustrious Grand Master. After a most successful Royal Progress, having won golden opinions from all, having conferred pleasure and gained experience, the Prince of Wales has reached in providential safety the shores of his native land, to receive from all classes the most hearty and the most gratifying of welcomes! From the georgeousness of Indian receptions, from the fêtes of Madrid and the gala of Lisbon, from the pleasant souvenirs of the land of the Pyramids, Malta, Gibraltar, the grace of Cadiz, the wonders of Seville, and the solemn memories of the Escurial, he finds himself once more safe and sound in the bosom of his family, lovingly greeted by those who had long missed his presence and fondly awaited his return. Old Neptune, recognising his rule over the main, gave him a comparatively smooth passage over the *often-troubled* waters of the "Bay," and the good ship Serapis not only came up to time, but did credit to the reckoning of those in naval official positions who planned and carried out all the successful arrangements of his landing at Portsmouth. But after all, though the official element was well represented, and its duties most admirably performed, what does not the success of that memorable day at Portsmouth owe to unofficial sympathy and aid—to the ready and liberal concurrence of the English people? All classes vied with each other in welcoming home their Prince, and if any one really believed that there was any doubt as to the genuine feelings of the English people, some recent events must have convinced the most sceptical that the great heart of England still beats truly and calmly in unison on any matter which really affects the honour of the Empire, the happiness of the people, the safety of the Throne, and the prestige of the House of Brunswick. So we Freemasons, like our fellow-citizens, have joined heartily in the universal welcome of a rejoicing land; happy in thinking and knowing that our Royal Grand Master has long since found that though he has roamed in strange lands, and seen *wondrous* sights, and sojourned in palaces great and historic, his happiest "locale" and his most cherished resting-place on earth are, after all, "Home, sweet Home." The meeting of the Prince and the Princess of Wales and their children off Yarmouth was most touching in itself, and will have been deeply appreciated by all Freemasons, just as it commended itself to the honest, hearty feelings of our gallant blue jackets.

The Roman Catholics are continuing their crusade against Freemasonry. As Mark Twain said of some "gushing sheemales," in his time, "let them gush;" so we say to our ultramontane assailants, Go ahead, old boys! We are beginning now rather to like it all than otherwise, the more so as nothing will sooner convince the world that Rome is "semper eadem," and has not relaxed one iota, yielded up one "jot or tittle" either of her absurd pretensions, her absurder violence, her hopeless *bigotry*, her intolerant animus, her wish to tyrannize over the human conscience, and her eagerness to burn "relapsed heretics!" Amiable weakness! It is a pity that any State should be so ill-advised as to object to the Inquisition, or the revival of the touching appeal to the secular arm, but some States are so very foolish as to do so, and there can be no doubt that in consequence of their "invincible ignorance" in regard to the real "intentions" of Rome, or the stubbornness of their "hereticæ pravitatis," they are all booked, Princes and people, for something uncomfortable.

We call attention in another page to a very curious archæological history called, "The Glastonbury Thorn," which our kind Bro. Thomas Sampson has most fraternally placed at our disposition. We like these old legends as both poetic and suggestive in themselves, and especially interesting to Freemasons, to whom the general archæology of the past is as interesting as their own.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY THORN OF GLASTONBURY.

BY BRO. THOS. SAMPSON, F.R.H.S., ETC.

> Such songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come like the Benediction
> That follows after prayer.
>
> LONGFELLOW.

If we were to travel throughout the whole of Britain we should perhaps scarcely find a spot more attractive to the antiquary than Glastonbury; and this not because solely of its ancient relics and remains, but because those very antiquities are more or less intimately connected with the introduction and progress of Christianty. Wondrous and fascinating are the legendary tales concerning the abbey of Glastonbury, and the Avalonian Isle; fiction, fact, and fancy have each lent their aid; and contribute to the charm, and it is difficult to imagine a more pleasing task than to travel for a short time into the realms of legendary lore, especially when our steps are led to wander beside the cherished paths of our own county, "the faire greene lande" of Somersetshire. There we may trace the waymarks of travellers, more experienced and, perhaps, more enterprising, who have preceded us, and who have so throughly examined every milestone on the road, and explored every nook and cranny of historical interest, that we may safely content ourselves with a more expeditious mode of travelling, and take the benefit of their investigations on our route.

Curious records, unintelligible manuscripts, antique registers, and dusty folios meet us on our way, like an ancient and forlorn avenue of dark sombre pines and majestic elms; while romances, tales, traditions and legends spring up everywhere around, and lend a refreshing glance to the scene, as do the silvery birches and slender ash-trees which intermingle with their more stately brethren of the forest; but, alas! superstition, like the twining ivy, clings around each giant trunk and tender branch, enclosing alike in its fatal embrace the dull dry record of impossible deeds, or the more alluring mementos of a romantic and equally impossible piety.

Along this tangled labyrinth we would fain pursue our course, and both inclination and fancy induce us to turn aside into the little bye-path leading to sacred ground, even that whence arose the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury.

No traditions are more interesting, or more imploringly invite us to linger beneath their soothing shade, than those concerning the first establishment at Glastonbury of the persecuted Arimathean missonary and his companions.

True it is the over-arching network of their legendary leaves may obscure the brilliant sunlight overhead, and let us be deeply thankful that our sight is gladdened by the free and uninterrupted view of Christianity in all its beauty; but, nevertheless, we may catch a few rays of the glorious Light which gleams through the chinks, and which feeble and faint though it were, yet proved a greatful source of enlightment to many a weary soul who would otherwise have been in total darkness.

These records bear a striking testimony to the honour with which men in all ages have invested those amongst them, who, by their lives and conduct, have won their respect and esteem; and the traditions of the miraculous origin of the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury are but tribute to the courage, perseverance, and piety of St. Joseph of Arimathea, the first ambassador of Christ in Britain.

Many and various are the legends concerning this Holy Thorn, and though we cannot look to them for any large amount of historical truth, still it is not altogether idle or useless to know what they say about this famous tree.

It is beyond all question, that a Thorn has grown on the South ridge of Wearyall Hill, (now called Werrall Park) since the earliest ages of Christianity, and that this Thorn budded and blowed yearly upon Christmas Day.

All traditions agree in asserting that it sprang up miraculously, but differ upon minor points of detail; from these different sources, I gather the following narrative, which, however absurd and improbable it may appear to us now, was, no doubt, eagerly listened to, and wonderingly believed in in days gone by.

The history of the Holy Thorn takes us back to the infant days of Christianity, and we must commence with the first mention of St. Joseph, which we find in the Gospels. He is there spoken of as the "Councellor,

a good man and a just," who begged from Pilate the dead body of our Saviour, and buried it in his own garden.

For this action, says the legend, he was closely imprisoned by the Jews on the night of our Saviour's burial; but he was miraculously delivered by an angel on the night of our Saviour's resurrection.

The Jews were very much enraged at their victim's escape; indeed, so great was their wrath, that they not only expelled him with St. Lazarus, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Martha, and St. Philip, from Jerusalem, but put them out to sea in an open vessel, without either oars or sail. After tossing about many days, they were driven in God's providence, to Marseilles, a French town on the Mediterranean Sea, and from Marseilles, St. Joseph came to Britain, where he died at a good old age, after having preached the Gospel of Christ with power and earnestness for many years.

St. Philip did not accompany his fellow-exile to Britain; he believed his mission to be in Gaul; indeed, St. Joseph, himself, would, in all probability, never have quitted Gaul had it not been for a vision sent to St. Philip. In this vision, Britain was represented to him as being in a most helpless and heathen condition; and he heard mournful voices which imploringly cried to him—"Come over and help us!" In consequence of this indication, St. Joseph resolved to leave Gaul, which he accordingly did, and came over to Britain in the year A.D. 63, bringing with him twelve companions, one being his own son Joseph. An old book, "The Sanctus Graal," rather increases the number of the missionary's train, and says that six hundred people came with him, among whom were his wife and son, his nephew Helaius, ancestor of our renowned King Arthur, and also another relation named Peter, whose descendant Loth is said to have married King Arthur's sister. The "Sanctus Graal" also states that St. Joseph was the King of Orcania, and that many of his retinue were persons of the highest, even of royal rank. This assertion is, however, of very doubtful authority. Only the Protestant authors say he was sent to Britain by St. Philip; Romish historians will not allow this, but say he was commissioned by St. Peter, and not by St. Philip, whom they affirm to have suffered martyrdom at Hieropolis, in Asia, nine years before St. Joseph arrived in Britain.

St. Joseph, according to Mr. Broughton, in his "Antiquities of Glastonbury," landed in North Wales, then called Venedocia; here he and his companions began to preach the Gospel, but were most cruelly treated by the heathen King of that province. They were denied all necessaries for relief and sustenance, their doctrines were rejected with contempt, and they, themselves, were thrown into prison When at lengh they were freed, they resolved to leave such an obstinate and obdurate people to themselves, and so they came into that part of Britain now called England, the Löegria.

St. Joseph immediately proceeded to the Court of King Arviragus, by whom he was well received. The poor persecuted Missionary gave him an account of his journey and its object, which was to "bring the happy news of the Saviour's resurrection, and to offer the only assured means of salvation to all who would embrace it."

This message, gravely and modestly delivered by one filled by the Holy Spirit, and a most venerable appearance—by one that renounced all wordly designs of po wer and riches—by the professor of a religion sufficiently recommended if it deserved the hatred of that most infamous prince Nero,—this message so wrought upon Arviragus, that he not only gave St. Joseph and his companions leave to preach and convert his subjects, but also extented his liberality so far as to afford them a special place of retreat convenient for their quiet and holy devotion, and sufficient for their support, so that without distraction or solicitude, they might attend to the worship of the true God, and the instruction of those who were willing to receive it.

The retreat Arviragus assigned them was an island in one of the Somersetshire marches, called by the Britons Ynis-witryn from its colour, or, perhaps, from its position. It was a rude and uncultivated piece of land, and full of woods, bushes, and fens. In course of time, when it was cleared from its briars, and had been well drained and cultivated, the inhabitants called it Avallonia from the abundance of apples and fruit growing there; but in after ages, when the Saxons had taken

possession of it, they resumed the former title, translating it into their own language as Glastron or Glascon.

An early legend says that when St. Joseph and his companions came into England from Wales, they divided into three companies, and that only two people went with St. Joseph to Ynis-witryn. They rested upon their arrival at their destination, on the ridge of a hill, about half-a-mile south-west of where Glastonbury now stands; and in the very place where they rested, there sprang up a miraculous Thorn-tree, which never failed to bud and blow yearly upon Christmas-day, let the weather be ever so severe.

A more enlarged narrative states that St. Joseph and his little band of faithful followers landed not far from Glastonbury, and that an oak was planted in commemoration of the place and the event, called the oak of Avalon. They then marched to a hill, where they rested, being tired and footsore, for, say the Monkish Chronicles, "weary they all were." For this reason the hill was ever after called Weary-all Hill.

It was Christmas Day in the year of our Lord 63, when they reached Ynis-witryn—the first Christian festival that gladdened our isle; but not long were they to contemplate undisturbed the strang providence which had led them through so many trials into a place of refuge at last,—not long were they to converse the glad tidings which, in their recollection, had greeted some wearied watchers near dearly-loved Bethlehem,—not long were they permitted to keep the Saviour's birthday with a feast of thanksgiving and peace, for the rough, untutored inhabitants soon crowded around them, and by their menacing gestures alarmed the poor travellers very much.

St. Joseph, however, did not share the trembling uneasiness of his companions, but calmly planted his pilgrim's staff in the earth and knelt beside it. He then with upraised hands and eyes, implored his Master's blessing on their enterprise, and on the ground of which had thus taken possession in His name.

The boisterous multitude were struck with awe at the novel circumstance of a venerable and helpless old man, unmoved amid danger, and earnestly speaking in an unknown tongue to some one whom they could not see.

But they were still more astonished at the sight which greeted their eyes when St. Joseph arose from his knees. A wonderful miracle had taken place, and the staff which was planted in the ground, rough, dry, and barren, was transformed into a living tree, which immediately budded and blowed, and gave forth the most delicious perfume. St. Joseph exclaimed with tearful gratitude "Our God is with us! Jesus is with us!" and the heathen crowd bowed their heads in token of adoration and amazement. The little Christian company were no longer depressed by the difficulties of their undertaking, but were much cheered and encouraged; and the natives were disposed to regard them as endowed with super-natural power, and well worthy of belief. Visions were granted to the saintly band, and, in course of time, they built a chapel to the honour of the Virgin Mary, in obedience to the commands of the Archangel Gabriel. Steadfastly and earnestly they pursued their unwearied labours, amid much discouragement and toil; striving to bring the rude barbarians around them to a better and happier way of living, and gladdened by the knowledge that here and there might be found a soul that had tasted of the Fountain of Life through their instrumentality. This was the highest reward, save one, that they sought for; and as the little Christian band, one by one, fell asleep on earth, they met their chief and glorious reward in heaven, even to see their beloved Master face to face:—

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
'Mid peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

So ends the beautiful and romantic narrative touching the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury; and it is almost painful to be compelled to destroy the fair inventions concerning its details, and to oppose truth and knowledge to the enchanting offspring of ignorance and superstition. It is more than doubtful whether Joseph of Arimathea ever came to Britain, since he was evidently a man of quiet habits; and we can scarcely believe that, if he really had come to Britain, the writers and chroniclers of the 1st century would have omitted to

mention the fact; however, it is quite certain, that our country; indeed, our own county was under Christian teaching during that period; and it is pleasant to think, that in one part of it, green and fair to the outward eye, but painful to the mental vision from the hideous heathenism of its inhabitants, there flourished one spot where Christianity uplifted her gentle head, where the atmosphere was fragrant with sweet Christian graces, and where the lives of its occupants were in unison with the tender beauty of the surrounding landscape.

The Holy Thorn being invested with such a miraculous origin, it is but natural to suppose there would be some marvellous tales about the Thorn in after years; and a book which was compiled in the year 1716 gives the following curious details. It had two trunks or bodies branching from one root, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when "a saint-like Puritan" took offence at the poor Thorn, because of the miraculous halo Romish invention had thrown around it. This worthy but mistaken gentleman one day took a hatchet in his hand, and hewed down the larger of the two trunks; he would, in all probability, have destroyed the other, had he not been prevented in an untoward and unexpted manner. Instead of cutting the tree, he missed his aim, and cut his leg, which occasioned him considerable discomfort; and, to add to his punishment and mortification, one of the chips of the ill-used Thorn sprang up into his eye, and inflicted so severe a wound, that he lost his eyesight in consequence.

But, perhaps, the most wonderful feature of the case was this:—Puritan fanaticism had not been allowed to entirely sever the trunk from its root, and a tiny piece of bark yet held the two together; but though the unfortunate trunk could never stand upright like its fellow, and remained lying on the ground, yet it continued to flourish and bloom as well as ever; and when, after the lapse of 30 years it was taken away, and thrown into a ditch, it still flourished and budded as was its usual wont on Christmas days. But even such an extraordinary specimen of vegetable vitality as this must have an end, and in about a year, it was stolen, and never heard of afterwards.

The remaining trunk now formed the whole of the tree, and was as large as a man's body. Many peopls came to see it, and being as foolish three centuries ago as they are now, they engraved their names upon its bark, and broke off many of the branches and boughs. Now, if this Thorn had been by any means an ordinary tree, it would soon have withered and drooped under so many distinguished marks of favour and affection; but instead of this, the plucky little Thorn flourished better than ever; it drew more nourishment from its roots, through the medium of its lacerated bark, than many other less honoured trees; it spread out its arms so invitingly on every side, that cattle often took shelter from heat or rain under its friendly branches, and positively wore the ground just under it quite bare; and, spite these varied hindrances, it always took a cheerful aspect of affairs, and bore a full and plentiful crop of "hips and hawes."*

No wonder, then, that the blossoms of this Tree were considered holy relics and curiosities, and that numberless cures were effected by their healing virtue. The merchants of Bristol always carried with them on their continental trips, some leaves and blossoms of the Thorn, and sold them to foreigners for a fabulous sum, making their poor dupes believe that they were to consider themselves very fortunate to procure so admirable a panacea at even that price. Royalty itself shared the superstition, and James I. and his Queen bought cuttings and leaves of the tree at an enormous price.

But in the next reign, that of Charles I., the Holy Thorn had to bid farewell to all homage and adulation, and ignominiously suffered martyrdom at the hands of a rough soldier. During the Rebellion, popular feeling ran high against the slightest tinge of Romanism, and this military zealot, regarding the Holy Thorn as a Popish relic, cut it down, and effectually destroyed it. Its stump was to be seen as late as 1750. A monumental stone was laid over the spot where it once flourished,

* The Glastonbury Thorn is referred to in the following lines by Sir Charles Sedley. *Temp:* Chas. II.

Cosmelius charms inspire my lays,
Who fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days
Like Glastonbury Thorn.

and received so much court and attention. The stone is 4 feet 8 inches long, and 2 feet 8 inches wide—It bears this inscription—

I A
Anno D
XXXI

There are many trees now in the country and neighbourhood, which claim descent from the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury, having been originally propagated by buds and grafts.

Modern science, which has dissipated so many dreams of erroneous belief, and false philosophy, has given to this plant its proper place in the natural productions of the vegetable world, and has determined it to be the fourth variety of the Cratægus or Hawthorn. It is the Cratægus oxycantha; (from Kratos, strengh : in reference to the hardness and strengh of the wood.) Natural order, appleworts or Pomaceæ. The family of Thorns furnishes a greater number of handsome, though small trees, for ornamental grounds than any other woody family whatever. The following mention of the Thorn occurs in Dr. Withering's Arrangement of British Plants, published in 1818. Vol. iii., page 604.

"GLASTONBURY THORN. Appendages at the base of the leaves, kidney-shaped, toothed, very large. It does not grow within the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, but in a lane beyond the Churchyard, on the other side of the street, by the side of a pit. It appears to be a very old tree; an old woman (who was 90 years old in 1788) never remembers it otherwise than as it now appears. There is another tree of the same kind, two or three miles from Glastonbury. It has been reported to have no thorns; but that I found to be a mistake. It has thorns like other hawthorns, but which are but few, as on other trees. It blossoms twice a-year. The winter blossoms, which are about the size of a sixpence, appear about Christmas, and sooner, if the winter be severe. These produce no fruit.

The following particulars are found in Hearne's "Appendix to the History and Antiquities of Glastonbury," and are extracts from a religious work printed in the year 1653, and written by the Bishop of Gloucester. "The White Thorne at Glastonbury which did usually blossome on Christmas-day, was cut down : yet did I not heare that the party was punished. Certainly, the Thorn was very extraordinary, for at my being there I did consider the place, how it was sheltered; I did consider the soile, and all other circumstances, yet I could not find no naturall cause. This, I know, that God first appeared to Moses in a bramble bush; and that Aaron's rod, being dried and withered, did budde: and these were God's actions, and his first actions; and, truly, Glastonbury was a place noted for holiness, and the first religious foundation in England, and, in effect, was the first dissolved; and therein, was such a barbarous inhumanity as Egypt never heard the like. It may well be that this White Thorne did then spring up, and began to blossome on Christmas-day, to give a testimony to religion, that it dothe flourish in persecution : as the Thorne did blossome in the coldest tyme in winter, (though the sun is so great a distance might seem to want heate to bring forth the sap), so religion should stand, or rather rise up, though religious houses were pulled down."

A humble rival of the Holy Thorn was the Walnut Tree which grew in the Holy Churchyard, near St. Joseph's chapel. This tree, they say, never budded before the Feast of St. Barnabas, on June 11th, but on that day it shot forth leaves and flourished as much as other Walnut trees generally do. Mr. Broughton, who wrote in the 17th century, says that in his time the Walnut tree was still living, and continued to bud and bring forth leaves as usual upon St. Barnabas' day.

Many pilgrims paid a visit to this wonderful tree on that day to witness the extraordinary exhibition of Divine favour to the vegetable kingdom, as manifested in the marvellous budding of the Walnut tree. Dr. James Montague, Bishop of Bath and Wells in James the First's reign, was so struck with the uncommon nature of both the Holy Thorn and the Walnut Tree, that he made a present of a branch of each of these trees to Queen Ann, wife of James the First, deeming them a gift quite worthy of royal acceptance.

Curious it is to review the various influences which the same traditions and legends have exercised upon the minds of people in different ages. At one time we

find prince and peasant, the learned and the unlearned, the busy merchant and the careless child, all equally convinced of the truth of the superstition to which they cling, and taking every means in their power to shew their faith in it. At another and more enlightened period, we find that it is only with great exertion of priestly authority, that the lower orders are prevailed upon to believe the visionary tales whose marvels were considered requisite and legitimate aids for supporting the falling fabric of the corrupt Church of Rome. In our own times, knowledge and education have done much to induce and enable men to think and reason for themselves, instead of putting a blind faith in guides no wiser than their credulous followers; there exists, unhappily, a danger even of believing too little, which is more to be dreaded than believing too much; and, it would be well sometimes to emulate the teachable disposition of good and venerable Ashmole, the Bishop of Gloucester, whose remarks on the Holy Thorn we have already quoted; and, like him, we would draw a lesson which should influence our whole lives from the most undoubted fact in all the mystic legends which centre around the Holy Thorn. As the Sacred Tree put forth her cheering buds and blossoms during the dreariest winter days, so, when we see the winter of Want, Desolation or Bereavement, withering those around us, may we be ever ready to yield our share of the sweet fruits of Charity, and to cheer the needy and the helpless by kind words and deeds, knowing that

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him
That takes. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

In Malmsbury's "Chronicle" the name of Joseph occurs but once, at the beginning, when he tells us that "St. Philip sent twelve disciples, over whom *as it is reported* (*ut ferunt*), his dearest friend, Joseph of Arimathea, the same who buried our Lord, presided." Not another allusion is made to him, not even in the character of St. Patrick, which contains a summary of the history of the mission; or in the list of the "various relics deposited at Glastonbury," although that list begins with the "twelve disciples of St. Philip." Evidently Malmsbury attached no credence to the legend of Joseph, and it was not at that time put forth as one of the great glories of the Abbey that Joseph was buried there. Adam de Domerham, the next chronicler, is equally silent on this subject, and we are thus carried to the end of the thirteenth century.

The belief that Joseph of Arimathea was really buried in the cemetery appears in the fourteenth century; when in 1345 J. Blome obtained a royal licence "to seek within the boundary of the monastery of Glastonia for the body of Joseph of Arimathea," in consequence, as he asserts, of a Divine injunction and revelation made to him. The licence, dated June 10, 1345, permits him to dig within the precinct of the monastery for this purpose, provided that it be done without endangering the church and buildings, and also with consent of the abbot and convent. This is the only record left of the project, but the chronicle of R. de Boston (p. 137), under the year 1367, states that the bodies of Joseph of Arimathea and his companions were *found* in this year at Glaston; a probable mistake for *sought*. These are at least indications of the growing tendency to encourage the belief in a tradition to which, as I have shewn, the earlier chronicles of the monastery attached but small credence. On the contrary, John of Glaston their last historian, writing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, dwells upon this tradition and spares no pains to establish it.

The authority which John Glaston quotes in support of the actual burial of Joseph in the cemetery is an ancient British historian, named Melkin, who lived before Merlin, and wrote concerning the mission of St. Philip's disciples; that they died in succession, and were buried in the cemetery. "Amongst them Joseh of Marmore, named of Arimathea, receives perpetual sleep. And he lies in *linea bifurcata* near the south corner of the oratory, which is built of hurdles.

Mr. Ray, in his "*Itinerary*," 1662, rode to Glastonbury, and "saw Joseph of Arimathea's Tomb and Chapel at the end of the Church," &c. p. 261.

Botanical Description.—Di-pentagynia, Cratægus, Oxyacantha, E. B. δ Præcox, Glastonbury. (Vide Loudon's Encyclopædia, Plants.)

Cratægus, from κρατος, force, on account of the extreme hardness of the wood of the original Cratægus, which appears to be what is now called Pyrus aria, the Beam-tree. This is a very ornamental genus of small hardy trees, valuable for the neatness of their foliage, the earliness of their flowers in Spring, and the rich colours of their berries in Autumn.

C. Oxyacantha, οξυς ακανθα, Sharp-spine, is the best hedge plant in Europe, and also furnishes some highly ornamental varieties, especially the double-blossomed and scarlet-blossomed.

The fruit of C. odoratissima is very agreeable. That of the Azaroùr (âl Z'aroùr Arabic, according to *Castel* and John de Souza) is much esteemed in the South of Europe. In this country it rarely arrives at perfection.

Loudon says in another account, (Loudon's Encyclopædia of Plants, page 1204. 1st additional supplement, class XII, order 1. 1132, Cratægus L. (Kratos, strength; hardness and strength of wood.) Rosàceæ. Pòmæ. Sp. 27—27.

"Of all the genera of hardy deciduous ligneous plants in cultivation in British gardens, there is not one which, taking it altogether, can be compared with the Genus Cratægus. . . . . They are not only highly beautiful when in flower (a period which extends from the beginning of April to the end of July, commencing with C. purpùrea, and ending with C. cordàta), but also when they are covered with ripe fruit, which includes a period commencing with C. purpùrea and C. nigra, in the beginning of July, and continuing till the following spring or summer; C. mexicàna, C. Virgínica, and some other species, retaining their fruit all the winter . . . . All the species may be trained either as small, handsome, exceedingly picturesque trees, or as beautiful and picturesque shrubs, at the pleasure of the cultivator." (Arb. Brit., p. 814.) "Most of the species would make excellent hedges. . . . . All the species will grow on any soil that is tolerably dry; but they will not grow vigorously in a soil that is not deep and free, and rich rather than poor." (Ib.)

"THE HOLY THORN."

THE day is waning, night's dark shadows fall apace,
A piercing wind howls through the forest glade;
A wintr'y coat of snow envelopes every place—
The earth is one vast waste of solitude and shade.

A little band of strangers goes this way along,
Seeking for shelter from the inclement night,
Wiling their weary route with pious psalm and song,
Weary, yet singing praise to God with all their might.

Tired and footsore, and with 'bated power,
At last they halt upon a little mound;
Their leader, while the night clouds o'er him lower,
Asks help and strength from Him with whom they only can be found.

An aged man, whose hair is whitened by the lapse of years,
And tottering steps depend upon his staff's support;
Calm mid the wintry blast, and undismayed by fears,
Stands enraptured—lost in deepest thought.

And he must needs return o'er memory's space,
To that sad day, when sepulchred in living stone,
He last had seen his gracious Saviour's face,
And left Him in His silent tomb to rest alone.

His thoughts go also to that festal day,
When empty and untenanted the tomb was found,
And as his wandering fancy thus did stray,
With holy joy he struck his staff upon the ground.

And as he forced it through the ice-bound soil,
New life was poured into the ragged crook;
His staff—companion of his pilgrim toil—
Blossomed like Aaron's rod as told in holy book.

And since that day, though many centuries ago,
As each succeeding Christmas-tide appears,
That Holy Thorn still blossoms through the wintry snow,
Fit emblem of that faith which triumphs over fears. T. SAMPSON.

BROTHER ELLIS'S SKETCH OF PARADISE R.A. CHAPTER, SHEFFIELD.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

BROTHER ELLIS, of Sheffield, has done good service by the publication of the curious and interesting Minutes of a R.A. Chapter (or Chapters) from December 28th, 1783, to December 15th, 1811, working at Sheffield; and his careful and exact transcripts from the original records have furnished Masonic students with trustworthy facts and materials for a future History of Free-Masonry in that town.

The Chapter it appears is in connection with the Britannia Lodge, No. 139, and therefore from the union of the two Grand Chapters, in 1817, assumed the same numbers as the Lodge under whose wing it assembles, viz. 232 (1817), 162 (1832), and 139 (1863). How long the Chapter has been thus connected with Lodge No. 139 does not appear from the records submitted, and it is not even certain that it is one and the same Chapter all through the Minutes, though of course it may be.

The copy of certificate of date "9th March, 1806, No. III." conveys the impression that it was No. 3, whereas it really was No. CIII. (No. 103) on the roll of the Supreme Grand and Royal Chapter of England ("*Moderns*"), and its name, description and number so occur in the list of Regular Chapters inserted in the Freemason's Calendar and Pocket Book of the Grand Lodge of England 1814, "*Moderns*" (*issued* in 1813). In a list of Chapters of 1797, it is not inserted, not being warranted until after that date, but a chapter at Sheffield was working then as No. 95, and called the "*Loyal*," constituted during that year or shortly before. In a list of the regular Chapters of 1793 no Chapter is credited to Sheffield, the last number being 60. The numeration of such Chapters prior to 1817 was quite independent of the Lodges, and the Chapters *were not attached* to Lodges as subsequently, under the "Moderns."

There was not only a Regular Lodge meeting at Sheffield from 1765, but the "Ancients" had Lodges in the same Town, if not from 1765, at all events soon afterwards. In "Ahiman Rezon" 1807, the List gives:—No. 72 Sheffield, now 68, Royal Clarence Lodge, Bristol. No. 85 and 105 became extinct prior to the union of Grand Lodge 1813.

All the three Lodges had the power to hold a Royal Arch Chapter by virtue of their *Craft Warrants*, whenever was deemed desirable, not so, however, with the regular Lodges of the "*Moderns*." It is clear, then, that the Chapter mentioned by Brother Ellis from 1783, could not have been one *and the same Chapter* all through the records, as No. 111 certificate represented a Chapter constituted *after* 1796, and the older chapter, No. 95, was constituted after 1793, and therefore it could not have been that Chapter either from the year 1783. No. 95 appears to have been the first regular Chapter formed at Sheffield, and according to a MS. in our possession there were no regular Chapters meeting in that town A.D. 1783.

We come to the conclusion from the foregoing facts, that the Chapter first of all was under the wing of an ancient Lodge, and subsequently the members accepted a warrant from the Supreme Grand and Royal Chapter of England. The first Charter issued by the latter authority was in 1769, (three years after its constitution)

It is evident from the first exaltation being numbered 18, that there were 17 members on the Roll prior to December 28th, 1783, though, of course, it would not follow therefrom that the Chapter had been in existence long before that period. In two years from 1783 (December) there were *twenty exaltations.*

The Chapter being frequently termed a *Lodge* in the Records, would be nothing unusual if it were in connection with the "*Ancients*," as according to their working, the degree was simply the perfection of the Master Mason, which all their Lodges

could confer, without any authority beyond "*Ahiman Rezon*," and their warrants.

The changes in the description of the chief officers favour the idea of there being more than one Chapter noted in the Records, though the Chapters may have been preservative of R.A. Masonry by a successor being ready to supply the vacancy caused by the retirement of the previous Chapter, and there is much in the Records to prove a new Chapter was formed A.D. 1797-8. A warrant and expenses for robes, &c., are mentioned October 28th, 1798, and a subscription made of one guinea from each member to defray the same.

The style of the Records also from 1783 to 1787, and during 1788, evidently points to two different Chapters, and the hiatus in the minutes after 1788 furnishes another reason for believing that the Chapter of 1797 with its changed titles and customs was a new creation, and in all probability the beginning of the No. 111 under the Supreme Grand and Royal Chapter of England.

According to the minute of July 16th, 1786, the Officers were chosen for *six months*. The laws of the regular Grand Chapter provided for their being elected for twelve months.*

At page 76 of the Records is a list of "Old Royal Arch Masons (10) before the *present Constitution*," whichwe take toy mean prior to 1797, when the ordinar Roll of companions of the *New* chapter commenced, and which chapter of 1797 *(circa)* has continued to the present day. Its name and number occur in the List of Chapters after the union of date 1823, the number agreeing with that held by the Britannia Lodge, viz. 232.

Several of the minutes are exceedingly curious, and it is a pity that several typographical blunders sadly interfere with their perspecuity, and which it is very desirable to have corrected.

The Fee of *five shillings and threepence* paid for the degree of R.A. for several years from 1783, proves the Chapter then was not under the regular Grand Chapter (or "moderns") as its minimum fee was one guinea, and the Registration Fee five shillings from 1778.

* A MS. minute book of an "Antient Lodge" in our possession, records the half-yearly election of officers.—Ed.

The early records read more like those of a Chapter under Ireland, and suggest the thought that a regiment, in which was a Lodge hailing from that jurisdiction, was in Sheffield for some time and which worked the R.A. as recorded in the minutes from 1783 to 1788. In that case the "Ancients" would have assisted the members, as the *seceders* of England were on most friendly terms with the Grand Lodge of Ireland at that time, the both organizations being supposed to practise "Ancient Freemasonry," and the *regular* Grand Lodge from whom was derived all knowledge of *masonic degrees*, was declared to be "Modern" and untrusworthy.

The Royal Arch of the last century had many additions of a fanciful character, mainly however referring to the "Veils," the regular Grand Chapter not countenancing any but the degree of Royal Arch Masonry. The laws of 1782 provided that "according to ancient custom a complete Chapter of this supreme degree of Masonry consists of three Principals, who when in chapter assembled are to be considered conjointly as the Master; and each severally as a Master, two Scribes, three Sojourners and 72 others as Council. . . . . The three Principals and all Past Masters are styled Most Excellent, all other officers Excellent, and the rest Companions of the Order."

Z. H. J. were the titles, as now, of the three chiefs, and not Kings, or High Priest and Kings, as in the Sheffield Royal Arch Records.

During the latter part of last century, Chapters and Encampments were often held at which anything and everything were given for a few shillings, and in many cases gratuitously on the candidate being a "good fellow."

Doubtless several of the novelties practised in the Chapter were introduced by the "Mason of the World," the "*worthy Companion Boyle.*"

The excellent Grand Masters mentioned under Minute July 16th, 1788, had reference of course to R.A. Officers, and represent offices since discarded. The three Principals of the regular Grand Chapter were styled *Grand Masters.*

The Scribes in the early history of R.A. Masonry frequently distinguished themselves by their conflicting descriptions of

the titles of the Officers and of the Chapter, and the interesting records of the Sheffield Chapter, evidently form no exception to the rule.

We should like to know exceedingly if it appears from the records, by what authority the Mark Masons were *advanced* on Nov. 18th, 1810. Certainly not by the R.A. warrant; but from about 1770 lodges worked the Mark Masters frequently by their *own* authority, any legitimate number of Mark Masons, apparently doing so under the adopted wing of a Craft warrant.

We reserve any further remarks on the subject, until the second portion of the extracts has appeared, and we again desire to express our hearty approval of the careful manner in which Brother Ellis has transcribed the Records, and to thank him most warmly for his services on behalf of Masonic Archæology. The history of Royal Arch Masonry in England has yet to be written, and if other Brethren having similar opportunities, will only do as Brother Ellis has done so well, we shall not long be in want of materials to compose a history of that modern Society.

SONNET

On reading the Minutes of some old Lodges in the "Masonic Magazine."

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

O BRAVE old wood, extending many a rood;
Oft in thine aged precincts have I stroll'd,
While wav'd thy venerable arms full bold,
In green old age, high o'er a pebbly flood.
I love to trace the age—in thee, ag'd wood—
Of each particular gnarled oak, and old;
Though oaks, like kindred growths, from days untold
In many a sylvan home, like thine, have stood;
Oaks fair as thine. So do I love, as well,
To penetrate the dark antiquity
Of Lodges old as thine, old oaks; although
For periods, whose duration none can tell,
Lodges, 'ere these, were broadcast sown and free,
And in all lands as mightily did grow.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

"A good man, ... that ruleth well his own house, ... will guide his affairs with discretion."

EVEN in the days of our wise Grand Master it was a well-known fact that it was the unconsidered "dead flies that caused the ointment of the apothecary to give a stinking savour," rendering worthless by their unwelcome presence the product of all his care and skill. So now-a-days though the ship of the State may be under an able commander, safely piloted amidst the breakers of war or the sunken rocks of intestine commotion, yet in many a cabin there may be anything but peace and contentment. Now this is exactly our present position; we are at peace with all the world; happy and prosperous to a degree; but in the more private affairs of the country—indeed within our very homes—there seems to be some hidden process at work, by which our very lives, thus favoured though they be, seem to be so harassed as hardly to be worth the living. Ours be it, in the course of our investigations, to dive into these inner recesses of our national household, and to see whether to the social problems of the day, which seem to be putting the times altogether out of joint, we cannot find some solution to offer. The question that first occurs to us, as affecting us all directly or indirectly, is that of

CREATION AND RECREATION.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,"

Showed the value that the Royal Solomon put upon thoroughness; and it is a want of this very quality-thoroughness (a quality which it has ever been our boast that we possessed, but which now, alas, but too often finds its perfection only in the boast,) which is at the root of half the mischief that we have started to consider.

Work is the normal condition of mankind, and since the sentence of hard labour passed on Adam, everyone of his descendants has his allotted task, if he will but apply himself to it. None need, or ought, to be idle, for in whatever position of life a man be placed, there is certainly some

share of work, be it bodily or be it mental, to which he can turn himself, and thus play his allotted part in the great drama of life. If even it were not every man's bounden duty to make himself useful to his fellows, he would, if he possessed a rightly constituted mind, turn his attention thitherward of choice; for can we conceive a more contemptible, yet withal pitiable, object than the man whose career is so purposeless that he drags through life merely to have at last written as his epitaph —"he existed?"

In primitive times the sole object of labour was to procure the means of subsistence, but as man increased upon the earth, certain of the number must be told off for purposes of preserving order and the like; hence the origin of different occupations. Next we should find work divided into various branches, to which different branches individuals would turn more particular attention, and from this would result what we know as the division of labour. All these various divisions, again, would have to be worked up into one harmonious whole, and thus another class of workmen would spring into existence. Next we should find that as the family became families, families tribes, tribes nations, and so on, and as the resources of the countries thus spread over and populated became apparent, so would arise various occupations and ultimately manufactures. Such products and manufactures would gradually be found to be wanted in other countries than those in which they were originally produced, and thus would arise a system of barter. In process of time this bartering would not be found to be altogether satisfactory, as one might wish to sell and another to buy, whilst the latter could offer to the former nothing at that time necessary to him in lieu of the purchase, and here would arise the necessity of some handy medium of exchange, such medium, however, possessing some intrinsic value; and thus would come into existence—money.

This system of trade and commerce being thus established, it is evident that there would be necessary not only the actual producers of the material, but also the vendors of it, and ultimately those who should act as arbitrators between the various bodies of producers and vendors, and thus in process of time would arise statesmen as conservators of the wealth of nations. Such conservators must necessarily be properly fitted, by education and position, for their share in the working out of the prosperity of the nation, and thus can be roughly deduced the necessity of the existence of various grades in society, whilst at the same time can be clearly seen the truth of our proposition, that there is work of some kind or other for every man to do.

It is now quite evident that the comparative wealth of every nation would be represented by the value of its productions. The value of such productions would be regulated partly by the profusion, or otherwise, with which their materials were yielded by nature, partly by the skill exerted in the working up of such materials, partly by the industry of the manipulators, and partly by the necessity others had for the employment of the products in question and their consequent purchase. Thus we find established the beginning of the principle of supply and demand.

Continuing our investigations we should find that as the demand increased, so would the value of the article grow, unless the price were kept down by an increased supply. Again, the supply being enlarged, the value of individual articles of such supply would be regulated by their approach to perfection consequent upon the amount of skill exerted in their manufacture. Thus, the workman would in process of time be paid partly according to his skilful manipulation and partly according to the demand for his handiwork—that is, of course, if there were no unfair interests opposed to him.

Now what is the true state of the case? As we have seen, there are various classes concerned either directly or indirectly in the production or disposal of all commodities, and thus we find class interests brought into existence, for each and every of these individuals must live out of the sale of the production; that is to say, that out of the price paid by the consumer for any commodity, various shares of the profits must be allotted to the various classes concerned in its sale; such as the grower or raiser to the surface of the raw material, the manufacturer with his subordinate hands, the shipper, the wholesale agent

and the retailer. It is, therefore, in this apportioning of the profits that class-interests arise; and it is thus that the various classes employed in the production of the same staple article of consumption become to a certain extent antagonistic; namely, in that each class will certainly endeavour to obtain for itself the greatest possible share in such apportionment: and this is the whole history of trades-unions and strikes. Could men but see that this antagonism should be limited in extent, inasmuch as an exaggeration of it must perforce bring about the state of "a house divided against itself"—the interests seemingly antagonistic being in reality identical—such things need never be.

Yet that every class should unite to promote its own interests is perfectly intelligible and perfectly legitimate; "but ..... to ..... gander," and so it is quite as reasonable — to take two classes more usually prominent in their antagonism than others — that the masters should unite as the men. But whilst this principle of trades-unionism is perfectly admissible on both sides, what is grossly wrong is any action involving the exhibition of force or coercion; thus, whilst on the one hand, the men may in all fairness combine to make the best market for their labour, refusing to work at all unless paid such wage as shall represent their full and fair share of profit on the manufactured article, they have no possible right to prevent other men, if they be so-minded, from doing the work for less; on the other hand, the masters, whilst uniting to fix the prices they can afford to pay their hands, have no shadow of right to prevent their hands from combining in any legitimate manner, to obtain the best price they can; far less have they any shadow of excuse for endeavouring to compel their workmen to receive any portion of their wage in kind.

The principle of unions then is, on both sides, legitimate, yet should it be exercised in moderation: for whilst on the one hand the masters may, by unduly holding out, lose their hands altogether, by driving them either to other occupations or to emigration; on the other hand the men may, by a lengthened strike, altogether suppress the manufacture, or divert it, or the capital employed in it, into another channel. Thus, then, unions may whilst moderately conducted, work wonders; yet may they, if their powers be unduly exercised, deprive their members of occupation and capital of exercise, and by turning the stream of supply into another channel, rob the country of its sinews of strength and skill, and drain it of its wealth and prosperity.

Were we asked to propound a remedy for such a state of things as this, we should simply quote the old yet ever-living adage of One who was Servant and Master too—"do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you." To the masters we should say, "give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven;" whilst the men we should bid work "not with eye-service; and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord;" exhorting both to return to the spirit of the good old times when the interests of each were identical.

Does the master exact with utmost rigour, his measure of work? Then let him get it, but with it will go none of the kindly feelings of that brotherhood which can exist irrespective of varying social grades! Does the man extort the last penny of his bond? Then let him have it, yet let him remember that with "the pound of flesh" goes no single "drop of blood,"—the blood of common race and kinship—but, instead, the labour done and the price received, there ends the compact; and when the machine—no longer man—is past his meridian of strength, he must go to the wall, to give place to one younger and stronger than himself; in fact he has joined with his master in extracting the very juice and marrow of his strength, and, his day past and over, he must neither wonder nor grumble if he is thrown aside like a sucked orange.

Once more then, "let your moderation be known unto all men," and remember that "unity is strength." To counsel more than this is not within our province, nor would it serve our present purpose to do more than show that the apparently conflicting interests of capital and labour are easily reconciled by mutually conceding as equitable a division of the reward of labour as of the labour itself; for if toil be the lot of all, so too should be the recompense of toil: and that this toil is, we have shown in demonstrating the proposition that there is work for all to do, for

heads as well as hands; in which work he best fulfils his destiny here who, according to his station and opportunities, conduces most to the service of his God in forwarding the prosperity of his country andthe amelioration of his fellow-men.

(To be continued.)

AN ITALIAN COUNT.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

(From Appleton's Journal.)

PART I.

MISS LOUWIN, aged twenty-seven, pretty and not at all *passé*, sat in her cosy boudoir one morning busily engaged in writing, when her maid brought in a card.

"Show him into the drawing-room at once," said the mistress, "of course I m at home to him—one of my oldest friends. The letter can wait."

Brown disappeared. Miss Louwin moved quickly to the mirror and smoothed her bright locks daintily back, then went down-stairs. A tall, handsome young man came forward as she entered the room.

"So delighted!" exclaimed the lady, her face a mirror of genuine welcome, as she met him with outstretched hand. "What an age since I have seen you; and what experiences we have both gone through! You have been among the Indians, I hear?"

"And you among the brigands of Italy," he responded, as they shook hands heartily. "Upon my word," he added, "you are growing younger. When we last met——'

The little woman held up a finger warningly.

"No flattery," she said, laughing. "Don't you know that I have silver threads among the golden? But come, sit down, and tell me the news. I will ring for luncheon, which we can have just here," she added, rolling two easy chairs near the ample bay window. "Now let us be cozy. In the first place, you have been home longer than I have."

"By three months," he quietly responded, laying aside his cane. "I came home on the sick list."

"Yes, yes; I've heard all about that—honourably wounded! Which was it, the right arm or the left?" she asked anxiously.

"The left—shot near the shoulder; and but for Dean—you know Dean, our Major—I should have been scalped, for the shock of the wound made me faint. But he dragged me to the fort under steady fire; and so—here I am."

"O, Jack, what a mercy!" said the little lady, an unwonted moisture making her brown eyes brighter. "I suppose you were Miss Fanny's hero then?"

"Miss Fanny was visiting at Chicago at the time," said Jack, a sudden and remarkable change visible in his handsome features, his lips working, and a frown disfiguring the smoothness of his forehead.

"But she came right on, of course?"

"She came on—about two months ago," he said, in a constrained tones. "Miss Louwin, we won't talk about her just now."

"But indeed we will," was the astonishing reply. "I insist upon the privileges of an old friend; and I want to know what it means. Fanny Regis and you were certainly engaged to be married before I went away."

"Oh, yes; that was ages ago."

"Ages! Just two years—do you call that ages? Why, Jack, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man turned his head away so that only the outlines of the fine profile could be seen, but the quick eyes of the lady opposite took note that the lips quivered again under the golden-brown mustache and she said to herself: "What can possibly have happened to part two such devoted lovers?"

"The meaning, Miss Louwin, is this," said Jack, after a brief silence. "Fanny and I are no longer friends, and she is at present engaged to be married."

"Gracious Heavens," exclaimed the lady, lifting up both hands, and then letting them fall upon the gray, silken folds of her dress. "Whom to, pray?"

"An Italian count."

Miss Louwin shuddered. Her cheeks lost their soft bright colouring.

"I have almost learned to hate the very name of an Italian," she said, her voice falling. "Of course, my adventures have not escaped your hearing. A pretty figure I have cut in the provincial and Continental newspapers! Just imagine, if

you can, how literally crucified I have been in my feelings by all these distorted narrations. Oh, the misery of printer's ink!"

"In the article I saw," said Jack, with a roguish smile, "you were the brave and beautiful Miss Louwin, whose daring and diplomacy had outwitted the great chief of the bandits. Oh, I assure you I have been very proud of you, and if you could know how much patronizing attention has been showered on me entirely on your account—how many times I have been asked to give a description of your appearance—the colour of your hair and your eyes!"

"No! Am I then so ridiculously celebrated?" and she laughed heartily. "If I was fond of publicity I might feel a little proud, I suppose, and perhaps I should but for such exaggerated descriptions as have been given of the affair, so altogether false!"

"Suppose you relate the adventure as it actually did occur?" Jack queried, turning toward her with a more spirited count tenance. "I like to hear of hair-breadth escapes."

"But about Fanny?" asked his friend anxiously, not to be put off.

"Oh, let the dead past bury its past," he said with a gesture of impatience.

"Which means, let the false fair one marry her count, I suppose. Dear Jack, can you say that? I hope yon are quite over the heartache."

Jack winced; but Miss Louwin, sweet and pretty as she was, never used much circumlocution, but went directly at the subject-matter, ignoring the little feminine diplomacy of her sex in such personal affairs. It was perhaps, better for Jack to have his opinions, as it were, thus forced out of him, though he certainly would have borne it less patiently from any but so old a friend.

"Only tell me if she is here," pursued Miss Louwin, "when the marriage takes place, and why on earth her people are going to stand by and see her sacrificed to an Italian count, of all persons in the world?"

"Well, then," said Jack desperately, "first, Miss Fanny is in New York. I saw her at Trinity on Sunday, and she had on a blue hat with a white feather in it, or a white hat with a blue feather in it, which particularization of her toilet ought to convince you that I have, in a measure, at least, recovered from the heartache. In the second place, I do not certainly know about the marriage. At present her noble betrothed is in the city, having lately returned from Italy, where he has been settling his estate."

"Which means a mile of hills and an old tumble-down house called a castle, absolutely unfit to live in," said Miss Louwin, in parenthesis.

"They are to be married, I believe, very shortly—next month, perhaps. And now enough of Miss Fanny," and he waved his hand contemptuously, as if dismissing the subject.

"But her parents," continued the persistent little lady, "are they willing she should throw herself away?"

"What! in marrying a count?" He laughed bitterly. "How can you ask the question? His moustache is fully a quarter of a yard long, and his pedigree dates back to the Deluge. You know what a soft, easy creature Papa Regis is especially where his idol, Fanny, is concerned; and, as to mamma, she glows all over, from the top of her heart to the tips of her shoes. To be the mother of a countess! fortunate woman!"

In spite of the raised hands and mocking gesture, there was something in Jack's eyes and lips—those beautiful, sensitive lips—that sent a little arrow of pain straight to Miss Louwin's tender heart. If she had not been altogether too young a woman to play the *rôle* of matron, she would have patted Jack's head, and kissed and tried to comfort him in a motherly fashion, he seemed so like the child he used to be when they were growing up together.

"But an Italian!" she murmured, with lips depressed at the corners; "not that I would be unjust to a nation that as so glowing a past, and whose children have been patriots, not wanting in either nobility or greatness—but both seem shared most by the plainer citizens. As to the aristocracy proper, they are nothing remarkable—no better than the brigands, indeed."

"Ah, now you are coming to something I want to hear about," said Jack.

"I suppose there will be no peace for me till it is told," Miss Louwin responded,

ringing for the luncheon-tray to be taken away. "Very well, then, we were traveling through one of the small mountain-villages after leaving Naples. Night came on, and with it a storm. I can never forget that gloomy pass, which, when the lightning revealed its awful chasms that seemed to be running fire or melting lightning, filled me with emotions of terror impossible to describe. You know I am constitutionally hardy; it takes a good deal to frighten me, but Horace was quite ill, and I suffered more on his account than on my own, as his nerves were completely unstrung. The thunder was deafening and almost continuous. Indeed, sometimes it seemed as if the solid rock came leaping out of the mountain-side and crashing across our path. Every moment I expected the carriage to be blocked. At last one long, lurid flash of lightning disclosed a sight we were utterly unprepared for. It seemed in that one white moment as if the whole world were revealed, for I seemed to see distinctly hundreds of cities, and mountain-peaks behind them towering upon mountain-peaks. It was, of course, an illusion, but the sight nearest our carriage was very real—ten or a dozen swarthy, black-eyed robbers, bearded savagely, and armed to the teeth, their uniforms showing splendidly in the stormy glare, though they were sorry-looking enough in open day. I thought that, like the vision of the cities, it was phantasmal; but these were no creatures of the imagination. Suddenly the driver stopped his horses, gave a low cry of terror, and then shots were heard. O the terrible, swallowing, engulfing darkness! and we in the power of the mountain-banditti, the most dangerous and least scrupulous criminals in the world, What followed seems to me now like a confused dream. There were clashing of arms, outcries, oaths—I felt myself drawn from the carriage without the power of resistance, but holding on to Horace, who scrambled out with me. Fortunately, I could speak Italian with the best of them, and that may have made the chief of the band more lenient, I begged him to forbear violence, for my brother was ill; and, indeed, when the lightning blazed again, showing poor Hod's white face, this same leader, in the most finished Italian—the language of a scholar, indeed, and not the *patois* of the peasant—assured me that we should none of us be harmed.

"Another moment and the stormy, picturesque way was lighted by a dozen or more lanterns, that threw their lurid light through red glass on the scarred and gaping rocks, the chasms, the cataracts, the awful jagged heights; but by their friendly light we were walked up a rugged, circuitous road, and taken at last into a veritable cavern, along whose rocky walls the thunder rolled, sounding like a thousand parks of artillery.

"Fortunately for both Horace and myself my composure did not desert me. In the midst of all that was frightful, uncertain, and romantic, I managed to keep up his spirits and support his trembling steps. You know how fond I always was of the sensational and supernatural. Well, our entrance to this deep, dark cave, at the extreme end of which I could see a great fire blazing, before which strange forms flitted back and forth, gave me a singular thrill, a something akin to a wild, fierce delight—don't laugh at me, Jack.

"Besides, we could smell the savour of roasting meat, and, to one who had been fasting for nearly ten hours, this of itself was sufficient to disperse some of my most troublesome fancies. I had no idea that they intended to starve us. We were treated with some courtesy and given to understand that the attacking party did not wish to be considered thieves, assassins, or murderers.

"The strength and standing of our little company had doubtless been accurately measured, and, as we afterwards learned, the driver had been in league with the robbers. We were probably considered of such importance to justify the demand of a heavy ransom for our restoration. Feeling assured that we were not to be killed and cooked, I tried to make myself as much at home as was possible under the circumstances.

"As soon as I had thrown off my hat and cloak, and found a comfortable place for Horace, I took out—for display—a small silver crucifix which a very devoted Catholic had presented to me, and looked at it as if in silent devotion. I trust it was not entirely as a ruse, for I felt what the Christian must feel whenever he looks upon that sacred emblem.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, No. 114, IPSWICH. 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., P.M.W.S., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark), Past Grand Provost Order of the Temple, P.P.G., Banner-Bearer Royal Order of Scotland, &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 447.)

UNDER date, October 3, 1782, we find that this evening a lodge was convened by order of the R.W.M. and Wardens in order to "spend ye evening with Bro. John Blomfield, and from him to receive the benefit of the 3 L.....s, which was accordingly done to ye general satisfaction of the brethren present."

No doubt Bro. Blomfield delivered or explained the three lectures, and it is noteworthy the guarded way in which this is noted, very different to the open and diffuse manner the minutes are often kept, and perhaps, we might add, too often reported in the "Freemason."

On St. John the Evangelist's Day, December 27, 1782, it is recorded that this evening Bro. Robert Tovell, Secretary, was raised to the degree of Past Master, being found worthy.

Some of our younger brethren will be surprised to learn that it was a common custom in the last century, and is, we believe, even now in Scotland, to confer the titular degree of Past Master upon brethren who have never passed the chair. In England now we all know a Past Master is a brother who has served the office of Warden in some warranted lodge, and has been elected by the majority of the lodge to fill the chair of K.S. He is then duly installed, receiving the secrets of what are called the Installed Master's degree, and from thenceforth, so long as he is a subscribing member of any lodge, he retains his rank as Past Master and is entitled to a seat in Grand Lodge.

On the 5th November, 1782, "Mr. John Spooner was nominated to take the chair for the ensuing year; and at the St. John's Festival following he was elected R.W.M.; Bro. B. Foxwell, S.W.; Bro. Jacob Bunnett, J.W.; Bro. S. Ribbans, Treasurer; and Robert Tovell, Secretary. Thus it would appear, as has been before remarked, that at this time all the superior officers in the lodge were elected as is the case now in Royal Arch Chapters, we believe, and not as now, when the W.M. appoints all his own officers from the S.W. downwards, except the Treasurer, who keeps the keys of the money-chest, and the Tyler, who is the serving brother of the Lodge, and not the servant of the Master, as some appear to think.

On March 4th, 1783, Robert Koymer, from "ye Twins Lodge, Norwich," was a visitor. No such Lodge appears now in the "Cosmopolitan Calendar"—though there are no less than six in the old cathedral town—the youngest, by the way, being named after the late lamented and popular Prov. Grand Master, at whose installation last November we assisted, as the French say; and now, alas, he has gone over to the majority.

William Lane, Operative Mason, appears amongst the brethren present at a Lodge holden on the 4th November, 1783, and we find that this evening the brethren went from the Lodge room at ye Golden Lyon in procession to the theatre to see the comedy "As you like it," with the musical piece, called the "Deserter." The same evening Michael Sharp, musician; Peter Dogneville, dancing master; Thomas Smith, innholder; Stephen Prentice, shipwright; and William Bennett, cooper and innholder, were proposed for initiation.

On November 18, 1783, "Bro. James Garrod was raised to ye degree of Master Mason, being found worthy." This night also "Mr. M. Sharp was made a Mason in due form, and was admitted to the second and third degree of Masonry." The other four brethren noted above were all initiated, but took only the first degree. This is the first instance we have yet come across where a brother has taken the three degrees in one night.

The fees are all given, and it appears Bro. Sharp was charged as follows:—

For Admission	-	£2	2	0
,, Registration fees	-	0	8	6
,, Second degree	-	0	2	6
,, Raised Master	-	0	6	0
		£2	19	0

There were eight visitors present, and seven of them appear to have paid 10s. 6d. altogether for the honour of sitting at the same table with the brethren of the British Union. Under date January 6, 1784, we note that this evening "R. L. (of course, we do not publish the name) was expelled this lodge for unworthy transactions perfectly clear to ye R.W.M. and brethren then present, and was in due form divested of the badge of a Mason by the J.W."

On March 2, 1784, we note that whilst Bro. Bennett was raised to ye degree of a Master Mason, Bros. T. Askew, Thomas Smith, and G. Walham "passed ye chair." This, of course, alludes to the titular Past Master degree, of which mention has already been made.

Two brethren—one a grocer, and the other a cabinet maker—were initiated on the 14th June, 1784.

On the 24th of that month, St. John Baptist's Day, the brethren went in procession to St. Mary Tower Church, and an excellent sermon was preached from the 20 and 21 verses of St. Jude by the Rev. V. L. Barnard, who afterwards visited the Lodge in October. Several brethren from Hadleigh were proposed to take the second and third degrees the following lodge night. Under the head of disbursements for this night we find: To one dozen aprons, this day, 12s. What would our good friend Bro. Kenning say to such a price for aprons now-a-days. We are afraid they must have been poor lambskins, or else the price of leather has strangely gone up since 1784.

At the Lodge meeting, November 2, 1784, it was proposed that Bros. J. Gooding, W. Harris, and Thomas Smith should be passed and raised to third degree next lodge night; so that, as we have before remarked, it is evident that at this time brethren did not take their degrees as a matter of course as they do now; but each step was taken by favour of the Lodge.

Bro. William Lane, operative Mason, became S.W. this year, being elected 27th December, St. John's Day, when the festival was duly observed, and the brethren had an ordinary at 1s. 6d., dinner being rdered for twenty, and at the Lodge, here appear to have been present a deputation from the Lodge No. 426 in ye King's 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, which was probably quartered in the town at that time, the brethren representing this military Lodge consisting of the D.R.W.M., a P.M., and the S. and J.W.'s.

We note that there was paid to Bro. Foxwell 3s. for painting and gilding ye flag-staff belonging to ye Royal Edmund Lodge; but what this Lodge was, whether it is still in existence, and why the British Union had to pay, we cannot now tell.

The Lodge meeting on January 27, 1785, was convened at Bro. Higgin's, at ye Bull, Cornhill, Ipswich. Why it met here, and whether there was authority to do so, does not appear. "This evening it was unanimously agreed that no Mason who is not a member of any Lodge, and being a resident of this town, shall not be allowed to visit this Lodge any more than three times, except they choose to join and make proofs of their being a subscriber of some constituted Lodge." The English is a little defective, but the meaning is obvious, which reminds us of a reply Coleridge made to some lady's argument, "Madam, your reasons are wrong, but your conclusions are right."

Some people think that when people are proposed as Freemasons, as a matter of course they are accepted—free and accepted—the brethren being only too eager to take anybody in. Whatever may be the fact now in some lodges, it was not so in 1785 in the British Union, for we find that on the 1st March of that year Mr. L. P. (we think it better not to give the name) was balloted for and rejected, and his admission money was returned to the brother who proposed him, which brother and another in consequence, we suppose, of his rejection, thereupon withdrew themselves from the lodge. On May 30, 1785, a Lodge was convened, "in order to inform Bro. John Conder, Bro. M. Willoughby, and Bro. W. Fenton of a dispensation being sent for them to hold a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in due form at the Green Man, Ipswich, for the space of six months and no longer. Signed and sealed by Rowland Holt, Esq., Prov. Gr. Master for Suffolk.

At the August meeting, in 1785, three brethren from the Perfect Friendship Lodge were present as visitors. It was ordered and agreed to this evening by the

R.W.M. and brethren present that any visiting brother from ye Lodge of Perfect Friendship should pay no more than 1s. for each visit to this Lodge; and it is also agreed by the R.W.M. and brethren of the Lodge of Perfect Friendship that no brother from the British Union Lodge shall pay any more than 1s. for each visit to them. So a treaty of reciprocity appears to have been entered into, and the most favoured country clause of modern commercial treaties anticipated. At the following meeting it was "ordered and agreed that if any brother chooses to eat supper he must pay that expense extraordinary as no eating is allowed to be paid for out of the fund of the Lodge. N.B.—the above is ordered to be made the 25th article in ye code of by-laws." This was an excellent rule, and one that should be universally adopted, but it would have been better had it extended to the drinking as well as eating. Bro. William Lane was elected December, 1785, as R.W.M., and Mr. John Morgan, surgeon, was proposed for initiation, and on the following Lodge night the quarterage was raised from 3s. to 4s. In February Mr. Hugh Dyer, an operative mason, was proposed for initiation, and was initiated in March. Under the head of disbursements we note—"Relieved a stranger 2s. 6d. N. B.—The above stranger called himself Abraham Shrrief, an Algerine." At the June meeting we note—to a distressed brother 2s. 6d., and in the August following another note—to a stranger 2s. 6d.

At the November meeting, in 1786, we find the following minute:—"This evening it was ordered by the R.W.M. and brethren present that ye Secretary do write to Bro. Blomfield to inquire into ye merits of nominating a gentleman in the county to preside as Prov. Gr. Master to fill ye vacancy of R. Holt, Esq., deceased. N.B.—The gentlemen mentioned are P. C. Crespigny, Esq., William Middleton, Esq., and —— Holt, Esq." The William Middleton here mentioned was no doubt the same gentleman mentioned in Burke as of Crowfield Hall. He was son of Arthur Middleton, Governor of South Carolina, and his eldest son, who by the way appears to have been born this year (1786), was created a Baronet in 1804. He married the sister of Earl Brownlow. The present representative of the family is Admiral Sir George Brooke-Middleton, and Shrublands, the family seat, is one of the finest places in Suffolk. We do not think the gallant Admiral is a Mason. The P. C. Crespigny mentioned was probably the Philip Champion de Crespigny, who was M.P. for Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and died in 1803. It was his brother, who was created a baronet in 1805, he having received the Prince Regent at his place in Surrey. He was Receiver-General of Droits of Admiralty for half a century, and his son, the second baronet, who was MP. for Southampton, and married the daughter of the fourth Earl of Plymouth, was Provincial Grand Master of Hants. The De Crespignys are of French extraction, and claim to descend from the Barons de Frènes and Viscomte de Vire, who flourished about 1350.

There is little doubt but that either of these gentlemen would have dignified the office of Prov. Gr. Master for Suffolk.

The second minute-book of the British Union Lodge terminates with this record.

We have alluded to the introduction of operative masons into our order as testified in these records, and we are disposed to suggest that Grand Lodge, the Supreme Council 33°, and Grand Mark Lodge especially as being perhaps most nearly allied to operative Masonry, should foster the study of architecture in every way. Why should they not, for instance, give a gold medal away every year to the writer of the best paper on architecture or archæology, or any kindred subject, or for the best design for cathedral, church, castle, or mansion? Would it not be a good thing if operative masons were encouraged to join us by being admitted at a lower fee, and in the case of the A. and A. Rite we believe it would popularise that Rite and make it much more useful if all architects were given up to the 12th degree, that of Grand Master Architect, for a nominal fee on taking the usual obligation of allegiance to the S.G.C. 33°. Further we submit that such offices as Grand and Prov. Gr. Superintendent of Works in the Craft, and Grand Inspector of Works in the Mark Grand Lodge should be confined exclusively to professional architects or civil engineers, or to such as have made architecture and archæology their peculiar

study. We have known drapers appointed to such offices who did not know what archæology was. The restoration of churches and cathedrals and the preservation of castles and other places of historical interest ought to be a matter of the greatest possible interest to the three great Masonic bodies we have named; and Freemasons at large, if they are worthy of their descent, and believe at all in the traditions of the Order, should surely show as keen a delight in these records of the past—these monuments of history—as do the outer world, who are not Masons. But do they? That is the question.

SEA-SIDE DREAMINGS.

Sea, in its calmest ripple, breaking
Soft on the sandy shore;
Air, in its sultry stillness, breathing
Of peace for evermore.

Rocky cliffs in the distance, tow'ring
Majestic, bold, and free;
Boats, with their white sails, idly floating
Out on the glassy sea.

Sun, in its fiery splendour, pouring
O'er all its burnished light;
Nature itself, like a giant, reposing
After a weary fight.

Who that has watched a battle raging—
A battle fought and won—
Has not noted the stillness reigning
After the fight was done?

So this picture of peace before us,
Is but the calm that comes
After the storm—embleming to us
The rest beyond the tomb.

Who that looks on such scene enchanting,
Peaceful, sleeping, and mild,
Could picture the mighty elements battling
In awful chaos wild.

* * * *

A blacken'd piece of wood has drifted
In with the rising wave,—
Sacred to the mem'ry of those buried
Deep in that ocean grave.

Bro. G. H. Wyatt, 106.

Kowloongh Sands, Hong Kong,
after the Typhoon of September, 1874.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Our Young Women.

I am approaching a very delicate subject, and yet it is one which I hope to handle with due discretion. In the first place, it is a somewhat difficult matter for an old boy like myself to deal with at all; and in the next place, I somewhat fear that what I am going to say is hardly worth the saying.—Still here goes, and whether I please, or whether I displease, or whether I do neither, I shall hope to speak the truth. I think then, imprimis, that there is far too much undeserved censure cast upon the girls of the period. In my humble opinion, much that is said about them, is altogether sensational, most unfair, uncritical, and I will add, most untrue. The general idea of some of our older folks as well as of our younger men—to say nothing of decayed middle-aged old boys—is that our young unmarried women are very fast and forward, restless and insubordinate. I do not, for one, believe the averment. As I have pointed out in my last paper, the present age is marked by much less restraint and formality, than when some of us were young, and that state of things has inevitably reacted on our young unmarried women, and the girls, as they call them, of the period.

Girls to-day read much more of the current news of the hour than they did in my younger years, and much is discussed before them which ought never to be discussed at all, so that the whole conversation of society is more free, less restrained, more personal, and less reticent than was the custom in the days of my youth.

The whole tendency of the age in everything is to encourage individualism, the assertion of the individual opinion, though such opinion has often to give way to the domineering of what is falsely called public opinion. In former days our girls knew nothing of what was going on in the world, at least if they did they only heard it through their brothers and cousins, but now our young ladies know as much as we do, and often even a good deal more, and it is this freedom of general discussion, and openness of private conversation which have tendered in my humble

opinion more than anything else to give our young women their often amusing tone of independence, and boldness of assertion. And then let us bear in mind another great change, which has come over society and greatly affected our entire daily life. In former days, young women were supposed to be invisible, for the greater part of the day, but "nous avons changé tout cela."

From 12 in the day, if so disposed, our young women are now "en evidence," in the Park, at Rinks, on horseback, at Luncheon Parties, or again in the afternoon at Hurlingham and Lillie Bridge. Dick, Tom, Jim and Harry surround them with their small talk and their arguments, their "feast of reason and their flow of soul," their bon môts and their bad stories, until the conversation inevitably assumes, in my candid opinion, a very deteriorating tone. Indeed it is sometimes wonderful to realize how our girls escape from the snares which the "Circe" of this world's seductive influences throws around the gay, the innocent, the insouciant and the unsuspecting.

Nothing in truth but the good sense of our girls, a sound education, and a religious temperament preserve them from snares great and many, from dangers very pressing, and from pitfalls very deep. And there is another point which I must now necessarily notice here, viz., the state of female education. I have attended to education very carefully for many years, and I know as a fact, that the women are a long way ahead of the men. Our girls have beaten the boys by many heads. Strong-minded women may exclaim and lecturers may "howl" about the education of women, but I have no hesitation in saying, that our young unmarried women, and our young married women, are far better educated than the men, and there is also a higher sense of moral duty, and of personal restraint. It is so in all classes of society, not even excepting the humblest.

And though I know that women are the best and most accommodating of creatures, always looking on the sunny side of things, always putting a good face on the worst of times and matters, when men are cowardly caterwauling, I yet feel, and fancy they feel it too, that just now they have a baddish look-out before them. In these vapid and semi-educated youths, weak in spelling and principles, but fond of laying down the law, and dreadful hypocrites to boot, who, as the old coachman said, "with no bottom, sir, and no heart," are those with whom their lot in life has cast them. What are young women to do in such circumstances? It is no use ignoring the dilemma, nor "crying over spilt milk!" Their whole future lies absolutely with this "jeunesse dorée," this "Œnea Juventus," whose ignorance they chaff, whose manners they resent, and whose morals they despise. And hence I believe that with amiability peculiar to women—always self-sacrificing, never self-asserting—in order to secure the good will of these noisy and pretentious heroes, their future husbands and relations, to retain their interest and to claim a little share in their sympathies, poor things, they chime in with that somewhat "fast" tone and temper of the hour, which I for one venture to deem to be hurtful and even debasing to themselves. But in saying this, I do not want to exaggerate the defects of our young men, who may be better far than I have depicted them, but I fancy that though to some I may seem to have daubed my picture with too sombre colours, I am not very far from the mark.

At any rate I think I have a right to wish that their spelling might be better, and their smoking less,—their love of home-life more real, and their waste of time, money, and talents considerably reduced, whether in questionable pursuits or undesirable company. Believing, as I do, that our girls are meant for far better things, and that in themselves they are quiet, reasonable and cultured, and kind and good, I always lament to think that anything should ever lead them to comply with the "Rites of Moloch," even for an hour, in the vain idea of conciliating their lords and masters, to please that sapient and unconcerned youth, which watches their movements, and discusses their habits.

In the Club, and smoking-room, around the card table and after dinner, our young men are not chary as to what they say about young women, and none are more free than the married or middle-aged men, who look upon women as the property of man.

Call me Don Quixote if you will, but I

for one maintain to-day, that our young women are more sinned against than sinning. That they commit follies, and are often a little wayward and "entetées" fond of men, dress, fashion, society, who is not?

Certainly many of those very persons who attack them to-day, were in their time equally blamed by their elders. Indeed after all, as I have observed before, the dying generation always finds fault with the living one, such is the way of the world. Taking the girls all round, as a bachelor and sporting friend of mine says, whether they are "fine upstanding fillies," or "plain about the head, but likely to make useful animals," they constitute a "tidy lot"!

Dropping jokes and chaff, I venture to repeat that I for one believe in their virtues and their truthfulness, their good intention and their kind hearts.

Knowing what I do of the laxity of private life among our younger married men, and those young Joseph Surfaces and dilapidated old rakes who declaim against the extravagance and the wickedness of women, I sympathise deeply with this well-abused class of the community. Sure I am, if Society is ever to be raised from its open deterioration, it must be done, and can only be done by our younger women. And when I talk of "open deterioration," I do not wish to exaggerate anything, but to make this article as realistic as well may be. Society is probably not much better, nor not much worse now, than Society has been and always will be. As then, I repeat, I for one believe in our young women, I wish them from the bottom of my heart, happy homes and good husbands, and above all a brighter future than to my limited vision, and perhaps hyper-alarmist mind appears just now either probable or possible.

HOW RAILWAY MATERIALS ARE TESTED.

VERY few of the travelling public know with what care and watchfulness a railway engineer inspects and tests the quality of the materials used in the construction of his works. A few particulars may be interesting, and some insight gathered from the following brief extracts of a paper read before the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, of Westminster Chambers, by Bro. R. M. Bancroft of the Engineers' Staff, Great Northern Railway, King's Cross:—

Portland cement should weigh about 115lbs. per bushel, or 90lbs. per cubic foot, and the average tensile strengh of 6 briquette tests should give 350 lbs. per square inch of section after seven days' immersion in water. Another test is, that 80 per cent. of the cement should pass through a sieve of 2,000 meshes to the square inch. The Metropolitan Board of Works have had their briquettes made in moulds of bell metal having a sectional area, at the breaking part of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, and they have estimated that the testing of cement costs them about a penny farthing per ton.

Roman cement, although about two-thirds the cost of Portland cement, is only about one-third its strength, and is, therefore, double the cost, measured by strength. Roman cement is very ill-adapted for being mixed with sand. Mr. Parker, the first to make this cement in England (now about 80 years ago) called it "Roman cement" because the Romans were known to have used cements made from similar substances, viz., clay nodules. Frost's, Atkinson's, and Medina cements are all similar to Roman.

Testing Limes. If the application of acid to a limestone entirely dissolves it, and leaves no residue, the material, when burnt, will only give a pure lime, most unfitted for building purposes; if on the other hand it leaves a residuum of very fine clay, quite unpalpable to the touch, it is probably capable of being manufactured into a more or less hydraulic lime. Muriatic acid or nitric acid may be used, but muriatic acid is preferable on account of it doing less damage to one's clothes. The term "limestone" is generally applied to those stones containing at least 50 per cent. of carbonate of lime, and the existence of this can easily be detected by the application of the acids above-mentioned, and by the effervescence which follows, caused by the escape of the carbonic acid gas from the carbonate of lime, when pure lime is left behind.

Testing Railway Steel Axles is usually done by taking one out of each hundred axles, placing it upon supports about five feet apart, and testing it by impact of a

weight of about 7 cwt. falling from a height of, say nineteen or twenty feet, increasing by two feet for each successive blow. In this way it must withstand a bend of nine inches, and a further bending back of nine inches; the operation being continued until the axle has withstood more than six thousand feet pounds. Another test for a $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch steel axle is to place it upon bearings as above stated, and they must with stand a bend of more than $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches under a 7 cwt. monkey falling from a height, of nearly fifteen feet. They must then allow themselves to be bent straight back in the same manner, without breaking.

Wrought Iron. It is not advisable to restrict manufacturers by stating the proportions and classes of iron to be mixed, as they will in most cases be better able to judge of the mixtures to be made in order to produce a specified result. Iron broken by a sudden strain presents a crystalline fracture. When broken by a gradually increasing strain, a fibrous fracture results. Whether the iron is fibrous or crystalline, its quality may to some extent be judged by the fineness of its texture and the irregularity of its fracture.

Messrs. Clarke, Reeves, & Co., American bridge builders, specify that all bars subject to tensile strains may be tested to 20,000 lbs. (nearly 9 tons) per square inch, and struck a smart blow with a hammer while under tension, and if any show signs of imperfection they shall be rejected. This test is mentioned because in a competition the firm secured a contract against English firms.

Another test is—take a piece of iron 2 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and of sufficient length to have 7 inches under actual tension, the said piece having been cut out of a plate intended for use on the work, and the following tensile strains must be applied:—The plates of a similar manufacture to be rejected if the extension of the piece tested is greater than $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch under 18 tons, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch under 21 tons, and $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch under 23 tons, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch under 24 tons, all bars and angle-irons being required to bear a tensile strain of 25 tons before fracture.

Malleable Cast Iron, patented by Mr. Samuel Lucas, of Sheffield, in 1804, has lately attracted some attention amongst engineers. It is easily stamped, drawn and hammered without heating. It can also be worked well under the hammer at a low heat, and at this stage hammering appears to improve the grain. It is now being used for tram-car wheels, cross heads, and connecting rod straps for engines, link reversing and expansion gear, &c. Unlike wrought iron it is not liable to defective welds, and with ease complicated patterns and shapes can be produced at a reasonable cost.

A superior kind of small soft casting is made by the Nottingham Malleable Iron Co., which, from being subject to a partial annealing, is very easily got up to a bright polish, the difference in cost being fully recouped by saving in labour and tools.

When we consider that there are upwards of 130 tons of rails and nearly 65 tons of cast iron chairs in one single mile of line, exclusive of sidings, it will at once show the importance of a strict supervision of the maintenance and renewal of permanent way, therefore we next give—

Rails. The usual modes of testing rails are—

1. Static, or by a dead central weight.
2. Dynamic, or test by impact.
3. A combination of No. 1 and 2—firs by a central and afterwards by a falling load.
4. Chemical or acid test.
5. Test by rolling weight.

To these might be added one of torsion of twisting.

Taking the Static test and applying it to an iron rail 75 lbs. per yard, a length placed upon bearings 3 feet 8 inches apart should carry a hanging weight of 12 tons for five minutes, and only give a deflection of one.seventh of an inch. The same kind of rail tested by impact should with the same bearings (3 feet 8 inches) take blows from a tup 648 lbs. weight falling 7 feet on the centre between points of support, and under this test the rail may bend, but not show any trace of destruction.

Good steel rails weighing 80 lbs. per yard, placed upon bearings 3 feet apart, will stand a test of a 10 cwt. ball being raised 10 feet and fall three times, and only give a deflection of 3 inches.

The rails used on the Metropolitan Railway, when placed on bearings 5 feet asunder, will stand a pressure in the centre of upwards of 26 tons, and only deflect 9 inches.

The iron rails used on the Indian State Railways weigh 60 lbs. per yard, and are specified to be made thus :—The rails must be rolled from a pile composed (1) of one slab 9 inches wide and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick for the top of the rail ; (2) of five bars $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and five bars of the same thickness, but $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, for the web of the rail ; and (3) of two angle irons $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide on each side, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, of one bar $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and two bars $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, all three being $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick for the flange of the rail.

The reader will see that the engineer has not only to test rails, but also specify in some cases how they are to be "piled up" for rolling.

The reading of the paper, which treated also of bricks and timber, was well illustrated with specimens tested by Mr. David Kirkaldy ; and to those of our readers who study the testing and strength of materials used in construction we would refer them to the printed transactions of the society, which gives a long and interesting account of the subject.

T' SPELLIN' BEE.

A Rhyme to illustrate the North York Dialect.

BY FLORENCE CLEVELAND.

"Cum, Moll, git on the Sunda' hat,
An' gan alang wi' me ;
They 'll be sike fun—Ah 's gahin' te neet
Te see our Spellin' Bee."

"A Spellin' Bee !—now hod the noise—
Thou can't walk owwer me ;
Ah weea n't believe 'at onny man
Can show a Spellin' Bee.

A Bee te spell !—O, dear ! O, dear !
Thou 'll swallow onny lee !
A Bee to spell !—Ah sud be flay'd
Te hear a Spellin' Bee.

Our Bees mak hunney, an' tha buzz
An' that 's eneeaf fer me :
Ah 'll stop at yam, an' nut be hoax'd
Aboot a Spellin' Bee.

Tha say fooaks skeeats when ther 's neea ice,
An' that gits owwer me ;
Ah 'd like te see 't—bud nivver say
Tha hev a Spellin' Bee !"

"Ha, ha !—ha, ha !—thou silly lass !
Cum on, an' then thou 'll see :
It 's fooaks 'at spells, te win a prahze,
An' tha call 't a Spellin' Bee.

Bees wurk seea hard, an' diz ther best,
An seeah it seeams te me
Tha git a swarm te copy 'em,
An' call 't a Spellin' Bee.

Tha all stand up, like bairns i' t' skeeal,
Ah' then ther's quite a spree ;
Lots maks mistaks, an' doon tha gan,
At ivvery Spellin' Bee.

An' what jaw-crackers tha giv out !
'T wad puzzle thou an' me :
Ah nivver knew ther were sike wods
Tell Ah went te t' Spellin' Bee.

T' best speller left gits t' biggest prahze,—
Ther 's meeastly tweea or three
Te giv away te them 'at wins,
When they 've a Spellin' Bee.

Ther 's our Dick gahin te spell te neet—
He 's spruce as spruce can be ;
When Ah 've sed that Ah think thou 'll gan
Te see our Spellin' Bee."

"Thou 's sed eneeaff !—Ah 'll don me hat—
Fer yance Ah 'll gan an' see ;
Ah nobbut wish poor Dick ma' win
Te neet at t' Spellin' Bee.

An knaw a wod 'at Ah cud spell,
If Dick wad say 't te me !
Weeah knaws ?—he 'll mebby ax 't te neet,
When we 've left t' Spellin' Bee."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

DU ROLE DE LA FRANCMACONNERIE DANS L'AVENIR.

We publish this interesting address from the "Monde Maconnique" for April. English Brethren must of course make allowance for the French "point de vue" of the situation. We thought it better to give the article in Bro. Caubet's effective French, which a translation would certainly weaken.

Nous entendons dire chaque jour.

"La Françmaconnerie à rendu d'immenses services a l'humanité. Ceux qui le nient méconnaissent son œuvre ou sont des hommes de mauvaise foi. Aux temps d'ignorance et de ténèbres, elle a combattu les erreurs, les préjugés, les superstitions et conservé pieusement le flambeau de la science et de la vérité. Aux jours de despotisme ses temples ont servi d'asile à la liberté, de refuge aux âmes hautes et opprimées. Aux sombres époques des divisions intestines ou des guerres internationales suscitées par d'ambitieuses convoitises, elle a prêché le désintéressement, la paix et la fraternité entre les hommes. Si elle n'a pas réussi à arracher les armes des mains des combattants, elle a contribué au moins, dans un grand nombre de cas, à calmer les colères, à atténuer les violences, à adoucir les mœurs. Dans le passé son utilité a donc été incontestable. Mais son œuvre touche à sa fin. Le monde affranchi, civilisé, n'aura plus besoin d'elle. Le mystère qui l'entourait et qui la protégeait jadis sera désormais ridicule et sans portée. C'est au grand jour, sur la place publique, que la Maçonnerie doit à l'avenir être pratiquée."

Ceux qui parlent ainsi, qu'ils soient ou non décorés desinsignes maçonniques, ne connaissent point notre institution. Nous leur savons gré de rendre un hommage mérité au passé de la Maçonnerie. Mais cela ne suffit pas.

Sans nous arrêter à cette opinionvéritablement trop optimiste,—nous n'avons pas besoin de le faire remarquer,—sans nous arrêter à cette opinion que le monde touche à l'heure solennelle de son affranchissement, il suffit de considérer avec quelque attention le véritable role de la Maçonnerie et son admirable organisation, pour comprendre toute la légèreté, toute l'inanité des dernières affirmations que nous venons de reproduire.

La Françmaconnerie, association morale et civilisatrice par excellence, n'est pas seulement, comme le croient quelques-uns de ses membres, une société dont l'objet principal est l'étude théorique des questions qui intéressent l'humanité ; c'est encore une école pratique et expérimentale, une institution modèle, un véritable type de société organisée. Sa devise est *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité ;* mais elle ne se borne pas à inscrire sur sa bannière ces trois mots qui résument toute la science morale, elle les met en pratique. Dans ses réunions, en effet, règne pour tous une liberté qui n'a de limites que la liberté d'autrui ; tous y sont placés sous le niveau de la plus complète égalité ; tous sont tenus de considérer leurs associés comme des fréres et de les traiter comme tels.

La principale préoccupation des membres de cette grande association doit être de se tenir sans cesse à l'avant-garde de la civilisation ; de s'efforcer d'éclairer la marche ascendante de l'humanité, en étudiant en commun, dans leurs paisibles Ateliers, les problèmes qui surgissent dans le monde, en les élucidant avec soin, en les vulgarisant si leur solution doit contribuer au bonheur des hommes, en en signalant les périls s'ils doivent être funestes à la cause de la justice et de l'humanité. C'est ainsi que nos peres avaient longtemps étudié et pratiqué le suffrage universel avant de s'en faire les propagateurs, avant que le monde extérieur eût songé à en faire la base de l'ordre social. C'est ainsi que les saines idées de 1789 avaient, pendant de longues années, été passées au creuset maçonnique quand elles s'imposèrent à la France et à el plus grande partie de l'Europe.† C'est aussi, d'un autre côté, dans les libres discussions des Loges qu'un nombre considérable de théories fausses, de dangereuses utopies ont trouve leur tombeau.

Une telle association ne saurait périr parce qu'une evolution progressive a été accomplie Le temps peut modifier quelques-unes de ses formes ; ce qui constitue l'essence même de l'institution doit rester intact aussi longtemps que l'utilité de cette institution sera évidente. Or, tant que l'humanité progressera, lé rôle de la Francmaçonnerie est tout trac. Elle peut renoncer à sa mission, trahir ses devoirs, méconnaître l'importance de son œuvre ; elle peut être persécutée, poursuivie-traquée, mise dans l'impossibilité d'agir ; ses membres peuvent être proscrits, emprisonnés, torturés, réduits à l'impuissance elle peut dans certaines circonstances êtr

*In England, more wisely, Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. This political motto is, in our opinion, the weakness of French Freemasonry.—Ed.

†We do not agree with our good Bro. Caubet. Freemasonry has nothing to do, in our opinion, with any political questions.—Ed.

au-dessous de sa tâche ; il est impossible de dire que son labeur est accompli et terminé, ou qu'il le sera lorsque telle ou telle réforme aura été réalisée.

L'humanité progressera sans cesse. C'est sa loi. Quand ce qui a longtemps été considéré comme un idéal, se réalise, les horizons plus larges d'un idéal nouveau offrent à l'activité humaine, toujours en marche vers un meilleur avenir, de nouveaux champs d'exploration, de nouvelles conquêtes à faire, de nouvelles espérances à poursuivre. Le jour où l'humanité aurait atteint la dernière limite du progrès, si cette limite pouvait être atteinte, l'humanité aurait cessé d'exister. Que serait, d'ailleurs, pour les hommes, une existence sans espérances, sans activité,, sans avenir? Une telle situation, rêvée pourtant par quelques mystiques, ne saurait raisonnablement se concevoir.

La Françmaconnerie aura donc toujours son rôle utile dans le monde. Nous sommes certain qu'elle le remplira dignement dans l'avenir, comme elle l'a dignement rempli dans le passé, sans sortir de ses Ateliers, sans se mêler aux agitations de la place publique, et en conservant avec soin la par essentielle de ses mystères qui sont le lien particulier des initiés. Une association dont les membres se choisissent entre eux, pour constituer une véritable famille et pour se livrer en commun à des études et à des expériences déterminées, ne peut ni ouvrir ses portes à tout le monde, ni tenir ses séances sur la place publique. Une association fraternellement intime, dont des groupes sont établis dans tous les pays du monde, ne peut renoncer aux formes mystérieuses qui permettent aux membres de ces divers groupes de se reconnaître entre eux.

Dans les âges futurs, cette grande association restera ce qu'elle a été dans le passé : une école de pure morale, un laboratoire d'idées nobles et généreuses, un modèle d'association fraternelle fondée sur l'égalité des droits et des devoirs, un asile ouvert à toutes les consciences honnêtes, à tous ceux qui aiment la justice, qui honorent le travail, qui réprouvent le despotisme et les violences ; à tous les amis de l'humanité, à tous les hommes de progrès et de bonne volonté.

Ceux qui prétendent que son rôle est fini, nous le répétons et nous croyons l'avoir suffisamment démontré, ne connaissent pas notre institution. CAUBET.

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. II.—Beauty and the Beast.

It has been the fashion with some foolish persons to decry the taste and value of the old fairy tales, which so charmed us when we were young and verdant, blessed with good temper and better digestions, neither bored nor "blasé" with the wear and tear of life, blinded by its dust, begrimed by its dirt, and altogether unlike those "dogs" which have had "their day," slightly morbid, and not a little dyspeptic. Now, I hold any such views and Dogmata as regards our old fairy tales, to be a rank heresy, and a heresy for which those who propound it ought to be excommunicated with "Bell, Book, and Candle," handed over to the tender mercies of some good "secular arm" and left to the fiery associations of an "auto da Fé." For how interesting and yet how touching are those very fairy tales, so perversely arraigned, how true to nature, how reflective of humanity. Indeed it is I think, their extreme realism, so to say, despite allegory, their appeal to the true sense and "censensus" of humanity, which have commended them so much to generations—if you please—of the credulous and the contented. I am quite aware that certain grave moralists do not approve of fairy tales, and that on the ground too, of their being not "absolutely true." Now I for one do not agree with any such objections, and I will give you my reason why. Admitted if you please that "primâ facié," all teaching with a professed moral aim, should be based on truth, actuality, reality, yet if such a "Canon" of didactic exposition is to be laid down, as alike unchangeable and unvarying, how much of the parabolic wisdom of the world must at once be laid aside, how much, I repeat, of the teaching most pleasant to the imagination and mind of man, most easily received, and most rapidly digested must be utterly ignored and surrendered. The truth is, that no one can really safely lay down any such irreversible or infallible a law of instruction, and therefore fairy parables like all allegorical lore, may be fairly used and judiciously employed as much to move as to influence, to touch, to soften, and

to convince the hard and often doubting intellect of man. I have said this because I wish to meet "Higginbottom's" objection at the outset, the objection I make bold to say of a misplaced fanaticism, of an uncritical mind, of a destructive negativism, which good old Johnson stoutly laughed to scorn, and which piety and prudence, and religion itself, have long since utterly scouted and condemned. A fairy tale is a fairy tale, and nothing more—the employment of the medium of imagination, to "point the moral" and touch and sway the heart and will of the listener. So I go on to-day with my not disagreeable task, and come to "Beauty and the Beast."

We all remember that fairy legend. We all are aware how "Beauty" a very good-looking and "conformable" young woman, admirably brought up, of high principles, slightly bullied by her sisters who could not get an offer, came across a "Beast," a great Bear, under very peculiar circumstances. We recall to our remembrance how that Bear who had evidently been trained by "Mr. Politoffsky, the Jamrach" of his locality, had become polite and soft mannered; how he stood on his hind legs, and was sugary and spoony, as some are among men as among beasts, at the same time, in those witching hours of this our sublunary lot! Whether, like the "learned pig," he knew his letters, we are not told, but some how or other he could make himself understood, and Beauty's papa who like some papas are queer about money and matrimony, and who had met with difficulties, evidently could understand his "lingo" and read his letter of proposal. With this "Beast" the fair "Beauty" began an innocent flirtation! Some strait-laced persons may condemn her; I do not. For Beauty, after many "pros. and cons." would say, "here I am 22, very good looking, very well brought up, highly educated, my 'pater' is in a very awkward position, and though that 'beast' may be a queer customer, it is my duty to find a good 'parti,' and as the 'Beast' is so pressing, I don't very much object. The circle in which I have lived requires that I should have a certain income, and many enjoyments and amusements which I know cannot be obtained for nothing. If the 'Beast' is a foreign nobleman in disguise, or a Millionaire, or the eldest son of a peer, or a well-to-do Baronet, or a sleek and a prosperous Banker, I do not see why I am to throw a chance away; I may go further and fare worse. It is my duty for my father's sake, and my own, to take the 'Beast.' And was not "Beauty" quite right in her reasoning? I think she was. "Mrs. Grundy" says she was; and oh, farseeing parents, don't you say so too? I feel sure of your answer in the affirmative before I ask the question! In fact "Beauty" is meant to be the type of a very reasonable and calm young woman, who sacrifices her "emotions" to a sense of duty, who surrenders her "young love's dream" to the sedate counsels and less sentimental aspirations of her own dear parient. We all of us know cases, wherein as in the present, in this life, "Virtue" is ever "its own reward." Indeed the end of the story is most touching. "Beauty" who had "spotted" the disguised and desirable "parti," through the fur coat of this civilized member of the brute creation, gave him, as we shall remember "a Red, Red Rose," and Bruin became a "swell," and a fond "lovier," and a charming young man all at the same time.

The happy, happy pair made it up on the spot, and were duly married at St. George's, "No Cards," which, by the way, in my opinion, is very "geinin" and "fast." That Beauty was duly recompensed for her "savoir faire" for her "coup d'œil," for her readiness to oblige, and her filial obedience, her intense amiability and her gushing tenderness, we shall all rejoice to-day. But what of the moral? I think that I have found one! It is this. Young women are to exercise greater discernment than they sometimes do, as regards their suitors whether like the "Beast" in the fairy tale, or some nice young man who parts his front hair, and neatly divides his back hair, and is a very well got up youth, "bien ganté bien chaussé" &c. &c. &c.

All is not gold that glitters, all is not silver that seems to be. The smart-looking plateau of an ornamented dinner service, may be electro-plated, (see the Hall mark,) the magnificent "service" of seemingly gorgeous plate, may only be albata!

Look therefore a little nearer and deeper, oh ye fair ones! The rough outside and the ungainly attitude and the brusque manner may conceal a true and living heart within, the "educated whiskers," and the

elaborate scarf, and the velvet coat, and the halo of swelldom may but cover the soulless and the sensual, the dissipated and the degraded, the hurtful and hopeless animal.

Be wise and wary then, oh British maidens. "Mother, mine," I hear one saying, "I really think that Mr. Montague meant something." "My chyild, my own chyild." I listen to the parental reply, in those words of soothing wisdom so appropriate to our elders and our betters, "don't be too sure and if it be so, I think that Mr. Higgins is the better 'parti,' as he has a house in the town as well as a seat in the country, and Mr. Montague has nothing but his 'moustaches' and his expectations. Be caretul my chyild, very, very careful." Severest, but wisest, of parents! And what does the fair Beatrice do? Well, she marries dutifully and decorously Mr. Higgins! When I saw her last she had a Pomeranian Spitz and two chubby children, and a good-looking nurse in the carriage, and though a little given to "en bon point" was as charming and friendly as ever.

But here comes in a word of warning; all marriages do not end so well—all "beasts" to whom young women give their "young affections," do not turn out good-natured, warm-hearted, loving and true.

No; many a poor girl has found that beneath the "Beast's" outside form was also, the "nature of the beast" as she has experienced to her cost, poor Beauty! She might have taken the honest heart of Charles Hope, or the sound principles of Henry Maxwell, or the laughing philosophy of Hector Macgregor, or the pleasant presence of Jimmy Dalton, and here she has gone and chosen a "Beast,"—a real beast bad in "form," and worse in temper. Here she is condemned to meanness, vulgarity, savagery and a "beast" as long as her "weird" shall last! Let us remember then that money simply never made anyone happy in this world, and that marrying avowedly and deliberately for money is a folly and—yes—a sin.

They say that some marriages are made "in heaven." Many, as we know, are purely of the earth, very earthy, indeed. It is indeed perhaps well for man, that he has for a few moments in this life, the soft delusions of the imagination, the bewilderment of hope, and the mirage of expectation. Therefore it is in my opinion very difficult to lay down a law to-day, hard and fast, as to where true affection begins, or a mercenary marriage ends.

But still while I say all this do not suppose that I wish to forget what an old friend of mine used to call the necessary claims of "bread and butter," far from it.

Money no doubt has its use and its good, nay and its blessing when rightly employed in this our world—and is essential in one sense to our contentment and comfort in our hourly life. But when weighed in the balance of the human heart, of true affection, of mutual sympathy, of unbought love, it is literally as deceiving as the "apples of Sodom," and nothing but dust and ashes.

Have I not then found a moral after all? I think that I have, and I beg to commend it to the notice of all, old and young, parents and daughters, spoony young men and sentimental young women, Beasts and Beauties, who luckily for their own improvement and edification, are able to peruse the kindly pages of our MASONIC MAGAZINE.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Lecture by BRO. EMRA HOLMES, *at the Town Hall, Hadleigh, and the Working Men's College, Ipswich.*

PART II.

THE dry humour of the Scotch is of a similar character to that of the American writers, Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. Oliver Wendell Holmes (the autocrat of the breakfast-table), another American comic writer and a poet, is more like our own Tom Hood. Some of the sayings of Josh Billings are wonderfully good, though their oft times apparent irreverence and profanity shock the daintier sense. Some of the American authors show a shocking familiarity with Scripture, probably on account of their Puritan origin and language; which to them seems quite proper, to us sounds simply blasphemous. What can be more irreverent than the saying of one of them

—from the Biglow Papers, by Lowell—"They didn't know everything down in Judee."

But the people who would introduce a representation of the Last Supper into a waxwork exhibition, as described by Artemus Ward, would not scruple at making free use of the most sacred subjects in the course of conversation.

Josh Billings says, "About the only difference between the poor and the ritch is this: the poor suffer misery, while the ritch have tu enjoy it," The incongruity of mixing up quotations from Scripture and presenting them in an odd form cannot fail to make the groundlings laugh, whilst it causes the judicious to grieve. But in the incongruity lies the humour, as in his saying, "Bee ye as wise as a sarpint, and as harmless as a duve, and then if a fellow comes a fooling round your duve, yu can just set your sarpint at him." The dreadful truth of some of his explanations of quotations comes home to one with greater force from the epigrammatic way in which they are put. Instance this:—"Man was created a little lower than the angels, and has been gitten a little lower ever since;" and this, "According to Scripter, thar will be just about as many kimmils in heaven as rich men." "Robbers are like the rain: tha fall on the just and on the unjust." "We are told that there warn't ennything maid in vain; but I have thought that awl the time spent in manufacturing striped snaix and musketeers was wasted." Some of his deductions from old proverbs are very quaint and amusing. Take the following as fair examples:—"Fust appearances are ced to be everything.—*I don't put all my faith into this saying; I think oysters and clams, for instance, will bear looking into.*" "There is two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—and that is *twins.*" Josh Billings deposes that "ignorance is bliss—*ignorance of sawing wood, for instance.*" That "a little learning is a dangerous thing—*this is as true as it is common.*" "Truth is stranger than fiction—*that is tew some folks.*" "Honesty is the best policy—*but don't take my word for it; try it.*" "Familiarity breeds contempt—*this is so; just as soon as we get familiarized with castor ile, for instance, we contempt it.*" "Give the devil his due—*but be very careful, there ain't much due him.*" "Tell the truth and shame the devil—*I 'no lots of people who can shame the devil easy enough; but the tother thing bothers them.*" How ridiculously odd are some of his proverbs:—"Matches may be made in heaven—*but they are sold down here.*" "You may make a whissel out of a pig's tale—*but if you du you'll find you've spilte a very worthy tale and got a devilish poor whissel.*" "Humin natur is the same all over the world"—*except in New England, and thar it's accordin' to sarcumstances.*"

I can, perhaps, best describe the peculiar idiosyncrasies of Artemus Ward's writings, by giving you one of them. Amongst his best are the "Octoroon" and "The Shakers," but no doubt you have before heard these read at your entertainments, so I will give you one less known—Artemus Ward's "Autobiography," with which I propose to commence the second part.

[Bro. Holmes then read the biography, amidst the hearty laughter of the audience.]

The lecturer resumed: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a writer of quite another stamp. His admirers call him the Hood of America, *which is what we might describe as high falutin.* Alluding to the frequent use of Scripture in a joking way so common amongst the American humourists, Mr. Hingston, in his introduction to Josh Billings, remarks:—"The Puritanical fashion of eliciting jokes from matters which some minds would regard as beyond the region of trifling, no more characterises the writings of Mr. Shaw (J. B.'s real name) than it does those of any other Transatlantic humourist. The soldier of Cromwell, who used Biblical words in the conversation of every-day use, became the New England settler, and carried his peculiarities of phraseology to the shores of Massachusetts. He took with him—to use the words of a recent essayist—'the language of his imaginary wrestlings with Satan to use in his wrestlings with the difficulties and dangers of his adopted land.' And the diction which the Puritan used has not altogether died out in the land which he peopled. Much that would be thought to verge on profanity in this country is regarded as perfectly reverent by the most orthodox of our

friends on the other side of the water." Mr. Hingston adds, "I have heard the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher say things in his pulpit at Brooklyn which would scarcely have been tolerated if uttered in Exeter Hall."

Before we quite leave the American authors I should have liked just to introduce one of Dr. Holmes' graver pieces; it is called "The Last Leaf," there is a mixture of humour and sadness, and a quaintness about it that reminds one forcibly of Hood—had space permitted, but it does not. His wit is more polished than the others just mentioned, and there is not that irreverent handling of Scripture which they present.

It is said that were it not for the satirists of America, of whom Josh Billings is one, as well as a humourist, it is difficult to imagine to what ludicrous eccentricities the people would lend themselves. Too self-sufficient to listen to argument, they are keenly sensitive to ridicule, and a little of Josh Billings, or O. W. Holmes, is more effective in doing good than the best sermon a foreign friend could preach them. Burlesquing their braggadocio style has done a great deal of good in the United States. The genius of *hifalutin*, as the Americans call it (the word is derived, I have read, from *hyphenlooping*) has received many mortal wounds lately from the hands of the satirist, and good results must ensue.

Three very good specimens of Dr. Holmes's style are "The Music Grinder," "The Spectre Pig," and the "Stethoscope Song," all very much in Hood's manner, but not so good.

Miss Mitford, the authoress of "Our Village," is a great admirer of the Dr. "I hardly know," she says, in her "Recollections of Literary Life," "any one so original as Dr. Holmes. For him we can find no living prototype; to trace his footsteps we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden, and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey, provided always it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought, and dear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some pungent page of 'Absolom and Achitophel,' or of the 'Moral Epistles,' if it were not for the pervading nationality, which, excepting Whittier, American poets, have generally wanted, and for that true reflection of the manners and follies of the age without which satire would fail alike of its purpose and its name."

There are various kinds of wit, as you all know—such as satire, epigram, sarcasm, repartee, parody, irony.

Of quite a different character to the author's I have quoted are the Irish and French, who are perhaps the most *witty* people, though I question whether our own country cannot furnish as great *humourists*.

Molière's writings are full of wit. Talleyrand was the author of some wonderfully witty speeches. Many of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE will remember one—that "language was given to us to conceal our thoughts;" the very speech of a crafty diplomatist. How expressive, too, was his saying that "Ireland was the land where two and two made *five*," which gives in few words a very good general idea of the Irish habit of exaggeration. "She is unsupportable," said Talleyrand, with marked emphasis, of a certain well-known lady, but added, "it is her only defect." "Ah, I feel the torments of hell," said a person whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. "What, already?" answered Talleyrand. This reply (which is dreadfully severe, and some might think rather wicked), is, after all, not original. I believe the Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion. A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled for length, he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. "It was your father then, apparently, who may not have been very well favoured," was Talleyrand's dry remark, which at once released the circle from the subject. This reminds me of a similar repartee attributed to Archbishop Whately before he attained the dignity of the mitre. He was dining in company with a conceited young officer, an aide-de-camp, I believe, at the Viceregal Court, and the conversation turned upon clergymen. "Oh," said the coxcomb, "it is thought the fool of the family should go into the Church." "Evidently your father

didn't think so," was the great rhetorician's quiet rejoinder.

It is said of some Irish wits that they would rather sacrifice a friend than lose a joke. The Rev. Dr. Sheridan, grandfather of the great Sheridan, it is said lost a bishopric through a text. He was ordered to preach before the Viceregal Court on King George II.'s birthday, when he took for his text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The following is an example of biting sarcasm told of Curran, the great Irish barrister. Who could ever have supposed a judge capable of sneering at a barrister's poverty by telling him he suspected his law library was rather contracted. Yet this was the brutal remark to Curran by Judge Robinson, the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets, and by his demerits raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced. Curran replied, "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my *poverty*, but I should be ashamed of my *wealth* could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I now cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." One day Curran said to Father O'Leary (the story is also told of Father Matthew, the great Irish Temperance advocate), "Rev. Father, I wish that you were St. Peter." "And, why, counsellor?" "Because, Rev. Father, in that case you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in." "By my honour and conscience, counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out." Brevity, you know, is the soul of wit, and Curran's repartees were famous for this quality. A wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, once remarked to Curran that no one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property. "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre?*"

The following is a capital instance of good-humoured satire. I believe I introduced it into my lecture on "Public Speaking," already published in the MASONIC MAGAZINE, but I dare say a good many of its readers may not have heard it. Curran was addressing a jury on one of the State trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias was supposed not to be favourable to the prisoner, shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments, "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers would imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days you will yourselves perceive that *when his lordship shakes his head there's nothing in it.*" Curran was walking one day with a friend who, hearing a person say *curosity* for *curiosity*, exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran, "he has only knocked an *I* out." A Limerick banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an *iron* leg, "which," said Curran, "is the *softest* part about him." I suppose one *might* call that *irony;* and, after all, irony and satire are often a distinction without a difference.

The following, which I have read somewhere, you will say is a distinction with a difference; it is à propos, at all events, as a specimen of Irish humour, of which we are now treating. An Irishman asked a friend, "Will ye dine with me to-morrow?" "Faith, and I will, with all my heart," was the reply. "Remember, 'tis only the family dinner I'm afther askin' ye to." "And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty plisant thing. What have ye got?" "Och! nothing by common. Jest an illegant piece of corned beef and pitaties." "By the powers, that bates the wurrld! Jist my own dinner to a hair—*barring the beef.*"

The great Dean Swift said some very good things, and wrote better. His wit was epigrammatic and incisive; but some of his poems, clever though they are, abound, I am sorry to say, with such

coarseness as to be unfit for reproduction here. People thought more coarsely, and talked more cosrsely then than they do now; but I question with all our extra refinement whether we are much better, or whether a good deal of it is not merely surface-polish — veneering, and no more. Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who, rising from his chair, said, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you, indeed," replied the Dean, "then take my advice and *sit down again.*" The following epigram on Dr. Hort, Bishop of Kilmore, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, is rather good, but almost blasphemous in its bitterness. He wrote a book on quadrille, a gambling game, I believe, and for which the publisher, who was imprisoned for it, was never indemnified by the bishop.

"On seeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of divine service to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset on his coming to town.

Lord Pam in the church, could you think it? kneeled down!
When told that the Duke was just come to town.
His station despising, unawed by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his lordship's promotion."

What a fund of satirical and sarcastic wit is to be found in "Gulliver's Travels." I suppose when we read that marvellous book as boys we read it for the story, as we read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and never thought of the hidden meaning. Poor fellow, like many another wit he was a miserable man. A remarkable story is told by Scott of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

Sheridan was a thorough Irish spendthrift as well as a wit, and when his creditors called upon him he used to have them all sent into separate rooms, the doors carefully locked, and then he would order the servant to open the front door *softly*, and walk out. There was mother wit in this, at all events. Speaking of Irish and French wits, I am reminded that Voltaire once praised another writer very heartily. "It is very strange," said the person whom he was addressing, "that you speak so well of *him*, for he says that *you* are a charlatan." "Oh," replied Voltaire, "I think it is very likely that *both* of us may be mistaken." But it is time that I should speak of our own countrymen as wits and humourists; and who that has read of Congreve and Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay and Pope, Smollett and Fielding, Sterne and Goldsmith, but will admit that we have had some famous wits and humourists. I am told that Steele and Goldsmith were Irishmen, and Smollett a Scotchman; but let that pass. Then there is Charles Lamb, the gentle "Elia," what good things he said; and Sydney Smith, who was the impersonation of wit and wisdom. Besides these, Moore—an Irishman, by the way—and Tom Hood and Theodore Hook. The clowns of Shakespeare are wonderful fellows. How quaint and incongruous—but incongruity is the soul of humour, as brevity is the soul of wit—is the dialogue between the gravedigger and Hamlet, you will remember the scene; and then some of Hamlet's own speeches abound in wit. How funny is the dialogue between Touchstone and the shepherd in "As you like it." But the wisdom of Shakespeare is even more admirable than the wit. I wish time or space would permit of my giving the readers of the MAGAZINE some quotations from his immortal works, but I doubt not they are familiar to you all as household words.

How strange to think that Dr. Johnson should run down Shakespeare; one could scarcely put much faith in his judgment, remembering his detraction of the Swan of Avon. Of the great humourists of our own generation I have only to mention the names of Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, the author of the Ingoldsby Legends—not to mention Mrs. Brown, who appears to give her opinions upon every fresh topic which crops up,—to show that the race is not extinct.

To the student of English Literature who is ambitious to make the acquaintance of the wits and humourists of the 18th century, I cannot do better than recommend to his attentive perusal Thackeray's "Lectures." They are so admirably described: so much is said in so few words; the men after Thackeray's own heart, Fielding, Steele and Goldsmith, are sketched with so loving a hand; the characters of Swift and others, equally great but not so pleasant to contemplate, are drawn with a masterly skill worthy of admiration. His sententious description of Swift as "a humourous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy"; of Congreve (who it must be owned was somewhat of a scapegrace playright—though considered in his day the greatest living comic poet), as a "humourous observer of another school to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes";—are both of them wonderfully suggestive, and in few words accurately describe the men and their works. In that charming paper in the Tatler in which Steele records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine—the same as is to be sold at Garraways next week—upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly drinking two bottles a piece with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till 2 o'clock in the morning. Thackerary says—"His life was so, Jack the Drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the Rose, or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver, and Dick wiped his eyes which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business and went of to the Rose to the jolly fellows." Could anything be put more tersely? I think not. Steele's play of "The Funeral" suppliesan admirable stroke of humour, one which Sydney Smith has used as an illustration of the Faculty in his lectures. The undertaker is talking to his workmen about their duty. Sable—"Ha! you. A little more upon the dismal; (forming their countenances) this fellow has a good mortal look, place him near the corpse: that wainscot-faced man, must be a top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the end of the hall. So—but I'll *fix* you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder that hale, well-looking puppy! you ungrateful scoundrel! did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? *Did not I give you ten, then* 15, *and then* 20 *shillings a week to be sorrowful?—And the more I give you I think the gladder you are.*"

Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and before it was opened to his friends and guests was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said he was unaccustomed to public speaking and did not know what to say to his honour, but the good-natured knight called to him to say whatever was uppermost. and after a moment the carpenter began in a voice perfectly audible,—"Sir Richard Steele" he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a working in this theatre and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money; we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's *elocution* was perfect, but that he did'nt like his *subject* much. This is genuine repartee; what one might call wit under difficulties. How capitally Thackeray sums up in few words his character: "He had a small share of book learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and *taverns.*" In truth Steele might have been the author of "Five Reasons for Drinking";—

"If all be well as I do think,
There be five reasons men should drink:
Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why."

John Dennis, the critic, who ran a muck at the literary men of his day, thus sarcastically describes Steele: "He is a gentleman born—witness himself—of very honourable family, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and above all his vanity. *The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue.*" Steele replied to his cross-grained old critic:—"Thy works are libels upon others and satires upon thyself, and while they bark at men of sense call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy *to thy own species, and hatest the sight of a fool but in thy glass.*" See how these Christians love one another! Literary men don't write of each other quite so pungently now-a-days. Do they love one another any better than in Steele's time, I wonder? But you know one might go on *ad infinitum* giving you sketches from the life and extracts from the writings of the humourists of the day. Of Dickens himself I have found myself unable to say anything. His writings are before you, abounding with wit and humour, tenderness, pathos. What can be more inimitably humourous than the trial scene from Pickwick? what more satirical than some of the Sketches by Boz? I should have liked to give, had time and space permitted, one extract from the Sketches.

Another great wit I had nearly passed over with the mere mention of his name—I mean Sidney Smith. How laconic was his remark on social changes, and yet how true! "There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions:—turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the Reformation, the Revolution. There are always a set of worthy and moderately gifted men who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change, which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced which are now admitted to be marked improvements. In our condition such an history might make folly a little more modest and suspicious of its own decisions."

Sir Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, was so delighted with Sidney Smith, that he asked him to sit for his portrait; to which proposition he replied: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" On the departure of Bishop Selwyn (now Bishop of Lichfield) to New Zealand, Sidney Smith when taking his leave of him, said—"Good bye, my dear Selwyn, I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you." Once when he was ill, his physician advised him to walk upon an empty stomach, "Upon whose?" said he. Sidney Smith once said, "I remember entering a room with glass all round it, at the French Embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side, I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted, of course."

I have incidently mentioned Charles Lamb, there is a good story told of him. One afternoon in returning from a dinner party he took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be, sir, with the other p-p-passengers," answered Lamb, with his usual stammer, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me." His reply to the heavy agriculturist who asked him his opinion of the prospect of turnips, "Won't it depend a good deal on the boiled legs of mutton," is droll like the man.

Another stamp of writers of humourous books seems to have sprung up of late, and their works, describing a lower strata in life, than their predecessors, appeal to the classes they are intended to describe, and, in so far as they abound in drollery and are quite free from impropriety. Though their humour may be what is called in stage parlance, low comedy, I think that their tendency is good, inasmuch as they create a sympathy between different classes of society, and teach us "the gowd is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that."

Of such a class, are the authors of "Mrs. Brown," "Mr. Sprouts, the Costermonger," and "Giles's Trip to London." "Mrs. Brown" constantly delights British audi-

ences at penny readings, and I daresay "Mr. Giles" will become a platform favourite, as he has already in our Suffolk homes.

And now, to conclude, I have to thank you my readers for your kind attention to my very discursive remarks; I can scarcely dignify them with the title of lecture. A clerical friend said to me the other day, when he heard I was going to lecture on this subject—"Your aim will be under the cloak of recreation to instruct and improve?" Well, I solemnly confess that my object was the ignoble one of seeking to amuse only; I don't set up for a teacher. But remembering that ridicule has often made mean people generous; that satire and sarcasm have overthrown bad systems, and abolished stupid customs; that Cervantes in Don Quixote laughed away the chivalry of Spain; that poets like Decameron and Boccaccio ridiculed the Roman Catholic religion and prepared the way for Luther; that much good service has been done by the wits in exposing enormities, and correcting or doing away with foolish fashions, removing bigotry and intolerance, and lashing all that is base and unworthy; I say that wit and humour deserve to be appreciated and set store by; and that our Wits and Humourists have deserved well of England.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, February 19, 1790.

[This letter ought to have preceded the one in the April number, but owing to a confusion of dates it has to appear out of its proper place.]

THE letter I wrote you Tuesday, contains all the news I have to send you, my information in regard to Montauban was false as to the place, altho' unfortunately true as to the cruelties which have been perpetrated. That city has hitherto escaped, and Beziers was the scene of slaughter. I send you the letter written by the King's order to the National Assembly, important not only from the manner in which it is written, but from the effects it is likely to have on the minds of those who are not blindly devoted to the system of the Democratic Party. You will perceive with how much art the King's Ministers strive to throw on the National Assembly the odium of the cruelties already committed, and to expose their want of feeling or of power, if they do not adopt some measures to restore force to the Executive Power.

They have done by that, as by every other motion on which they are afraid to decide, where their decision might offend the people if it suppressed their disorders, or might alienate the minds of the well intentioned if they appeared to countenance those troubles they in their hearts approve.

They have referred to a committee the consideration of the means to repress the tumults, but the measures to be taken are likely to be clogged with too many difficulties to be of any effect. The Municipalities are afraid of having recourse to the military, because when the latter shall return to its station they will remain exposed to the fury of the people. The Empire of the Democrates is for the present firmly established, at least in Paris, but I cannot help thinking they are fast approaching to the moment of their ruin. Their indifference to the horrors that lay waste the Provinces, their total neglect of the Finances, their absolute determination not to dissolve till their work is finished, and which they have renewed in the course of the week, have indisposed many of their warmest advocates against them. It would be difficult to describe the alarm and uproar which reigned in the Assembly amongst the Democrates when it was proposed, "that the Assembly should name a period for their dissolution, and that the next Assembly should be held at the distance of 30 leagues from the capital."

The Impartiaux on this occasion joined the Aristocrates, but noise and numbers obtained the victory. I suspect that their majorities are by no means so much in their favour as formerly, from the great pains they take to conceal the numbers by which they carry their decrees. The Impartiaux are certainly inclined to join the Aristocrates, but they have not yet acquired force enough to make the scale preponderate, when ever that arrives a dissolution of the Assembly will be the immediate consequence. There seems little doubt that if ever that moment

should approach, the party of the Demagogues will exclude by force all who are not equally determined with themselves, or if that should not succeed they will reassemble and vote that, however the majority may have determined, they cannot consistently with their oath separate till the great work of Regeneration is complete, or otherwise to what end could the oath of adhesion tend?

The Democrates have one great advantage. Their conduct is the effect of previous combination, they are united under their leaders, and all their resolutions are previously debated at their club. When the passions or indignation excited at the moment might carry decrees contrary to their wishes, they do not oppose, but delay. When the feelings which were excited are appeased or forgotten, and when hunger has driven from the Assembly a large number of the honest and well meaning curés, they bring forward without previous notice their resolutions and decrees and carry whatever they think proper. The procés verbal reports of different committees generally employs the time till near two o'clock, at that hour, however important the debate, however destructive of the interests of the Church, nothing can prevail upon these aged and worthy men to forego their dinner. I heard Monsr. de Castellance allow that they often gained 100 votes by the craving appetites of the good curés, who are accustomed to dine at 11 o'clock. Another manœuvre by which they often obtain the victory is, by seeming to adopt the proposals of the Aristocrates, but at the same time adding such amendments that the original motion is lost in obscurity or perverted from its meaning.

You ask me what effect the King's speech to the Assembly has produced. I can perceive none, except that it has served to convince the King and his Ministers that no concessions on their part will obtain for them better terms. The views of the Democrates were not entirely answered; they hoped when they determined the King to go to the Assembly that his dislike to speak in public, and the awkwardness of his manners would have confined him to a simple approbation of their conduct and decrees. The clauses relative to the Executive Power, and the confidence to be reposed in him, the return of the exiles, the honorary distinctions due to noble birth, were neither agreeable to their wishes or expectations. Fearful of the impression the King's speech might make in the moment, the ridiculous ceremony of the serment civique was proposed, and the motion as first made, turned the thoughts of the Aristocrates from the subject of the speech to the fear of their personal exclusion. The Democrates thus gained all they wanted, the approbation of the King, and effectually prevented any benefit being reaped by their opponents. The King and his speech are mutually forgotten. As he is humane it is not difficult to perceive that the inattention and distrust of the Assembly may possibly rouse his indignation and make it difficult for his Ministers to induce him to continue the blind submission he has hitherto shewn.

I must again repeat to you, that both at home and in Ireland the friends of the Droits de l'Homme are busy; there are two Irishmen here, a Mr. Martin and a Lord Carew or Carey, who belong to the Club of the Democrates and are warmly attached to their principles, which they hope one day to see triumph in their own country.

Money grows daily scarcer, and poverty more visible in every part of the capital. There was yesterday a slight disturbance in the Quartier St. Antoine which was easily suppressed, it was occasioned by labourers destitute of work. To preserve tranquillity the City are obliged to employ all those who demand it.

The illuminations on Sunday night were shabby to an extreme, altho' there was an *Ordonnance* de Police by the Mayor "portant invitation a tous les bons citoyens d'illuminer les Façades de leurs Maisons."

The Marquis de Favras is condemned to be hanged and l'amende honorable. The demands of the German Princes will certainly be carried against them, they are now in the hands of a committee.

That farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want to keep your boy at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

An era unknown to women—the middle ages.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST SERIES OF SYMBOLS.

(*Continued fom page* 485.)

THE remaining portion of the series before us is a figure formed of three sides of a square. This was an hieroglyphic of the stem and stern of the sacred ship of Isis, or rather the vessel itself, which was a highly, venerated emblem amongst the Egyptians, and was consecrated by an annual festival. It was equally esteemed in other countries and introduced into the Roman calendar for March. Calendarium rusticum mense Martio habit Isidis navigium quod est Egyptiorum festum, a Romanis admissum.* Under the name of Baris, it was carried about in procession as a representation of the ark of Noah. Sometimes it contained a third perpendicular line in the centre, forming the trident, and symbolizing the Great Father in the sacred vessel, navigating the boundless waste of waters which overwhelmed the earth at the deluge. Wilford says that "during the flood the generative powers of nature were reduced to their simplest elements, the Linga and the Youi, the latter of which assumed the hull of a ship, since typified by the Argha, whilst the Linga became the mast. Maha-Deva is sometimes represented standing erect in the middle of the Argha in the room of the mast."†

We find the same figure repeated not only upon the rod or sceptre of Neptune, but also on the summit of the pyramids of India and America, to represent heaven or the abode of the celestial deities; being used also as an observatory for astronomical purposes. Hence, every mountain with two peaks like Ararat, was esteemed holy; while that with three peaks was venerated as most holy. The two peaks of Ararat are inaccessible according to Sir R. K. Porter, who says, "these summits have never been trodden by the foot of man since the days of Noah, if even then, for my idea is that the ark rested in the space between these heads, and not on the top of either. Various attempts have been made in different ages to ascend these tremendous mountain pyramids, but in vain; their form, snows, and glaciers are insurmountable obstacles; the distance being so great from the commencement of the icy regions to the highest points, that cold alone would be the destruction of any person who should have the hardihood to persevere."

In Central America many instances occur of Chapels being erected on the summit of a pyramid. One of these is thus described by a modern traveller:—"The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached to a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column about 14 feet high and 3 feet on each side, sculptured in bold relief on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics, This our guide called an Idol, and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and for ever in our minds all uncertainty in regard to the character of American Antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in seach of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving like newly discovered historical records, that the people who formerly occupied the continent of America were not savages.

* Marsh. Can. Chron. s. xiv. p. 356.
† Asiat. Res. vol. vi. p. 521.

"With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering amongst the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest among half-buried fragments to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance; some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians. One displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots, another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth, another hurled to the ground and bound down by huge vines and creepers, and one standing with its altars before it in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing in the solemn stillness of the woods. It seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people."*

An Egyptian hieroglyphic published by Rischer exhibits the figure under our consideration, viz., the three sides of a square but it is conjoined with a scorpion, the former being a symbol of the solar deity under the name of Osiris as the great Father of the human race, and the compound hieroglyphic bore a reference to the deluge, which happened according to Egyptian tradition when the son was in Scorpio. Modern discovery has assigned this symbol to represent the letter M, which accordingly conveys an idea of water multitude and number.†

The series which I have attempted to explain in the present chapter, combines in its aggregate form many useful lessons in morality, which would doubtless be strongly insisted on by the hierophant while delivering instructions to the aspirant which were to form the future guides of his life and conduct as a member of the mysterious order into which he had been formally received.

Chapter VIII.

Second Series of Symbols.

"Have ye offered unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel? But ye have borne the Tabernacle of your Moloch and Chiun, your images, the star of your God which ye made to yourselves." Amos.

In a line between the angles of the right and left of the Tracing Board, we find two compound and three simple emblems. These are two larger semicircles connected by a smaller circle and a right line, the implement of architecture called a square, a circle, the circle and point, and a sceptre or lotus flower joined to a circle.

The analogy of different nations in the use of corresponding symbols to designate the deity and his attributes is very remarkable, and tends to establish a common origin, and the existence of such a method of communicating knowledge when all mankind lived together as one family, practising the same rites, and using the same language. The Indian and Chinese, the Celts and Saxons, as well as the Egyptians, and all the various nations and people which might trace their origin to that country adopted the circle and point, the crescent and square as sacred hieroglyphics with the same interpretation attached to them, viz., as emblems of the chief deities the sun and moon.

Diogenes Laertius* informs us that the Egyptians had a respect for the four elements and worshipped the Sun and Moon as gods, under the names of Osiris and Isis, which they represented under the forms of the scarab, the hawk, the serpent, and other animals." He had probably seen the compound hieroglyphic prefixed to this dissertation, or something nearly resembling it. To the same effect, Diodorus says that "the most ancient inhabitants of the world, contemplating the vast expanse above their heads, were filled with admiration and astonishment at the nature of the universe, and expressed their firm belief that there were eternal gods, the two chief of which were the sun and the moon, called by them Osiris and Isis."†

In most countries the circle was not only a symbol of the sun, but also of Eternity. In Greece it was called the Ring of Gyges, and was reputed to render the wearer invisible, and in Britain it was presented to the view in the form of gigantic temples of the deity, while the crescent appears not only attached to the figures of Isis or Astarte and at the upper termination of the Egyptian sceptres, but also in the lunette of the Grecian Juno, the Ada of the Babylonians, and is

* Stephens Travels, vol. i. p. 101.
† See Lamb's Hier. p. 24.

* In Proem.
† Diod. Sic. Bibl. l. i. c. 11.

repeated in the Golden Sickle of the Archdruid of Britain.

We find a series of symbols similar to these now under our consideration,—the crescent and circle, the square and the point within a circle—on Phœnician coins which were struck in honour of Astarte or Isis, with a reference which we proceed to explain.

Dr. Brown refers the semicircle to the rainbow, and says: "Cabalistical heads who from that expression in Isaiah (xxxiv., 4) do make a book of heaven and read therein the great concernments of earth, do literally play on this, and from the semicircular figure, resembling the Hebrew letter Caph whereby is signified the uncomfortable number 20, at which age Joseph was sold, which Jacob lived under Laban, and at which men were to go to war, do note a propriety in its signification, as thereby declaring the dismal time of the deluge. And christian conceits do seem to strain as high, while from the irradiation of the sun upon a cloud, they apprehend the mystery of the Sun of Righteousness in the obscurity of the flesh, by the colours green and red, the two destructions of the world by fire and water, and by the colours of water and blood, the mysteries of Captism and the holy eucharist."*

This semicircle otherwise called a lunette crescent, or half moon is the first symbol of the series, and it occurs "most frequently upon the coins of Egypt, especially upon those of Carrhœ which was the Charan or Haran of Moses. Under this semblance they worshipped the Seleuite deity as the mother of the whole world. The Emperor Julian sacrificed to the moon at Carrhœ. This deity was the same as Cybele, Jonah, Damater, the reputed parent of all that breathed; this was a character which could not in any respect belong to the moon. The planet was only made use of as a resemblance and type of the ark, and thence was called Mon and Moon as we may infer from the Hebrew. The name was at times differently expressed, but related to the genius of the ark, who was worshipped by the Canaanites under the title of Baal Maon, and whose temple was the Beth Meon of Jeremiah. This deity was the same as Isis and Rhea; hence we find inscriptions in honour of the latter wherein she is mentioned as the mother of all beings."*

From hence was derived the same figure on the Roman standards which, "seem to have generally consisted of a crescent of a disc of metal or circle, and a chaplet of olive and laurel, and frequently the square and cross." The later Emperors, especially those of Constantinople, gave the characteristic name of Labarum. Sometimes two or three lunettes and circles are found on the same standard.

In the Hermesian hieroglyphics the united symbol embodied the doctrine of obedience to superiors and was hence of great importance in carrying out a system where everything was prescribed and no latitude of opinion allowed on any point connected with its secret observances. It may contain an imperfect attempt to portray the pomegranate which was sacred to Rhe and a symbol of fertility or plenty. The pomegranate was an object of religious veneration to many ancient nations; in Syria it was worshipped under the name of Rimmon,† and was the representative of that deity before whom Naaman had been accustomed to bow before he was healed of his leprosy.‡

The general estimation of the above symbol amongst the followers of Hermes, was, according to some authorities|| on account of its reference to the ark of Noah while floating on the abyss of waters, its abundance of seeds representing the contents of that sacred vessel, as the rudiments of a future world. The mysterious properties of the pomegranite were of so mysterious and ineffable a nature that Pausanius, who had been fully instructed in hieroglyphical knowledge, declared himself incapable of explaining them.

There are also some reasons for believing that it might represent a Key, which was an emblem of power and authority. It was frequently constructed by a right line with a lunette at each end and sometimes a circle in the middle. According to the testimony of Callimachus, Isis or Ceres was

* Pseudodoxia, p. 173.

* Bryant, Anal. vol. iii. p. 319.
† Selden de deis Syris, p. 254.
‡ 2 Kings, v. 18.
|| Pausan, l. ii.

frequently depicted with a key upon her shoulder.

The hidden meaning of this portraiture was not confined to any system or country but prevailed throughout the world, and was as peculiar to the true as the false religion, thus when Eliakim was invested with the regal authority, the external symbol of his power was a Key upon his shoulder.* It was called the Key of David that openeth and no man shutteth, and that shutteth and no man openeth.† In reference to this divine power as alluded to by the prophet Isaiah,‡ the Talmudists affirm that Jehovah holds three keys as symbols of his universal dominion, the key of the womb, the rain and the grave.‖ That sublime description of the Prince of Peace by the same prophet has an allusion to this custom, and the Key is put for government—"The government shall be upon his shoulder."§

In like manner Christ communicated his authority by using the same symbol when he committed to Peter "the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven,"¶ reserving to himself "the Keys of," or power over "hell and death."** The power of which the Key was an emblen the Jews refused to assign to Jesus, and attributed it to the Tetragrammaton which they accused him of stealing from the Foundation Stone of the Temple.††

To the fortunate possessor of this Key various promises are made. "He shall eat of the tree of life and of the hidden manna, and I will give him," says the Redeemer of mankind, "a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it; and I will give him the Morning Star, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my New Name."‡‡

* Isai. xxii. 22.
† Rev. iii. 7.
‡ Isai. lxvi. 9.
‖ Xeres. Address to the Jews, p. 83, cited by Maurice, Ind. Aut. vol. iv. p. 533.
§ Isai. ix. 6.
¶ Matt. xvi. 19.
** Rev. i. 18.
†† See Basnage, p. 254.
‡‡ Rev. ii. 7, 17, 28.—iii. 12.

The next figure to the right-hand denoted Architecture, and hence we find it in the Egyptian monuments borne in the hand of Orus, who was an incarnation of Osiris, the architect or builder of the universe, together with the Tau cross and circle, and therefore the latter which also hermetically signifies Spirit, follows immediately after the square which represented Justice and was accordingly borne in the Egyptian processions by an officer called Stolistes, whose duty it was to exhibit this symbol as the insigna of his office, and to keep hidden from the sight of the profane the more secret and ineffable symbols of the Spurious Freemasonry, which they therefore carried in procession in covered baskets. They had the direction of all the ceremonies, and the performance of the sacred drama of Osiris and Typhon during the initiations, was entirely entrusted to their management.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, as explained by Champollion and other antiquaries of our own times, a dark circle and the circle and point, which are here placed in juxtaposition represent the letter L or R, and denoted motion, swiftness and strength; as the square ⌞ in the Ancient Hebrew, as well as the Greek and Roman alphabets stood for the letter L, and referred to the number Four, the Tetragrammaton or Tetractys.

It has already been said that the point within a circle was an emblem of the first member of the Hypostasis of the divine triad. It symbolized the deity surrounded by eternity, of which he was said to be the author, the ornament and the support. The Samothracians had a great veneration for this hieroglyphic which they considered to be like the Urim and Thummim of the Jews, consecrated by the perpetual presence of the deity, and hence rings were distributed to the aspirant at his initiation, as armlets possessing the power of averting danger.*

A similar notion of the mysterious properties of the circle was entertained by all other idolatrous nations, and all their solemn ceremonies were accordingly accompanied by a circular dance; for Plato says that the gods were honoured when the worshippers danced round about their altars, and he recommended the authorities

* Plin. Nat. Hist. l. xxxiii. c. l.

to prescribe by a legal ordinance, what kind of songs and dances were to be used at the religious festivals.* And, indeed, in all religions from the time when David danced before the ark of the covenant, and the priests of Baal used the same practice to procure fire from heaven in the days of Elijah to that of the most uninformed savages, dancing in a circle was considered to be a sacrifice with which the deity was well pleased.

This custom or belief probably originated the mystery attending the use of the ring or circle of gold as a symbol of the union of man and wife, although some attribute the custom to a much earlier period. They say† that the inventor of the wedding ring was Prometheus, and the workmen who made it was Tubal Cain, who by the advice of Adam gave it to his son, wherewith to bind his wife in marriage, implying that their mutual love and affection should flow from one to the other without intermission, as in a circle, to the end of their lives. In Egypt, however, as we have been told by Crates, the philosopher, the ring was a symbol of *prostitution* and worn about the ancles as an honourable badge. The Chinese circle or ring was supported by two serpents, as an emblem of the Universe supported by the wisdom and power of the deity.

Bro. Willoughby, an intelligent Mason, residing at Birkenhead, has an ingenious conjecture that the Masonic point within a circle refers to the second person in the Christian Trinity. His idea is thus stated in a letter to the author of this work:—"As speculative Masons we should not be content with deriving merely a single moral lesson from each emblem depicted on our Tracing Board; each is but as a text upon which to build a copious lecture. I consider, then, that the point within a circle has a totally different application when used in the first and third degrees. In the first it has a moral reference, and describes the boundary line of a Mason's path through this life, the limits of which are the precepts of the law and gospel by which he is circumscribed to prevent his going into works of supererogation; to which precepts, if he will strictly adhere, that ladder which is placed above will conduct him by the three theological virtues to a heavenly mansion veiled from the eyes of mortal men.

"The same emblem in the third degree has a more mystical reference to Christ as our centre, according to His own declaration, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them!' The prayer which was formerly used is very applicable to this point, and it ought not to have been discontinued. It began thus:—'O Lord God, thou great and universal Creator of the world, and first Builder of man, as it were a Temple, be with us, O Lord, as thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name thou wilt be in the midst of them, &c.'

"After our Lord's resurrection the disciples changed their day of assembling together, or Lodge day, from the seventh to the first day of the week; and on that day our Lord appeared to Mary and directed her to go to his brethren and inform them that he was about to ascend into the presence of Him who was both his Father and their Father; and on the same day, at evening, when they were assembled (which custom has been preserved among ourselves, Masons' Lodges being usually held of an evening), the doors being closely tyled for fear of the Jews—came Jesus and stood in the midst of them, making use of that highly Masonic greeting, 'Peace be with you.' Our brethren would naturally feel surprised at the presence of a stranger amongst them; but when He had given them proofs by showing them the signs of distress in his hands and his side, that he was their Brother, that they were children of the same Almighty parent, they gladly recognised Him that was lost by an untimely death."

The Hindoos believed the circle to be a representation of the Supreme Being; because, like Him, it is without beginning and without end. The first settlers in Egypt transmitted to their posterity an exact copy of the point within a circle expressed in symbolical language. The universe was represented and explained by the hierophant at the exaltation of the candidate to the highest mysteries of religion, as a circle of boundless light, in the centre of which the Deity was supposed to dwell; and the idea was embodied in

* De Leg. vii. 815.

† Swinburne on Spousals, p. 207.

their sacred hieroglyphics by a hawk's head in the centre of a circle, and sometimes by an endless serpent inclosing an eye.* And hence Osiris, the Sun, was propably called πολλνοφθαλμος, in reference to its diverging rays.

But, according to the double meaning of securing the secrets of his Spurious Freemasonry from the most penetrating observation, the point within a circle was also made to refer to the heliacal rising of the canicular star which measured the era of 365 days six hours, and announced the overflowing of the sacred river. This beneficent event was therefore recorded in all their systems, because it conveyed the means of existence to the inhabitants of that parched and otherwise barren country, and was attributed to Isis, the bestower ef blessings of agriculture,

Now, a Star was a known symbol of the Deity all over the world.† Αστὴρ παρ' Αιγυπτίοις γραφόμενος θεον σημαίνει.‡ The name of Bacchus was כנב (Cocab) a star, read from left to right, with a Greek termination. The author of the Orphic hymns styles him "The Deity with two horns, having the head of a bull, even, even Mars Diomesus, reverenced in a double form, and adored in conjunction with a beautiful Star." And according to the testimony of the Chaldee Paraphrasts, the star was also an emblem of the Messiah of the Jews,‖ and of a corresponding Great Deliverer in every other ancient system of religion. And it also symbolized in Egypt the human soul,§ from the belief that the souls of the hero gods were translated to the stars.

Thus, in Henry VI., Act 1 :—

"A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar."

On this passage Douce observes :¶ "This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men by placing them among the stars. Thus on a medal of Hadrian, the adopted son of Trajan and Plotina, the divinity of his parents is expressed by placing a star over their heads; and in like manner the consecration medals of Faustina the elder exhibit her on an eagle, her head surrounded with stars. Other similar medals have the moon and stars, and some of Faustina the younger the inscription, SIDERA RECEPTA."

Every star was supposed to be endowed by the Creator with an intelligence—a soul and a body. "The first capital error in religion was departing from the unity of the Godhead, i.e., worshipping more than one Deity, and the first thing that obtained to be put on an equal footing with its Creator was the Sun—a body by its superior splendour and heat, by its apparent and orderly motion, most apt to mislead weak minds from surprise and admiration into reverence and worship. To the sun, the moon and other planets were soon added, and all supposed to be actuated by souls or intelligent spirits of a middle nature between God and man. They were, therefore, concluded more proper to receive the addresses of weak and sinful man, whose petitions were too imperfect to reach the throne of the supreme God without such a mediatorial introduction."

Each particular star was supposed to possess its peculiar kind of influence over mundane affairs, according to the belief of the Chaldeans and their followers. Diodorus tells us that from the motions and influences of the stars they foretell future events. They supposed the planets to be particularly powerful in directing the affairs of men, and especially Saturn. But their chief confidence was placed in the Sun, from observations of which they could prognosticate with the greatest certainty. They called the planets by the name of Interpreters, and supposed that every one of them had under it thirty inferior stars called Counsellors, one-half of which rules the earth and the other the heavens. A messenger star is despatched every ten days to ascertain what passes in both.

In later times the influences of the planets were more particularly specified. Thus Saturn was reputed to be the author of bad luck, Jupiter of happiness, and Mars of quarrels. The Sun denoted a long life; Venus, fortunate marriages; Mercury, a love of science; Luna, authority, &c.; and corresponding prayers were addressed

* See Signs and Symbols. Lect, ix.
† Compare Amos v. 26, with Acts vii. 43.
‡ Horapol, Hier. l. ii. s. 1.
‖ See Numb. xxiv. 17.
§ Horapol, Hier. l. ii. s. 1.
¶ Illustr. of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 134.

to each, as in the following example of a prayer to the Morning Star, the Grecian Venus from the Persian Desatir :—"O mighty and admirable lady! mistress of knowledge, and lady of action! I ask of thee, most blest in the two abodes (meaning heaven and earth) that thou ask of thy Father and Lord that he would illuminate my soul, and smooth my difficulties; that He would draw me near to Him, that He would enlighten the band of light splendour, and bless them and us, and purify us for ever, and to everlasting of everlasting."

The heathen oracles, which professed to explain the heavenly predictions, "reached to so high a degree of reputation that, as Cicero observes, no expedition for a long time was undertaken, no colony sent out, and often no affair of any distinguished family or individual entered on without previously attaining their judgment and sanction. Their authority was so high, that the first fathers of the christian church could no otherwise account for a reputation thus universally received, than by supposing that the devils were permitted by God Almighty to inform the oracles with a more than human prescience, that all the world might be concluded in idolatry and unbelief, and the necessity of a saviour be made more apparent.*

It was in unison with these opinions that mankind, in comparatively recent times, were induced to believe that their destiny was governed by the stars; animantium corpora a lumine planetarum affici; and the superstitions were prevalent in Europe down to the last century,—even if they are now extinct—notwithstanding it is quite clear that, as soon as the doctrine of Christ was made known, all the power of the devils was broken. What is added by some, that Jesus learned magical arts in Egypt, carries a much less appearance of truth, than the like objection of the heathen against Moses, which we find in Pliny and Apuleius. For it does not appear, but from the books of His disciples, that Jesus ever was in Egypt, and they add, that he returned from thence a child.†

Those who practised judicial astrology as a science, defended their opinions by such arguments as these. That, though they readily admitted that the stars cannot operate immediately on the soul of man, yet they undertook to demonstrate that their influence worked mediately by the humours and corporeal organs, on which the soul's operation depends; (i.e.) the material organs, and the elementary matter whereof these organs consist, is as much subject to the influence of the stars, as any other elementary matter; and thus they work upon men's minds and dispositions.

The R. Moses, a very learned Jew, thought that the will of the stars might be determined by a more literal process. He says "The heavens are not without some soul; which is no other than that of those blessed intelligences who govern the stars and dispose them into such letters as God has ordained; declaring unto men, by means of this writing, what events they are to expect."

The several qualities of each planet operating on elementary matter are described as follows:—

Saturn's extremely cold, and meanly dry;
Jove kindly warms and moistens all the sky;
Mars is a furnace which doth nature spoil,
By roasting that which should but gently boil.
The Sun's a fountain both of light and heat,
Yet do his beams but moderately dry;
Venus is warm, her moistening virtue great;
And like his consort, still is Mercury.
Luna is cold and various; her chief power
Consists in moisture, and the abundant shower.

When men succeed in persuading themselves by these and similar arguments, that their lives and fortunes are under the direction of the heavenly bodies, the exercise of freewill becomes useless; and they succumb to circumstances so implicitly as to accelerate and fulfil every important prediction whether for good or evil. It was however for one or other of these reasons that the point within a circle, as an emblem of the deity, the human soul, and a star, was conspicuously placed in the centre of this Hermetic Tablet.

The last figure in this series is the circle and the calyx of the lotus, or a sceptre. In either case it was the phonetic symbol of Osiris or Orus, who were one

* Godwin, Necrom. p. 19.
† Grot. de verit, B. v. s. 3.

and the same personage under different phases. And hence Plutarch considers Osiris—Isis—Orus, as a sacred triad. Osiris the beginning, Isis the receptacle, and Orus the completion of the godhead.* And the Egyptians had another triad which referred to the circle and its prototype the sun, named Harpocrates, at his rising in the East; Orus, at his meridian in the South; and Osiris, at his setting in the West. And hence Hermes Trismegistus says that in their morning devotions the people should turn towards the East; at noon to the South; and in the evening to the West.† In pursuance of this triad system, the Egyptians believed that every man had three angels attending upon him.

The rites of the Spurious Freemasonry of Egypt were intended, amongst other things, to commemorate the deluge; and a conspicuous emblem of the system was Orus, variously depicted seated on the calyx of the lotus,‡ or lily of the Nile; sometimes as a man, at others as a new born child; and in the Bembine table he is portrayed under the figure of a frog. It is also a curious fact, that during the initiations the hierophants were crowned with lotus flowers, as the imitation of a custom used by Orus and Harpocrates || In an engraving of medals attached to Bryant's Analysis, we find this emblem on the head of Cueph, whence it would appear to be a symbol of life rather than death, signifying the egress of Noah from the ark. or the resurrection of the aspirant; both of which were considered a new birth. It was in fact a symbol equally of the sun and immortality.

We no longer wonder at the veneration of the ancient world for the lotus, after reading the description which M. Schomburgh gives of a specimen which he found on the river Berbice in Guiana. "It has a gigantic leaf," he says, "from five to six feet in diameter, salver shaped, with a broad rim of light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting on the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxurant flowers, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them. The calyx is four leaved, each upwards of seven inches in length, and three in breadth at the base; the diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches; on in rests the magnificent flowers, which, when fully developed, covers completely the calyx. When it first opens it is white with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age; and it is generally found the next day of a pink colour; as if to enchance its beauty, it is sweet scented."

It will be unnecessary to add that the mystical calyx of the symbolical lotus, was the ark of Noah; and the infant, the new born patriarch, subsequently deified and worshipped as Osiris or Orus. The emblem therefore indicated the salvation of the diluvian voyager from the waters of the deluge, and the reproduction of the world after it had been submerged and swallowed up by the abyss.

Some writers were of opinion that the deity here symbolized by the flower of the lotus, was the same as Baal Peor—the Lord of Opening—of our scriptures; who is identified by Milton with the Chemosh of King Solomon.*

Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Arver to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Sihon's realm, beyond
The flowery vale of Sibma, clad with vines;
And Eleale, to the Asphaltic pool;
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Shittim; on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites which cost their woe.†

The learned Mr. Taylor says in his edition of Calmet, "this false God (Baal Peor) is supposed to be the Adonis or Orus adored by the Egyptians and other Eastern people;" although Wilkinson says,‡ that Orus is erroneously identified with Priapus, or Baal Peor, for he was in reality the god Pan. "Scripture informs us," continues our author, "that the Israelites, being encamped in the wilderness, were seduced to worship Baal Peor, to partake of his sacrifices, and to

* Plut. de Is. p. 355.
† In Asclepio.
‡ Iambl. de Myst. p. 151.
|| Heliod. p. 457.

* 1 Kings, xi. 7.
† Par. Lost. B. i. 406.
‡ Thebes, p. 395.

sin with the daughters of Moab. The feasts of Baal Peor or Adonis were celebrated after the manner of funerals; and the worshippers committed a thousand dissolute actions, particularly after they were told that Adonis, whom they had mourned as dead, was alive again. Origen believed Baal Peor to be the idol of turpitude." The symbols of Orus, under this form, are accordingly placed in the Tracing Board borne by the holy scarab, and will form subjects of future consideration, when we come to expatiate on the references.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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In the February number of the Masonic Magazine, I briefly noticed the death of my gifted friend, Mr. James Gregor Grant. Here is a Sonnet of his on Rydal and Wordsworth, which may give those unacquainted with his poems some slight idea of his poetic powers :—

"Shame to the Poet—to the *man*—who here,
Wandering with heart 'at leisure to be good,'
Departs without a thought that he hath stood
On ground to heaven, man, virtue, nature, dear!
There is a little low-roof'd cottage near,
Dropp'd like a nest amidst yon circling wood,
The which, did *all* hearts venerate as they should,
The wide earth as a temple would revere.
Once did I tread that spot of favour'd ground,
Led e'en by *Him*, whom so to hear and see
Was to my heart as priceless treasure found—
By Wordsworth led. How fresh in age was he!
Hair snowy-white, but step of agile bound,
Amidst his own 'Rydalian laurels' free!"

And of poor Southey, under his mental affliction, he sang :—

"A cloud hath settled o'er *his* living head
No intellectual beam shall ever quell,
Until the dread Archangel's trumpet-swell
Tear the wide realms and regions of the dead!
Alas! how little did I dream or dread,
When *he*, too, welcomed me with voice that fell
On ear and heart like a melodious spell,
That *there*, e'en *there*, God's shaft would soon be sped!
With glance as calm and gentle as his tone,
And placid paleness upon brow and cheek,
Where were the troubled flashes to bespeak
'*Wild* Southey flying like the heron, alone?'
He rose—he moved—he spoke—a thing as *meek*
As ever bow'd before the Eternal Throne."

Such a man as Mr. Grant, whose lectures (often freely given) and sweet poems too little known, helped so much to civilise the North of England, would not have been allowed to pass away from us so silently had not money-making been absorbing our attention, as though man *did* "live by bread alone."

It is said that glass may become so hardened by cooling it in refrigerating moulds as to become an efficient substitute for the diamond.

It was well remarked by the Earl of Derby in an address at Edinburgh lately :—"Say what we like about the lessening of social differences, there will always be a gulph not easily passed over—a difference which must make itself seen and felt—between the cultivated and the vacant intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning, and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age." Now no rational man expects that we shall ever all live in the same sort of houses, wear the same sort of clothes, eat exactly the same sort of food, follow the same employments and studies, and

hold the same rank in society. But as the genuine principles of Freemasonry become practised, and not merely prated about, as they too oft are by unworthy candidates who have rushed into the noble Craft without respect to their OB., the pride of caste will give way; the good man will love his brother man, without regard to the colour of his skin, his peculiar sect in religion, or his political party; and, whilst his benevolent heart yearns to do acts of kindness, even to the most unworthy of his fellow-creatures, he will seek to associate more closely with the gifted and the good —for "the internal, and not the external qualifications of a man are what Masonry regards," and "there need no ghost rise from the dead to tell us" that as men increase in knowledge, they will consequently improve in social intercourse. Freemasonry has done much to bring about this glorious result, and is fully capable of doing more; and, when once its sublime precepts are generally reduced to practice, it will be found, as Macaulay sings in his spirit-stirring Lays of Ancient Rome :—

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor man,
And the poor man loved the great."

Mr. Joseph B. Baker, I am informed, intends bringing out an enlarged edition of the History of Scarborough published by our worthy brother, the late Thomas Hinderwell, in 1798. Bro. Hinderwell was then a respected member of the corporation of Scarborough, and produced a history of the borough which still maintains a respectable position in the too-often-underated ranks of local literature; and I trust that Mr. Baker, will do justice to his industrious and discriminating predecessor, by giving us a first-rate memoir of Bro. Hinderwell in this new edition of his History, for which Cole's Memoir will assist him, Scarborough has marched on, with giant strides, since Richard Brindsley Sheridan, about a century ago (viz. in 1777) produced his play of the Trip to Scarborough, or even since Bro. Hinderwell published his History of the famous watering place, Indeed the great fault of Scarborough is that it has become too fashionable for persons of limited means, in this day of excess in dress, when nobody seems to believe the poet Thompson that

"Beauty when unadorn'd 's adorn'd the most."

Sheridan's Trip to Scarborough was but a re-hash of "that graceless wit," Vanburgh's, Relapse, neither of which anybody now cares for *as* plays; but in the same year he produced his School for Scandal, which as Leigh Hunt remarks, "with the exception of too great a length of dialogue without action in its earlier scenes. is a very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear, and compact, in the materials of prose comedy; as elegantly elaborate, but not so redundant or apparently elaborate, as the wittiest scenes of Congreve, and containing the most complete and exquisitely wrought-up bit of effect in the whole circle of comedy—the screen scene." The great fault of Bro. Hinderwell's History is the entire omission of all Folklore, which would have been a rich mine if properly worked seventy-eight years ago; as much which was then what Falstaff would call as "plenty as blackberries," has now almost entirely disappeared. If Mr. Baker can throw any light on the long-lost giant Skardyng, he will confer a boon on the lovers of our early literature. Anyhow, with Bro. Hinderwell's really good book for a foundation, he will be able, I have no doubt, to build up a literary structure worthy of the nineteenth century; and I sincerely wish success to this, and to all similar undertakings,—knowing, by bitter experience, the sacrifices which any conscientious local historian has to make, to whom the wish to do full justice to his subject is superior to a craving for fleeting popularity or the love of pecuniary profit.

In the MASONIC MAGAZINE for January, I briefly alluded to a very useful invention for saving life, the working model of which had been shown and explained to me by the secretary of the North Yorkshire Miners' Association. It is called a Patent Safety Detaching Hook, and I am now thoroughly convinced that it is really what its name implies. It is no part of my duty to puff patents, or even to advertise them; and in my own opinion our present system of granting patents at all is a wrong one. I consider whenever a man makes a discovery likely to be of use to humanity,

as in the case of this Safety Detaching Hook of Mr. Walker's, the government of every civilised nation ought to reward him liberally for his services, and insist upon its adoption wherever necessary, leaving the manufacture to any maker, only exercising proper supervision to insure that no worthless imitation is sold for the genuine article; giving long imprisonment to any knave who sought to enrich himself by dishonest means. Although residing in Cleveland, Mr. Walker is as personally unknown to me as though he had lived all his life in Timbuctoo, and of the Birmingham firm who manufacture his important Detaching Hooks I am equally ignorant. Not so, however, with the Detaching Hook itself, which was satisfactorily tried at the Stanghow ironstone mines in the autumn of 1874, in the presence of several mine-owners, viewers, miners, and delegates, and met with their unanimous approval. Since then it has been regularly used in several coal-mines in Wales, the county of Durham, and other places, as well as in the Cleveland ironstone mines, and has never been known to fail. It needs no very refined feelings to feel shocked at the numerous accidents one sees recorded in the newspapers as the result of over-winding, and it is well enough to convict a careless attendant of an engine at a pit shaft of manslaughter when such dreadful accidents occur. But this does not bring the dead to life again, and is small comfort to their bereaved friends. Now that Mr. Walker has invented and properly made known his invaluable discovery, should I ever be on a jury where the workmen when arriving at the top of a shaft are pitched down again and killed through over-winding, I will certainly hold out for a verdict of manslaughter against the parties who have neglected to provide for the proper safety of the men who toil in the bowels of the earth to enhance our national wealth in general, and theirs in particular. The wages paid and received is a matter with which employer and employed have alone a right to interfere: the safety of the lives of my fellow-creatures, whether employers or employed,—in fact all, from the Queen on the throne to the most worthless idler in a vagrant ward, is my business, and the business of every other citizen. And, above all men, the honest Freemason, who did not make a false declaration when on his initiation he solemnly declared that he was really anxious to make himself more serviceable to his fellow-creatures—though at perfect liberty to hold any theological or political opinions that may commend themselves to his judgment—has no right to rest contented to make a good living in a whole skin, whilst his more exposed fellow-men are being dashed in pieces through wanton carelessness, though that carelessness does not immediately concern him. "I am a man," says Terence, "and nothing that concerns humanity can be indifferent to me," and the brother who never felt himself actuated by this noble sentiment is no true Freemason, whatever ceremonies he may have passed through and whatever jewels he may wear. It is purely on the ground of humanity that I feel an interest in Mr. Walker's clever invention; which consists principally of a pair of jaws, working on a centre pin, in such a manner that the weight of the load has a tendency to open the upper limbs, which clip the strong centre pin of the shackle. The upper limbs are formed externally with jaw hooks The jaws are kept together, and made to retain the shackle pin by means of a clamp, which is held in position by the pins. The lifting rope is attached to the shackle, and the load to the connecting link. The supporting ring, through which the rope is constantly working, is a fixture in a baulk of timber, or iron girder, at the pit top. In case of over-winding, the jaw hooks hold together by the clamp, pass freely into the ring, but the projections of the clamp coming into contact with the bottom flange of the ring, hold the clamp stationary, while the jaws are being pulled through; the result being that the pins are sheared off, and the jaw hooks released from the restraint of the cramp. The internal diameter of the ring being the same as the width across the jaw hooks, the rope remains secure, until the jaw hooks reach the top of the ring, when, by the action of the weight of the load, they are forced open, and so hook on to the top of the supporting ring,—the rope passing harmlessly over the pulley. The apparatus can be easily applied to every rope permanently raising or lowering a load, whether loose or secured

in its travelling position by sheets or guides, and is not liable to get deranged or out of order. This is the best description I can give without the aid of woodcuts, being no mechanician or engineer. But I am a man, who regards all that concerns the interests of the great human family, or any important branch of them, as my own business, as every author should do; and I have perfectly satisfied myself, by careful inquiries of disinterested persons who know more about machinery than I am ever likely to do, that nothing I can say in favour of Mr. Walker's Patent Detaching Hook will be more than the truth; and I therefore, more firmly than ever, repeat what I said in the January number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, that its adoption "ought to be rendered compulsory on all owners or lessees of mines throughout the world,"—a statement in which some of our greatest engineers and inspectors of mines will bear me out, as well as thousands of intelligent working miners.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

(*From the N. Y. Despatch.*)

WHERE are they scattered now,
The old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples grow.
And mighty streams through solemn forests flow,
But never, from that pine-crowned land of snow
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's common ways,
And then, perchance, a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of cares;
For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,
Till harvest days.

"But some are fallen asleep;"
The words are sweet!
Oh! friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!
When shall we meet?
Oh! thou Divinest Friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments white,
And see them with a new and clearer sight,
Mine old, familiar friends made fair and bright,
Like unto Thee? ANON.

GOLD.

(*From the Keystone.*)

GOLD lurks in every aim of life—
It sways the lofty and the lowly,
And shrouds beneath its sable pall,
Each aspiration high and holy.
For it we utter earnest prayers,
And solemn vows are made and broken;
And beauty barters truth and hope,
And bitter scathing words are spoken

Gold cannot add one hour to life,
Or buy love's holiest caresses;
It cannot stay the silver streak
Time blends with beauty's auburn tresses;
It cannot bring the loved one back,
So rudely torn from our embraces;
It cannot smooth the wrinkled brow,
Scored deep with grief's relentless traces.

Gold cannot bring youth's ruddy glow
Back to the cheek of fading beauty;
It cannot hush the "still small voice"
That hints of long-neglected duty;
It cannot heal a broken heart,
Throbbing with some unbounded sorrow;
For words that wring the soul to-day,
Gold cannot bring relief to-morrow.

Then let us spurn the glittering bribe,
Nor breathe for it one sigh of sorrow;
Gold can at least but gild the bier,
Or buy the pall that want must borrow.
The loveliest heart in all the land
Is rich beyond all golden treasure,
If Truth and Virtue, hand in hand,
Have been through life its Square and Measure.

T. ALEX. MENARY.
Gold Hill, Nev., March 2, 1876.