

T H H
MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of
FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. IV.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
The M. W. Grand Master.
ENGLAND.

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The M. W. Grand Master.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ROSSLYN,
The M. W. Past Grand Master.
SCOTLAND.

COLONEL FRANCIS BURDETT,
Representative for Grand Lodge.

IRELAND.

AND THE GRAND MASTERS OF MANY FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

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GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET.

1876-7.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH the close of the Fourth Volume, Publisher and Editor beg once more to express their earnest thanks to all who have given to them their friendly countenance, or afforded to them their kindly aid!

In the present state of our monthly literature, and with countless claimants for support, on general and sectional grounds, it is necessarily no easy task to offer to our circle of slowly increasing subscribers a Magazine which will appeal to their sympathies, and invite their perusal. For it must be remembered as a fact, what many Freemasons seem to forget, that if a Serial is to be thoroughly effective and interesting, it must be supported largely, and carried on systematically. We must get our "wares" in the best market, and pay for them accordingly.

Our worthy Publisher, to whom justice ought to be done by our Craft, has continued to carry on the Magazine, in hope of better days and a more numerous subscription list. He still trusts that he may not be disappointed, and that those of us who survive to greet the close of Vol. V., may be able to report that the Magazine has left its abnormal position, and attained the normal condition of all true serial literature—whether Masonic or otherwise—namely a rapidly increasing and remunerative monthly sale.

To our Readers.

When that "good time" shall arrive, (let us hope it will,) our Readers will have no cause to complain of the intellectual level or general character of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, which, though they have been successfully maintained in the "years that are past," may yet find, Publisher and Editor venture to believe, more sympathetic approval and hearty appreciation from our numerous and intelligent Craft.

Once more, Publisher and Editor respectfully tender to many kind Patrons and zealous Contributors their most sincere thanks and their most "hearty good wishes."



INDEX.

A Terrible Catalogue	637
A Trip to Dai-Butsu	529, 613
Address of the Grand Master, J. H. Graham, L.L.D., &c.	332, 403
Address of the V.H. and E. Sir Knt. Col. W. J. B. Macleod Moore, of the Grand Cross of the Temple, Grand Prior of the Do- minion of Canada	341
Address of P.G.M. Bro. Hon. Richard Vaux at Centennial of American Union Lodge 139, 202, 255, 330	330
Albury MS., The	273
Allhallows, Bread Street	374
A London Adventure	651
American Knights Templar	78
American Vindication of Americans, An	370
An Essay on Epitaphs	326
An Italian Count	18
An Old, Old Story - 65, 108, 191, 219, 277, 368, 429, 475, 522, 619	619
An Oration upon Masonry	484
Ancient Mysteries and Modern Freemasonry; Their Analogies Considered, The—421, 495	495
Answers to Dot's Masonic Enigma	608
"Arms" of Freemasons in England, The	466
Bessie Grove	148
Birth of the Rose	367
Blind	449
Brakenan's Story, The	449
Bright Side, The	542
Broken Tessera, The	7
Burnah	442
Byzantine and Turkish Empires	433
Carpenters' Hall	585
Centennial Curiosity, A,	490
Chips from a Masonic Workshop	603
Church Gardens	433
Cigar Scientifically Dissected, A	454
Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society	189
Contemporary Letters on the French Revolu- tion	130, 183, 292, 591, 630
Days to Come, The	305
Dr. Rawlinson's MS.	99
Durham Cathedral	297
Early Indicia of Freemasonry, The	50
Early Masonic Book, An	51
Extracts from a Minute Book of the Last Century	216
Extracts from the Minute Book of the Royal Arch Chapter of Paradise, No. 139, Freemason's Hall, Sheffield	175
Extracts from the Minutes of the Royal Arch Chapter of Concord, attached to the Anchor Hope Lodge, No. 37, Bolton	514, 562
Fairy Tales Utilised for the New Generation 26, 79, 128, 187	187
Father Foy on Secret Societies	260, 379
Freemasonry in America	503
Freemasonry in France - 244, 322, 447, 551, 633	633
Freemasonry in Rome	354
Freemasonry—Its Persistence and Work	640
Gerard Montagu	185, 229, 287, 376, 440
Gleanings from Old Documents	616
Israel and England	132
Joining the Masons	387
Lady Muriel, The	496, 537, 587
Lectures on "Number One and How to Take Care of Him"	614
Letter of Bro. W. J. Hughan to the Grand Lodge of Ohio	418, 472, 518
Liudsefarne Abbey	460
List of Old Lodges	363
List of the Warranted Lodges in the King- doms of Ireland, Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, the East and West Indies, &c.	363
Little Jack Rag's "Day in the Country"	179
Londoner's Visit to a North York Dale, A	491

Index.

Long Livers	161	Reviews	43, 89, 135, 232, 309, 405
Masonic Amateur Performance at Plymouth	69	Schoolmaster Abroad, The	237
Masonic Angel, The	444	Sermon, A	87
Masonic Archaeological Notes and Queries	85	Social Problems and their Peaceful Solution	4, 60, 111, 221, 281, 480, 625
Masonic Cyclopædia	47	Soft Answer, A	430
Masonic Enigma, A	560	Some Further Remarks on the Extracts from	
Masonic Monthly Summary—1, 49, 97, 145, 209		the Sheffield Chapter of Paradise Minute	
257, 353, 417, 465, 513, 561, 609		Books	258
Masonic Numismatics	357	St. Paul's Cathedral	431
Masonic Philosophy, The	321	Taken by Brigands	122, 198, 253
Masonic Press, The	337	The Education of Society	29
Masonic Sermon	194	The Goose and Gridiron	98
Massorah, The	539	The Ocean	632
May Mason	55	The Transport of Cleopatra's Needle from	
Membership of Lodges in England and Ireland	452	Egypt to London	579
Morgan Affair, The	500	The Way We Live Now	582
New School Director, The	42	The Wounded Captain	600, 643
No. 194 Under the "Ancients" and its		Thomas Carlyle	562
Records	373	Triads in Masoury	13
Notes by Father Foy on his Second Lecture	456,	Troad, The	36
509		Two Sides	279
Notes on Literature, Science and Art—40, 91, 142,		Vulgarity	399
204, 250, 348, 412, 461, 505, 556, 605, 645		Under Current of Life, The	595
Notes on the Old Minute Books of the		Women of Our Time, The—8, 67, 116, 153, 235,	
British Union Lodge, No. 114, Ipswich,		285	
A.D. 1762	14, 531, 575, 622	Wonders of Operative Masonry—468, 524, 567, 610	
Notes on the Old Minutes of British Union		Ward for Our Boys, A	11
Lodge, Ipswich	72	Zoroastrianism and Freemasonry—22, 76, 119, 153	
Old Gregory's Ghost	300		
Old London	426	POETRY—	
On Father Foy's Notes	523	A Brother's Advice	583
On Reading	427	A Confession	141
On the Excessive Influence of Women	544	A Lay of Modern Durham	451
Origin and References of Hermesian Spurious		A Legend	446
Freemasonry—31, 80, 114, 146, 239, 307,		A Memoir	296
402, 553, 597, 647		A Page from Life's Book	336
Our Archaeological Corner—35, 83, 131, 201, 243,		A Parable	329
397, 549, 644		A Stricken Heart	40
Paris Restaurants	318	Are the Children at Home	352
Peculiar Case, A	393	A Year After: The Maiden's Story	618
Philadelphia Exhibition, The	389	Be Happy as You Can	110
Pine's Engraved Lists of Lodges	210	Born in May	560
Poet's Corner	249, 314, 391	By the Sad Sea Waves	267
Prince Boltikoff	267	Cousin Will	642
Put Yourself in My Place	385	Dallodil, The	49
Question of the Coloured Freemasons of the		Denied Him Masonic Burial	635
United States	534	Don't Take It to Heart	493
Ravenna Baptistery, The	225		
Reciprocal Kindness	212		
Return of the Arctic Expedition	295		
Rev. Mr. Pandi and Freemasonry	467		

Index.

POETRY—*continued.*

Elegiac	571
Emblems of Time	183
Faith, Hope and Charity	647
Falling Snow, The	79
Freemasonry	160, 225, 314
Furness Abbey	304
Glamour	118
Grumble not Brother	306
Hope	543
Hymn	96
Imogen	144
Leedle Jacob Strauss	508
Life's Lesson	478
Life's Roll-Call	478
Lines to the Craft	425, 590
Lost	325
Love Your Neighbour	294
Love's Utterance	391
Magic	128
Masonic Centennial Song	320
Masonry Everywhere	348
Out with the Tide	121
Parental Affection	201
Parting	231
Pæan, A	2, 151
Reunion	340
Sang About the Bairns, A	173
Shadow or Other	91
Short is the Way	331
Sleep On My Heart	334
Sonnet 1, 13, 55, 65, 193, 373, 401, 417, 484	518, 573

POETRY—*continued.*

Spring	29
The Creation	104
The Dying Gladiator	629
The Enchanted Isle of the Sea	290, 360, 435, 487
The Eternity of Love	596
The Flood of Years	206
The Happy Hour	531
The Jealous Sceptic	535
The Musical Enthusiast	130
The Object of a Life	416
The Old Fisher's Tale	26
The Secret of Love	602
The Story of a Life	243
The Unopened Letter	357
The Wakening	651
The Widowed Sisters	464
Thomas Tussier	189
Three Charges	524
To St. Bride's Church, Douglas, Lanarkshire, N.B.	157
Voice in Nature, A	271
Whistle Down the Brakes	22

ILLUSTRATIONS—

Allhallows, Bread Street	374, 375
Archæological Corner	35, 644
Birth of the Rose	353
Carpenters' Hall	584
"Dybots"—Largest Idol in Japan	513
Early Indices of Freemasonry	49
Fac-simile of an Old Apron which is Hanging in the Shakespeare Lodge, No. 426, Spilsby, Lincolnshire	257
Masonic Tokens	357
Old Jewel used in Humber Lodge, Hull	417
Original of Domesday Book	97
The Goose and Gridiron	98
Thomas Carlyle	561

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 37.—VOL. IV.

JULY, 1876.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have not a great deal of Masonic news to mention or comment upon. The Quarterly Communication has past and gone, and, to us, with no satisfactory result.

Bro. John Havers, P.G.W., well-known for his many and great services to our Order for long years, proposed to make a grateful recognition of our cherished Grand Master's safe return home by a grant of £2,000 to the Restoration Funds of St. Paul's and St. Alban's Cathedral. He selected these two special objects because connected with our Masonic annals and because they pointed to the operative and speculative sides of our older Masonic history. This reasonable proposal was met by an appeal "ad hominem" as if it were a sectarian and denominational grant, and by an urgent invocation of that theory of Masonic donation of funds only for Masonic purposes—a rule which, though no doubt true in the main, has its exception, as most rules on earth have. On these two grounds apparently a majority of Grand Lodge rejected the proposal, though a committee, it was agreed, should be appointed to consider in what way such a recognition should be made. We, as we said before, regret the rejection of the original proposition of Bro. Havers, feeling that Grand Lodge has lost a good opportunity, if even it went a little out of its usual routine, of doing a pleasant thing in a graceful way.

Some brethren seemed to be apprehensive that the matter took a denominational form—a very great mistake, as it in no way did; and others took up the old story, that "Charity begins at home."

Anyhow, on one ground or another, a majority objected to the original proposition and supported the amendment, and so "cedit quæstio." We feel that in September it will be all too late to move any

further in the matter, and Grand Lodge will probably content itself with recording its grateful recognition of the happy return of our Grand Master to England and the active duties of Freemasonry.

The increase of our Order continues, and we have constantly to report consecrations of New Lodges and Chapters.

We are afraid, however, that there is another side to this pleasing picture—namely, too much of a seeking of Masonic material, respectability and prosperity—for what it can give us, for what we ourselves can obtain from it for ourselves in a darker hour on a rainy day.

SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

What eye—what least observant eye—
but scans
A dark cloud looming in the eastern sky,
Which still appears more ominously nigh;
Yea, half of the wide orient heav'n now
spans,
Presaging wrath?—Ye Brother Ottomans
Of the Masonic heav'n compacted tie,
If ye would live, restore full speedily
A land—a sacred land, which is not man's,
But God's—to Brother Hebrew Masons,
who
Your surest friends will, in return, be
found;
Friends no less mystic-bound to us—
to you—
Than by an instinct, shared the whole
world round,
'Gainst that bleak realm—that dark,
Cimmerian Clime
In which mistaken law,—our Craft's a
crime.

A PEAN.

Sing out the song of gladness, let the
glorious pean swell,
In going round the Circle we have touched
the Parallel ;
The day the old Sun-worshippers in ages
past revered
By stronger ties of sympathy to Masons
is endeared :
To-day the craftsmen, who work by Line
and Square,
Shall welcome our Grand Master back to
England everywhere.

The Beauteous Column stands erect—no
work laid out to day,
From labour to refreshment, we the
welcome-call obey,
The 'Prentice in the quarry's depths, no
Ashlar Rough shall bear,
The Craftsmen lays aside his tools—the
Level, Plumb, and Square ;
The Master Workmen on the wall, delay
the work so grand,
To greet our Royal Brother back from
India's Coral Strand.

Throughout the nation far and wide the
mystic legions throng,
Firm Champions in the cause of truth, the
secret foes of wrong,
Each quiet street echoes with the sound of
tramping feet ;
They move in mighty concourse through
the City's crowded street,
To give a right good hearty cheer when
England's heir we greet.

No blood-stained laurels deck the brows of
that fraternal band,
No desolation marks their path, no ruins
strew the land ;
Their victories are o'er sin and wrong, o'er
suffering, want, and pain,
As 'round the crushed and bleeding heart
lov's tendrils they entwine,
Those who thus hail the head of the
mystic tie, sublime.

Then usher in our gala day with joyous-
ness and mirth,
And swell the grand old chorus, as it
circles round the earth,
With kindly words of greeting from the
hills down to the sea,

Our hearts are on the level, though our
bodies may not be ;
Then gathering 'round the festive board,
pour forth the generous wine,
And drink a toast in honour of our Chief
from India's Clime.

'Tis fitting on a time like this, when
brethren are thus met,
To dwell on Themes each Mason loves, and
never can forget,
To trace the course of Masonry until it
disappears
Amid the ruins of the past, the gathering
gloom of years,
Till breaking through the mists of time, it
bursts upon our sight,
And pours from Mount Moriah's hill, its
blazing stream of light.

Coeval with creation, though its truths
illumed the earth,
'Twas in the reign of Solomon, our Order
had its birth ;
Among the thousands of the Craft, who
at the Temple wrought,
It stamped its mighty impress on each
action, word, and thought,
Two Temples they were rearing, by the aid
of Square and Line,
The Outward and Material, the Inward
and Divine.

The one in silent grandeur rose, no ringing
sound was heard,
Of axe or other metal tool, nor one discor-
dant word ;
In perfect peace and harmony, they plied
their cunning art,
The secret tie of Brotherhood, had bound
them heart to heart,
And lo' the toiling legions, from the quarry
to the hill—
Were moved by its mysterious power, and
felt its quickening thrill.

Seven years they wrought with patient
toil, and when their work was done,
The Temple with its golden spires, stood
glistening in the sun.
Its splendour and magnificence enraptured
every gaze,
And filled the thronging multitudes with
wonder and amaze,
As Israel's crowning glory, shall its fame
for ever last,
And in tradition's whispers, link the
present to the past.

The other when the eyes are dim, and fainter grows each breath,
Approaches its completion, and awaits the capstone—Death.

If mystic tools and implements, and symbols pure and bright,
Have served their holy purpose, and have fashioned it aright;
The Temple of a glorious life, stands finished and complete,
And in that Foreign country, with the Builder we shall meet.

The Temple of King Solomon completed 'neath their hands,

The Craft dispersed and wandered forth through earth's remotest lands,
They heard the Gavel echo, and they saw the Trowel gleam

Amid Arabia's deserts and by Egypt's sacred stream.

They crossed the plains of Syria, the mountains of Judea,

In Asia and in India they were scattered far and near.

Within the silent wilderness, and on the desert waste,

The relics of their genius, are amid the ruins traced,

They reared earth's grandest monuments, her temples and her fames,

Alas! 'neath times unsparing hand—scarce one of them remains,

Before the Chaldee's vengeful ire, the Temple was o'erthrown,

The gorgeous fabric sank to earth—a shapeless mass of stone.

The Temple made of wood and stone may crumble and decay,

But there's a viewless fabric which shall never fade away,

Age after Age each Mason strives to carry out the plan,

But still the work's unfinished which those ancient Three began;

None but immortal eyes may view—complete in all its parts,

The Temple made of living stones, the structure made of hearts.

Although the Craft for centuries is often lost to view

Within the darkest ages, they were steadfast, firm, and true;

Despite the dungeon and the rack, relentlessness bigots failed

To penetrate the mystery with which our truths were veiled,

Within the hidden caves of earth, secure from lurking foes,

The hallowed lights still burned undimmed, the clouds of incense rose.

'Neath every form of government, in every age and clime,

Amid the world's convulsions, and the ghastly wrecks of time,

While Empires rise in splendour, and are conquered and o'erthrown,

And cities crumble in the dust, their very sites unknown,

Beneath the sunny smile of peace, the threatening frown of strife,

Lo! Masonry has stood unmoved, with age renewed her life.

She claims her votaries in all climes, for none are under ban,

Who place implicit trust in God, and love their fellow man,

The heart that shares another's woe, beats just as warm and true

Within the breast of Christian, or Mahomedan, or Jew.

She levels all distinctions, from the highest to the least,

The King must yield obedience to the peasant in the east.

When troubles come, as come they must, and fortune wears a frown,

The cruel world will shun a man, the moment he lies down,

Behold the Mason's hand outstretched, his eyes with tears are wet,

He'll lift him to his feet again, he is a brother yet,

The Mason finds what'er his lot, where'er his footsteps roam,

In every clime a brother, and in every land a home.

Though countless rights and mysteries have sought to sway mankind,

To make their impress on the heart, or captivate the mind,

Yet Masonry survives them all, the undistinguished crowd,

She saw them in her swaddling-clothes, and in their burial shroud.

The new-born truths they fain would teach, and which they build upon,

Where scattered rays from Masoury—the blazing central sun.

Let those who rail at secrecy, pray tell us
 what is life,
 The greatest mystery yet unsolved, although
 with theories rife,
 Why God, the mighty builder, veils his
 purposes from view,
 Why nature teems with labyrinths, we
 grope and wander through,
 God's hallowed truths, to us revealed—the
 basis of our art,
 Are hidden from the vulgar gaze, and
 graven on the heart.

The Temple of the Universe, which God
 himself hath made,
 With what a grand mosaic is its beauteous
 pavement laid,
 Tall mountains with cloud-chapiters, the
 fabric rests upon,
 Roofed with the blue ethereal sky, illumined
 by the sun ;
 'Mid songs of birds and murmuring streams,
 and thunders deep and loud,
 The novice makes his progress from the
 cradle to the shroud.

What honoured names on history's page
 o'er whose brave deeds we pore,
 Have knelt before our sacred shrine, and
 trod the checkered floor,
 Kings, princes, statesmen, heroes, bands,
 who squared their actions true,
 Between the Pillars of the Porch, they pass
 in strong review.
 O Brothers ! what a glorious thought for
 us to dwell upon,
 The mystic tie which binds our hearts,
 binds that of England's Son.

Although our past achievements, we with
 conscious pride review,
 As long as there's Rough Ashlars, there is
 work for us to do,
 We still must shape the living stones with
 instruments of love,
 For the eternal mansion in the Paradise
 above,
 Toiled as we've toiled in ages past, to
 carry out the plan—
 'Tis this: the Fatherhood of God, the
 Brotherhood of Man.

BRO. BEST.

MAY, 1876

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

II. CREATION AND RECREATION.

(Continued from page 502.)

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
 "A cheerful countenance is a token of a heart
 that is in prosperity."

WORK having been established as the normal condition of man, it follows that in order that this condition may be fulfilled to the greatest possible extent, he must use his best endeavours to keep himself fitted for his task.

No machine will do its work properly, unless it be kept in good running order, and to this end wherever there is waste there must be immediate repair ; and, if true economy be studied, such waste will be, as far as possible, prevented.

Now man, as a worker, is but a machine, and the waste caused by the friction of the wear and tear of brain or body, as the case may be, must be repaired by stated intervals of rest ; such friction of wear and tear being reduced at the outset to a minimum by the oiling process of recreation. Which recreation, giving time as it does, either by the diversion of mental or muscular force into other than the wonted direction, or by the calling into play other qualities of mind or muscle, and thus giving rest to those in use in the more wonted or serious business of life—work—affords these an opportunity of self-renewal and repair, and thus gives reality to the term, and constitutes it in very truth—re-creation.

With regard to rest, be it mental or be it bodily, it is idle to suppose that all that is needful is afforded to a working-man in the hours allotted to sleep, be they ever so ample. Sleep, it is true, relaxes the muscle, and so rests the work-wearied limbs, and even by its temporarily benumbing influence, affords repose to the over-tasked brain. But something more than this is needed. Continued friction will wear out at last even the smoothest working bearing, and no amount of mere standing still will repair these gradual ravages of friction. Still oiling will delay its effects to an indefinite time ; how to extend this delaying process to the longest possible period is the

desideratum sought by the experienced mechanic; and so, how to apply this process to the machine here in question—the working-man—is the purpose of the present investigation.

In days gone by, our forefathers, putting into practise the dictum of our wise Grand Master—"to everything there is a season"—divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts, one portion for work, a second for sleep, and a third for meals and recreation; and this, even in these days of high-pressure, seems to be the best and most natural division. Ask the real son of toil, the man whose time is his money, one to whom "the hope of reward sweetens labour," that is one who is paid by the results of his work—the quantity he does, and not by time—a collier for instance—and he will tell you that he cannot well do more than nine hours' work at a stretch, and that he would be better in all respects for one hour less. At the very outset, then, in the division of time, we should do well to go back to the ways of our ancestors, who, though they marked their hours by the waning candle, were far too wise to burn it at both ends.

We do not, of course, here mean to say that an inflexible rule can be laid down for all occupations alike, but we do assert, and that without fear of contradiction, that the hours of work at the present day, are far too long either to keep the machine in good running order—that is to preserve the worker in health, or to return a good staple product—that is to yield an adequate quality of work for the time and material consumed in its production. Thus then these long hours are profitless, alike to employer and employed. The employer sees, perhaps, his hands busy for longer periods at a stretch, but then what a listless perfunctory service it is: the employed gets, maybe, greater present wage, for longer hours of toil, but how useless this is in the long-run; with the greater amount of reward comes a lessened period of its continuance, for a speedy break-down of constitution is the inevitable result. Would it not be far better for all parties concerned to shorten the hours of service, with a distinct understanding that every moment of each and all of them were to be utilised to the full?

In offices, and still more in banks, the

rule is short hours, but those fully occupied; why should not this principal be extended to trades in general?

An objector may possibly say that customers cannot make it convenient to come during these shortened hours—to which we simply reply, nonsense, it is only that they will not, so long as the more lengthened opportunity is afforded them. It is definitely known that unless customers attend a bank between certain well-known hours, they cannot get their business done, and so they make it their business to go between those hours. Most assuredly the result would be the same at the shops of the retail trader, if the same rule were in force. But, our supposed objector might here urge again, this may be all very well with those who can afford to keep banking accounts, that is with the well-to-do, but how about the poor, with whom every minute means bread: to which we merely point as answer to the savings-bank, the place of business of the poor, where the hours are most limited of all; besides, if their hours of labour were shortened too, as we propose, for we have no class-interest at heart, they would be on precisely the same footing that they are now.

It is the public, then, with whom the matter really rests, and to whom the appeal must be mainly addressed. Only within the last few years many a change for the better has been made; the witty, but kindly "Punch," following the lead of the gifted and feeling poet Hood, has appealed, and by no means in vain, to our fair readers on behalf of their poorer sisters; and, only recently, a worthy member of our national legislature has procured for brain-workers directly, and indirectly as a natural consequence for all classes of the community, the inestimable boon of occasional whole-day intervals of rest and recreation. But, although these are steps in the right direction, enough has not as yet been done, and if a thoughtless public will not bring about a better state of things by curtailing the hours of business where they are unnecessarily long, the legislature must take the matter up, and guard alike employers and employed, from such a prodigal and useless expenditure of their powers of production. It has done this already to a great extent in the case of factory hands, but why should the one who

makes the article be tenderly guarded from the evils of overwork, whilst the seller of it must be up early and late, not to meet a necessity or suit a real convenience, but only to humour the foolish caprice and to foster the indifferent carelessness of the purchaser? Depend upon it that more real business would be done in the shorter time allotted to it, and would prove as profitable to the master, as beneficial to the servant, for short hours promote a rapid business-like way of getting through work, and are thus, in the long run, as conducive to the interest of the employer as they are to the health of the employed.

In the second place there is another consideration why the whole of a man's working hours should not be passed behind the counter or in the confines of the shop, dawdling through an amount of work that would be far better done if compressed into some hours less time; namely, if a man be thus occupied from the moment of rising, to the moment of retiring to rest, where is an opportunity afforded him for the cultivation of his mental faculties? Where his time for recreation?

Granted, for a moment, that the workman is regarded as the mere machine of his employer. Granted that he must squeeze out of his machine all the work he can, yet if the machine is to run properly it must have oil and sometimes repair. So, too, if the man is to work well he must have his times of rest, and his hours of recreation:

“All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy!”

Listen to the weary soul, sighing out
her very life in despairing slavery—

“Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

And say, gentle reader, *should* this be
so.

Listen! yet once more, to her appeal:

“Oh, men, with sisters dear!
Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives
Stitch—Stitch—Stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.”

And say, *shall* this be so.

So much then for the moral force brought to bear by the public; now for the question as between masters and men. Every man, it is true, is in a certain sense a machine, but then this only holds good in the same way of the employed that it does of the employer; when they are together concerned in the production of wealth. Both are equally men, both have souls as well as bodies alike. And now, how does the wise man direct a master to treat the servant that does his duty?

“If thou have a servant, let him
be unto thee as thyself set
him to work as is fit for him
but be not excessive towards any . . .
. . . Let thy soul love a good servant,
and defraud him not of liberty.”

Let not masters, then, be too exacting; nor let the public, for that is the gist of the matter, drive them to be so. Give fair day's wage for a fair day's work, expecting, in return, a full day's work for a full day's wage. Fix a fair proportion of the day for work, and insist that during this portion it shall indeed be work. Then give up the remainder to improvement of mind and recreation of body. Found

reading-rooms and institutes ; fill the ranks of volunteer corps ; build gymnasiums, and use them ; establish cricket-clubs ; promote all kinds of harmless and healthy amusement. Into these studies and these sports alike enter heartily during the hours freely given up to them, but when work is the order of the day—work ! Give, in short, to work, to play, to rest, each their fair proportion of time, and thus in your periods of Recreation, fit yourselves anew for your hours of Creation.

THE BROKEN TESSERA.

The following most interesting little story has recently appeared in one of our able American contemporaries :

“Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour.”

When Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British Army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778, there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities, and with information that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former he now received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the Tory interest they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale in the present state of the funds was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife he had held a distinguished place in the provincial Lodges. Although

his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from his youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained ; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large portion of his property.

As things now stood he was likely to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered and asked a conference.

This person, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate ; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met on the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words,

“My old friend and Brother, I have heard of your approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics ; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices ; and, while I can but regret you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of oppression ; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer to you in Brotherly truth. For old time's sake I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers, and before to-morrow morning, will sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order.”

The grateful merchant was profuse with his thanks.

“None of that, Brother Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger.”

A clear sale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this as the only course that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advance guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his pocket, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble-hearted friend, observed, "you and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera*; now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hand belongs to me. Farewell."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more from his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at headquarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss; and by a judicious use of the money he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond-tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year he drew nearer his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment to await the summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the word of God and the person of his good wife for companionship, and the voices of his grandchildren ringing from the next room in happy harmony, he was accosted by a beggarly-looking young man, who prayed a gift of money "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes, and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and, pressing his hand with thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude? There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone, which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles and

examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit! they fit! The broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! Thank God, thank God, my Brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia, ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so longed delayed his claim does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he followed the British army through the rest of the war, and amassed a large fortune by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked in some extensive speculations there, and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms, and introduced into the best circles of Philadelphia. The report concerning the Masonic part of the transaction became public, and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principle and interest, tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by a letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson just received, in which he declined receiving a shilling of it, and presented it with his warmest regards to his old friend and Brother, Jonas Lee.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

I CONFESS that I write this paper with some little fear, and no little pain. My own idea of women is in itself a very high one, and I greatly object to see the halo of romance and of "sentiment" which ever surrounds them, according to my view, brought down to the material forms and

matter-of-fact reality, the prosaic utterances of this "grossier" and uneasy generation. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the world, and of man, that the very moment woman becomes the plaything or the inferior creature, there immediately sets in personal demoralisation and national degradation, the recklessness of unclean living, and the saddest phasis of debasing civilization. Woman was given to be the help-meet for man; not the slave or the puppet, the jest or scorn, and whenever men forget that truth, and take away from woman her earthly mission, or her divine characteristic, so to say, there and then we pave the way both for the hurt of society, and the degradation of the "homo," man. Hence it becomes a very melancholy fact to note and to feel that we have arrived at such a point in the progress of our own artificial social life to-day and the normal condition of society, that we have to recognise as a very striking feature of the times in which we live, of the manners which hem us in on every side, of the women whom we know and value, and worship and worry, and bless and bore, and cruelly ill-treat, and often savagely beat, by the way, in our great English amenity; that "some" are "fast," not as opposed to slow, but "fast" absolutely "per se." What, then, does "fast" mean? This euphonious epithet would simply convey the quality of rapidity, so to say—would imply that certain young women, tired perhaps of the rules of a cold conventionalism, and not afraid of "Mrs. Grundy," like to get the "bit between their teeth," to do just as they choose, without regard to the mind or morals, or anything else you like, of a decent but less go-ahead society.

Fastness may, I think, be also described as excess in various ways—excessive love of dress, excessive independence of thought, excessive freedom of speech, excessive liberty of action! Seeing the change which has come over society, and to which a distinguished judge warningly alluded the other day, we are often tempted, like the "old French Commandeur," to cry out, "Mais ou allons nous?"

It is rather difficult to say, as the Irishman answered, who was asked where the road ended, "Bedad," says he, "it has so many turnings that niver a bit of an ind will you ever come to." Of course

he was wrong, as the old proverb is still true, "It's a long lane that has no ending." Then, though perhaps it's not much use prosing on the subject—or heaping up the agony, for the evil, such as it is, like the Gaul is at our gates, the practical question appears to be, how best shall we deal with, how best shall we amend, how best shall we put an end to what so many loudly deplore and eloquently denounce?

What is the truest and safest method of removing altogether this plague spot—if it be a plague spot—from civilized life, from our homes and hearths, from that domestic existence, which all true Englishmen so greatly value and so manfully praise? Now I do not take, for one, so serious a view of the situation as some people do. In the first place the proportion of this "growing evil," as it is termed by some, is, in my opinion, a good deal exaggerated, and the "fastness" of our young women is only a "vertigo," as I regard it, which, like other fashionable maladies, from time to time affect society and our individual life. As I have often before remarked in these papers, every departing generation looks on the young one treading on its heels, as lax and light, as flippant and forward, as degenerate and disobedient in comparison with itself, and we are all of us, more or less, fond of croaking and making things out worse than they really are. Still there are, I fear we must conscientiously admit, fast young ladies in these our days, and "fast young ladies," (though ours, I may observe, is not the only generation in which fast young ladies have appeared,) and we must therefore seek to deal with the question as it comes before us so constantly, is so dinned into our ears, is before our very eyes, and is so loudly and emphatically condemned as one of the great drawbacks of our existing civilization. First of all let us keep before us this undoubted fact, that fast young women, after all, are the excrescences, not the natural products, of social and domestic life. They are the parasites which protrude themselves in luxuriant growth, not the real and valuable and well-grown trees!

Now, fastness assumes various features, and indulges in various gyrations amongst us. We have the fast young lady in dress, in language, in habits, and in opinions.

The fast young lady in dress and appearance too often cuts her hair short round her forehead, as if a stable-boy had held a circular basin over the "caput" and the old family coachman had clipped it as only coachmen can clip hair. And though I admit freely that such a style often adds "piquancy" to laughing faces and bright eyes, yet I must fairly say I can't abide it. Neither do I like the frizzy style, or the French poodle fashion, nor the hair turned back over the head, nor the "Postillon de Longumeau" "chic," and one hardly knows what or next. Of course, it is a very difficult thing for any gentleman to profess to decide how a woman should wear her hair, but all fashions based on some vitiated taste of the day are to be greatly deprecated, in my opinion. I like, as an old staff officer said the other day, to see a girl "neat about the head," and, while nothing so much adds to the appearance of our young women as hair well and becomingly arranged, so nothing takes away so much from their "tout en semble" as untidy hair, uncared-for hair, or hair crimped or frizzed, or "bedevilled, sir," as my gallant friend so pointedly observed.

Then, as to dress, they say our girls dress too high and too low all at the same time. I do not believe it as a rule. It is, if anything, the token of an older generation, which still will be young, despite years and wrinkles, and "Time's withering hand." Extravagance in dress is an old cry, and one which I have heard all my life, and under this head, despite, no doubt, much of much foolish expenditure, it is the few not the many who err. But one thing I do abominate, and that is the "peg-tops," and the "springs," and the "Grecian bend," and "female doubling-up," and that ungraceful walk which pull-backs, or peg-tops, are giving to our lithe, active, handsome English girls! The best defence I ever heard of "peg-tops" was from a young lady, who said that they "kept her feet dry, and that before she wore them she was always catching cold." O, fair Jesuit! There are fast young women in language! I confess that I do not believe that under this head there is much harm to be found, or much blame to be awarded after all. I admit when a young lady tells you confidentially that "we put on our nose-bags at two," thereby inviting you to

luncheon, or that she means to "wire-in into the phiz," or that she intends to "rub it in well into her pater and mater," one regrets the perversity of language, and wishes both for a more feminine and classical utterance. But all this is, after all, only a passing folly, and one that is sure to wear itself out. Ethel, so fast and noisy to-day, will soon settle down into a sleek and decorous young married woman, and so let us laugh at this "rococo" language of young women to-day, as knowing that their hearts, after all, "by the mass, are in the trim," and that theirs is only a little exuberance of frolic, and that they certainly mean no harm. I confess, though I may be wrong, that I prefer Ethel's scampering lingo to Mrs. Manfuddle's choice outpourings, who, if report be true, is a bad-tempered old cat, and has been heard using expletives to her patient maid.

Then we have the fast young women as to habits and manners. They are generally, as they say, given to the "stable," and talk knowingly of horses in "horsey" vernacular, and speak of Dick, and Kit, and Ben, and Watty familiarly. These young paragons wear the colours of of the "animals" they have backed for a "pot," and they make bets at the Derby and Oaks, and Goodwood and Ascot, and have regular little "Books." They have been known to smoke "cigarettes," and to say that "girls can take care of themselves," and that "they don't want 'chaperons,'" nor do they mind what other people say." Let all such be warned affectionately in time. They are treading on very slippery ground, rather dangerous ground; for nothing in this world has so tended to confound the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, as that very affectation of despising the opinion of others. After all, public opinion, if somewhat apt to be extravagant at times, is a great moral restraint, and a good moral restraint on us all alike—a valuable social strainer, and regulator, and ventilator; and all who perversely set themselves against the "dicta" of society's recognized code of what is, and what is not, "pour les mœurs," in my opinion, act very foolishly and very wrongly—I don't care who they be. I hope all my young lady readers will not be angry if a very old boy says to

them, with all interest and kindness, "Remember nothing is or can be right which is diametrically opposed to the common sense view of the world; even in little things—above all, in all things moral—that which which is antagonistic to the normal dictates of prudence, propriety, self-respect, and self-elevation, is itself a snare and a pitfall for weak wills and wavering resolutions. All society, all customs, all ways of living, all habits of thought are bad which ever lead any one to forget that modesty, and gentleness, and purity, and simplicity, and amiability, and true-heartedness are the most comely graces of a woman.

And then there are those who are fast in their opinions and speech; outspoken in words, somewhat free perhaps.

Well, the miasma of Rationalism and Scepticism, if it has infected the young men, has not so far, thank God, at all really affected our women, and therefore we should make allowance, as it seems to me, for honest utterance and independence of thought, and liberty of discussion, so long as that comeliest attribute of woman—her reliant, trusting, reverential spirit remains unscathed and unalloyed. At any rate I, for one, prefer the free, bold views of Minnie and Gerty to the sanctimonious theories of that old impostor, Mrs. Dufferly, or the whining rhodomontades of Mrs. Duberly. If Minnie is a little bold, and Gerty a little reckless after all not much harm is done; and I have always liked (and always shall like) the free outspoken sentiments of honesty and sincerity, even if a little "exaltés" to the cold sycophancy of polished heartlessness, and the worldly indifference of dilapidated Epicureanism. And then when I remember that, after all, these very girls so decried, so well-abused, so hastily condemned, are those ever prompt to help in every good work around us; that they fill our churches, work in our schools, labour in our districts, and toil often in our sisterhoods, hospitals, and refuges, why should we do them the injustice, I ask, as to say, or even to suppose, that after all this outer display of Life's Vanity Fair is anything more than on the surface? Like all epidemics it will have its way—run its course—and then disappear into the thin

air! So you see that I have come back to where I began, and that the result of my treatise is that our girls are not so bad by a long way as they seem to be, and often make themselves out to be. Indeed, I fancy that they are a good deal better actually often than those good old females who are so fond of pulling them to pieces, and, as they say, making them keep their proper places. When the old generation—of which I am one—is in its grave others will arise, no doubt, to complain, "How fast our girls are become!" Nay, those very laughing girls we see to-day with their clipped rats' tails, and patches of hay on their heads, and peg-tops, &c., will talk in heartrending accents to well got-up old beaux and shabby male friends—How dreadfully fast their Lotties, and Violets, and Amys, and Nellies are becoming! So runs the world away, my masters and my mistresses, and so it will always run until the end comes, when its painted show, and idle follies, and vain conceits have vanished never to return, when the "day dawns and the shadows flee away."

A WORD FOR OUR BOYS.

READING in the last issue of the MASONIC MAGAZINE "Our Young Women" it appeared to me "Cælebs," in writing up our young women, rather strongly wrote down (perhaps unintentionally) our young men. Now, although I agree with nearly all "Cælebs" says in his extremely well-written article, I can scarcely hold with some of his ideas of our young men; for, he seems to me, to dwell too much on the worst and too little on the best side of their characters. We can scarcely judge of a young man leading an idle life, and who has never had occasion to call out his best energies, until the actual time comes for him to put them forth—I use the the words "young man" advisedly, as, doubtless, it is seldom a man or woman lives many years before they have occasion for showing what metal they are formed of. We may instance numberless brilliant examples in officers of our own British army, showing the change which can be made in mens lives when they are required to come

out of a listless life ; in those who lead—or rather, who used to lead—in the ordinary course of events, when not on active or foreign service, so indolent a life, except for sporting and other pleasures, called by some frivolous amusements, but still requiring nerve and judgment. But can it be said that hunting in the midland counties, where a quick eye and a ready hand is ever required to save many a cropper, and a long, hard day's shooting does not help to turn out the British officer the man he is? And we see often the dandy officer of the ball-room turn out a man of steel, and ready to bear all hardships with the merest private, and lead his men to the deadliest charge, when required, with that gallant "esprit de corps" so especially shown in our own army? Although I have taken the case of an officer, I only put forth that as an instance ; for the same amount of gallantry—or call it what you will—is to be seen in all classes of society ; which, I think, shows our present race of young men not to be quite so degenerate as "Cælebs" would represent, and consequently not so much beneath the clever and sparkling young women with whom they are to spend their lives. Granted, that very many young ladies are very pleasant, entertaining, and instructive companions ; yet, I think it will be admitted, some few (say very, very few) are rather bores, and Charley and Harry are occasionally only too glad to get away from a "quiet evening and a little music" and have a cigar or hand of whist at their club, where there is less restraint. I do not allude to a class of men whose ideas do not go beyond smoking and drinking, and whose natural instinct seems always of a vicious nature and without one elevating thought, these I turn over to the tender mercies of "Cælebs," let him deal with them as he lists, and crush them without mercy, it is but their dessert ; but let us hope they are, as we wish them to be, in the minority. I think we may take the great increase in all athletic sports, and the zest with which they are followed, as a good sign of our times, and as an index to the improvement of our young men. What is more likely to follow a strong, healthy body than a healthy mind? and the well-braced arm which can pull over a four-mile course at racing pace is not less likely

to have a weak head on its shoulders than the weed with weak eyes and green spectacles who loafs about with a book constantly under his arm, and looking like a sapient blockhead—but *perhaps* in reality is a very clever young man. It is also a great evil of the present age in many men to ape an amount of fastness they do not possess, and to be more ashamed of owning to a good action than any amount of folly. We see this from boys at school upwards, who so often try to show themselves up in an exaggerated form of abandon, which, if analysed, would be found only in its mildest form. Men are not always so fortunate as they might be in the matrimonial venture. Tom, for instance, is expected to fall in love with Bella "because the estates join." Well, who is to blame for this? But Bella is in many cases more likely to be ready to ratify the treaty of her sapient parents than Tom ; who, as a rich man, has plenty of girls to fall in love with him, or his estate. Thus, he is apt to look upon Bella—if the marriage takes place—as a creature of her parents, and she then looses cast in his eyes. Again, a rich man may overhear the remark from his true-love, as Hugh Chalcot did, "I do not care for the man, but he is so awfully rich." Well, this of course is pleasant, and calculated to raise the moral tone of our young men ; even less than the ever-present match-making mamma, who is the bugbear of so many men of property. Again, how many young men are there in the present day with small incomes who would be only too glad to marry and settle down in a quiet way with the girl of their choice, but which said girl has Dress, House, Horses, Carriages, &c., in her mind ; and he who would devote his life to her might as well sigh for the moon.

Can we wonder, then, that we have many specimens in the present day of fast young men, and that many are supercilious and vain—fond of club life (where, at least, everything is a reality), and seek amusements in which the opposite sex take no part ; but with all this let us be thankful that in all classes may still be found—not always on the surface, in many cases a long way down, but still there—that almost priceless pearl—the *heart* and *feelings* of a true English Gentleman. R.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

ON ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY,
JUNE, 1876.

Now Summer's ray hath 'woke—all nature
'woke—
And blooms each tree in its full leafy
pride ;
While fleecy clouds and streams more
cheery glide.
'Tis John the Baptist's day—here, 'neath
this oak,
One asks me why his special smile invoke
As on this day? his baptism was full
wide ;
Yet did but serve as a great watery guide
To a more hopeful, a more easy yoke
Than erst prevail'd—'twas to prepare
love's way
In each estrangèd, each divided breast ;
And like vast ocean's all commingling
sway,
To ev'ry land and ev'ry clime, unblest
With love, its mystic paths more ready
make
To speed the joy, of which we now partake.

TRIADS IN MASONRY.

WE take this interesting paper, as we think it worth reproduction, from our able contemporary the "Philadelphia Keystone:"

Freemasonry is full of triads. It has three degrees, three Grand Masters, three chief officers, three knocks, three jewels, three working tools, three steps, three members as the minimum of a Lodge, and many others. These usages have come down to us from the remotest times, and of themselves are marks of the antiquity of the Craft. In the earliest ages of the world of which we have any history the number three had a mysterious significance.

In the beginning God devoted three days to the architecture of the earth, and three to the creation of its occupants, and the light-bearers in the heavens. He first built, and then furnished our glorious mansion, and each in a triad of days.



The principle of triads runs through all mythology, prevades every form of ancient worship, and is well worthy of study.

The Trinity of the heathen Mystics consisted of the male and female principles, and the sun, forming their magic triangle. Layard tells us the equilateral triangle was the symbol of the Babylonian trinity.

Egyptian worship was always in triads. On the wonderful temple-island of Philæ, in the Nile, Isis, Osiris and Horus were the sacred three, and the interior of the great Temple is filled with their annals. And each district had its favourite trinity of gods, to whom the people paid reverence. The Egyptian priests were taught to believe in but one God, but this belief was only imparted secretly to initiates in the Mysteries, while the profane world were invariably polytheists.

The land of Egypt was actually divided by the number three, one-third being owned by the priests, one-third by the king, and one-third by the soldiers. An analogous division obtained, centuries after, in Peru, where the Inca owned one-third, the Church one-third, while the people tilled, but did not own, the remaining third. Plato, the greatest name in philosophy, taught that one beneficent Deity rules the universe, and that He is triune in nature, with love as His chief attribute.

Triads appear, too, in the earliest known languages. In the Semetic tongues, spoken by the Assyrians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, Jews, and Arabs, the root-words, with rarely an exception, consist of three consonants, so that their most fundamental characteristic is the tri-literality of their roots.

The idea of a Deity three in one, is, according to Gladstone, found in Homer. And Fort tells us that the numeral three is a substantial norm in Teutonic mythology. The Scandinavians related that the world was supported by the ash tree Yggdrasil, which sprang from three roots. Three gods ruled in their celestial system, Odin, Thor, and Frey. To descend from things celestial to those terrestrial, the Laplanders, and most of the northern nations, are in the habit of using a cord tied with three magical knots for raising the wind. During the Middle Ages three judges were required to be present in order to hold a court of justice, and each judge sat upon a chair

that had three legs. An analogy to the three judges we find in the three principal officers of a Masonic Lodge necessary to be present to open it. An old German regulation prescribed that three members made a guild. In Norway possession of a dwelling was symbolically delivered by cutting three chips from the door-post and giving them to the purchaser. Service of a legal writ was made by the officer cutting three times into the door post of the party served and placing the summons over the transom. The Welsh Bards denominated their poetical histories triads, and recorded all of their facts in groups of threes. The Grecian goddess, Hecate, reputed to have been a mysterious deity, had a triple form, and was hence named *Triformis*, and she ruled over the three periods of human existence—birth, life, and death, and the three parts of creation—heaven, earth, and the under-world. The first three of the seven liberal arts and sciences fostered by Freemasonry, were also scholastically termed the *Trivium*, viz., grammar, rhetoric, and logic.

Any reference to triads would be incomplete without a mention of the tripod, or three-legged stool, on which ancient prophetesses and wonder-workers sat while exercising their office, and, in this connection, we may mention that editors are always supposed to sit on a tripod when they fulminate those leaders that startle the world. Hurrah for the tripod, or rather, to adopt the form of the triad in giving expression to the thought, three cheers for the tripod.

But we have traced enough analogies to prove the universal adoption and force of the triad. In heaven and earth, among gods and men, three is matchless as a number. But in Freemasonry we are most interested in its application, and how numerous they are. Who can forget the three degrees he has received, or the three pillars of wisdom, strength, and beauty, represented by the Master, Senior, and Junior Wardens? or that supremely beautiful illustration of the number three, "Seek and ye shall find; ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you." The words, taken from our First Great Light in Masonry, not only exemplify the introduction of the candidate to the Brethren, but also as well the

whole future course of his life. Every Freemason who continues to ask and seek knowledge, that is "more Light" in Masonry, finds and receives it, and no portal of truth remains closed against his earnest knock. Let us highly esteem Freemasonry, the science and the sacred three. Like the three magi, or wise men, it has come from the East to enlighten the world. The cathedral of Cologne vainly boasts of possessing the bodies of these magi, and a monument is there erected to their memory, whence they are denominated the "three kings of Cologne." Among our German Brethren of the Continent this legend is preserved in the Craft. However it is no legend, but historic truth, that Freemasonry was the first conservator of science and theology. All of the great philosophers of antiquity were members of the Mystic Fraternity of their time, which is in the line of ascent of our Craft, and taught therein the truth of religion, and the most advanced secular learning. We have reason to believe that Freemasonry existed in the beginning and middle, as it will to the end of the world—a triad that covers all time. The past has been, the present is, and the future will be ours.

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 508.)

THE third Minute Book of this old Lodge commences with a list of the members in 1786 and 7—and the account of their quarterly subscriptions, from which it would appear that they were all free from arrears—with only a single exception, and that brother only owed for one quarter. We rather fancy there are a great many Lodges now-a-days would be glad to report so satisfactory a state of their financial condition. It may perhaps be of interest

to give the names of the brethren who were members at this time, at all events to the Freemasons in the Province of Suffolk.

There were 31 in all, but one, Bro. Dagueville, we think the name is, appears to have resigned; and their names occur in the following order:

John Spooner; Robert Manning; William Lane, Senr., who is called throughout the records the Operative Mason; Samuel Ribbans, Robert Tovell, John Blomfield, James Woolward, John Humphry, Thomas Askew, Benjamin Huggins, Joseph Scholding, Joseph Dobnam, William Lane Junr., Thomas Smith, Inn-holder; Robert Turner, Robert Coles, Robert Cole, Robert Worth, John Ripshaw, John Gooding, William Morriss, Thomas Smith, William P. Johnstone, Hugh Dyer, Richard Smith, Benjamin Dikes, William Marmall, Richard Lewis, Philip Hunt, Thomas Hinsby, William Churchman. In the list of members for the following year we find the name of William Middleton, Esq., no doubt this is the gentleman mentioned in our last paper as one of the candidates for the Prov. Grand Mastership of Suffolk.* Bro. Middleton's name with the affix carefully given, appears in 1789, and 1790, and 1791, as still belonging to the Lodge. And in the last-named year occur the names of James Devereux, C. Metralcourt, George Marven, and George Jermyn, all well sounding names, but who the owners were we are not now able to ascertain.

Under date December 27th, 1786, St. John's Day, we find the following minute: "Last Lodge night a motion being made by several brethren" (a new idea by the way) "and it was unanimously agreed to that every member of this Lodge being absent from dinner on either of ye Festivals of St. John, to forfeit 1s. to ye fund of this Lodge"—from which it would appear that at this time both Festivals were kept.

The Summer Festival, now known as the Feast of Roses, is evidently the outcome of this old custom, though it is not now held on the Saint's day. Neither is the Winter Festival kept on the 27th December; but whenever the Lodge happens to meet during that month, and the W.M. Elect is

installed—and it is worthy of consideration whether a return to the old custom of a century ago—is not desirable, and the Lodge might attend divine worship as it did sometimes then, and celebrate the Festivals afterwards.

Amongst the other Officers at this time we note a Senior and Junior Steward—and we think it best to call attention to this fact—for these Officers are not now appointed in this Lodge we believe, nor in many others, which we think is a great mistake; their duties are to look after the brethren at refreshment under the guidance of the M.C., and they should see that the banquet is properly served, that the waiters do their duty, and the guests paid due attention to. In the "Freemason's Manual," an American work of some reputation, amongst other duties attached to their office, the Deacons are required to examine and welcome visiting brethren, and the Stewards are to provide refreshments and make a regular report of the expense to the Treasurer, also to see that the regalia of the Lodge are in good order and always ready for use.

On appointment to office, the following is the address made to them by the Installing Master in America:

"Brothers—You are appointed Stewards of this Lodge. The duties of your office are to assist in the collection of dues and subscriptions; to keep an account of the Lodge expenses; to see that the tables are properly furnished at refreshment, and that every Brother is suitably provided for; and generally to assist the Deacons and other Officers in performing their duties. Your regular and early attendance will afford the best proof of your zeal and attachment to the Lodge." From this it is apparent that the Office is by no means considered unimportant, and the appointment of junior members to fulfil its functions will only the better prepare for other and more onerous duties.

On February 11th, 1787, a Lodge was convened at the "Sun" in order to join in procession to attend the funeral of Bro. Fenton, a member of the Perfect Friendship Lodge. The following Lodge night a pedestal, cushion, and stool were ordered for the use of this Lodge, and they were accordingly provided at a cost of £2 13s. 11d. by the meeting of the Lodge held in May,

* He afterwards became P.G.M. as will be seen further on.

when also a motion was made that a small subscription should be made towards the expense of the Burial of Bro. Thomas Colman, who was unfortunately drowned—which was done. One is always glad to come across these little evidences of the benevolent character of our Order. Mere names are nothing, and one can get but little idea of the status of the Lodge unless one knows the social standing of its members.

One night we find a brandy merchant proposed, on another an exciseman is admitted, and he soon after proposes another officer of that much maligned body. At the June meeting, 1788, Bro. William Middleton, Esq., was proposed by Bro. Ribbans as a member of this Lodge, and his admission money, 10s., was paid into the hands of the Treasurer. Bro. Middleton's attendance at the Lodge has been before noted.

In February, 1789, William Wade, Clerk to the Collector of Excise, was proposed—and was admitted in March.

We are glad to notice a pencil note "free" against the names of visiting Brothers about this date, 1789. Mr. Thomas Wright, carpenter, of Copdock, Suffolk, was proposed at the meeting in December, which shows how various were the callings of the members of the Lodge at this time; we very much doubt whether a carpenter would have much chance of admission now. On the 2nd March, 1790, we find Bro. Russell of the Philanthropic Lodge, Long Melford, Suffolk, a visitor of the Lodge. This Lodge is not now in existence, at all events it is not in the *Cosmopolitan Calendar*; but perhaps our courteous friend, Bro. the Rev. C. J. Martyn, Past Grand Chaplain, the present Rector of Long Melford, could inform us.

The following Lodge night a visiting Brother from St. John's Lodge was present—but which of the St. John's we do not know.

Amongst the members present on the 5th October, 1790, we find the name of William Middleton, Esq., P.G.M. for the County, but there is no record as to when or where he was installed—except the note below. It is a curious fact that the present justly-esteemed and very popular P.G.M., Lord Waveney is also a member of this Lodge.

The next Lodge night, the 2nd November, the following Minute occurs: "It was this evening proposed, and unanimously agreed, that a Lodge be convened for all the members of the Lodge that choose to *pass the chair*; and those absent, to be summoned for that purpose on Wednesday, the 3rd inst.; and it is further unanimously agreed that the tickets of admission on the day of Installation (sic) of Bro. Middleton shall be 10s. 6d. each." Accordingly on the following night we find that no less than 12 brethren passed the chair. Probably this was done to qualify them to attend the Installation of Bro. Middleton, as only W.M.'s, P.M.'s, and actual Wardens have a vote and seat in P.G.L. Allusion has before been made to this custom of giving brethren the rank of P.M., who never were Installed Masters, and there is therefore now no occasion to refer to a most objectionable practice, now happily obsolete.

At a meeting, held December 7th, amongst the disbursements, we notice one that would strike our London brethren—"Paid to a Blue-coat Boy 1s". The Blue-coat Boy alluded to, however, was not one from the famous Christ's Hospital in London, but the little old building known as Christ's Hospital at Ipswich, founded we believe in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But why the boy got 1s., and what he had to do with the Freemasons, we cannot tell. On St. John's day of this year, a watchmaker, stationer, "gent," and upholsterer (sic) were proposed for initiation, and in the following March we find a wheelwright initiated.

The provincial clothing, we fancy, must have been a very different sort of thing to what it is now, when a full suit costs six or eight guineas, especially if got up in Bro. Kenning's best style. Under date April 5, 1791 we find—

"To two Provincial Aprons, 3s. 6d. each, 7s."

We very much doubt whether a Prov. Grand Officer could be found now, who would condescend to wear a 3s. 6d. apron. On the 16th March, 1791, a general Lodge was convened at the "White Lion," St. Mary, Stoke, Ipswich "to attend ye funeral duties of Bro. T. Askew, in the churchyard of St. Mary, Stoke." Twenty brethren were present from the British Union, twelve from the Perfect Friendship Lodge, and

five visitors. On the 30th of the same month we find that a General Lodge was held at the "Golden Lion," to attend the funeral duties of Bro. P. Hunt, who was also buried at St. Mary, Stoke, Ipswich. Eighteen members of the British Union were present, 13 of the Perfect Friendship, and 7 visitors.

In the Ancient and Accepted Rite abroad, as no doubt many of the readers of the "MASONIC MAGAZINE" are aware, what are called Funeral or Sorrow Lodges are always held, and in that valuable work, the "Monitor of the Ancient and Accepted Rite," by Bro E. T. Carson 32°, we find an account of the grade in which these ceremonies are performed.

The degree is called Perfect Master, the fifth grade of the A. and A. Rite, and the second of the Ineffable series. Bro. Carson says: "This grade was originally established as a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of a departed worthy brother." Its ritual and lectures furnish many interesting details of the mode of his interment, and the honours paid to his memory. The ceremonies are gloomy and funereal, and well calculated to fill the mind with solemn thoughts. In this grade are held the Lodge of Sorrow, and are performed the funeral ceremonies of any brother of the sublime degrees. The Lodge is hung with green tapestry on eight white columns, four in each side, at equal distances. It is illuminated by sixteen lights, four in each cardinal point. *

In Scotland, we see by the "Freemason" as well as in America, Sorrow Lodges are frequently held. In this country, however, we rarely or never read of such a thing in the "Freemason," not even in the A. and A. Rite, which seems curious. The reason is probably because so few Masons are buried as Masons. In the United States, a great parade is made of Masonry—not so, however, in England. Except under very extraordinary circumstances, such as the Installation of the Prince of Wales, or the annual meeting of the Prov Grand Lodge, in our various Provinces—the Masons in England rarely appear in public at all, and as the Constitutions only allow of a Masonic Funeral at the express desire of the deceased

brother made (publicly, we believe) before his death, of course the occasions are few and far between, when Sorrow Lodge could appropriately be held, except by brethren of the high degrees, who are few in number—not more, we suppose, than a twentieth part of the Craft.

To return, however, to the Minutes of the British Union Lodge—we find an interesting one under date May 3rd, 1791:

"This evening a motion was made by W.S.W., in full Lodge assembled, to send to the Royal Cumberland or Freemason's Schools ye sum of £1 ls., and £1 ls. towards ye expenditure of the new Regalia, which is now fitting out at ye Grand Lodge, in honour of ye Prince of Wales, Grand Master of England. Ye above was seconded by ye R. W. M. and J. W., and unanimously agreed to by ye brethren present." Now that we have another Prince of Wales Grand Master, it is worth while considering whether the Masons of England could not do something to celebrate his accession to office, and at the present moment when we are writing* to make a thank-offering for his happy return to his native shores after a journey, not lacking in peril to himself, to our great Indian Empire. A gift of £500 or £1000 to the fund for the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral would be a most appropriate recognition of the care of the G.A.O.T.U., and a tribute to the memory of a former Grand Master, Sir Christopher Wren, the Architect of that stately edifice—*Verbum Sap.* At the Lodge meeting, August 2nd, 1791, we find the Lodge was visited by Bro. Bazil Hown, or Heron, D.P.G.M., who appears to have been accompanied by Bros. J. R. Willett, P. G., Treasurer, and J. Thompson M.D., P.G.S.W.; the P.G.M. Bro. Middleton was also present. We venture to think that if all Prov. Grand Masters made it a point of visiting every Lodge in their province, where it is a small one, once a year, and where the province is large, as in E and W. Lancashire, once in every two or three years, it would tend to uniformity of working—would bring them face to face with the real working Masons, and not merely the ornamental ones (like ourselves, we fancy hearing some of our good brothers

* The French say sixty-four,—16 in each corner of the Lodge.

say), and the result would be, a better selection of Provincial Grand Officers, than is now often made—the doing away of many abuses that now exist, and it would prevent much of that heart-burning and petty jealousy, which unhappily have an existence even amongst Masons. It often happens, however, that the P.G.M. is a nobleman, whose political or other public duties prevent his paying that attention to the duties of his high office which his station demands. In such cases we submit he should appoint as his deputy. an energetic brother of good social standing—a long purse and much leisure. Such men, and they are to be found, we are persuaded in every province, might worthily fulfil the duties delegated to them, to the advancement of Masonry in general, and their own provinces in particular. In September, 1791, it was found that the present expenditure was greater than the finances would allow, and the quarterly subscription was accordingly raised from 4s. to 7s. 6d., a rather large increase. Two brethren resigned in consequence, but the great majority of the brethren appear to have been in favour of the change.

James Norford, a visiting brother from the Royal Edwin Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, was present at the December meeting. This Lodge, like the rest mentioned before, appears to have gone the way of all flesh ; but when it became extinct we do not know.

So ends the third volume of the Old Minutes. The books are in bad condition, pages are cut out, and scarcely a leaf is whole. The Minutes are put in in the baldest possible way ; but still we think we have found a little to interest the brethren of the mystic tie as to what occurred in our lodges, and what manner of men composed them, from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century.

Since writing the above, Grand Lodge has refused to subscribe to the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Alban's Cathedral, on the motion of our distinguished Bro. John Havers ; so much the worse for Grand Lodge, but we will hope that this decision is not final.

(To be continued.)

AN ITALIAN COUNT.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

(From Appleton's Journal.)

PART II.

(Continued from page 504.)

“FROM that moment the leader of the band treated me with additional respect. There were two other ladies, but they abandoned themselves to despair, and continued to sit and cry, and wring their hands, but all that was lost upon our brave banditti—what did they care for sobs and tears? I did try to infuse a little courage into the poor souls, but they seemed to take a sort of comfort in their misery, and no doubt consider me to this day a heartless monster.

“The leader was a tall, and, under other circumstances, I might have called him a particularly handsome man. From the first he treated me with much consideration. Besides having the advantage of speaking the language, I had the audacity to brand the outrage as it deserved, and I do believe the fellow liked me the better for my assurance. I shall never forget his face—it was that of a hero of romance. There was a peculiar scar over his right eye, which gave it the appearance of being double-lidded, but did not at all detract from his good looks ; another scar divided his chin, as if it were cleft by a deep dimple, only the healed, white flesh was plainly visible. He was really so grand-looking a man, with a countenance changing with every phase of feeling, that, had I met him as an ordinary acquaintance, or a high dignitary, I might have been very favourably impressed. Don't laugh, Jack, when I tell you that he actually laid siege to my heart up there in the mountains, and put me in such terror that I told him I was a married lady. And, further, Jack, it was one of our old comicalities that aided me in this deception ; for I never shall forget when I had my birthday party, Miss Susy, that dreadful great-aunt of mine, made us both jump over a broomstick, and declared that we were man and wife. I was only thirteen, and you were fifteen, and don't you remember how I cried about it?”

“Complimentary to me,” said Jack, with a grimace.

“Oh, but, Jack, we were much too good

friends ever to get married," she responded, with such inimitable voice and honest manner that he burst into a laugh, in which she joined.

"Never mind," she added, still laughing. "My noble robber ceased his gallantries in a degree, and after a while I learned that his grace, elegance, and dignity, covered a heartless, selfish, utterly cruel, and murderous character. However, they gave us a good supper of roast-venison and fruits. There were no potatoes, but plenty of hard bread and good butter—cakes and honey came afterward. My chief did the honours of the table, which was a flat, projecting rock, covered with a rich crimson cloth, which I suspect had once covered the graceful shoulders of some rich captive.

"The smooth tongue of our treacherous captor did not blind me to the danger of our situation. We had not been brought to this depôt of murder and plunder for the mere pleasure of the enjoyment of our company. They don't stop travelling carriages on stormy nights among the mountains for purposes of friendship or conviviality. You may suppose I did not sleep at all that night. An old-fashioned clock, such as are used in many of the inns in that country, struck the hours upon my waiting ears till morning. The bandits had dispersed in clefts of the cavern. I could hear the rain dripping from the rocks. Here and there a torch flared dimly in the gloom, only making the thick darkness above, and the strange, picturesque perspective below, more ghastly and phantasmal. My couch was composed of beautiful leopard skins, and formed a luxurious resting-place, but I was so much occupied in watching the shadow-like spectres that flitted along the granite walls and niches that I could think of little else. I felt sure that every precaution had been taken to guard the cave, and did not, therefore, make any effort for our release.

"The next day passed gloomily. Early in the morning the bandits left the cave, and we were cared for by four or five dark Italian women, so thoroughly destitute of beauty that I ventured to imagine them male robbers dressed in female garments. Several of them bore marks of great brutality of treatment. I asked one of them how she had lost so many fingers. She answered me nothing, but, as you will hear, have since learned the reason.

"The band came in again at the close of the day. They talked a great deal, and seemed angrily disputing. They brought no prisoners. Not long after that the chief of the bandits came toward where I sat, and threw himself on a heap of skins near me. He required of me the names of the people I knew in Naples and other cities in which we had sojourned. Two of them were rich bankers. I saw his eye glisten as he wrote them down in his tablets.

"'It is customary,' he said, 'and I tell you this because I appreciate your extraordinary courage, to send to the friends of the prisoners some token or other memento that will appeal to their humanity; in other words,' he added, with a sarcastic smile, 'their pockets. For instance, last month I had a very pretty countess here, and I sent her seal-ring and one earring, with a very small clipping of the ear attached—nothing that would disfigure her permanently, upon my honour,' he said, seeing the shudder which I could not conceal. 'Sometimes I sent a batch of pretty ringlets; it is only occasionally I remove the finger with the ring.'

"'You are a monster!' said I, feeling it impossible to restrain my indignation. Would you believe it? He laughed and looked pleased.

"'Now I was thinking,' he went on, 'in case your brother were to be represented—'

"'Don't touch him!' I exclaimed, forgetting everything in this new terror; 'he is ill and feeble, it might kill him. If it must be, and you thirst for blood, I can better part with my whole hand than he with a finger.' I held out my hand and he had the audacity to press his hateful lips upon it.

"'I admire you more for your courage than your beauty,' he said, and then I thought I had cause for trembling. I shall never forget his look, or my inward terror. Instantly I snatched my crucifix.

"'For the sake of God!' I cried, and thrust it close to his eyes, 'Let us go!'" He started and crossed himself violently. His eyes alarmed me with their fire, which did not seem vindictive. He evidently relented, whatever his purpose might have been, and declared that I should not be harmed. All he wished from me was a letter

written from his dictation ; and as for my brother—bah ! it was easy enough to procure a finger or two without injury to us.

The cold, almost polished brutality of the man made my blood run fire, but I concealed my aversion and wrote the letter to his satisfaction.

“Signora,” said he, ‘pardon me for saluting your hand ; you would rule well.’ With these words he left.”

Jack thought at that moment it would be no hard task to kiss her hand, she looked so beautiful, so spirited.

“On the third day we were blindfolded, and marched for hours over the strange, rocky road. On each side of me was a brigand. Then we were seated, threatened that if we removed our bandages we should die. There was a long silence, then a loud, clear whistle, and presently the sound of horses’ hoofs. How long we sat there before the bandages were pulled from our eyes I had no means of knowing—probably from three to five hours. Of course we were ransomed and at liberty, and now you have the true story.”

Miss Louwin drew a long breath and shivered a little. “It don’t sound much in the telling,” she added, laughing nervously, “but really I can give you no idea how very dreadful it was.”

“Almost equal to an Indian fight,” said Jack.

“No, not quite so bad, for sometimes the brigands are merciful. And I could account afterward for the mutilation of the poor women. A finger was actually sent to our friends, purporting to be Hod’s—the heartless wretches !”

A servant entered bearing cards on a silver tray, and a note, which Miss Louwin asked permission to read. Looking up a moment after—

“An invitation from Fanny herself,” she said brightly. “Miss Regis receives on Wednesday evening. I am to bring a cavalier. Horace is away, Jack”—and her dimbles were bewitching at that moment—“take pity on my unprotected state—be my most devoted for that one night, I am dying to wear my Paris sea-green, made by Worth himself ; and then you know the pleasure of escorting *me*. We shall be the lion and lioness of the evening. Isn’t that tempting ?” Her eyes danced with mischief.

For a moment Jack wavered ; then he entered into the spirit of the thing, still wondering why he had never before admired the peculiar graces and loveliness of his old friend and former playmate. She was witty, handsome, rich and distinguished. Jack waked suddenly up to the fact that he should enjoy himself remarkably in her company, at the same time that he should not feel compelled to pay her strictly lover-like attentions. Her story had imparted a new charm to their friendship. Jack thought of her all the way home, and was continually making comparisons between her and his unfaithful love. She had suddenly become of new importance ; her unromantic friendship seemed strange to him in the light of this late experience. Fanny was pretty, but beside this woman, with her expressive eyes and her hair almost black, Fanny’s blond beauty seemed quite insipid. He began to think of the count with complacency. He could also recall Fanny in her pale blues and pinks without internal sighs. That night he dreamed that Fanny brought him a covered basket ; out of the basket flew a bird with a bright plumage, and lo ! when he had secured it after some trouble, it turned into pretty Miss Louwin.

Punctually at half-past nine Miss Louwin entered the handsome parlours of Papa Regis, leaning on Jack’s arm. Her first exclamation on meeting him had been :

“Jack, how well you look !” and he longed to tell her that she was absolutely radiant in her dainty laces and delicate shades of colour.

“You don’t know how proud I am of our friendship,” she said, later. “It proves that a man and a woman may be really attached to each other without any of the sentimentalities of love.”

Jack shrugged his shoulders. A queer sensation travelled electrically from nerve to nerve. “Good heavens !” he thought, “am I really going to be so foolish as to fall in love with an old friend ?”

“Are you not in the least romantic, then ?” he asked.

“What a question ! Romantic ? yes. No girl in her teens can beat me at castle-building. Jack”—and the sweet face grew thoughtful—“I am growing old.”

“Very,” said Jack demurely. “I feel aged myself.”

"Oh, twenty-nine is not old for a man, but twenty-seven for a woman! Dear me, Mrs. Regis has on a new wig, and—oh, Jack!"

He looked round at her startled cry. She hung almost a dead weight on his arm, and seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"What shall I do? Where shall I take you?" he asked quickly.

"Some seat, Jack. I never fainted in my life, and"—giving a little gasp—"I won't now! There, I'm better—only I should like to sit down." He led her into a little side-room, quite empty.

"Only not to see *him*! Oh!"—she averted her face. Was Jack jealous? There was a sort of fierce feeling toward the unknown *him*. "Come closer, Jack; let me whisper—that horrible brigand—the chief of them all—he was talking with Nelly De Mot. Good Heavens! what does it mean? I am not mistaken—it was he"

"Talking with Miss De Mott! Why, Miss Louwin, that was Fanny's count! Good heavens! and you are sure?"

"Let me have only a moment's speech with him—nay, only let me meet him face to face. I will not flinch; but you'll see he will. Why, of course, it is he; double eyelid, cleft chin, and all. Oh, Jack! dear Jack! Fanny is saved to you, after all."

Jack bit his lip.

"We won't talk of Fanny," he said, dubiously, his pulse fluttering, his heart beating, with a new, strange sensation, as violent as it was for the moment entrancing. "But about this count—"

"Count!" she said, with sarcastic emphasis. "Yes; he may be a count, but I know him for one of the most terrible of the Italian banditti. Rich, is he? Yes; I shouldn't wonder. He has plundered enough to be the possessor of millions. Count, indeed! Won't Fanny be ashamed of herself now? No doubt her heart is as much yours as ever; she was only taken by the title. I'm so glad for you!"

"Thank you, Miss Louwin," said Jack stiffly; "only allow me to add that you flatter me by the acuteness of your penetration."

She looked at him with wider opened eyes, then her glance fell, and a quick

crimson overspread her cheeks. She had read something in the eyes that looked in hers. She was startled, astonished, overwhelmed, unmasked. She had made him her idol all along, and didn't know it till that moment revealed the knowledge to her.

"You were my little sweetheart once," Jack murmured, in accents almost inaudible, "but, by heaven! I never knew what love was—till to-night."

"Oh Jack—and Fanny—"

"Fanny may—find another count," he said with vehemence. "She has proved herself selfish and soulless, and the man who wins her may wear her, and welcome. She is shut out of my heart for ever—and, Bessy," he added "you are shut in. May I keep you there?"

She looked up with swimming eyes and quivering lip. It was a peculiar sacred moment to her, having just discovered where her own heart had been all these years.

"Oh, Jack, if you had married Fanny, I should never have known—but now, now! No, no! I could not spare you to Fanny now."

"Then we will go together and see his banditship," said Jack, passing her arm through his. "I am curious to know what he will do first."

The count has just brought an ice for Miss Fanny, and was making his way toward her with great dexterity, when his eyes fell upon Miss Louwin, whose remark, addressed in his own language to Jack, had arrested his attention. At sight of her he started, his hand described a rotary motion, and a part of the cream fell on his scrupulously smooth and delicate shirt-front. He stepped back a pace, as well as he could, and seemed endeavouring to hide his agitation.

"Signor, we have met before," said Miss Louwin, fastening her eyes upon him. "You were then in the character of a host who compels his guests. I hope you left your comrades well."

The man turned white to his very lips. There was clearly no escape for him, as he had recognised the woman who had been his prisoner. He did, however, make a showy denial, but it was too late.

"You evidently mistake me for some one else," he said, with recovered dignity,

and hastened forward with the ice. That was the last ever seen in society of the brilliant Italian count. The matter got noised abroad, though, for Fanny's sake her father kept it out of the newspapers. It was subsequently ascertained that the man was a count, the representative of an old family, but had become so impoverished by his vices that he took to the life of a *mountain-outlaw*. And he had filled his empty coffers successfully, for he was rich enough to satisfy even the greed for pleasure of a New York belle. It is probable that he will always regret his leniency toward his captivating captive.

Fanny did not mourn violently or long. Naturally, after a season, she tried all her faded little acts upon Jack again, nor did she cease to exercise her blandishments until she received the cards for a wedding.

As for Bessy Louwin, the heroine of the past, she was the prettiest and the happiest bride the sun has smiled upon this many a day.

WHISTLE DOWN THE BRAKES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

(From *Loomis' Journal*)

WHEN we hear the young apprentice
Who has only pipp'd the shell,
Grandiloquently striving
Of Masonry to tell—
Giving his elder brethren
A touch of knowledge vast!
We whistle down the brakes, boys,
He's moving on to fast!

When we see the young-made Master
Oft rising on the floor,
When with words—but not with
wisdom—
His shallow mind runs o'er,
We wish some one a whisper
Into his ear would cast—
"O, whistle down the brakes, boys,
You're moving on too fast!"

When with erring footsteps onward
We behold a brother move,
Whom in our hearts we've cherished
With an ocean vast of love—

When we know he has forgotten,
In his cups, the sacred past—
We cry, "Whistledown the brakes, boys,
He's moving on too fast!"

All along the world's broad-guage road
We're rushing toward the tomb—
Look ahead, the track's encumbered,
O'er the future hangs a gloom;
Stop the train—a switch is open!
The Whistle shrieks its blast—
Down! down! hard down the brakes,
boys,
We're moving on too fast!

When with Truth's banners flying
We sweep toward life's goal,
Our locomotive Virtue,
Fired with Religion's coal—
Relieving the afflicted,
Raising the downward cast—
O, whistle up the brakes, boys,
We cannot move too fast!

ZOROASTRIANISM AND FREE- MASONRY.

PART I.

WE take the following, by special request, from a new Bombay Masonic Magazine, under the editorship of Bro. Trant, to which we wish all possible prosperity. This lecture is an interesting one, as showing how the Parsees look on Freemasonry, and we are bound, it seems to us, to allow in the Magazine a full expression of opinion on, and full consideration of, all such subjects:

On Wednesday, the 22nd ult., a very interesting Parsee Masonic meeting was held at the Masonic Hall, Mazagon, under the auspices of Lodge "Rising Star," Lodge "Rising Sun," Lodge "Eastern Star," and Lodge "Cyrus." The object of the meeting was to celebrate the Jamshedi Naoroz Festival. This meeting, which is an annual one, is an occasion of great rejoicing among Zoroastrian brethren. Naoroz literally means a day of great rejoicing, and the day is, in fact, the Parsees' "New Year's Day." The origin of the festival dates from the time of Jamshed, the third king of the Peshdadian dynasty. He was the first who introduced amongst the ancient Persians the principles of civilization and the proper mode of

reckoning time. For some time past the the Parsee Freemasons have held a grand meeting on that Anniversary, and the one just held was equal to any of its predecessors. Amongst those present were—Worshipful Master K. R. Cama, M. C. Murzban, R. C. Bahadurjee, J. D. Wadia, Jamshedjee Cama, formerly a Treasurer of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Scotland, Dr. C. F. Khory, Darashah Dorabjee, Darashah Chichgur, Dr. Atmaram Pandurang, and many other well-known Parsee Masons. The programme of the evening was a very entertaining one,—the principle feature being the following address by Bro. K. R. Cama, who said :

Dear Brethren,—The natives of Bombay, who first bestowed any thought on the subject of Freemasonry, were the Parsees. But a good deal of misconceived and unfounded prejudice against it was entertained and exhibited in the Parsee community, when, more than half a century ago, an earnest spirit of inquiry, regarding the principles of Freemasonry, was first aroused among the foremost and intelligent members of that community; and when a few of advanced views among them were anxiously solicited to ascertain how, in the event of their joining the institution, they and their act would be viewed and received by their co-religionists. This attempt to ascertain the feelings of the people called forth criticisms adverse to the institution, and discouraging to the inquirers. Freemasonry was, in the absence of any correct knowledge about it, denounced to be a Christian institution, as one requiring its initiates to reverence and acknowledge Moses and Jesus as their prophets; and upon this and other misconceptions the aspirants were warned not to join an institution which, it was further alleged, was in several respects at variance with the exact observance of the Zoroastrian faith. The *Bombay Summachar*, the pioneer of the native press, the first vernacular paper that was ever established in Bombay, boldly opened its columns to the discussion of this subject, and freely, and without allowing itself to be daunted by any fear of the invectives of the ignorant and the bigotted of its race, confessed to having an admiration for Freemasonry, and wrote of it in very approving and commendatory terms. The editor, a high-

respected and learned Parsee gentleman, was much before his age, and so firmly and sincerely convinced of the holy purposes of our Order, that he boldly ventured to publish his ardent desire to belong to, and to be a member of it. Unfortunately, fifty-three years ago—for it was then that the controversies took place—there was not a single Masonic Lodge in existence in Bombay, nor were there the requisite seven Masons to get up one, to confer the degree on the aspirant, as can be gathered from the reply the editor received from a European Mason, a friend of his, to the effect that there were scarcely to be found more than three Freemasons then in the island. The editor expressed himself much disappointed at this unfortunate circumstance, allowed his ardour to cool down for want of means to satisfy it, and died without succeeding in having his wishes gratified, to see the light for which he was so much and so long anxiously awaiting. But, if we believe in the doctrine of descent from father to son of innate aspirations and desires, his grandson testified to it when he became animated with the same laudable desire; and, fortunately, the times happened to be more favourable for him than they were for his grandfather, and his wishes were destined to be soon fulfilled. Judging from the able and useful career the grandson has led in Freemasonry, and having heard of the many estimable qualities of the heart and mind of the grandfather, we may be permitted to indulge for a moment in fancying Freemasonry in very high repute and great favour among us at this date, if a Parsee of Furdoonjee Murzban's erudition and talents had fifty years ago succeeded in getting himself admitted into our Order. It is indeed interesting to peruse at the present day the arguments of the former age which were levelled against the admission of Zoroastrians into Freemasonry. Our white-bearded and venerated brother C.N. Cama had, in his boyish days, interested himself in these controversies, indicating how early he was predisposed to take part in any inquiries of the kind that were set on foot, and had copied them out himself from the newspapers. I came to know of these discussions of an age anterior to my birth through reading his manuscript copy,

and felt so delighted to learn therefrom that there existed an earnest advocate of our Order in the Zoroastrian community more than fifty years ago, that I caused the old controversies to be printed in a collected form in a pamphlet in the year 1862. I have no doubt you will feel much interested in its perusal. It seems, then, that when English education was so little appreciated as to necessitate it to be gratuitously offered to, and coaxingly thrust on, the native community, there were only a very few who cared or were able to draw a distinction of meaning between the two English words Masonry and Missionary; apparently both sounded alike to their uneducated ears. The latter word was familiar to them long before; and the former, when it came to be first introduced among them, was naturally, from the similarity of sound, confounded with the latter. Owing to this miscomprehension of terms. Freemasonry was proclaimed and denounced to be at once and associated with, and derived from the Christian religion; and, indeed, an outward colour and semblance was, in their minds, given to that clamour, by it having come to be known that Freemasons of different castes and creeds were generally expected, disregarding their sectarian prejudices, to dine together on the same board. There was an extraordinary prejudice then against Parsees dining with men of other beliefs; a man proved to be guilty of it, was, in fact, socially ostracised. A desire to dine with aliens in religion was seriously taken to amount to a desire to forsake one's own religion, and to give preference to a strange one. Happily, however, with the spread of education, and a better comprehension of the Zoroastrian religion, these prejudices are not now met with, in the intensity of foregone days. Yet one must be very bold to say that they are entirely removed and are now extinct totally. Even at the present day there are not a few among us who, though they fully appreciate and acknowledge the good to be derived from Freemasonry, and express themselves inclined favourably to it, and who, indeed, from their worth and position, would shed lustre on our Order were they to belong to it, yet persistently refrain from joining us, on the plea of conscientious scruples which

they say they feel for dining with men of other races and religion. Another objection raised against Freemasonry in the olden days was based upon a misinformation that its votaries, when dead, were subjected to the Masonic funeral rites services, at the deprivation of their own sectarian ones—an acquiescence in which custom was felt to be fatal to a Zoroastrian entering a Masonic Lodge. But, in truth, leaving aside all the vague denunciations hurled against Freemasonry, let us examine in earnestness if there is anything in the principles and constitution of that institution which would reasonably prove to be an obstacle to a Zoroastrian from belonging to it. The main test of union between Freemasons of different colours, creeds, and climes, is their common belief in only one true and living God. Belief in one God implies disbelief in many gods. Belief in the true God implies disbelief in the false gods. Belief in the living God implies disbelief in the inert gods, in idolatry, &c. Believing in only one true and living God, a man of any religion is admissible to be made a Freemason, and, from the moment he is initiated in its mysteries he is a brother to that extent for all the purposes of Freemasonry, although he may not be a brother by consanguinity, nationality, or religious profession. No one, however otherwise qualified by his moral worth, can be accepted in Freemasonry who believes in more than one God or in false gods, or in unliving gods, or in idolatry, &c. But the principal condition above referred to being satisfied, Freemasonry does not care to bind its votaries to any other particular dogma. Every one of its members is free to worship his only one true and living God, after the manner of his people and the injunctions of his religion, and is equally free to believe in any amount of dogmas provided they are not inconsistent, derogatory, or revolting to a profession of belief in one God. Hence a wider union is attained in Freemasonry, extending to professors of all monotheistic religions on the face of the earth, than is possible to be acquired if restricted exclusively among members of any one single religion only. Freemasonry on this principle is of the widest extent, exerting its benign influences over the four quarters of the globe.

The sharp and repelling corners of religious differences are here carefully, and of a deliberate design systematically, overlooked. The consequence is, that, though Freemasonry cannot properly be called a religion, as it wants the two essential elements to make it so, inasmuch as it does not claim to have any particular prophet or any particular volume of the sacred law that can be called its own, yet in a certain sense it can be called a cosmopolitan religion, inasmuch as it embraces within its fold professors of all the monotheistic religions existing on the face of the earth. This is the genuine secret and beauty of our institution. Now, the same conditions which are imperatively necessary for one to become a Freemason, are equally necessary to admit one in Zoroastrianism. It must be remembered that in remote antiquity, when the forefathers of the present Hindoos and Parsees lived together as one race—when, in fact, the division separating Hindoos from Parsees had not yet taken place—the religion of the land was the religion of the race. A change of thought slowly crept in among the advance portion of the nation, and a separation was the consequence. The reformers were called Zoroastrians. They repudiated the national religion; no one was considered of the reformed party who did not subscribe to the following articles of faith which are to be found in the 12th Ha of the Yacna, and which I hear give rendered into very free English:—"I join in annihilating the worship of Devas (false gods). I profess myself to be a believer in Mazda, (the Omniscient) as taught by Zoroaster. I am opposed to the belief in Devas (false gods). I am a follower of the law of Ahura (the living). All the universe I attribute to the wise and good Ahura Mazda (the living Omniscient), the pure, the majestic, for everything is his, the earth, the starry firmament, &c. I adhere to the development producing wisdom. I keep property (cattle) protected from thieves and robbers. I keep the homes of Mazdayoenians (the reformers, believers in the Omniscient) protected from harm and penury. I do not lend myself to bring harm to them, never even if thereby I were to escape losing my body and life. I repudiate the rule over me of false gods,

evil, mischievous, adept in harm, the most disgusting, the most believing, the most pernicious in all existence. I denounce sorcery and all other evil knowledge. I denounce the domination of false gods, of those believing in them, with the sincerity of my thoughts, words, deeds, and tokens. Thus Ahura Mazda has taught Zarathustra in the several conferences that took place between them, and thus Zarathustra has promised Ahura Mazda in all those conferences to disacknowledge polytheism, so have Vistasp Furshostra Jamasp promised to repudiate the sovereignty of false gods, and so do I likewise, I, a believer in Mazda as taught by Zarathustra, disbelieve in the supremacy of false gods." Here is a belief in only one true and living God, and a disbelief in many and false gods, beautifully and pointedly expressed in several ways. Thus far, then, Freemasonry and Zoroastrianism stand on the same platform, and hence there is nothing in Freemasonry which should hinder a subscriber to the above-detailed articles of faith from fraternising with a brother Mason, who also, as is known, is required by the Masonic constitutions to subscribe in the form of a written declaration to just similar articles before he is ballotted, or allowed to enter and put his steps within our precincts. But yet there is another common ground between the two systems which remains to be seen. When Lodge "Rising Star" was first established for the benefit of the natives of India, considering the nature of the numerous different faiths professed by the natives of this country, for whose sole benefit this Lodge was founded, it was deemed absolutely necessary to introduce one more test which would go a good way in clearly establishing what natives were qualified by their religion to be received in that Lodge, and what not. The additional test was proposed to discover and ascertain the religious belief of the aspirant as regards the next world, and hence the question was framed as follows—"Do you believe in a state of rewards and punishment in after life, according to deeds done in the flesh?" This test implicitly indicated, supported by the constitutions, that Freemasonry believed in rewards and punishments in the next world, not according to one's belief in certain dogmas,

but according to one's deeds done in the flesh, and so it was made a *sine quâ non* for all native candidates. Now, this belief is quite consonant with the Zoroastrian notions of rewards and punishments.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD FISHER'S TALE.

That's where your brother sank, boy ; that's where my son was drowned ;
 Eight years have passed since then, boy, eight winters have come round.
 'Tis sad to think about it, but I can't forget it quite ;
 No ; I can recollect as well as though 'twas but last night.
 I'll tell you all I can, boy, as you've ne'er heard before ;
 I'll try and tell you all, boy, before we get to shore.
 You don't know much about it, boy, save bits heard now and then ;
 It makes me feel so sad, my boy, to talk about our Ben,
 For he was such a noble lad—so manly and so brave ;
 'Tis sad to think that such as he should find a watery grave.
 'Twas such a day as this, boy, when last he put to sea ;
 Yes ;—much about this time, boy, that he sailed from the quay ;
 And we went down to see him start—he smiled and waved his hand ;
 We watched until his large turned sail was out of sight from land ;
 And then we strolled along, lad, towards the little bay,
 You helped me take my lines up, and stow them all away.
 Ah ! you were but a baby then, not more than five years old,
 But full of fun and courage, lad, and strong as you were bold.
 The evening tide came in, my boy, but Ben did not come home ;
 A breeze sprung up at sunset, lad, that lashed the waves to foam.
 We watched out on the tall cliff, your mother, boy, and I ;
 And marked with failing hearts, boy, the dark and lowering sky.

I watched alone all night, my lad ;—I paced both cliff and shore.
 At early dawn I heard a shout above the waves wild roar ;
 I strained my eyes to seaward and saw a struggling form,
 Then shouted in return, lad, above the howling storm,
 I knew it was my Ben's voice, lad, and and rushed down to beach ;
 But oh, my son had sunk, boy, far out beyond my reach.
 I madly sprang into the surf, but it was all in vain,
 He rose but once again, lad, called loud, then sank again.
 Next morning from the beach, a wreck, we saw his boat drift by ;
 The Lord had taken Ben, boy, to be with him on high.

DOUGLAS EDGECUMBE.

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. III.—PUSS IN BOOTS.

WE all of us know the story of "Puss in Boots;" who does not? Even little Kitty says to her big brother, "Henary, dear, read me the story of 'Puz in Boots.'" The old tale pleased us long years ago when we were very little, and full of the golden dreams of youth; it even has a lingering charm for us when maturity has given us something more important to think about, or when old age makes us look back with a sigh on the days that are no more.

Now, I think that we all admire "Puss in Boots" as a very clever, bold, outspoken somewhat determined party. She was evidently, as we say so vulgarly, "up to snuff"—she knew what she was about,—she would not be put upon by any one, not she; and so like people of her "cloth" in this queer world of ours, she got her own way and won the day. Well, I do not wish to linger too long on the actual story of "Puss in Boots," because, though amusing enough at first sight, there is another side to it, and it is just that other side that I am going to dwell on now, for the edification

of all who peruse these lines. Do not suppose, however, that I am going to preach a sermon. A sermon is a very good thing in its way, in its proper place, at its proper season, and it is just possible that the writer of this modest essay may in his time have done such a thing, though with what effect he must leave in that happy phasis of uncertainty, most becoming, both to his own modesty and so serious a subject, not here lightly to be touched upon. All that I wish you to remember, kind readers, is that this is an Essay, not a Sermon! If you want any further definition of distinction you must consult Johnson's Dictionary; but all I can say is an essay is not a sermon, and a sermon is not an essay. I also hope, and shall endeavour, in this humble effort in the "didactic line," as some one says, to give a little good, wholesome, old-fashioned advice to those who are so sagacious as to discern the soundness, and the morality, and the intellectual power, which abound for the intelligent Freemason always in the well-filled pages of Bro. Kenning's Magazine. "Puss in Boots" is, after all, then, not quite the thing—not perfectly satisfactory; for poor puss represents also, I fear, that combination of "brass" and boldness which we sometimes meet with in society, and which, though some may admire, mentor like, I am bound to condemn as well "ore rotundo," as "currente calamo." Somebody has said that ours is a very "cheeky age," and though that somebody is probably, after all, nobody, yet there is some truth, no doubt, in the assertion, as certainly ours is an age which thinks no "small beer" of itself—an age which rather likes apparently to hear its own praises sung—if you may judge by the language of some of the most successful scribblers who have earned its approval, and received its rewards. Cardinal Manning once said that our own age was "one of a flowing tide of generations, neither the wisest nor the best," and in that concise statement in the abstract we may perhaps all agree. But is it not, after all, the fact that in every age men always so talk? Is not this the character we give for the most part of ourselves, and of the age, or the ages, which have preceded us? We are all more or less "laudatores temporis acti," we invest the past with the colour-

ing of romance; so different, we say, from our own prosaic present; and we often boldly contend that other generations seem to be wiser and better than we ourselves are!

Old Johnson, as we know, laughed heartily at Lord Monboddos's "superior savage," and made his lordship very angry; but the old boy was right, as he generally was; for, to say the truth, this is an ancient fallacy which, however, we all seem to like to perpetuate. Each age, remember, is "sui generis," and has its own greatness and littleness, value, and worthlessness—good and evil. I, for one, neither believe that our own age is "wusser" than other ages, or that it is better—more civilized, more anything—than other ages; and, above all, utterly disapprove of the cant with which many noisy professors of something or other, like to indulge in whenever they write about it.

But, to come back to our story. "Puss in Boots" appears to me to be an excellent type of those clever but unprincipled members of society who, wherever they are, vitiate the tone and injure the temper of the hour, who live for No. 1, for material enjoyment, whose motto is, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," and who are both selfish and slippery, dangerous and defiant all at the same time. We all of us know well, do we not? many a Puss in Boots—clever, cultivated, empressé, agreeable "clairvoyante," and cool—who yet does infinite harm in the society she adorns, in the generation to which she belongs, and who, by the use of chaff or cheek, gets the better of the unwary, and simply shuts up the less unscrupulous. That such a character as "Puss" may have some good qualities in it is not denied; that she gives to society more than she takes from it, may be at once freely conceded. But, what then? It is under the guise of this most artificial character, this painted outside show, that so much evil—yes, moral evil—is persistently done. We are all of us such creatures of conventionality; that for us for the most part success gilds iniquity, and prosperity is the keynote of all our social harmonies. We do not ask what "*Puss in Boots*" has done! No, there she is "en evidence" before our very eyes, smiling, serene, well-dressed, agreeable, cultivated, fascinating, and what

matters it to us that poor Puss's antecedents are very questionable, (ask Inspector Grummer), and that her moral propriety of conduct is very much open to doubt. It is a mistake for us to ask for too much, or to look too deeply below the surface of things. Let us regard things as they are—let us be reasonable and practical, and philosophical to boot; and, above all, do not let us forget that good old refrain:

“Take the goods the Gods provide you,
Lovely Thais sits beside you.”

Alas! this is the old, old fallacy amid the “fallentis semita vitæ,” which has benumbed the consciences of thousands of our kind, and with the art of Mephistophiles has condemned many a Faust, to say nothing of injured Marguerite, to endless sorrow and shame. Yes, disguise it as we may, cover it up as we will with the rank luxuriance of sceptical thought, this world of ours has been given in all its ages, and still is, to shams and to impostors—to the cunning charlatan and the brazen knave. For the world, curiously enough, despite its high moral tone and “pompous preludes,” seems rather to like being taken in, and hugs its chains complacently and calmly enough. After all, probably there is, and must be, some pleasure in being deceived, since we all often prefer hypocrisy to sincerity, and treachery to truth! So wags the world away, and in its revolving-cars, like as you may see in some busy fair, the rogue and the honest, the faithful and the betrayer, the kind and the malignant, the good and the bad—all seem to move on pretty much alike around the customary circle! Nemesis no doubt will be here one day an unbidden guest at this Sybarites feast, but we shall most of us be cold in our graves and long forgotten, before this world's blind judgments are overruled, and its unsound decrees reversed. I do not wish however, to be too hard on “Puss in Boots,” not only because I do not see why, like Diogenes, I am to keep railing from my tub against all which my fellow bipeds admire, but simply because I fully admit also that “*tour les gouts*” are “*permis*,” if not “*respectables*.”

Yet, I venture to-day to say, that I, for my part, much prefer in all the concerns and company of life, that modesty which needs no allurements, that truth which never wavers, that purity of purpose, that un-

selfishness of disposition which make No 1 give way to No. 2, and do not consider it fair, even among “chief friends,” to inquire irretrievably your neighbour, simply to gratify your own personal dislikes, or to accommodate your own pressing interests. I fear that, after all is said and done, “Puss in Boots” only represents the earthiness of earth, the worldliness of the world, the lesser and lower if outwardly agreeable characteristics of human nature, and therefore, despite the courage and cleverness, the attractiveness and the address of poor Puss, we should always be on our guard lest we ever forget that all this is only outside show, a skilful varnishing, and that beneath it all, alas, we miss entirely these truer emotions which should control, and those higher aspirations which should elevate this fleeting life of ours. I know many a “Puss in Boots” in society, so do you, whom I think a pleasant companion and an agreeable member of our little circle, not a bad *vis à vis*, not at all a disagreeable associate à tête à tête; but yet when the music is hushed, the lights have flared out, when the flowers have withered, I feel more than ever how unsafe a companion, how unfit a helpmate for all the cares, and crosses, and troubles, and sorrows, of life.

No, depend upon it, though “Puss in Boots” may be admired by this world for that outward brilliancy and success which often attend on the audacious and unscrupulous, here we should be very much mistaken indeed, if we ever allowed ourselves to think for one moment, that such a state of things could give any of us real happiness, or illuminate for us with any true or abiding light the often dreary pathway of earthly existence. As I do not desire to seem to write too severely or too harshly, so I will only add that, as I have always been taught to look on life as a “real thing,” I feel bound to point out to my readers to-day that, though the world has lost none of its fascinations, it has lost neither anything of its short-lived emptiness; and, like a good many other fragile and painted toys, “Puss in Boots” will also in turn pass away like all things here, to point the moral and adorn the tale for all who can think, for all who can discern the real from the unreal, the true from the false, the good from the evil, amid that

chaos of conflicting doubts and struggles, and fears, and follies, and trickery, and heartlessness, and baseness, which we often complacently "the world." If any one thinks that my colours have been laid on too deeply, or are even too sombre in themselves, let them bear in mind that I am like the aspirant of old, seeking for the "temple of truth," and that while I say all this and seek to limn with faithful brush a veritable picture of all that lies before us, no one more fully admits than I do, that there are two sides to everything, and that, on the contrary, even the world's opinion is, in the long run (though it often takes a long time forming), unfavourable to all that tends to weaken, to betray, to injure, to degrade humanity. Even "Pass in Boots" will never find a niche in its "Walhalla," and will be handed over to that reproving chorus of scorn and contempt which, like the avenging Eumenides of old, seems ever to accompany us all here poor mortals that we be, who play our little part on the shifting stage of human life.

SPRING.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL.

Authoress of "*Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect*," etc.

Fair Nature now is wide awake,
 And dons her robe of green ;
 Flora her offerings now doth bring,
 To deck her beauteous queen.

The birds rejoice to see her drest,
 And loud their matins sing,
 To give a greeting to her charms,
 And hail the hopeful Spring.

The Cuckoo now gives forth her note,
 And flies from tree to tree ;
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! she blithely calls,
 And fills my heart with glee.

My childhood's days come back again—
 She calls to mind the hours
 When I with merry children
 Went forth to gather flowers.

Again I wander by the brook,
 Or climb the moss-grown hill,
 And listen to the trickling
 Made by the mountain rill.

My hat again is garlanded
 With wild flowers of the Spring ;
 I feel as joyous and as free
 As wild birds on the wing.

The dream is o'er, Cuckoo again
 Recalls me from the past ;
 And all the golden days of youth
 That were too bright to last.

But still her notes I love to hear,
 And still I love the flowers ;
 And still the Spring hath charms for me,
 To cheer life's evening hours.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE EDUCATION OF SOCIETY.

As this paper of our contemporary, *The World*, has been reproduced in *The Times* we also think it well to call the attention of our readers to it here.

The education of society should, it may well be thought, be thorough and complete. Yet, as a matter of fact, it remains pretty well where it has always been. The men and women of the great world neither know more nor less. A certain cant of superiority may vein the conversation of drawing-rooms, and the cant of art is a sort of fashionable epidemic during the exhibition of the Royal Academy ; but the basis of solid knowledge upon which that conversation rests has not become deeper or more solid with the supply of the countless new materials of its structure. It is not too much to say that with ninety-nine men out of a hundred no specific addition is made to the facts of what may be called their purely educational knowledge after they leave school or college. In other words, while they are graduating in the world's academy, they do nothing to increase that store of book wisdom of which they may have gained possession when as yet *in statu pupillari*. Their views of literature and history remain to the end of their lives what those views were when they passed the last examination and answered the last question. If they have travelled a good deal, they will have increased their knowledge of geography ; if they are unusually observant, they will have acquired some novel ideas on the subject of politics and government. To put it differently, they may amplify indefinitely

their knowledge of nature and of man, but they will not amplify their knowledge of books. This, it may be said, is the highest education, and we have lately been reminded that such it was esteemed by the Greeks. It must be remembered, however that we in these days have a history and literature behind us of some eighteen centuries, which the Greeks had not. Beyond the daily and weekly newspaper, which is skimmed rather than read, the enormous majority of intelligent gentlemen whom one encounters, day by day and hour by hour, absolutely avoid print. Perhaps the best proof of the very slender character of the attainments, and the very limited degree of miscellaneous information, of which the class of whom we now speak can boast, is the admiration invariably excited by the fact of one of their number betraying something that is only a few degrees removed from sheer ignorance on questions of art, of history, of literature and science. There never was a time when it was easier for a person ambitious of that renown to purchase the cheap distinction of omniscience among the circle of his club friends. He has but to travel a little, observe a little, catch up a few shibbololeths of artistic criticism, allude now and again to the writers of antiquity and of the renaissance, and he will quickly come to be pointed out as a monument of universal knowledge. It is true that if he presumes too much upon his reputation he will be avoided as a bore; but then he may have the satisfaction of reflecting that he has for a brief while not ineffectively posed as a prodigy. That the volumes replete with learning and information, with which the press teems find readers is of course true; but with very few exceptions, it is not from the rank and file of society that these readers are taken, while attendance at learned lectures is no more a proof of an enthusiasm for learning, than an attendance at church of an enthusiasm for religion, or the mere circumstance of being an *habitué* of theatres or fine-art galleries implies an acquaintance with the rudiments of dramatic and æsthetic criticism. Mr. Matthew Arnold may inveigh with airy bitterness against the Philistinism of the middle classes of England, but at the present moment these middle classes are the depositories of no inconsiderable

amount of knowledge and culture. It is the wives and daughters of men who are not social stars of the first or even of the second magnitude that are the chief patrons of the literature of the day. In this there is nothing surprising. Society has the highest and most distinguished sanction for the course that it adopts. Criticism of a *menu* and the arrangement of guests round a dinner-table are, in the most illustrious quarters, points of paramount importance that the mind cannot be distracted from them by any purely literary occupations. Such a confession would not be generally allowed. The polite world may be intellectually naked, but it is more or less anxious to veil its nudity. The appearance of a considerable interest in all matters that appertain to literature, science, and art is still kept up, and there are even ladies of fashion who languidly impress one with the idea that they are positively fond of poetry, just as there are exemplary people who simulate a devotion to the Opera. Feminine hypocrisy is never seen to greater advantage than when subjects of intellectual or semi-intellectual significance are concerned, and the young lady who raves about Mr. Tennyson, or declares that she adores and understands the writings of Mr. Browning in public, devours and appreciates nothing but second-rate romances in private. The real truth is, that, notwithstanding its ostentatiously proclaimed sympathies with the human intellect in all its works and manifestations, its occasional interludes of æsthetic prattle, its *penchant* for old china, pictures and collections of every sort, the lectures which it frequents, and the Bees at which it improves its mind, society in the present day is far too occupied with its distractions and pastimes to care much about its education; and when "Society" talks of topics which involve education, it has abundant reason to be satisfied if it can adroitly conceal its ignorance.

We do not agree with all the writer ingeniously puts forward, but we think it better to let him speak for himself, as, doubtless, his views, ably expressed as they are, will find not a few supporters.

But we always like to hear both sides of a question. There is a great deal in that. People are too fond of hearing one side only.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES
OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS
FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER IX.

THIRD SERIES OF SYMBOLS.

(Continued from page 532.)

“When the temple of Serapis was raised from its foundations, there were found symbols inscribed on stones, called hieroglyphics; of these some were in the form of a cross; and such of the Gentile converts to Christianity as pretended to understand the hieroglyphics; said that it signified the life to come.”

SOCRATES.

The explanation of the above emblems appears perfectly reasonable, because it is analogous to the Hermesian system of hieroglyphics, as corrected and explained by the literary investigations, and important discoveries of our own times; but the concluding figure, which is now to come under our consideration, is not quite so easy of interpretation. It is both complicated and indistinct, and offers no certain clue to enable us to form a correct opinion. The circle and San cross are clear enough, but the figure by which they are connected, has, I confess, puzzled me not a little, although the Hermesian symbol for *Government* bears some distant resemblance to a part of it.

It may be an imperfect attempt to unite the vesica piscis with the phallus symbolized by the San cross; the former being the geometrical sign of recognition amongst the eopots of Egypt. This symbol, which was of great importance in every system of Masonry, was formed by the intersection of two circles whose diameters are equal. It was formerly engraven on the tombs of the early Christians, as a fish; in allusion to the three days entombation of Christ, of which the sign of the prophet Jonah was a legitimate type, because a fish had been the tomb of Jonah for the same period; and it was the only sign which Christ deigned to give to the inquisitive Jews. In the above situation the fish was understood to represent the blessed name of Jesus; the initials of *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιου Σωτηρ*, forming the word *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, a fish.

But the fish or vesica piscis has been applied to another purpose in Masonry.

It was formerly the emblematical Jewel worn by the stewards, and I have no doubt, considering the nature of their office, that it was adopted in allusion to the fish which St. Peter drew out of the sea for the purpose of providing for the temporal wants of himself and his Master, as the stewards of a lodge provide for those of their brethren. In fact the whole of the Masonic emblems serve to prove that the early Christians introduced many of them into our speculative system. But to return to the subject under our more immediate notice.

The vesica piscis often appears on the Egyptian temples, and especially on the throne of Osiris; referring to the doctrine of the priests on the subject of their trinity; and representing geometrically the birth of Orus, as the son of Osiris and Isis. It constitutes the chief element of the figures seen on the thrones of the Pharaohs, to represent *materially* a knot of love, and *scientifically* the birth of harmony, out of the contending elements of discord. It entered into the design of the structure of the central room in the great pyramid, and was connected with the entire train of Egyptian Masonry* which that pyramid, internally and externally, embodied and comprised.

The symbols before us, however, were evidently intended to refer to physical generation, and in that character were highly venerated by every ancient people as emblems of the Deity or Demiurgus, in his prolific power of producing the fruits of the earth for the benefit of his creatures. But the origin of the phallic worship is attributed to Ham, the Jupiter Hammon of the Egyptians; the base rites of which prostituted religion are, by the just decrees of providence, stamped with that eternal brand of reproach, the hieroglyphic symbol of his crime, which is so well calculated to impress upon the minds of men, and keep alive the memory of that primeval turpitude committed by the most ancient idolator, and the earliest tyrant after the deluge.†

Faber, however, thinks that the phallic orgies were the invention of Melampus, in honour of Bacchus or Noah; and that

* Bardwell. Temples. p. 59.

† Maur. Ind. Aut. vol. ii. p. 167.

Cadmus carried them into Phœnicia, and that the emblems before us were the insignia of the Cabiric deities; and adds, "bene igitur notat Rircherus, ut Hebrœi Baal-Phegor colerent ad sterilitatem aver-tendam. Hisce præcipuè de causis, sicut Arææ vulva, ita Noaci phalluserat symbolum; amboque, in nefandis Cabiræorum mysteriis areanum Bacehi sive Osiridis, regenerationem more quodam umbratili exhiberunt."*

The symbols themselves was no secret, though their legitimate meaning was known only to the initiated, for they were publicly displayed in the temples, and placed in the grasp of their deities. Nor could there be any mistake about them for they were the same on the shores of the Ganges as on those of the Nile. The phallus of Egypt and Greece corresponded exactly with the lingam of the Indian Brahmins, and is met with in the same abundance on the walls of the cavern, temples, and pagados of Hindoostan as on the massive structures of Egypt. Nor was the emblem esteemed less powerful in one country than in the other. It was worn round the necks of women to make them fruitful; and of children to avert the diseases which infancy is subject to. It was, indeed, an universal amulet.

It is highly probable that these symbols formed the badges which were worn during the celebration of the mysteries of Baal Peor.† Thus in the porticos of Carnac were placed colossal figures 15 feet high; and on the outside were two statues 33 feet high; each with a cross or phallus in his hand, which among the Egyptians was a symbol of fertility. When the temple of Serapis was demolished, several of these emblems were found amongst the ruins; and a learned hierophant who had been converted to Christianity interpreted them to signify the Life to Come. He also told them, according to Sozomen,‡ that an old tradition was in existence, which predicted that when those symbols should be discovered the temple and worship of Serapis should have an end. This symbol was held

* Fab. Cab. vol. ii. p. 109.

† Numb. xxv. 5. Our translators have rendered the passage, "joined themselves to Baal Peor," but the more correct construction would be, "wore the badges of Baal Peor."

‡ I. vii. c. 15.

in such extreme honour that Ptolemy Philadelphus, at one of his magnificent festivals, exhibited a phallus of gold, 120 cubits long and 6 cubits in circumference, richly adorned with golden crowns, and surmounted by a bright star of burnished gold. It was fixed upright to a splendid car, and drawn in procession to receive the homage of the stupefied Egyptians.*

On this hypothesis my conjecture appears to be confirmed by the actual occurrence in our Tablet of a triad of these symbolical crosses or phalli, to represent Osiris, Isis, and Orus; one being divested of its upper limb, the others having it placed in two different positions, viz., horizontally and diagonally. These were acknowledged emblems of fertility, and referred to the physical worship of the deity in his creative capacity; a form of devotion which prevailed to a very great extent in Egypt; whence many of their gods are furnished with the cross and circle united.†

This was the Crux anasata, which "Rircher supposes that Hermes received from the patriarchs (before the flood, I presume) by tradition. Of this there can be no proof. Certain it is, however, that by the descendants of the patriarchs after the flood, the figure of a cross was ever esteemed a most sacred sign, whatever may have been its origin or mystery. It occurs among the hieroglyphics of the Brahmins; on the Egyptian obelisks, and has been found on monuments among the ruins of Aëum in Abyssinia.‡

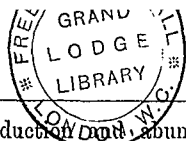
The upper limb of the Hermetic cross, as in the specimen before us, sometimes deviated from the horizontal line in the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Diodorus says the priests bore in their hands a pastoral staff, on the top of which was the figure of a plough; and indeed the representations of a priest bearing this kind of lituus or crosier are of frequent occurrence in the monuments of that country. Spineto gives it in this form λ;|| which indeed was

* Athenæus. l. v. c. 5.

† For many examples of this remarkable fact I would refer the inquisitive reader to "Knight's Pictorial Bible," vol. i. p. 444. where he will find representations of the deities grasping this symbol. A copious explanation of the Hermetic Cross may be found in sect. 48. of the Hist.—"Landmarks of Masonry."

‡ Dean. Serpent. p. 138.

|| See his Tables. iv. fig. 6.



a legitimate Santic cross. The hand-plough was indeed the ancient sceptre of kings, as well as the symbol of authority amongst the priests. Thus Dr. Clark says,* "this curious relic preserves a model of one of the most ancient instruments of agriculture known in the world; the primeval plough of Egypt and of the Eastern world, held in veneration from the earliest ages, and among all nations, considered a sacred symbol, an emblem of power and dignity, a sceptre fit for kings, and even gods to wear, a type of nature's bounty, and of peace on earth. To the invention of the plough may be referred all the mysteries of Ceres, and many of the most sacred solemnities, the rites and the festivals of Egypt and Greece."

The Crux Ausata of Hermes is represented by ancient writers, not only as a most sublime hieroglyphic, but also as a mysterious and powerful amulet, endowed with astonishing virtues. It exhibits one of the most complete mathematical figures, "habentem longitudinem atque latitudinem, et quatuor angulos rectos, possessing at once both length and breadth, and having four right angles, at once allusive to the four cardinal points of the world, and typical of the four elements."† This symbol was ultimately used as a letter of the Egyptian alphabet, and called Gaut. It corresponded with the Hebrew Gau, though different in shape; but its mystical signification was the same. The crux ausata was however formed by a combination of the cross and circle, or, as they were considered by the heathen, their two greatest deities, the phallus and the sun; and assumed this form ☉. Ultimately the lunette or rising moon was added to the compound symbol, and completed the hieroglyphic which constituted the true representative of Hermes or Mercury thus, ☉ and to perpetuate the honour which was designed to be conferred on this great benefactor to the human species, he was identified with the planet which revolves nearest the sun.

The Hermetic cross signified also an Ear of Corn, and as corn was one of the productions of Mother Earth, which conferred unbounded blessings on man, the Spica, or Ear, had a phallic reference to Isis, the

goddess of reproduction, abundance; as well as to Cueph; and is not only found on coins, engraven in Kircher and Montfaucon, as an hieroglyphic of the deity, but forms the characteristic of many others. And it may be remarked here that at the initiation of an individual, he was usually marked with the cross, in common with any other symbol of the deity, into whose peculiar service he had now formerly enlisted.

The stigma or mark of the newly initiated member of the Dionysiaca, was a sprig of ivy, as the symbol of Bacchus; and it was by this mark that Ptolemy Philopater determined to force upon the Jews in Egypt the acceptance of his religion.* In India criminals were branded with an indelible mark to denote the nature of their crime, one of which was the yoni. The ordinances of Menu prescribe the peculiar mark by which each fault was distinguished. "For drinking spirits, a vintner's flag; for stealing sacred gold, a dog's foot; for murdering a priest, the figure of a headless corpse; &c. And they were condemned to wander over the face of the earth branded with these marks, that they might be deserted by friends, treated by none with kindness, and received by none with respect." With the above interpretation of the symbol before us, the Egyptian Isis may be identified with the Philistine Dagon, which signifies either fish or corn. "Hence Philo Byblius, the Greek translator or Sanchoniatho, explains Dagon as being also Siton. Ceres or Isis, or the ark, was the goddess of corn, because she preserved the stock requisite for the sowing of the new world; and as, under the name of Atargatis or Adar, Daga, or Derceto, she was likewise a mermaid; so Noah, or the merman Dagon, was likewise Siton, or the god of corn or agriculture."†

In a word, although the god Dagon is represented in our scriptures as a male, it was depicted at Tyre and Ashdod as a female with the lower part of a fish; and in Syria, as a female throughout; and she was designated by the same symbol as Isis, viz., a lunette.

As Isis and Ceres were the same deity in different nations, so the Hermetic cross

* Clark, Vol. v. p. 296.

† Maur. Ind. Aut. vol. ii, p. 360.

* 2 Mac. vi. 7.

† Faber, Eight Dissertations, vol. ii, p. 184.

was sacred to the Eleusinian goddess—or at least connected with her worship; for adjoining her temple in Arcadia were two gigantic stones, one of which was upright, and the other placed over it horizontally, forming altogether a correct specimen of the San cross. They were called Petroma, and contained an aperture in the upper surface, wherein was deposited a mask shaped like the head of a wolf (*loup*) which was borne by the aspirant at his initiation.

This ceremony has been adduced as the origin of the name of Lewis, as applied to the son of a master mason, who was sometimes called Loufton, Looton, Loveson, or Loupton; in French, Loveteau. The soul of the perfectly initiated epopt was hence termed *the young wolf* (*louve-teau-jeune loup*.) Macrobius says the ancients observed an affinity between a wolf and the sun, whom the candidate represented when he was performing the circumambulation of the mysteries, from east to west by the south. "At the approach of the wolf," they said, "the flock disperses;" alluding to the stars, the celestial flock, which disappear at the approach of the sun.

The above is the French explanation of the origin and application of the word Lewis. Our explanation is more simple and pleasing. The Lewis, which was allowed a place amongst our emblems about the middle of the last century, is the same given to the son of a Master Mason. In operative architecture it is an instrument used to support heavy weights which are to be raised to the higher parts of a building by being inserted into the surface for the purpose. In like manner when a Master Mason falls into the vale of years he becomes incapable of active exertion, and is supported, succoured, and nourished by his son, the Lewis, who is able and willing to bear in his father's stead the burden and heat of the day.

The analogy holds good in the druidical mythology of our own island. On our ancient British coins we find an Ear of Corn, "which was an attribute of Ceres or Isis, even amongst the Britons; for she is styled by the bards Ogyrven, Amhad, the goddess of various seeds; and we are told that the aragoe chief of the world, or in other words the diluvian patriarch, formed the curvatures of Ryd, which passed the dales of

grievous waters, or the deluge, having the fore part stored with corn, and mounted aloft with the connected serpents.

In the mystical process of initiation, the arkite goddess devours the aspirant when he has assumed the form of a *grain of wheat*; and that the aspirant says of himself that he had been a grain of the Arkites, which had grown upon a hill. Hence the priests of this goddess are styled Hotigion—bearers of ears of corn; and it was the office of Aneurin, her distinguished votary, to protect the ear of corn on the height. Thus it appears that this symbol was sacred to the Arkite goddess; or Isis the goddess of the lunette.*

And further, as a grain of corn, being committed to the earth, produce other fruits in its own likeness, so it was made an emblem of marriage; and in ancient times wheat was cast upon the head of the bride on her return from church as an emblem of fertility. The custom was derived from the heathen. Selden says: "Quaquam sacra quæ fuere in confarreatione paganica, utpote Christianismo plane adversantia, sub ejusdem initia, etiam apud paganos evanescere nihilominus farris epsius usus aliquis solennes in libis conficiendis, diffringendis, communicandis, locis saltem in mounullis semper obtinuit. Certe frequentissimus apud Anglos est et antiquitas fuit liborum admodum grandium in nuptiis usus, quæ BRIDE CAKES id est, liba spousalitia seu nuptialia appellitant. Ea quæ tum a spousis ipsis confecta tum ab profiniquis amicisque solenniter muneri nuptiali data."†

An Ear of Corn was further symbolical of the resurrection and a future stake, and is frequently used in this sense in the sacred writings. Thus the close of life at mature age, is compared to a shock of corn fully ripe.‡ And to the same purpose Euripides, as quoted by Cicero in his Tuscular questions.

Quæ generi humano angorum nequicquam ad ferunt,

Keddenda est terra terra, tum vita omnibus

Metenda, ut fruges, sic jubet necessitas.

Our Saviour compares himself to a corn

* Dav. Dru. p. 604.

† Ueor. Heb. Tom. iii. p. 633.

‡ Job, v. 26. Gen. xxv. 8. Job. xlii. 17.

of wheat falling into the ground, but afterwards producing much fruit.* The prophet Hosea speaks of growing as the vine, and reviving as the corn;† and indeed the return of vegetation in the spring of the year has been adopted very generally as an expressive symbol of the resurrection. The Apostle Paul uses this very simile in reference to a renewed life. The sower sows a bare, naked grain of corn, of whatever kind it may be, as wheat or some other grain; which after a proper time rises to light clothed with verdure, covered also with a husk, and other appurtenances according to the nature which God has appointed to that species of seed;—analogous to this is the resurrection of the body.‡

The Spica was also a symbol of Hermes himself, or his hieroglyphical method of instruction, supposed to be embodied in the anaglyph before us; for Hermes is reputed to have accompanied Oseris in his famous expedition to improve and reform the world, and to teach mankind the blessings of agriculture.

From such a combination of symbols it would be easy for the hierophant to vary his lecture according to the comprehension of his auditory; for it includes a reference to the deity and his works—to the starry firmament and planetary system—to natural and physical objects—the arts and sciences—the occult secrets of magic, talismans, and astrology—and I think also to the promise of a Mediator made to Adam at the fall of man—to a divine lawgiver—to the unity and trinity of the Deity—to the destruction of the old world by an universal deluge—to the resurrection and a future state—and to the universal redemption of mankind. And we find also hints towards the formation of the mind to piety, obedience, and many other moral virtues, and mental qualifications.

(To be continued.)

Our Archæological Corner.

BRITISH MUSEUM. Addit. MS., 23,675, fo. 13, 1783.

Notte des informations a faire en Angleterre

* John xxii. 24. † Hosea xiv. 7.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 37. See Calmet in verbo.

sur plusieurs objets qui interessent la A E B R de Paris.

We publish this very interesting document, we believe for the first time. In itself it reflects great credit on these brethren who signed these instructions, and whose names appear on the title page. Perhaps some French brother can throw a little light on the brethren whose names and signatures we give, and on the MS. itself.

1. LE CHASSEUR.

Lord North, Lord Sandwich, on quelques uns de ceux qui sont lies avec eux, pour ecient donner quelques eclaircissements sur l'avanture d'un chasseur, homme instruit, et bien éduqué, qui participé à une chasse du renard, dans laquelle le deux lords se trouvent; le chasseur Etrangér n'étoit comme de personne; il lui est arrivé quelque chose de fort étonnant dans le chateau du Seig. chez lequel la chasse se faisoit; et l'étranger a disparu sans que l'on ait pû découvrir ce qu'il étoit devenu, non plus que d'où il étoit sorti.

2. CONSTITUTION BOOCK.

La A E B R à la premiere édition du livre des constitutions maçoniques, imprimés en 1723; il seroit utile d'avoir aussi les éditions de 1738, et de 1767, ax A.

3. EXTRAIT A PRENDRE DANS LES PAPIERS PUBLICS.

S'il y a eu des feuilles périodiques en imitation de celles—et qui ayent remplacé le Spectateur; il seroit bon des informer, si elles font mention de la confrérie des francs maçons; et dans—Extraire les articles, et prendre avec soin les dates; et les titres des ouvrages qui en parlent, il me paroît impossible que le folliculaire des années 1721, '22, et '23, gardent un silence absolu à le sujet. Ils doivent aussi en avoir parlé en 1727, 1740, 1756, et 1767.

4. QUESTIONS DE VIEUX MACONS.

Questionnes des maçons bien vieux, qui soient sans partialité et sans fanatisme, (?) sur les idess que l'on avoit de la maconnerie dans leur jeunesse; et leur demander quelques détails sur les variations que la

maçonnerie à éprouvé, tant dans le but que elle se propose, que dans les moyens qu'elle a Employé.

5. LES SEIGNRS. ASSOCIES AUX CONFRERIES DE METIERS. ANSD.

Est il, ou nest il pas d'usage en Angleterre que les Seigneurs et gentlemen se fussent inscrire sur les registres des differentes cotteries des metiers, selon leur goût où leurs liaisons, cela est en usage dans d'autres pais.

6. DENOMINATION.

Quelle est l'origine dela denomination free maçon ? et Quelle difference y a'til entre free et accepted ?

7. MANUSCRIT DE LA BIBLIOTHEQUE D'OXFORD.

Que pensent les maçons sensés, au sujet des questions attribués a Henri VI., sur la maçonnerie ? le manuscrit est il à la Bibliothèque Bodleine a Oxford ? l'écriture est elle sans contestation, du Celebre Locke ? les remarques sont elles deson style et de son genre ? de Scavans prophanes ont ils en connoissance de cette piece ? en ont'ils discuté l'autenticité avec le flambeau d'une critique éclairée, et de bonne foy ?

Si Henry VI. est regardé in contestablement comme auteur des detes questions ; les Anglois rejettent ils done le témoignage de l'historien David Hume ? qui nous dit de Henri VI. "He was fitted, both by the softness of his temper and the weakness of his understanding, to be perpetually governed by those who surrounded him, and it was easy to foresee that his reign would prove a perpetual minority." Hist. Engl. v. iii., p. 169.

8. M. DE VALLENCY, A DUBLIN. VALENCEE.

Si l'association maçonique est ancienne, et s'il ya quelque moyen d'éprouver son antiquité M. de Valency Colonel du génie doit plus que que'n soit connoître les preuves, et être en état d'en donner l'aperçu ses recherches et ses de'convertis prétieuses le mettent a même de n'avoir plus dedoute, sur l'existence où nonneté et le but de la maçonnerè ; il demeure ordinairement a Hammer-smith a'six milles de Londres.

DATTES DES PATENTES DE CONSTITUTION.

Pourroit on Savoir à la g. Loge de Londres la datte des premiers constitutions

accorde'es a des Loges des differens eta'ts de l'Europe.

TABLEAU DES G. M.

* Pourquoi dans l'édition des constitutions de 1767, faisant la Liste des grands maitres de l'ordre, n'aton mis le No. 1, quâ Montagu, qui fut Elu en 1721.

A. Il faut aussi se procurer l'appendix imprimé en 1777 on 1778.

DOCTEUR FALC.

Il Seroit a desirer (?) de se procurer une notice historique appuyée sur des temoinages digne de foy. Sur le Sejour du docteur Falc en Angleterre, l'opinion qu'il ya donné de lui son genre de vie, et toutes les circonstances qui peuvent interesser sur cet homme extraordinaire que l'ondit mort depuis quatre mois.

B. Prendre des renseignements sur l'Isle de Mull ; sur la réalité de l'existence des Maçons dans cette Isle et sur les rapports des Stuarts avec l'ordre des francs Maçons.

Les f. f. Soussignés membres du conseil des Echarpes blanches, invitent le f. Bouzy devouloir bien pendant son Séjour en Angleterre prendre les informations les plus détaillées qu'il lui sera possible sur tous les objets contenus dans cette notice. Il les obligeroit aussi de s'informer des noms et adresses des Maçons les plus instruits, tant d'Angleterre que d'Ecosse. A Paris le quatre fevrier mil sept cent quatre vingt trois.

THE TROAD.

WE gave some time back in our pages a review of Dr. Schliemann's interesting book on his Excavations in the Troad, and we think it well to call the attention of our readers to the same topic, as it is a matter of some moment historically and archæologically to us all. In the "Times" of June 4th, appeared one of the most striking papers we have for some time perused on this very subject, and we gladly seize the opportunity of commending it to the notice of our readers, as it deserves the attention and admiration of all alike for the animation of its style, the knowledge of the subject it displays, and the soundness of its remarks on so "vexata a quæstio."

A visit to the Troad will equally delight the traveller whether, like myself, what he most cares for is natural beauty, or whether he takes a strong interest in spots haunted by great memories, and bearing deep vestiges of the life of remote generations. Had even Hecuba been no more to me than I to Hecuba, the Plain of Troy would still have been, in my eyes, a scene of rare loveliness, and I should have been content to gaze on the grand features of its vast surroundings, irrespectively of the historical or fabulous associations its very name conjures up. The Plain of Troy is intersected from east to west by several mountain ridges of moderate height, formed by the spurs of Mount Ida, and enclosing valleys, through which flow three principal streams—the Doumbrek, or “Simois;” the Kemar, or “Thymbrius;” and the Mender, or “Scamander;”—all these classical names must be understood to rest on hypothesis—the former two flowing into the old or new bed of the last-named, as all other outlet to the sea is precluded by a swelling ridge, which runs along the coast from Ujek, above Beshika Bay, to the Sigreum Promontory, at the entrance of the Hellespont. The lowlands in the plain and the valleys being thus shut in on all sides but one, are swampy, and, owing to the want of good drainage and culture, unhealthy and desolate. But the verdure of the fields and pastures, and the crops growing here and there where patches of the soil have been but scratched, give evidence of unsurpassed fertility, and the brushwood on the hills, and the park-like groves of oak on the mountain slopes, conjure up to the imagination the dense forests by which the uplands must in primitive times have been mantled, feeding the moisture, checking the rush of the waters, and tempering the extremes of heat and cold in one of the most genial and salubrious climates on earth’s surface. At every step as we rode the freshness, the vastness, the homeliness, the wildness of the region we traversed, delighted us by their unceasing variety, while, when we drew rein on the summit of any of the ridges, on any of the sites to which tradition attaches peculiar importance, the panorama of land and sea which stretched before us, the great landmarks which dotted the horizon around us, called forth expressions of such rapture as

could hardly be expected of men at our time of life, and schooled to rein in any feeling which might tempt us to make fools of ourselves.

East of us rose Ida, with her long diadem-like snowy crest of Mount Garganus, enthroned as queen of the region, stretching forth, as her arms, woody slopes, some of which reach far down towards the sea, while the main cluster centres round the masses of Karadagh and Mount Dedeh, in the rear of that locality of Balidagh and Bouarbashi, where, if Troy was not, it seems, at least, so natural to wish that Troy had been. West of us lay the coast, flanked all along by its high land, beyond which gleamed the blue waves of the open Ægean Sea, with its islands rising loftily here and there; next to us, Tenedos, the ubiquitous, obtruding everywhere on the landscape; further off, Lemnos, vast and mountainous; and more towards the north, where the waters contract themselves at the entrance of the Hellespont, the low ledge of Imbros, over which Neptune looked down upon Troy from the superior height of rocky Samothrace. North of us, across the plain, was the Hellespont, its deep-blue surface all studded with white sails, and the sky lightly streaked by the vanishing smoke-wreaths from the funnel of many a steamer. Beyond that strait, on the European side, the coast of Thrace stretched low, bleak, and forbidding; and far away, dimly perceptible in the thin haze of the sea, the grand pyramid of Mount Athos, at 80 miles distance from us as the crow flies.

Nothing in the world could be more enjoyable than the weather that befriended us throughout the trip. Nothing more fresh and vivid than the blossoms and young foliage on every tree; nothing more joyous than the music of lark and nightingale, alternating with the notes of frog and owl in that perpetual succession of sun and moonlight; nothing more peaceful than the herds and flocks lowing and bleating in those levels, than the lowly stork-haunted habitations, and the peasants themselves, forgetting, as it were, all difference of race and creed, living in harmony and security with wide-open cottage doors, neutralizing, by their innocence, the baneful influence of their vile Government; the Greek, by mere thrift and good courage, insensibly, and yet irresistibly, ousting the more indolent and

desponding Mussulman. Such a sweet, solitary home as Mr. Frederick Calvert has contrived to build for himself on that hallowed ground, close to the ruins of the Temple of the Thymbrian Apollo, such a farm as, with little capital and much industry, he is converting into a princely estate, might well wean from the world many a weary heart, and clip the wings of many an unsatisfied ambition.

And over this idyllic paradise where once a frail woman's beauty arrayed Asia and Europe in arms, the battles of Troy are once more fought by scholars bent on fishing historical truth out of the deep well of a poetical myth, bewildering themselves and the world by their dissertations as to what and where was Troy, and establishing theories where conjecture itself seems almost hopelessly at fault. Was the site of Priam's Troy at Hissarlik, on the spot where Ilium Novum subsequently arose, and where Dr. Schliemann has lately opened the earth to so great a depth and extent, or was it on the more sublime ground near Bounarbashi, round the hill of Balidagh, where men are supposed to have traced the circuit of the wall of Pergamus, and even to have brought Hector's tomb into light? All these questions have been and must be answered by the light of Homer's verse and by the bearings of the landmarks of Ida, the Scamander, Imbros, Tenedos, the Sigæum, and other hills, streams, islands, and headlands to which frequent allusions occur in the great epic. Listen to Maclaren on one side and to Le Chevalier on the other, and see how satisfied every party leader and partisan is with his own view, how plausibly he stands by his own and demolishes his adversary's argument; hear how much has been, how much may be, said on both sides—as, indeed, on all sides of all questions—and then tell us who shall decide where so many and such valiant doctors disagree? “The identity of the site of Troy,” one will tell us, “may be made out by two springs, one warm and one cold, flowing into, or from which flows the Scamander.” Aye, but what if at Hissarlik the springs which must have been there have dried up, and those at Bounarbashi are not *two* but *forty*, and all cold? “Round Homer's Troy,” says another, “flowed Scamander.” But what if the river has altered its course, and its con-

fluence with the Simois has been removed from its original spot? What, besides, if the names are misapplied, if what we call Simois were Homer's Scamander, and if the sources of one river, which it seemed natural to trace to the mountains, lay, after all, in the plain? “Troy,” a third teaches us, “or at least its citadel, occupied a lofty, craggy, and conspicuous situation.” But what if time has smoothed down its asperities, and the accumulation of the soil for 30 or 40 centuries has levelled its slope? “Troy,” a fourth reasons, “was not too far and not too near the sea.” But what if land has encroached upon the water, and the line of the shore has advanced far beyond its ancient limit? It is even so. Every critic, like a bad tailor, strives to fit the ground to his own theory when at a lost how to shape the theory, so as to suit the particulars of the locality. Every one proves that his own pet Troy is Homer's Troy, or at least that it would be amazingly like it, had not untoward circumstances conspired to make it so unlike.

Notwithstanding this irreconcilable discrepancy of opinion, however, it is not easy to deny that Dr. Schliemann, Mr. Frank Calvert, and, last, but not least, Mr. Gladstone, all partisans of Hissarlik, have good reasons in their favour, and that Bounarbashi seems, indeed, too far inland, and the ground of it too rugged to allow of chariot races being run in its immediate vicinity, or of Achilles chasing the flying Hector three times round the walls of the city. But, on the other hand, the site of Hissarlik is mean and circumscribed to a small space not very lofty, and by no means craggy or rugged, and the area which is assigned to the town is barely sufficient to accommodate a moderate-sized citadel, “about the size of Trafalgar-square,” as Dr. Schliemann himself said to Mr. Gladstone. The world is doubtless greatly indebted to the good German doctor by whose rare energy and at whose heavy expense such extensive excavations have been made, and so many valuable relics of antiquity have been brought into light. But it is difficult to look into the broad and deep trenches he has opened, to view the mountains of rubbish he has heaped up, and to examine the basements and foundations of the buildings he has laid bare, without feeling as if the conclusions to which his dis-

coveries have led him to take away our breath. The Palace of Priam which he has found consists of three small chambers, where it seems hardly conceivable that the King's 50 daughters-in law could be stowed away. Dr. Schliemann's Scæan Gate seems to lead nowhere in particular, as the Royal Palace, which rises athwart it on a higher foundation, is barring all progress, allowing no way either into or beyond it. Nothing more puzzling, also, than the hole in which the doctor has laid the foundation of the Tower of Ilium; the trench from behind which the Trojan bowmen shot their arrows, or the seat from which the ladies "with the long Court trains" sat watching the chances of the fight as it raged in the plain beneath. Nothing more wonderful than the "sacrificial altar in the temple of Minerva, with the drain for carrying away the blood of the victims," the altar a mere lump of earth which is rapidly crumbling to dust, and of which hardly a vestige will probably be found by any visitor looking for it six months hence.

I am in the predicament of that Frenchman who said of himself, "Ce que je sais, je le sais mal, mais se que j'ignore, je l'ignore parfaitement." I know so absolutely nothing of the subject, that I dare not even imagine that Dr. Schliemann has been carried away by his sanguine enthusiasm; but certainly a chill of disappointment and scepticism seized me as I traced on the ground the localities upon which such great names have been bestowed, and to which such high importance is assigned in the doctor's map. Homer's Troy dwindles and shrinks down to almost contemptible proportions in Dr. Schliemann's hands, and one is amazed and humbled to find out of what wretched molehills the great mountain of the Iliad and Odyssey has been evolved. Dr. Schliemann had, doubtless, very arduous problems to solve, very serious difficulties to contend with. He had to deal with a Troy built on the site of an old Troy several centuries after Priam's city was levelled with the ground, or, perhaps, of more than one old Troy, for Ugo Toledo, no mean Hellenist and Homerist, said—

"Ilio raso due volte e due risorto
Splendidamente sulle mute vie,
Per far piu bello l'ultimo trofeo
Ai fatati Pelidi."

The date of Priam's city is, by Dr. Schliemann, forced back far beyond the period assigned to his fall by common chronology—2000 years beyond Homer's own age. The ground to which the doctor devoted his search revealed to him, in super-imposed layers, the edifices, the weapons, the implements, and even the knick-knacks of four, or perhaps five, distinct epochs, which, in the very act of excavation, could not fail to be thrown together, and so jumbled as eventually to defy classification and description.

It were highly desirable that men of mature knowledge and sound judgment should give Dr. Schliemann's achievements due consideration, and that they should put the ingenuous, but, perhaps, hasty conclusions he has arrived at to the test of actual observation on the spot, and it would also be most just and reasonable that the doctor should, as he hopes, obtain from the Ottoman Government the long-solicited Firman empowering him to pursue those labours by which he has won so great a name for himself at the same time that he has bestowed an inestimable benefit on the learned world. It may happen then that Mr. Gladstone will find himself at liberty to fulfil the promise he made to visit the doctor in his house or tent at Hissarlik, where the inspection of those ruins may suggest a modification of some of the views developed by the English scholar and statesman in his "Homeric Synchronism," should he ever prepare a new edition of the work.

For my own part, I am content to live with the present age, and to take at second-hand whatever knowledge better men may supply with respect to the past. A visit to the Troad, I think, will have the effect of satisfying many men—as it has satisfied me—as to the length, width, and depth of their own blessed ignorance. No human research, however active, can keep pace with the rapidity of the obliterating force of time. The pull of many ages lies on the ruins of the world of Homeric tradition. Unlike the Roman Campagna, the plain of Troy can be travelled over for miles without ever, or very rarely, meeting those relics with which one might expect so renowned a ground to be strewn. Whatever is dead in the old Trojan world is also buried. Where the antiquarian's spade

has not been at work the smooth land tells no tale. Of the cities, only the sites are pointed out. The tombs are only tumuli. And therein, perhaps, lies the peculiar charm of the Troad. The region is so hoary as to have attained a second infancy. It is to all appearance not a land used up or exhausted, but rather a virgin soil, ready to be drained, tilled, sowed, planted, and peopled anew. The impression is—or was, at least, to me—in the lovely spring weather, that of freshness and sweetness, of vigour and health.

A STRICKEN HEART.

(Written for the Masonic Magazine.)

IN every bush the sweet birds sing,
On every bough the buds have come;
All nature speaks of balmy Spring,
Of resurrection from the tomb.

The scented may on every hedge,
The cuckoo calling to his mate;
A gladsome look is everywhere,
And only I am desolate.

A world of happiness around;
The picture of a fair young life;
So full of hope, and peace, and love,
As though there were not fear and strife.

I stood at brink of mossy dell,
And listened to the warblers there;
And wondered at sweet Philomel,
As loud he chanted to his fair.

Why sing the birds on every tree?
Why glow the fields with bright wild flowers?

What all this vernal wealth to me
Who nevermore have happy hours?

Be still, sad heart, no more repine;
Should all the world be sad for thee?
What, if the brightness of thy life
Have gone, and joy no more can be?

The earth is fair; some hearts are kind;
And nature now how glad she seems;
The young lambs gambol in their joy,
The morning sun hath rosy beams.

The verdant meads are wet with dew,
The modest violet hangs her head
In mossy brake where daffodils
Have bloomed on saffron, tinted-bed.

Take heart of grace, and look on these,
And thank the Maker of them all,

That He hath made a world so bright,
And granted joy to great and small.

Doth Death come only now to thee?
Hath Love betrayed no other one?
Aye, tear-drops fall from other eyes,
And gloom comes when the day is done.

The grey clouds sail across the sky,
And cast deep shadows o'er the meads;
There is no joy for cloistered nun,
Nor grey-clad friar who tells his beads.

The fire of life hath long gone out,
The glow of love long quenched hath been;

And only the cold grey of life,
Remains for these; no more is seen.

Yet they are well content, and thou
Must learn to be resigned as they,
Remembering that, though Spring-time now,
The Autumn is not far away.

With patient waiting peace will come,
And grace to bear thy weary load;
So pray that when thy earthly home
Thou leavest for that bright abode—

In those celestial mansions where
An everlasting Spring-time reigns,
And there shall be no summer glare,
Nor melancholy Autumn strains.

No winds that sigh through empty aisles,
Of leafless trees in forest vast;
Thou wilt remember, yet forget,
The pain of life which now is past.

So welcome Autumn's slow decay,
And welcome death and Winter's pall,
When "flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all."*

May, 1876. EMIRA HOLMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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

(Continued from page 536.)

COL. Fishwick, F.S.A., author of the
History of the Parochial Chapelry of
Goosnargh noticed in the January number

* This exquisite thought is from "Hood's Poem on Autumn."

of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, and of a History of Kirkham which I have not seen, is preparing a new History of Garstang for the Cheetham Society, which, from the pen of so competent an antiquary, cannot be otherwise than instructive. The *Cherestane* of Domesday Book, Baines supposed that name "to imply the church pool;" whilst Dr. Whitaker looked upon Garstang as its Saxon name, derived from *Gari* or *Garri*, a personal appellation, and *stang*, from the Latin *stangnum*, a pool. Of more importance to the student of English constitutional history is that relic of a polity much older than the Norman Conquest, which existed in the constablewick of Garstang until a recent period, viz. the election of constables on a hillock adjoining the river Wyre, writing their names on slips of wood, &c., an evident lingering of some of the freeburgh customs of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, if not of the Celtic tribes themselves. It would be not only curious, but of great value as well, to all who wish to study the history of our English liberties, to search for relics of similar customs in other parts of the country; for if not preserved now, all traces of them will soon be lost for ever. I remember in my boyhood the election of constables for Langbargh wapentake taking place at the Langbargh whinstone quarry, where the high road crosses from Stokesley to Gisbro', but am sorry to say I never was present. Now that I am writing and publishing a History of the district, how I wish I had witnessed the proceedings, shorn as they undoubtedly were of their ancient fair proportions. Yet one might have discovered a perfect bone, or so much of one, as it were, as would have enabled one to describe the whole skeleton, and in some measure restore it for the readers, as geologists do the extinct animals of the prehistoric past. Of Col. Fishwick's industry, his recently-published "Lancashire Library" is a fair example, giving a bibliographical account of books on topography, biography, history, science, and miscellaneous literature, relating to the County Palatine, including an account of Lancashire tracts, pamphlets, and sermons, printed before the year 1720, with collections, bibliographical, critical, and biographical notes on the books and authors. Such a work, though necessarily deficient in some things, must have taken

long and laborious years in its compilation, and application which would have been worse punishment than tearing oakum in a prison to any but a true lover of books,—which, as the wise bishop of Durham (Richard de Bury) well declared nearly six centuries ago, "are teachers whose instructions are unaccompanied with blows or harsh words; who demand neither food nor wages: you visit them, they are alert; if you want them, they secrete not themselves; should you mistake their meaning, they complain not, nor ridicule your ignorance, be it ever so gross." Col. Fishwick is no mere bookmaker. "Under the title of the 'Literature of Lancashire,'" says he, "I have not included books which were published in the county, or were written by Lancashire men, yet do not in any way refer to the county. Works to be included in my list must be written about or refer to Lancashire places, persons, or things. The only exception to this rule has been made in the case of some few theological pamphlets printed in the seventeenth century, which are so curious and valuable that their admission will not be regretted." It is not a book from which I can cull my readers a few choice extracts, so as to set them a longing for the whole. It is essentially a book of reference, and a valuable one too. No public library, and no scholar's private library, will be complete without it. Part I. treats of Topography; II. of Biography and Family History; III. of Poetry, Fiction, and Miscellany; IV. of Works partly relating to Lancashire; V. of Tracts and Pamphlets printed before 1720 ("as a rule," he says, "Tracts and Pamphlets printed since 1720 are excluded, because after that date their number is so great, and many of them so perfect valueless, that to have included them would have defeated the object in view"); and Part VI. favours us with an account of Sermons and Theological Treatises; added to which we have Indexes which, in addition to the alphabetical and chronological arrangement, makes the contents of this handsome quarto volume of much easier access. Had Col. Fishwick done nothing more than compiled and published this very valuable work, he would have deserved well of Lancashire and of the literary world. It is one of those useful books which can never pay its

author in a pecuniary point of view, nor yet bring popular applause, and it is well for the nation which has men, like Col. Fishwick, able and willing to work in so useful a manner—content to receive no other recompense than the pleasure of doing something which will be of utility to society, and the approbation of that “fit audience though few” of which Milton sings. Lancashire, though one of the poorest agricultural counties of our country, has long been famous for the indomitable energy of her sons. Her manufactures have stood conspicuous in the markets of the world; the beauty of the “Lancashire Witches” has been deservedly commended, though I never could see them anything superior to the maids and matrons of our other counties— for, thank God, female loveliness is no monopoly—but I know of nothing in which Lancashire stands out in such bold relief from our other counties as in the number of gifted authors, male and female, who have helped to increase every department of our glorious English literature; a literature which can never perish, whatever New Zealanders, or others may sit on broken arches of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul’s, or even when the ruins themselves shall have perished, and no arch remains to sit upon. So long as Col. Fishwick employs himself in such useful literary labours as he has now been engaged in for years, “may his shadow never grow less.”

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE NEW SCHOOL DIRECTOR.

WE take this amusing little “skit” from our fraternal contemporary, the “New York Dispatch.”

MR. TIMOTHY SEARCH was highly elated over his election to the vacant chair in the School Board of his district, and he at once began to take a great interest in educational affairs. He wanted plain teaching, he said; didn’t want any high-falutin learning forced upon the scholars, and declared that he would kick the first teacher out of the school-house who attempted to stuff the children with any new-fangled notions.

Therefore, the new director was startled

when his most promising son told him that the teacher proposed to introduce Algebra into the school.

“What kind of a study is that?” asked Mrs. Search. “Timothy, I’ll be bound that it’s some outlandish book that Dominie has writ. My son’s brains shan’t be stuffed with it!”

“Doesn’t the sound of the name tell you what kind of a study it is?” answered Search. “Why, it’s the history of a new fangled animal related to the zebra, I suppose. Blamed if he shall teach it in this school district!”

That very afternoon the new director visited the school for the first time. He was graciously received by the new teacher, who was listening to a class in geography.

“I understand, sir, that you want to introduce the history of the Algebra into this school?” said Search.

“I had thought of doing so.”

“Had thought of it, eh? Well, let it go no further than that. I don’t want my children to know anything about such outlandish animals. The Algebra may run wild in his native country; but we don’t want him troubling the children in our schools, that we don’t.”

“But, Mr. Search, the new study will assist the scholars in mathematics.”

“See here, that’s thin. If I would read the history of the rhinoceros, could I substract any better than I do? Would the biography of the giraffe enable me to multiply with more facility? Now, sir, answer these questions, and tell me how the history of the Algebra could advance the children in arithmetic?”

“You misunderstand me, sir,” said the teacher, “Algebra is not an animal—no more so than hydrostatics.”

“Hydro-thunder!” exclaimed Search. “I suppose you’d like to introduce acrimonics into the school. With my consent no tom-foolery shall be taught in this district. The algebra is as much an animal as the gyascutas is, and if I hear another word about teaching its history to our scholars, I’ll be blamed if you can’t leave.”

“Sir, I regret that we differ. What shall I teach?”

“Teach good common sense, sir,” said Search; “teach that this world is flat, as reason and our eye-sight tell us. We don’t want any round worlds swingin’ on nuthin’

in this district, and we don't care if the sun is ninety-five millions miles off. Teach the boys that Andy Johnson was a better man than Columbus, and if I hear that you try to make them believe that Martin Van Buren was elected President honestly, durned if you can't leave this district. We had a feller teachin' here once who talked about Cromwell, Braddock, and a lot of other old Romans, and I worried the d'rectors till they turned him off. You needn't teach the girls anything in particular; they learn too fast anyhow. That other teacher filled their heads full of Cleo—somboddy, till they called the boys Antony and Cæsar. We want good, solid education. If you know how old Croeses made his money, tell the boys, but don't stuff their heads the full of the filthy habits of algebra, or any other wild beast. The show business is not payin' this Summer, and we don't want our boys to be Barnums and Dan Rices. You might tell them how Ben Franklin caught thunder and lightning in a bottle, for that is scientific, but tell them to keep away from walnut trees in a thunder-storm."

"You've no objection to me teaching a little hygiene?"

"I have sir, no new-fangled doctrines in this school, I tell you. No high giene and no low giene, but if you want to introduce Robinson Crusoe into the school, I'll assist you. But no such studies as algebra and high giene while I am director. After 'while you'll want to teach that the earth isn't half as big as the sun. Darn your highfalutin stuff!"

The teacher has a hard row to hoe in Timothy's district, and he doesn't teach algebra either.

REVIEW.

THE WHITEHALL REVIEW, 125, Fleet Street. This is a new weekly paper, and applicant for public patronage. It has begun very well; and we think it likely to find a good deal of support. It is clearly and ably written, and its poetry is much above the average. We quote a specimen:

THE GHOST OF LOVE.

IN the still night the clock's slow sound
And once the stirring of a fading fire

Are all I hear. The midnight gathers round
Me and my lone desire.

A passing footstep in the street,
A passing voice that bids a friend
good-bye,
In some strange fashion with my faucies
meet
And mix with memory.

And as all thoughts and memories
Have for their soul and centre only you,
Even these passing midnight fantasies
To that one goal are true.

A foot that lightly passed my life,
A careless voice that lightly said,
"farewell,"
And thenceforth spoke no more, were
yours,—and if
You cared, I cannot tell.

Yet, let me rear, for love's dear sake,
My air-built castle in the clouds of
thought,

A harmless structure, which no shock can
break
By hopeless fancy wrought.

I am no more alone. Across the room
I look and see you in your common place;
The firelight, in alternate glow and gloom
Is playing on your face.

Dear, loving Shadow! Cross to were I sit
And lay your hands in mine, and let
your eyes

Search through my soul, and let my fancy
flit
Through flower-wov'n phantasies.

Closer, dear Shadow! On my breast
Lay your fair head, and let my arms
enfold

You, and that precious world of peace
and rest
Priced at your heart of gold.

Closer, dear Shadow! Through the years
We two have travelled, and the end is
nigh.

How blest it were, beyond all words and
tears,
If thus we both could die!

Is love not proven? Could we be
Dearer and closer, or were joy more
sweet,

If you, dear Shade, in very deed were she,
And love with love could meet?

Ah! faithless Shadow! For the light
Is even now a-fading from your eye,
The passing footstep echoes on the night,
The voice repeats, "Good bye!"

We also think that the Prose has a good deal of merit, and we take the following pleasing story as full of promise and pathos:

A MAN OF SCIENCE.

I WAS walking along Oxford Street on a certain rainy, and windy, and unpleasant afternoon in the month of April, 1876. "A morn, the loveliest that the year had seen, last of the Spring, yet fresh with all its green," had wooed me from my chambers and had drawn me to the streets. In the square on which my chamber windows look the trees and the grass were of "a glad bright green," as Chaucer sweetly sayeth, and the sparrows chirped cheerfully. By way of a spring-tide marvel the London skies were blue; and being in a lazy mood, and being made still lazier by the beauty of the day, I strolled into the streets bent on passing an idle hour or two in the pursuit which is pleasantest to me. To flaunt an umbrella or an overcoat in the face of such a morning would have seemed an unwarrantable outrage on its lovely promise. I left umbrella and overcoat at home.

I was not alone in the foolish confidence I had reposed in the bright skies and warm sunshine. For when the skies suddenly darkened, and a sharp gust of wind, moistened with coming rain, flew round the corner, and I, dreading the impending downfall, took shelter beneath the blind of a photographer's shop, I found myself in company with a good half-hundred others, who blocked up the pavement and huddled close to the shop-front for shelter. The rain and wind beat in fierce gusts upon us, and the cover was inadequate. The rain danced from the pavement opposite as though myriads of sparkling tiny creatures were madly waltzing there. The crowd about the photographer's shop grew denser, and wet way-farers, glearing and breathless, moistened those against whom they pressed as they sought a place in the centre of the throng.

I could afford to be amused at the sight, since I held the one place of greatest advantage. There is always enough in such an assemblage to amuse you if you only care to look for it. But I saw suddenly what I had not looked for and had not expected to find there.

You have seen, of course, the splendid performance of Mr. Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." You remember distinctly that picturesque waving scanty grey hair, that venerable beard—that look of 'bepuzzlement of precasting terror and sorrow with which he wakes on the Katskill mountains. The sight I saw recalled these things at once, and irresistibly. If you will think of it you will probably be of opinion that a very bad hat of the chimney-top pattern would somewhat detract from the dignity of Rip Van Winkle's figure as he stands there in Sleepy Hollow in the first tragic surprise of his awakening. The old man who reminded me of Rip Van Winkle wore such a hat, and looked dignified in it. The native manhood of face and figure shone like that of the returning Ulysses through rags and tatters. A venerable beard. A face livid and furrowed. A pair of shaggy and overhanging eyebrows. Eyes large, full, mournful, desolate, as though they looked fixedly at some great grief. What grief the inward vision might look on I could not guess, but I saw in another second that those mournful eyes were dark. The dignified tatterdemalian was blind.

To me, living as I do by my eyes and through them; finding my livelihood and most of what makes it worth having by the fact that I can see, there is something especially dreadful about blindness. I fancy that my terror of it and my pity for it are something intenser than common. Have you any faith in that occult force you sometimes hear of, which is said to convey an emotion, or a sympathy, or a thought, without any apparent medium whatever? Have you ever looked at a friend with the fixed intention of compelling that friend to look at you? My look or my pity somehow brought those blind open mournful eyes upon me, and they looked at me, seeing nothing, until my own almost drooped. There was a look of hunger in the face which almost made you forget the physical want so clearly lined there.

The skies cleared and the crowd gradually melted, going off into apparent space as London crowds will, and leaving little track of its elements behind it. As the crowd dissolved I saw that my Rip Van Winkle was accompanied by a child. A daughter, perhaps? A question to be answered in the negative at once. The child was plebeian all over, whilst the man, whether his ancestors were near or remote, had *had* ancestors somewhere.

As the child, holding the hand of her companion, went slowly along the pavement, I noticed that the old man's shoes were wretchedly worn and tattered, that his clothes were in the last stage of greasiness, raggedness, and seediness, and that he carried suspended before him a cigar-box. I passed him, and as I did so he threw open the lid and exposed his wares, a few boxes of vestas and fuses. The child's right hand was clasped in the old man's left, and he bent down over her with a helpless dependence. As I went by she offered mutely a little box of vestas which she carried in her left-hand. I sometimes hear from philanthropists who have reduced mercy to a science, and who administer charity by machinery, that an indiscriminate almsgiving is criminal. But shall I harden my heart against one case of genuine want for fear that a score of imposters may profit by me? Let them profit. Do I not profit also. I held a sixpence towards the child. She drew back a little and dropped the hand in which she held the vestas. "I ain't got no change," she said. I made a motion with my hand and she advanced her own and took the coin and curtsied. The old man raised his battered hat, and guessing at a purchase, said "Thank you." I walked a little further on and made pretence of looking in at a window. Glancing back, I saw the child give the coin to the old man. He tested it with his fingers and with his teeth, and the two then turned away together and passed down a street to the left. I suspected gin. I was a little interested in the man and wished to see if my suspicions were just, I sauntered slowly after them, and saw the child enter a baker's shop. When she emerged with a small loaf I could almost have cried at the eager way in which the blind trembling hands reached out for it. It touched me too to see that those blind

trembling hands tore off the top of the small loaf for the child before they conveyed an atom to the old man's lips. The two sat down upon a door-step round another corner. The stone was still wet with the recent rain, but they were heedless of the discomfort, and munched greedily at the bread. I left them there and went away—a little angry with myself for being well-dressed and well-fed. I wandered along Oxford Street, constructing as my manner is, a whole cargo of stories to account for my Rip Van Winkle's poverty. The weather gave signs of becoming permanently unpleasant, and I turned homewards. I had got into Holborn when I saw the old man and the child once more. The little creature smiled as she saw me and once more curtsied. I heard her say "There's the gentlemen," and the old man once more raised his battered hat, looking blindly before him the while. When an hour before he had said "Thank you," his voice bore out my impression of his face. It was a cultivated voice, a little set and stiff in pronunciation perhaps—as the voice of the self-educated are sometimes apt to be. I welcomed this second falling in with him. "Have you sold out your stock," I asked the child. She answered that they hadn't sold nothing. "But," she added, "you gin us a tanner, and," with a mixture of the sexes, "another lady gin us tuppence." The old man stood still whilst the child spoke, and held the battered hat in his hand. The blind face flushed a little as he said "I am very much obliged to you, Sir." Perhaps you will be able to guess why I felt a little ashamed of myself. I seemed to have reminded the old man of an obligation, although I had assuredly no such design. He took an uncertain groping step forward and pulled at the hand of the child.

It was partly through a feeling of awkwardness which would not let me say "Good-bye," and which yet seemed to wake some sort of farewell necessary that I walked along by the blind man's side. I suppose he knew by my step that I was still there, for he turned his melancholy eyes on me as if waiting for me to speak. I said some indifferent thing or other about the weather. He answered and we glided into talk. I told him in a minute or two that he had been well educated.

He answered "Yes," and added with a little pride, that he was quite self-taught. It was one of his deprivations, he said, that he could no longer read. He could have borne anything better than the loss of sight. All his speech was broken and interrupted by a terrible hacking cough, and his stoop was painful in its helplessness. He asked me suddenly if I knew anything about mechanics. "For two or three years," he said, "I have had no chance of speaking to anybody who could understand me. I am the inventor of perpetual motion, Sir. I have mastered the problem which has puzzled mechanics for centuries. Will you come and look at my invention? Shall I bring it to you? I knew little or nothing about mechanics, I answered, but should be glad to look at his invention. "Take me home, Lizzie," he said eagerly, and the child turned at once into one of those dreadful courts which lie off Holborn. As I followed, the old man apologized for the place. "I have never seen it," he said, "but I know it is as vile a hole as a man could well live in. You're not afraid to come, Sir?" "Not at all," I told him. The place was frowsy and miserable. Rotting garbage lay about the broken pavement, and the day's rain had awakened a score of evil odours. He led me into a wretched room on the ground-floor of one of the decrepit houses. The place was unevenly paved with battered and broken bricks, and the walls were moist and discoloured. It was almost void. A plank stretched from one heap of bricks to another did duty for a seat, and there were a ricketty table and an old tea-chest in the room. Nothing else, except a heap of sacking and shavings in one corner. As we entered the forlorn apartment the old man held up his hand in a listening attitude, and I heard a faint clicking sound like that of a clock. He released the hand of his child and went gropingly across the room to the tea-chest, and stooping down, produced from it a cigar box. Holding this in both hands, he came with that pathetically uncertain footstep back to the table. He laid the box down and untied the string which fastened the lid. "Look here, Sir," he said, and I advanced to the table. There was a tiny steel hammer hanging from a brass rod and falling perpetually upon a little catch which rose from

a polished brass case; and there were two small metal cubes darting to and fro along the rod from which the hammer was suspended. Might I take it from the box? I asked. The old man laid his hands jealously over it. He took it out himself, however, and laid it upon the table. "These cubes of metal," he said "are magnets. They are turned by a circular spring within the box, and they keep the steel pendulum in motion. The hammer on the pendulum strikes the latch as it falls and gives the spring one coil. It wastes exactly that one coil in working the magnets. A feather's weight on either side would destroy the balance, and the machine would stop. It has been going now for more than three years, and will continue to go as long as the material endures. "Could you not find a purchaser for your invention?" I asked again. People, he told me, had offered to buy this one,—indicating the little piece of mechanism before him,—but he would not sell it for the world. "I worked at it for years. I helped with my own hands to make it. What could pay me for it?" "But surely," I remonstrated, "you could find somebody who would buy the patent and bring out copies of the thing." "Whom could he trust," he asked. Before he lost his sight, one man stole his specifications and tried to bring it out for himself. There was a mistake in them, however, and the man was an ignoramus who could not rectify it, "and so," he said, "I escaped that time. No, no, Sir. This is the one invention of the world. The solution of tremendous problems lies here, Sir. I can't pursue them now. But I have started them,—I have started them,—and I shall be remembered. This little machine, Sir, is the key to a new world of discovery. There is an El Dorado of thought opened by it—a golden world of new knowledge." There were tears in the blind eyes and on the furrowed cheeks as he said this.

We talked a little further. He made no appeal for help or charity, wretchedly forlorn as his condition was. I left a coin in the hands of the child and bade him good-day, promising to call upon him again. When I reached home I found that my affairs called me to the Continent. I returned to town on the 18th of May, and in company with a friend sought the

old man's room. The door was locked, and as we turned away a woman addressed us asking if we wished to see the blind man who used to live there. "Used to live there?" I asked. "Where is he now?" "Dead an' buried this fortnit past," the woman answered.

We wish the "Whitehall Review" all success.

MASONIC CYCLOPÆDIA.

Dear Bro. Kenning,—

The old saying runs, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," and that is certainly made good as regards your Cyclopædia.

You will remember how towards the close of 1872, we talked it over, and how also, when Bro. Mackey's elaborate work appeared, "a whale among the minnows," it seemed to us, "pour le moment," needless to persevere with our proposal.

About this time last year you recalled my attention to the matter, saying that you thought you saw your way to the "placing" on the Masonic literary market of a Cyclopædia, not too large, not too verbose, cheap and condensed—a neat and compendious book of reference.

The summer intervened, and about October I began my work.

But, as you will call to mind, nearly two months' delay occurred in the beginning of 1876, owing to the printing arrangements, and then another six weeks nearly, owing to necessary retractions of certain portions.

The compilation of any Cyclopædia is a hard task, but that of a Masonic Cyclopædia especially so, despite my collections and preparations, for, as you know, I have the largest collection probably of collated MS. and references of any one in England. In a Masonic Cyclopædia the difficulty, always confessedly great, is augmented by the carelessness of our own writers, who give dates which are anachronisms, references which cannot be found, and quotations which cannot be verified. I have spent many a weary half hour in finding out mistakes which ought never to have been made, and rectifying inaccuracies for which there is no excuse. I may observe here that it is a very easy thing to reprint printed matter, to "print upon" what is already before the public, or even to make up copy

with printed clippings; but to transcribe a book of many hundred pages of original matter, especially when one's handwriting is not of the best is for men of ordinary calibre like myself a very uphill task. I have, I believe, every Cyclopædia that has been written, barring an Italian one, and nothing so much strikes one, how much original work and references remain to do in order to ensure accuracy in every respect. So on June 15th I find myself thus far safely advanced; all up to the end of G. is in the hands of the printers, and the letter H will soon be. I give beneath a specimen of H, which I think will convince my readers of the bonâ fide character of the work. I will just add this, it would be a pity to spoil a practical standard Masonic work of reference by any hurry or impatience.

I am now, as you are aware, daily working hard at the work, and I have no doubt to complete my undertaking towards the end of the year.

All I can say is to-day, to our kind friends and subscribers, if any disapprove of a delay which is quite unavoidable, they can have their subscription returned; but I think that they will all gain by a more careful elaboration of the work, and during the remainder of the year we can receive names of subscribers until December 31, 1876. Then the list must finally close. The large number of names we have already is a hopeful sign of the awakening interest on matters archæological, and I trust when the Cyclopædia at last appears it will neither belie the kindly patronage of my brethren nor disappoint their just expectations. In the meantime I recommend that all those who have not subscribed for a copy to send their names to George Kenning, 198, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and I am quite certain of this, that they will all get their money's worth, and, indeed, a good deal more.

I am, dear Bro. Kenning,

Yours always fraternally,

A. F. A. WOODFORD, P.G.C.
10, Upper Porchester-street, Hyde-park-square, W., June 15, 1876.

P.S.—The subscription price is 7s. 6d.

H.—Kloss cites no less than nine contributions to Masonic literature under this letter.

HACHE, CHAPPIE DE LA.—Chapter of the

Axe, the 32nd of the 90 grades of the Rite of Misraim.

HACK, Jacob W. B. E. Von.—The name is also written "Haack," was in 1762 member of the Lodge "Gur Eenigkeit" in Frankfort, A.M., and from 1764 until 1766 its W.M. He was also a member of the Strict Observance. Kloss mentions two or three of his addresses, and especially one which he delivered December 27th, 1768, at the admission of Louis VIII., Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, when he appears to have been W.M. of the Lodge "Zu den dei Distelu," at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

HACQUET.—A French brother, formerly a "notaire" at Port-au-Prince, and one of the founders of the General Grand Lodge of the "Rite Amien et Accepté," in Paris, 1801. He was also a member of the Grand Orient in 1804 and 1810, and was President of the Royal Arch Chapter at Paris in 1814.

HADAMAR, P.H.—W.M. of the Lodge Vereinigten Freunde, in Mayence, who delivered an address at the Whiter St. John's, 1819.

HADLY, BENJAMIN.—An English brother present at the Special Lodge at the Hague for the reception of the Duke of Tuscany and Lorraine, afterwards the Emperor Francis I. Anderson and Eutich Noor-thouck, in the Constitutions of 1738, 1767, 1784, mention the names of John Stanhope and John Hollyendaf as the Wardens. Preston, however (Oliver's Edition, 1861) states that Bro. Benjamin Hadly and a Dutch brother were the two Wardens on that occasion. Of him nothing more seems to be known.

HAGAR.—Bro. Dr. Oliver has used the difference as existing between the sons of Sarah and Hagar, as significant in the teaching of older Masonry of the necessity of gender freeborn candidates. We believe, however, that the teaching is entirely modern, and the question of freeborn (see "Freeborn") rests upon an entirely different ground, the need of which has long since passed away.

HAGGAI.—The Prophet, born in Babylon, and with Zerubbabel and Joshua aided to restore and dedicate the temple at Jerusalem, B.C. 516. His name is given to the Third Principal in a Royal Arch Chapter. Curiously enough, Bro. H. Warren found his seal during his researches in subterranean Jerusalem.

HAGUE.—The capital of Holland, called

also "La Haye, and Haag," in Dutch it is Gravenhage. Freemasonry was founded practically there in 1731, by the special Lodge which, under a dispensation from Lord Lovel, G.M., initiated the Duke of Tuscany and Lorraine. There is no trustworthy evidence, in our opinion, of the Lodge Het Vredendal, or Frederick Venda, which is said to have been founded by an Englishman in 1637, some even say from 1519 to 1601, on an English warrant, though, as far as we know, no warrants were given until the 18th century. A French lodge seems to have been founded there in 1734, "Loge du Grand Maître des Provinces unies et du resort de la Generalite," at the Golden Lion at the Hague, by Vincent de la Chapelle mainly. A Dutch Lodge, was formed it is said, in 1735, under the name of "Le Venerable Zele." There seems also about this time another Lodge, termed L'Union, to have been formed by Von Dagrán, and this, and the Veritable Zele, and the Lodge La Royale, the third in order of consideration, led to the formation of the National Grand Lodge, December 25th, 1756.

HAIBER.—A French brother, who translated Kurtis's History of Pope Innocent III. Paris, 1838.

HALE.—More properly Hele. Means to cover, to conceal. It is clearly an A. Saxon word, and is derived, it has been often suggested, from the A. Saxon Helan, which it is said is pronounced "halan," to cover or conceal. The word is still in use in the West of England we are told, and a "heliar" is said to answer to the Latin "teglator." It has been, however, pointed out that as the word "Hillyer" or "Hilliar" is also used, it may come more properly from "hilan," A.S., to conceal or cover, not "helan." There is another meaning to it, which probably comes from the Saxon "hael," exemplified in the old form, "drinc hael," "waes hael," or from the old word heyle, hale, healthy. It is a word well known to Freemasons. "Hele," in the sense of conceal, was an expression in use among the old guild formulæ, though the word "heyle," health, was also written "hele," and is to be found in many of the guild ordinances. Some one has suggested that the word may be also a corruption of "halde," to hold fast or firm, but we prefer the more obvious or A. Saxon use. This is one among little indicia of the real Antiquity of our usages and ritual.