

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 48.—VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

OUR Royal Grand Master has returned to us, much benefitted by his short visit to "Foreign Parts," and has since presided with much effect, and amid much loyal enthusiasm, at the Licensed Victuallers' Festival. It does indeed, however, seem a reproach to our age to note that increasing tendency to Mawwormism and Stigginism amongst us, when we can be told that H.R.H. received 200 petitions from friendly fanatics, not to to preside at the gathering of "wicked Licensed Victuallers." Are we reaching reaching a time when religion is to become sentiment, and charity is to evaporate into unreality? when we shall absolutely forget that there is such a thing in this world as the abasement of all intellect, the submission of our reasoning powers to a noisy irreligion? to a mournful fictitiousness of erratic intolerance?

The Annual Festival of Grand Lodge has taken place, with great *éclat*, and the Craft has been pleased with the appointment of two Royal Grand Wardens. Such an event recalls to Masonic students the time when five Royal Brothers honoured the English Grand Lodge with their genial presence! The appointments of the other officers are very satisfactory, as showing that Masonic services are not overlooked by our Grand Master, nor Masonic work forgotten. We have but little else to report, except the onward prosperous march of English Freemasonry.

In France, the struggle goes on, and though we cannot say that we have much

hope, yet there is a faint glimmer just now of a reasonable reaction.

We cannot overlook the seriousness of the contest, especially as regards Freemasonry. But as good always comes out of evil here below, if our worst fears are realized, then amid this "Débâcle" and "Debandade" of French Freemasonry some profit may accrue to numerous English Freemasons in France and Belgium, who are now practically shut out from Freemasonry and Masonic Life.

If Bro. Grimaux is right in his Masonic Jurisprudence, English Masons might now meet without any reference to the Grand Orient of France, but such a position would not naturally accord with our English notions of legality and order. If, however, these two Grand Orientes leave, as it were, Universal Freemasonry, in order to carry out some chimeras, or pander to some intolerant rhapsodies of their own, the position of English Freemasons in France and Belgium may perhaps be reconsidered, with a view to give them such "relief" as the circumstances of the case will permit.

We republish another of those most interesting papers on "Operative Masonry," which are from the pen of our gifted *Confrère* Clifford P. McCalla, editor of the *Keystone*, and which we are happy to see are about to appear in a volume form. We always read the *Keystone* with pleasure and profit.

The Anniversary Festival of the Girls' School, under Lord Suffield's able presidency, has taken place, and nearly £10,000 have been returned by the Stewards.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE
MASONRY.

—
From the "Keystone."

IV.

WE have already pictured to the reader, so far as words can picture, a number of the ancient Abbeys and Cathedrals of Great Britain, and yet we seem to have entered only on the threshold of the subject. Saxon, Norman and Gothic edifices, having the most brilliant architectural features, have been described, and still there are others as yet unnamed that are quite as remarkable. We select from these some in which the reader can scarcely fail to be interested.

BATTLE ABBEY derives its name from the memorable fight at Hastings between William the Conqueror and Harold, and is built upon the spot where the battle was fought, where Harold planted his standard, and his body was found at the close of the conflict. It is in Sussex, in the village of Battle, fifty miles south-east from London. It was founded as a Benedictine Abbey by William the Conqueror, in commemoration of his triumph, and he was present at its consecration. Among the privileges granted to the Abbot was that of pardoning any condemned thief whom he should chance to meet while going to execution. A part of the Abbey (which was mostly rebuilt in the times of the later Henrys) has been altered into a dwelling house, which is occupied by its present proprietor, Sir Augustus Webster. The grand entrance gateway remains, square, with a series of pointed arches and pilasters, and embattled with octagonal turrets. There are also preserved parts of the cloister-arches, and the ruins of the monk's refectory, with a detached hall of large extent, having pointed windows—now used as a barn. Beneath is a crypt, curiously vaulted, with elegant pillars and arches. Here was formerly preserved the famous Roll of Battle Abbey, believed to be a list of the eminent persons who accompanied the Conqueror to England, prepared by the monks, that perpetual prayers might be offered for them. Holinshed and Stow have both printed what purport to be copies of this Roll.

Camden, however, doubted its authenticity. The Roll was destroyed by fire, in 1793. The old Church of Battle was built also in Norman times, though subsequently to the Abbey. In its chancel stands a heavy, rich and elaborate marble tomb, on the top of which repose statues of Sir Anthony Browne and his lady, who were the Lord and Lady of Battle Abbey in Henry VIII's time. The former is in armour, and the latter in stately garb, and, barring their broken noses, in excellent preservation. The best pew of the Church is that of the Webster family. It is curtained and carpeted and resembles a parlour more than a pew, and even has a fire-place in it. On the opposite side is the pew of another magnate containing a stove. As Hawthorne remarks, the rest of the parishioners have to keep themselves warm with the fervour of their piety. Although so little of Battle Abbey proper remains (having been built into the mansion of the Websters) there is much to fascinate the antiquary; and every one can enjoy the Monk's Walk, an avenue of old yew trees which meet in the air like a cloistered arch.

TEMPLE CHURCH is situated in the rear of the south side of Fleet street, near Temple Bar—once the extremity of the city limits, westward, and near the Thames between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges, London. It is the finest of the four round churches still existing in England—the other three being at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex. It was built by the Knights Templar, after the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and dedicated A.D. 1185. The architecture is partly Norman and partly Gothic, the round church (57 feet in diameter) being of the former, and the later extension (87 feet in length, completed A.D. 1240) of the latter. The recumbent cross-legged figures of mail-clad crusaders, on the floor of the circular church, are especially interesting, as is also the western portal, which has clustered receding pillars, with enriched capitals, all excellently preserved. The ornaments in the roof of the nave are, the Lamb—emblem of St. John; the Pegasus—emblem of the Templars; the Beauseant—their battle flag; and a Maltese Cross. The windows are a blaze of gorgeous hues, in a thousand exquisite designs. Among the interesting objects is

the Penitential Cell, only four feet and a half long by two and a half wide. There disobedient Templars were confined, "that their souls might be saved from the eternal prison of hell." Among the eminent persons buried in the Temple Church, were Plowden, the great lawyer of Queen Elizabeth's time; Selden, the noted writer on international law, and Oliver Goldsmith; and there is a monument to Edmund Gibbon. When the Order of the Templars was abolished, in A.D. 1312, by Pope Clement V., King Edward II. granted the Temple to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem (who had their chief house where St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, now is), who afterwards rented it to the lawyers, who have held it ever since. The old ceremony of creating serjeants-at-law resembled that used for receiving serving brothers into the Fraternity of the Temple. In 1840 Temple Church was elegantly restored, at a cost of 350,000 dollars.

NETLEY ABBEY, a secluded picturesque and elegant ruin, is situated in Hampshire, three miles east of Southampton, and fifty-five miles south west from London. It was founded by King Henry III., in A.D. 1239, and was cruciform, being 200 feet in length, with transepts of 120 feet. The monks do not appear to have been very learned, for they owned but one book—Cicero's "Treatise on Rhetoric." The Abbey's roofless aisles have now scattered over them fragments sculptured with armorial bearings and other architectural devices, with great trees growing where the pillars of the nave used to stand, while grass and ivy mantle the windows and pointed arches, and wild roses bloom on the very top of one of the walls. The singular natural loveliness of the spot, and the romantic style in which art and nature are exemplified in this ruin, make it one of great interest to the tourist. Poets love to sing of it, and travellers to describe it. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1822, a handsome lithographic engraving of this Abbey may be found. Its revenue at the Dissolution was £160.

Netley is not without its legend. Its roof remained until 1704, when the materials of the Abbey were sold to a carpenter named William Taylor. While negotiating for them he was much troubled

by dreams, and saw a phantom of a monk, who foreboded evil to him if he proceeded; and one night he dreamed that a large stone fell upon him and killed him. A friend to whom he related this, advised him to drop the undertaking; but others advising him to go on, he concluded his bargain, which he believed to be a good one. Shortly after, while endeavouring to take some stones from the west wall, the whole of the window fell upon him, and crushed him on the spot. When Hawthorne visited Netley Abbey he said he saw a large mass of conglomerate stone that had fallen from the wall, between the nave and the cloisters, and he thought that perhaps this was the very mass that killed poor Mr. Taylor!

NEWSTEAD ABBEY in Nottinghamshire, 125 miles north-west of London, stands in a legendary neighbourhood, in the heart of Sherwood Forest surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood. It was founded A.D. 1170, by Henry II. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. it was given to Sir John Byron, an ancestor of Lord Byron, and it came into the poet's possession in A.D. 1798. Then, one end of the Abbey remained, with portions of the cloisters. He restored a part of it for a dwelling, and fitted up a quaint library for himself, in which he had two skulls of the old friars grinning at him. Lord Byron sold the Abbey to Col. Wildman, who spent over £80,000 in restoring the venerable pile.

In "Don Juan" Byron wrote, referring to himself and bride:

"To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair

An old, old, monastery once, and now
Still older mansion—of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare

Withal, it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferred a hill behind
To shelter their devotion from the wind."

There is no better Guide Book to Newstead Abbey than the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan."

Of course the Abbey was haunted. A goblin Friar walked the cloisters by night, and his appearance usually portended evil. The poet claimed to have seen him just before he contracted his ill-starred marriage with Miss Milbanke. Hence he wrote:

“Beware! beware of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway,
 For he is yet the church’s heir
 Whoever may be the lay.
 Amundeville is lord by day,
 But the monk is lord by night,
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friars right.”

In the lake, near the Abbey, some years ago, there was found a brazen Lectern, or reading desk, and inside of it a number of parchment deeds bearing the seals of Edward III. and Henry VIII. One of them was a plenary indulgence for several sins of a sensual and peculiarly unfriar-like character. So the Friars of Newstead were no better than those of Fountains and St. Albans. Byron often wrote of this Abbey. We quote as follows :

“Through thy battlements, Newstead, the
 hollow winds whistle,
 Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to
 decay.
 In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock
 and thistle
 Have choked up the rose which once
 bloomed in the way.
 “Of the mail-covered Barons, who proudly,
 to battle
 Led thy vassals from Europe to Pales-
 tine’s plain,
 The escutcheon and shield, which with
 every wind rattle,
 Are the only sad vestiges now that
 remain.”

Visitors to Newstead are shown Byron’s bath, a dark, cold hole in the basement ; his bedroom—which in monastic times was the Abbot’s chamber,—now kept precisely as when the poet slept in it ; and the famous monk’s skull which Byron transformed into a drinking goblet, with silver rim, the naked inner bone receiving the wine, and holding over a pint. Odd as this freak was, it was not so revengeful as the conduct of him, who, Hawthorne tells us, fashioned the skull of his enemy into a spittoon ! The old Abbey garden is still laid out in the same fashion as the monks left it, and near by it is the tree on which Byron carved his own name and that of his half-sister, Augusta. It is a tree of twin stems. The names are still legible, although the stem on which they were cut

is dead, as though the inscription had proved fatal to it. In front of the Abbey is an oak that Byron planted—now a vigorous tree—and a marble monument which he erected to his Newfoundland dog.

The front of Newstead Abbey is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of Early English. The south aisle of the Church is incorporated into the present mansion, but the western front remains, a picturesque ruin. It was founded by Henry II. as a peace-offering to the Church for having added a martyr to its calendar, in the person of Archbishop Thomas-à-Becket.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, at Gloucester, 106 miles west from London, is built upon the foundation of a Nunnery erected A.D. 681, under patronage of Ethelred King of Mercia. Afterwards it was altered into a Benedictine Abbey, and in A.D. 1541 to a Cathedral. Its income at the Dissolution, was £1,550. The west front was finished A.D. 1437, and the central tower A.D. 1457, which latter is crowned by singularly beautiful pinnacles. The whole exterior is massive, but elegantly adorned. The interior has lofty Norman circular piers, and the prevailing character of the architecture is Norman. The ‘Prentice’s Bracket, (a Masonic relic) is in the south transept. Among the effigies here is that of Alderman Blackleech, “who was admitted to the glory of eternity 1639,” and of John Bower (1615), “who had nyne sones and seven daughters by his wife, Anne Bower.” Above the name of the latter is this inscription : “Vayne, Vanytie. All is but Vayne. Witnesse Solomon.” The choir vaulting is one of the richest examples in England. The great East window is the largest in England, containing 2,798 square feet of glass. It was built in the time of Edward III., when it cost only £139, being one shilling a square foot. Over the high Altar are angels in full choir, with every instrument of music used in the 15th century. Among the royal personages commemorated in this Cathedral are ; Osric, the founder of the first Nunnery ; Edward II. who has a superb altar-tomb, with effigy, and canopied by a mass of exquisite tabernacle work which fills the entire arch. On the step of the Altar is the effigy of Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror. The Crypt is one of five founded prior to 1085, and is

distinctively Norman. The Cloisters, completed A.D. 1412, are of singular magnificence, with elegantly groined roof, the earliest existing example of the fan-vault, and it has been thought that the Masons who built this Cathedral originated it. The chronicler, Robert of Gloucester, was a monk of this Abbey, and Warburton, the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses," was Bishop of this See (1760-1779). Gloucester Cathedral is 500 feet long, with transepts measuring 128 feet, and central tower 225 feet high.

A TRIP TO DAI-BUTSU.

(Continued from page 530.)

Yokoska Dockyard,
Japan,
May 29th, 1873.

THE following quotation is gleaned from A.B. Mitford's "Wanderings in Japan," but not quoted *verbatim et literatim*:—"Ita, one of the ladies at the court of Yoritomo, was entrusted with the last wishes of this great man, who, had he lived, intended raising some such memorial himself. Making a pilgrimage throughout the length and breadth of the land, Ita succeeded in collecting a sum of money which enabled her to build a great wooden Budha, and temple to hold it, which was consecrated in 1228. This temple was blown down soon afterwards, and the image began to rot. Nothing daunted, Ita tried again, and still early in the same century succeeded in erecting the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and gateway with two guardian gods. In 1495 all the buildings were washed away by an immense tidal wave, the great Budha and pedestal alone remaining. The place became deserted and overgrown, till 200 years later, when a famous priest, Yuten, turned his attention to it, built a temple by the side of it, and collected the ancient relics."

The interior of the immense idol is fitted as a chapel, and contains the family gods

of Yoritomo. Here we were undeceived as to the construction of the idol; on the outside, from its beautiful finish and long exposure to wind and weather, it is difficult to believe it anything but one whole and perfect piece of casting; but looking upwards, now we can plainly see the joints, and find that the whole is in squares varying from 3 to 4ft. in area, but yet bronzed together so beautifully that a close and careful scrutiny of the outside failed to show us the least trace of joint or crevice. Within the temple the sacred walls are defiled with inscriptions of European and American aspirants for fame, not even the stone is spared on which is graven the prayer—"Namu Amada Butsu" (Save us Eternal Budha). There is an earthy smell within, from the absence of ventilation and light, and so taking a cursory glance at the scores of little images, gilded and silvered, mouldy and fresh, old and new, ugly and passable (none are pretty), we once more pass through the low archway into the purer air without. The idol has a greenish hue, where for centuries nothing save the changes of the atmosphere have played upon its surface. Further down, within reach of the thousands that visit it annually, there are many highly-polished patches of dark brown, especially observable on the thumbs, from the friction of pantaloons and maybe more costly and flowing dresses. I have forgotten to mention that the idol is in the usual Japanese style of sitting (cross-legged, tailor-wise) with the hands clasped—fingers interlocked, and thumbnails meeting—and resting on the lap. Our whole party found ample room to sit on the two thumbs, the only inconvenience experienced being the fiery state of the metal, which had been exposed to an almost tropical sun for several hours. Looking upward from the pedestal, the features are clearly and beautifully defined, showing a most benign and intellectual cast of countenance, whilst the head being slightly bowed down gives a closer and truer view.

We now introduced ourselves to the priest in his own sanctum—a roomy grass-matted apartment—where we had a refreshing wash, notwithstanding the water being the hardest possible to be obtained, after which our host led the

way to a large dining hall, fitted in style half European and half Japanese. This apartment, we understand, was kept by our venerable and sacred friend for the refection of travellers like ourselves. The worthy father also was not slow in acquainting us that he did a small business in the bottled beer line; but as our coolies gave strong evidence that our heavy load of stores would bear any amount of calls for some time to come, we did not trouble him. After dinner we prolonged our rest till the sun should have lost some of its power, amusing ourselves by inspecting a wretched apology for a flower garden, situated at the back of the idol, inscribing our names in the Visitors' Book, and criticising not always "fondly" or "too well" the thousands of signatures therein contained. Before leaving we clambered up the folds of the garment at the lower part of the idol, and seated ourselves (six) on the two thumbs once more, to bid farewell to the great idol.

And now again we are on the road with our faces turned towards the setting sun, for Enoshima lies due west of Dai-Butsu five miles. It is pleasant travelling, for the way is shaded on one side by a thick belt of lofty trees. Passing a native grass-shoe shop, C—— remarked that he had heard they (the shoes) were splendid things to walk in, at the same time fitting a pair on. On the word of a man and a brother, several of us followed suit—took off boots and stockings and fitted ourselves for the small charge of two tempos (about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a penny). Passing the straw band between the two first toes, and tying the back strings round the instep, we were equipped. But alas! our toes were not fitted for such a sudden change, and before many hundred yards, the sensation was anything but pleasant. At the next turn we came full upon a sandy beach, along which for about four or five miles, we could see the white-crested waves, breaking, tossing, and tumbling in all their glory. Kicking our new shoes off for the benefit of the coolies, we took our way along the edge of the breakers, and found it very refreshing after the dusty road. Before us lay the lovely island of Enoshima, joined to the pretty little village of Katasé by a narrow strip of sand, the white waves curling up on either side of us,

closer and closer as we neared the end of our journey. Half-way across our sandy isthmus we paused to look back at the splendid landscape view of hill and wood and dale. The sun setting behind us shed a glory over all, and not a word was spoken for several minutes. A fragment of paper in my diary contains a few preliminary strokes, which were to have been filled in at leisure into a perfect picture. Alas! it has never seen the light of day since. I give it as it is:—

It was a scene in Japan's sunny land,
So fair, so gorgeous, that I ne'er can hope
To paint it as it was. All around
Were hills clothed with the thickest foliage
Of a thousand ever-varying trees and
shrubs;

Whilst in the vales between patches of corn,
Or grassy sward dotted the landscape,
Like fair jewels reposing on the breast
Of Beauty. Here and there a native cot
Half hid in fragrant bow'r, or resting
Higher on some mossy bank, added
Yet one more charm to a picture
Faultless.

But already the sun is dipping into the sea, and our shadows are becoming ominously long on the sands, so we turn to cover the half mile of sand that still lies between us and our goal.

(To be continued.)

LECTURES ON "NUMBER ONE AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIM."

On Friday evening, April 6th, Dr. J. J. Pope, Staff-Surgeon, late Royal Artillery, resumed at Stockwell Institute, Stockwell Green, his course of popular lectures on the laws of "Health."

Concluding from the previous lecture, his remarks upon "clothing," Dr. Pope touched upon the follies of fashion in relation to certain articles of dress; pointing out how injurious it is for the shoemaker to expect "the foot to fit the boot." "Too tight, sir?" remarks the astonished tradesman, "it will be easy in a day or so, as your foot works into it."

Amidst much laughter, Dr. Pope condemned the "high heels" of the present day as most hurtful, and showed that the delicate organization of the foot was injured, whilst the whole line of gravity is upset, and the weight of the body so disarranged, that physical mischief is produced, and often serious affections result.

Dr. Pope pointed out that the Ourang-outang never bring the heels to the ground, but that the true line of support for men and women went directly through the centre of the solid heel of the foot.

Dr. Pope dwelt for a time upon the evils of India Rubber Clothing, and Galoshes particularly as articles of apparel. The only occasion where such material was justifiable as clothing, was when driving, or exposed to wet, whilst remaining quiescent. After a few other suggestions and remarks upon the quantity of clothing most consistent with health; the necessity of airing clothes, especially for children, weak or sickly persons, and old people, Dr. Pope drew attention to the valuable warmth maintaining power of ordinary paper, used either alone or in conjunction with cotton or woollen material.

He described the advantages to the poor of paper quilts, chest protectors, and paper waistcoats.

Dr. Pope then considered "Work and Play" as conducive to health, and in some very pertinent observations forcibly inculcated the view that exercise is absolutely necessary to health, assisting all the functions on which life depends, influencing the respiration, profoundly the circulation, and the formation and destruction of the tissues of the body.

The lecturer insisted on the fact that all exercise should be accompanied with pleasurable feelings, and warned his hearers against painful or permanent exhaustion.

He urged slow, continuous, and systematic training, with ample periods of rest for all young people, advocated regular and thorough physical education for girls as well as boys, and warned young men not to overstrain their powers, by endeavouring to equal and excel in gymnastic feats and arduous tasks older and more fully-developed men.

Dr. Pope pointed out the advantages under which such men as Weston, O'Leary, and Captain Webb, performed their won-

derful exertions, and claimed that emulation is out of place, if it lead to improper exertion.

Dr. Pope strongly advised amusement to be combined with exercise, and recommended agreeable company if we desire our walks, rides, or drives to produce all their good effects. Very pertinently he asked, "How many *Girls' Schools* have Playgrounds?"

"Why," said Dr. Pope, "should our boys be the only ones permitted to play, and to enjoy free and healthy exercise and fun? Why should our girls be marched in formal, sometimes almost funeral style, through dull streets and roads—for *their out-door recreation*, and even then accompanied by a starchy severe looking governess.

"We shall owe our future as a nation to the mother's rising-up amongst us, and it is therefore a national duty to see that every means should be enforced to ensure sound and vigorous training for the body as well as the mind of all our girls."

The London School Board must devote some consideration to playgrounds as well as to buildings.

Dr. Pope concluded by drawing attention to the many amusements a girl may with propriety indulge in: Archery, skipping, dancing, swimming, riding, swinging, and especially croquet, and skating. Croquet associates intellect with muscular exertion, and skating not only improves the figure, securing better carriage and style, but also inculcates courage and self-reliance. Both should be open air amusements.

Dr. Pope described his visit to the Marble Skating Rink, in the Clapham Road, and spoke in the highest terms of its size and arrangements, the perfect ventilation, protection from rain, and its freedom from dust and noise—considerations not to be overlooked. The surface of the marble also offers a peculiarly firm grip to the wooden wheels, and thus firmness and safety seem more secured than on wood or asphalt.

"There can be no doubt that Dryden was right when he he said, 'The wise for cure on exercise depend;' but, said the doctor, I think 'prevention is better than cure,' and nothing tends to avert sickness so much as proper exercise and suitable play."

GLEANINGS FROM OLD DOCUMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

At page 310 of Vol. I. of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, I gave some extracts from "Old Documents," and I continue them to-day. The following is taken from a Fabric Roll the 20th of King Edward I., 1292.

I give it not only for its inherent interest to us, as a record of the Operative Masons, but as recording the names of the workmen themselves, and the amount of their wages. The Latin is so easy that I have not attempted to translate or explain it—it speaks for itself.

Rotulus de Stipendijs Cementar', Cubator, Fabror', Carpenter', Pictor', et alior' Operar' ad Opera Capelle Regis apud Westin' in Septimana proximo post festum Sancti Laurentij. Anno predicto, per 6 dies operabiles.

In Stipendijs Michaeli Apparitoris, per Septiman'	0	3	6
Thome de Morton	Johanni de Venlac			
Ricardo de Uiford	Thome de Bleehingleye			
Rogero de Sweteye	Roberto de Kirkam			
	Per 6 dies, cuilibet 3s.			
	Summa	0	18	0
Martino de Shepeye	Ricardo de Hereford			
Johanni de la Lawe	Jak le Harpur			
Johanni le Harpur	Simoni Spirel			
Nicholao de Thorneton	Thome Mareys			
Johanni de Wilterton	Johanni de Wellys			
Gilberto de Helpeston	Hugoni de Edinham			
Johanni de Kockeresond	Thome de Ludham			
Henr' de Thenet	Thome de Whytteneye			
Ricardo de Sturreye	Daniel de Maydiustan			
Waltero de Stitton	Johanni de Stone			
Ade de Botyrvik	Johanni de Cheveningtone			
Johanni de la Penne	Johanni de Butterham			
Waltero de Marewe	Ricardo de Somersete			
Willmo' de Ros	Ricardo de Clec			
Thome de Landaf	Waltero de Sharnebroch			
Willmo' de Cubelington	Ricardo de Shoerne			
Johanni de Docton	Henrico de Karwardyn			
Willmo' de Donnynton	Johanni de Sweteye			
Thome de Northyam	Waltero de Depenhale.			
Thome de Walton				
	39 Cementar' per 6 dies, cuilibet 2s. 9d.			
	Summa	5	7	3

Willmo' Bonet, per 6 dies, 3s.	
Thome de Crondel, per idem tempus, 2s. 9d.	
Ricardo de Madelee, per 3 dies, et di. 1s. 7d.	
Hugoni de Wrotstone	Johanni de Hothum
Johanni Koc de Lodclawe	Roberto Levet
Willmo' de Lindis'	Gilberto Thicheswold
Rogero Greyndor	Gilberto de Lailham
Theobaldo de Bures	Roberto de Sheffield
Gilberto de Wyk	Johanni de Corf
Simoni de Langele	Rogero de Chipenham
Johanni de Otyndone	Willmo' de Cranebroc
Ricardo de Weldene	Johanni Grigge
Willmo' de Kenylworth	Ricardo de Venlac
Madok de Nevyn	Willmo' de Corf
Johanni de Derling	Willmo' de Welden
Willmo' de Mohun	Hugoni Peny
Willmo' de Ramisseye	Henrico de Monte Acuto
Johanni Page	Willmo' de Thorneton
Johanni de Somersete	Johanni de Weldene
Edwardo de Corf	Johanni de Doget
Rogero Koc	Roberto Peny
Johanni de Gardino	Willmo' de Stapelford
Rogero de Bristoll	Willmo' de Berlistone
Willmo' de Foston	

41 Cementar', for 6 dies, cuilibet eorum per Septimana	...	0	2	6
Summa	...	£5	2	6
Willmo' de Sheffield, per 5 dies	0	2	1

Hugoni de Corf	Petro Corf
Thome de Leusham	Rogero de Childestone
Radulpho Chantrel	Johanni Atte Lofthous
Johanni de Seleby	Rogero de Edynham
Johanni de Koc	Diony' de Oleston
Willmo' Grigge	Willmo' de Malton
Thome de Somtinge	Waltero de Uptone
Waltero de Cantuar'	Petro de Whytem
Henrico de Stokewell	Roberto Miles
Alexandro de Hoctone	Willmo' de Aslaby
Ricardo le Porter	Willmo' de Naeton
Jak de Stoke	Hugoni de Brestok
Galfrido de Tauuton	Willmo' de Hagleye
Ricardo de Hornleye	Johanni de Bokenham
Waltero de Milksham	Thome de Brompton
Andrea Shengar	Ricardo de Norwiz
Roberto Hemingborow	Johanni de Kontevill
Johanni de Narborow	

35 cementar per sex dies, cuilibet, 2s. 3d.	
Summa 3 18 9

Willono de Lenham	Willmo' de Knolle
Roberto Atte Gate	Willmo' le Fouclere
Jak de Hayno	Hugoni de Stratford
per sex dies	0 12 0
Ricardo de Cheilmarse	Waltero de Mondene
per sex dies	0 3 6

Rogero de Blechyngleye	Jak de Merton							
per sex dies	Ade Cristemasse							0 4 6
Summa de 137 Cementar	16 19 0
	Cubatores.							
Roberto de Lodere, per 6 dies	0 2 6
Rogero Prat	} per 6 dies cuilibet 0 2 3							
Johanni Est								
Nicholao le Polisur								
Ricardo de Heywode								
Roberto de Malverne								
Johanni Wronge								
Willmo' de Stalernc	Summa	0 15 9
Summa de 8 Cubatores	0 18 3
	Fabor'.							
Willmo' de Derham	} per Septi-							
Ricardo de Stebenheth		man'						0 6 0
Ade de Stokinsbury	} per Sep-							
Ricardo de Wekhamstede		timan'						0 12 0
Olivero Fabro								
Henrico de Kateworth								
Gilberto de Northflete								
Johanni le Shappe	} per Septi-							
Radulpho de Stebenheth		man'						0 4 6
Alan' de Leusham								
... ..								
Summa de 11 Fabor'	1 2 6

I may continue these extracts in a subsequent number.

A YEAR AFTER: THE MAIDEN'S STORY.

(Contributed to the *Masonic Magazine* by Bro. Emma Holmes.)

WHEN we parted long ago,
 And your proud eyes spoke so much,
 Blessed eyes, whose sweetest language
 Needed never word nor touch.
 When I loosed your clinging fingers
 From their lingering clasp and long,
 And your one low word at parting
 Echoed in my heart like song.
 Oh, I was not sad, beloved,
 When you went your lonely way;
 Joy was near, for love was stronger
 Than the parting pain that day.

It was when the reapers singing,
 Carried home their harvest sheaves;
 When the forest glowed with crimson,
 Ere the falling of the leaves.
 We had watched them change together,
 Hope was in your joyous tone,
 "Autumn hues will still be glorious,
 When we meet again, my own."
 So my heart sang when you whispered
 Words that others weep to hear,
 Could I weep, your presence taken
 With your precious love still near

Glorious was that lovely autumn ;
Darksome trees in mists of gold ;
And beyond, the blue hills lying
In a slumbrous shadow fold.

Bright the leaves of brown and crimson
Fluttered gaily down my walk ;
Moved the soft air with a murmur,
Like your low and tender talk.

Others heard the autumn voices,
Knew their wild and warning tone,
But for me one echo ever—
“We shall meet again, my own.”

Slowly all the glory faded,
Gathered golden mists to rain,
Till the bitter north wind told me
We should never meet again.

Do I blame you, oh ! my one love,
Turning back that memory page,
Tracing all its lines of anguish,
And its joy, undimmed by age ?

I, who treasured, trusted fully
All those dark eyes used to tell,
With the grasp of those strong fingers,
Which my weakness loved so well.

We, when once we love, love ever,
Love like mine can know no past ;
All I gave you that bright autumn,
Will be yours until the last.

Yours, as though you had not listened
To the bitter world's decree,
When it told your young heart calmly
That our love might never be.

You, who were so prized, so gifted,
That I could not deem it strange,
When you took the world's proud favour,
For this one poor love in change.

And earth gave you all it promised,
Other love and brighter bliss ;
Through the lonely grief I suffered,
I was glad to think of this.

And I blame my weakness only,
That I could not so forget,
Could not crush my sorrow bravely,
Foolish longing, wild regret.

Now the corn is ripe to harvest,
And the chesnut trees are red ;
And o'er all the golden distance
Is the pure blue shadow spread.

But I only see the dreariness
That I could not see before ;
Hear a voice among the chesnuts,
Sobbing, “Never, never more !”

Never more ! oh ! leaves of autumn,
Sadly through you shadows fall :
But I wait the distant spring-tide
When will love be first and all.

C. E. W.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

“Story, God bless you, I've none to tell, Sir !”
GEORGE CANNING.

I FEEL how very truly these still ringing words of the great statesman and poet, (for Canning was a true poet as well as a distinguished statesman), well describe my fitful lucubrations, which for the present are drawing to a close. But ere the curtain falls, and the actors leave the stage, who have played out for good or ill this “Roman d'une heure,” I wish to say a few words, by way of friendly Epilogue, to my kind and patient audience.

I fear me that those who have read the “Old, Old Story” from beginning to end will be inclined to say when they have finished their perusal, that it is “Much Ado About Nothing.”

Professor Cockroach, who is a great authority on all such matters just now—(though we hope his influence is waning fast), said loftily to his niece Julia McManus, (who had married a zealous Hibernian Freemason, and reads the MASONIC MAGAZINE), “I have no opinion of the writer of the ‘Old, Old Story,’ or of his tale. His unities are defective, his moral is bad, his views are visionary, and his teaching is unphilosophical. It is quite a mistake to suppose that feeling has anything to do with such matters. My opinion is,” and here the Professor raised his voice, and looked most sagacious at the same time, “that marriage is more or less a mistake. I hold to the teaching of Professor Malthus and Miss Martineau ;

and though I do not suppose that people will not marry, I don't see the necessity myself, and I don't believe in love, much less in humdrum affection. The writer of this Old, Old Story is clearly a man of limited experience and retrograde sensibilities. There is no use in giving us a chronicle of common every-day life, and domestic manners, the insipid philanderings of a sublimated gander and an ethereal goose. We have outlived the time when the rôle of the novel writer was to tell of those who sought 'to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.' I believe in the sensational, the weird, the emotional, and the grotesque. I don't myself credit anything, and therefore I think that all that is left us to realize and to recount, are the reveries of emancipated free thought, the marvels of a lucrative spiritualism, the license of easy manners, and the amiability of accommodating morals! For this "bread and butter" nonsense of unsophisticated nature, simple life, fireside attractions, home virtues and family affection—I despise them, and denounce them one and all!"

Well done Professor Cockroach!

Happily for herself, his niece Julia does "not see it," neither do I. But I mention this "en passant," to show what are the difficulties and views which the homely narrator of to-day has to face and fear. We live in such a sensational age, and are so taken up with excited news of this or that, we so like the marvellous, the unlikely, the unusual, and the novel, that ours is both an unnatural and morbid state of taste and temperament. Unless our heroes are villains, they cease to be heroes to us. Unless our heroines are monsters in petticoats, they hardly interest us at all. If Theodore commits bigamy, forgery, perjury, and runs away at last with another man's wife, Theodore seems to attract rather than to repulse, to please, rather than to offend. As Dr. Bayly says, "Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!" If Emma Mary marries a "ticket of leave," or elopes with a groom-boy, she has done something worthy of note, and our literature to-day, which comes before the young in hopeless profusion and ostentatious presumption, is full of impossible scenes, ridiculous episodes, baneful morals, and pernicious examples. And therefore,

when I drew out the outline of the "Old, Old Story," I determined to make it as common-place, as homely, as simple, as realistic as possible. I was anxious that those for whom I was writing might at any rate understand that neither gold nor dross, nor vicious habits, nor bad manners, nor fast life, nor "mariages de convenance," could make any one happy here, but that the real secret of human felicity, especially in matrimony, (if matrimony brings happiness, which some may doubt), was to be sought for in mutual affection, congenial tastes, personal sympathy, and individual devotion.

The characters I have drawn, however feebly, have lived and are living in the flesh. They are those with whom we can hourly converse and pleasantly "cotton." There is nothing unreal and I fear nothing artistic about them. If, like the limner, I have given a touch here and there, if I have filled in foreground, and sky, and shading; if I have put on a little colour, or used a little varnish, it is only because I was anxious that the picture I sought to present to your notice, kindly readers mine, might, if possible, be pleasant to the sight, attractive to lookers on, and good for moral digestion. Beyond that I claim no merit and ask for no praise. And if at the close I venture to say "Plaudite omnes," it is only because, like other mortals, the incense of praise is sweet to one's olfactories, and the pleasant words of a kindly criticism are soothing and satisfactory to one's "amour propre," and one psychological system.

After the last scene at the Cedars, events marched rapidly, and the "Old, Old Story" approached its denouement. Mr. Mainwaring and Lucy took things very quietly, and like sensible people made no fuss, and did not proclaim themselves to the world as a pair of sublunary and engaged "spoons." Nothing is so annoying to me, and, as I think, so "gemein" as to hear or see engaged couples parading themselves before everybody as "fiancés and fiancées." That is a thing which "any fellar" with brains in his head, as young Balasso says, "can understand," and can find out, and does not require Orlando to avow, or Emmelina to proclaim. No, it is part of that unblushing publicity of the day which

supposes that everybody else cares for our words or our doings, when in fact nobody cares one farthing.

The world is a very "insouciant" world on the whole, and has no time to attend to the philandering of Orlando Sniggleton, or the maidenly blushes of Emmelina Bustleton.

I feel in this respect like an ancient cirony of mine, who used to say, "When people are engaged, Sir, they are, Sir, and that is quite enough for anybody to know or care for. By Jove, Sir, its bad enough in itself, without telling all the world that two more donkies have shown they belong to the good old breed." I quite agree with my good old friend, and even at this distance of time, I remember his words and reverence his wisdom! It is a very stupid, and I think vulgar habit which makes people fuss about engaged persons and brides. In society, luckily, the custom is going out, and the sooner it is given up the better. I, for one, never am inclined to yield to it, even though my old friend Mrs. McGrubber thinks and says that "I am a very unfeeling and ill-bred elderly gentleman!" Be it so!

Well, when the settlements were signed "pace" the old family lawyer, (who was very slow, and made wonderful mistakes, as family lawyers sometimes will do,) and all the presents were given—Lucy and Mainwaring were duly married at the parish church by an Indian archdeacon, (that is, by an archdeacon who had been in India,) an old and a valued friend of Lucy's father, duly assisted by the rector. Lucy, brilliant in good looks, and radiant in happiness, and Mainwaring supremely rejoicing, seemed, as every one said, "a very handsome and lucky couple."

The curate was not present, (for his feelings, as he said to his rector, were too many for him), though as in three weeks afterwards he married a Miss Jobson with £25,000, and a good deal too good for him, we may fancy that he soon recovered his usual equanimity, and we may well leave him to the happiness of his own fireside, and the full play of his domestic sympathies and elevated tastes.

After the marriage of Lucy Longhurst and Walter Mainwaring, Miss Margerison found the Cedars rather lonely; and so when they returned from their wedding

tour, the good old woman asked them to come and "live with her, and bless her daily vision, and close her old eyes when God's time came to her," as it comes in His good Providence to us all here.

Mr. Mainwaring was only too ready to please that kind old soul, and no happier, or more cheery family party can be found than that which gathers together under that hospitable roof at the Cedars. Mr. Carruthers, who married Emily Mouckton, has taken Mainwaring's little bachelor abode, and there is a constant interchange of friendly gatherings. And as the two other Miss Moucktons looked so charming at Lucy's wedding in white and cerise, two very eligible young men proposed nearly simultaneously, much to the delight of Mrs. Mouckton, so that the neighbourhood promises to be a very agreeable one, for those who know each other so well, and like each other so much.

Old Colonel Mackintosh is still to the fore, and may be seen reading his paper daily at the window of the Senior United Service Club. He is still as erect as ever, and as pleasant as ever, though he does not conceal his opinion that the "army is not what it was, Sir," and, "in my day, Sir, we did things differently." Notwithstanding the remarks of that good old boy, and gallant soldier, and true comrade, I am inclined to think, myself, that the English army is essentially unchanged—that you can't spoil it, and that it will be, what it always has been, "second to none."

Indeed, I feel sure that "John Beetle-crusher" will do his duty, as he always has done it, in every hemisphere, and against any odds. But old soldiers like old ladies, and old everybodies sometimes seem to forget that "tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis," and that we who complained of our forefathers as "old fogies," when we were young and verdant, must not cry out if the "young uns" will go a-head to-day, and leave us gouty, and grumbling and growling behind.

Lately quite an excitement has been created at the Cedars, by the advent of a little Lucy, who has unceasing charms alike for Miss Margerison and Colonel Mackintosh, to say nothing of Mr. Mainwaring, the servants, and the monthly nurse.

"I don't like babies, Sir," says Colonel Mackintosh to an old friend of his, a general officer, at the United Service,—“I think them nearly the greatest nuisance in creation; but this little girl of ours has Lucy's eyes, and Lucy's hair, and Lucy's dimples, and by Jove, Sir, she does not squall, and promises to be as dear and as good a girl as poor old Longhurst's child has been, ever since I saw her christened at Bangalore, a long, long time ago! Alas! how time does desert us all and break us all up!”

Most true are the words of our good old friend. Yes, indeed, as the Latin has it, “Tempus fugit!” Friends and relations, and hopes and fancies, and green leaves and summer breezes flit away, leaving us in that desolate moorland of life, on which the whistling winds alone proclaim the decay of earth's best gifts, the passing away of each fond and fairy dream!

And so the curtain falls!

Oh! kindly readers who have had the patience and perseverance to wade to the end of the “Old, Old Story,” I trust that you will give the writer credit for having kept his faith with you, one and all. But I hope you will not say to yourselves when you lay the magazine down, “What an ancient bore the writer is, and what a lot of rubbish he has put together.”

FAREWELL!

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

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

P.M., P.Z., 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 578.)

In the course of these notes we have regretted that there has been no record kept of the various avocations of the brethren, so as to give some notion of the status of

the Lodge and the social position of its members.

We are enabled, however, at this date, Sept. 1811, to give the trades and professions of the whole of the brotherhood; and we think it will be of interest to our Suffolk brethren to know what sort of a Lodge the British Union was at this date, a Lodge which at the present moment is certainly the *Premier* Lodge in the Province as regards its exclusiveness and the social standing of its members.

We often hear old Masons declaim upon the class of men who are now admitted to our Order—speaking as though Masonry is not now what it was in their younger days, when social status and moral excellence were thought so much of, and when such men were not admitted as are frequently seen now within the portals of the Lodge. We never have believed in the *nil admirari* School, and we have often doubted when some aged Mason has talked of the olden times of harmony and concord, the wonderful way in which the Lodge was worked, and so forth, and bewailed the great falling off in these days from the times that are now alas no more.

Well, we suppose the British Union was a fair type of the Lodges of the time just before the Union of the two Grand Lodges in 1813, and if so, then undoubtedly Masonry has advanced rather than retrograded.

The record of the Minutes is often at this period ungrammatical, the spelling bad, and the writing execrable, which speaks for the educational acquirements of the Secretary, who was or who ought to have been the *Clerk* or learned person of the Lodge; and the record of the trades to which the members belonged at this time shows that candidates for our mysteries, in the first decade of the century at all events and before that time, were chiefly drawn from what we should call the lower middle-class, if not from the working classes themselves. They were in fact such men as now form the bulk of the members of such benefit societies as the Odd Fellows, Foresters, and the like; and there is little doubt that the raising of the fee for admission generally, and the free use of the ballot, has nearly eliminated the working class element, and done much

to raise the position of the Craft in public estimation.

In 1811 then the British Union Lodge boasted of a grocer, a tallow chandler, an innkeeper, and seven innholders (what was the difference?), a basket-maker, a baker, three captains, probably master mariners, a mariner, a watchmaker, a plumber and glazier, and painter and glazier, three cordwainers, otherwise shoemakers, two bricklayers (who no doubt were h(odd) men), one wheelwright, a doctor, a merchant, two butchers, a hairdresser, two shipwrights, three carpenters, one iron-founder, an appraiser, a dyer (did he come in of dire necessity?), a hatter (but no matter), an engineer, a waiter, and a mess-master. The last probably attached to some regiment stationed at Ipswich. We find afterwards a record of an excise officer, a blacksmith, a joiner, a shop-keeper (rather vague), and a draper, amongst the list of members.

At the October Lodge meeting in 1811, a shoemaker and a painter were initiated, and relief was allowed to two brothers, one belonging to the Scotland Lodge, No. 545, and the other to the Swansea Lodge, No. 333.

Under date December 3rd, 1811, we find Mr. George Wilson, tailor, at Stratford, was proposed by Bro. Levett, seconded by Bro. Cook, and *thirded* by Bro. Plaintain. No wonder he was unanimously elected. It seems to have been quite the fashion at this period for candidates to be *thirded*.

At the St. John's Festival following we find the brethren "adjourned at three o'clock to a good dinner which was plentifully supplied, and of which 36 "brothers partook off." It is stated also that Bro. Churchman "presented to the "Lodge three greater lights or *Illuminaries*."

We also note that "Bro. Birrell of the "Theatrical Lodge visited our Lodge, "and from the handsome address made to "the R.W.M. Officers and Brothers by "him in Bro. Hines behalf, a play was "ordered by the *Body of the Lodge*, called "the 'Honeymoon,' with the Farce of "Darkness Visible," as on Wednesday "next being New Year's Day."

A foot note is appended that next Lodge Meeting is Wednesday, 1st January, 1812,

at 5 o'clock, so no doubt the brethren went straight from the Lodge in their regalia to attend the Theatre. That this was so is evident from the Minutes of the next Lodge, where it is stated that the undermentioned officers and brethren—numbering 50 in all—attended the *Possession* (sic) to the Theatre.

In the following Month's Minutes we find it recorded that "Bro. B. Plaintain proposed that a hearing should take place between Bro. Blasby, a member of this Lodge, and Bro. Kendell, who has been made and passed at the Theatrical Lodge relative to his being proposed a candidate at this Lodge. An investigation took place, and the business was overlooked."

We gather from this that the Theatrical Company at the Theatre—which was we believe in what was called the Norwich Circuit at that time—had a Lodge attached to it, but under what authority it worked we do not know.

At the May Meeting a member of the Faithful Lodge, No. 99, Norwich, was relieved, and we find that there were literary Masons amongst us in the provinces even in those days, for it is noted that: "A circulating (sic) letter was received from Bro. P. Pulling, of the Brotherly Love Lodge, No. 617, held at the George Inn, Martock, Somersetshire, who most earnestly recommended his publication called *Masonic Essays*, price half-a-crown."

We don't find that the brethren ordered Bro. Pulling's book, probably they were like a good many of our brethren now-a-days, and were fond of dogmatising about what they knew little about, never seeking for that knowledge which they are urged to acquire in our time honoured charges, but giving Masonic Literature the *cold shoulder*, preferring to go elsewhere for the *hot joint*. The worthy brethren no doubt preferred to remain in darkness, and to let Masonic literature take care of itself, as too many of our brethren do now-a-days, we are ashamed to say,—for we find it simply stated as a fit conclusion to the proceedings (Bro. Pulling's letter having evidently been set aside and ignored) that:

"St. John the Baptist being now at hand it was agreed to meet at 2 o'clock on that day, and to dine at 4 o'clock, every member present to pay for his dinner, and

one bottle of wine, and all absent members to subject themselves to the code of laws." Our excellent brethren evidently thought more of their stomachs than their brains.

This closes our record of the old Minute Books: The following year, 1813, the memorable event took place—the Union of the two Grand Lodges of Ancients and Moderns under the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, and since that time the British Union has shared those vicissitudes which Lodges, like families, mostly experience even in the course of sixty or seventy years; but its career though uneventful, has been generally prosperous, and it holds now a deservedly distinguished position amongst the Lodges of East Anglia, being without doubt the leading Lodge in its own province of Suffolk.

In 1816 it appears to have been moved from the Golden Lion to the Bear and Crown, afterwards known as the Suffolk Hotel. In 1840 it removed to the New Assembly Rooms, where it remained till 1849, when it was held at the Great White Horse Hotel (immortalised by Dickens in *Pickwick*), where, with the exception of a short break in 1853, it remained till 1866. In 1867 it was removed to the new and elegant Masonic Hall, the property of a Company, where it now remains—and where it may long flourish. Its original number was, we believe, 270, and about 1777 became 214. In 1781 it was numbered 173, in 1792 it was numbered 147, and so remained till the Union in 1813, when it was numbered 180. In 1832 it became 131, and in 1863 it attained its present number through the extinction of older Lodges of 114.

The Lodge celebrated its centenary 21st January, 1862, when both the Prov. Gr. Master Sir Shafto Adair (now Lord Waveney) and the D.P.G.M. were present. No application was made however for permission to wear a centenary jewel (the brethren being no doubt satisfied with their private Lodge jewel, a silver star very much like that worn by the Knights Templar, but having Masonic emblems instead of the Latin cross in the centre) till 1872, when the Most Worshipful Grand Master granted a warrant empowering all subscribing members to wear the authorised centenary jewel, all other private Lodge jewels being illegal.

Amongst the most important occasions when the Lodge appeared in public, may be mentioned the laying of the foundation stone of the handsome new Custom-House, built in the Italian style of architecture in 1843, when Bro. E. Bullen, D.P.G.M., in the joint names of the three Lodges—the British Union, the Perfect Friendship, and the St. Lukes, presented the then Mayor with the silver trowel used on the occasion.

The brethren were also present at the laying the foundation of Melton Church, near Woodbridge, in 1866, and subsequently also when the same ceremony was performed at the new Town Hall, Ipswich, a very handsome structure, and of which the Ipswich people are justly proud.

In 1873 a list was published for the information of the members of the names, titles, Masonic rank and profession of the brethren, from which we glean some interesting information as to the status of the Lodge 111 years after it was consecrated.

Thus we find that of the 43 members who formed the Lodge at the date mentioned, three are of no profession, or in popular phraseology, gentlemen; six are clergymen; three are surgeons; one an Army, another a Navy, doctor; another a physician; the Army is also represented by an officer in the Dragoons, another in the Rifles, and a third in the Royal Artillery. We have besides a member of the Civil Service, a secretary of legation—since become a M.P.—a barrister, a retired distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, a bank cashier, a bachelor of music, a doctor of philosophy and well-known scientist, an architect, and civil engineer. Two members are well-known peers of the realm, one a lord of the treasury, the other an A.D.C. to the Queen, two more are solicitors, one of them the town clerk of London. The rest are jewellers, estate agents, farmers, accountants, merchants, &c.

Taking their Masonic rank, no less than 22 are Past Masters, 14 hold Provincial rank, one is the popular Provincial Grand Master of Suffolk, Lord Waveney, a second is D.P.G.M. of Suffolk (now alas no more), another is a P.P.G.M. of Western India. three are members of Grand Lodge, one being President of the Board of General

Purposes, another Vice-President, and a third a P.G. Chaplain (and now Dep. Prov. Gr. Master, Suffolk).

Several changes have taken place even in so short a time as 4 years, and whilst one or two have resigned or died, 15 have joined in that period, of whom five are gentlemen of no profession, 2 are doctors of medicine, 1 is a surgeon, 1 a solicitor. There is also a Staff-Commander, R.N.; a clergyman, who is, by the way, a well-known Suffolk antiquary; and a merchant. Comparing the present with the past, therefore, one may fairly say the British Union has advanced, and not retrograded; and if every Lodge were as careful in the admission of members, Masonry would soon take a proud position in this country, and cease to be regarded as it is by a good many very decent people, *both inside and outside the Masonic circle*, we are sorry to say, as little better than a Benefit Society, a sort of superior unity of Odd Fellows, Ancient Druids, or Free Gardeners.

Verbum Sap. We recommend to our brethren generally, and to those in Suffolk particularly, the thoughts which have occurred to us in the perusal of the old Minute Books of this old Lodge.

The history of our centenary Lodges has yet to be written, but there is little doubt much may be learned therefrom. If we have added but one link to the chain of Masonic knowledge, by the publication of these articles, we are well content.

(Conclusion.)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

No. IX.—CHARITY.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

THERE is a great deal of misery in the world—there always has been and there always will be; but yet there is a great deal more than there is any necessity for,

if people would only bestir themselves from their apathetic self-contentment and bestow a thought upon the well-being of those less favoured than themselves. Misery, however, there is; the misery of bereavement, the misery of witnessing the suffering of those dear to us, the misery of sickness borne by ourselves; but add to these or any of them the concentrated wretchedness of penury, and there is exhibited misery indeed. We lose the ones we love; yet with the means of changing the scene and diverting our thoughts from our sorrow, the sense of past bereavement grows dull and dim, until at last it barely remains beyond a mere recollection of a joy that has been and gone. Our friends may pine and suffer, or we may ourselves be cast upon the bed of sickness and of suffering; still with the means of obtaining every luxury and obtaining every needful thing for our comfort, the affliction loses half its sting. But take away from a man the kindred spirit that has shared his load of sorrow, and leave him naught save a blank and empty void in which his soul may gnaw but on itself; let him see wife or child hungry or athirst, perchance with an added fever-fire, and be able to afford no help; let him be cast on the dying couch, and that a couch of want, with no hand to aid, to lie, to die, forgotten and alone,—and there is misery, nay despair. Well, indeed, might we ask, is there a God? if this be so, did we not remember His own direct assertion, that "The poor shall never cease out of the land."

Seeing then that this misery is God-intended, we might well further ask with what object is this allowed? When we receive the immediate reply—to afford us our proper sphere of labour, doing true work, in which we shall reap an abundant reward and find the poor, what God has described them, "Our eternal inheritance."

But simply recognizing the fact that "Ye have the poor with you always" will earn us no reward; so let us betake ourselves to the consideration of active means for the alleviation of as much as possible of this misery.

We have said that the Almighty has willed a difference of condition in life, and it does not require a very profound knowledge of Political Economy to see

that this difference must and ought to exist. Without it the resources of the world would never be developed; for if every man possessed sufficient for his needs there would be no work, no interchange of commodities, and therefore no carrying far and wide of civilization; all would pass through a dreamy eventless existence, like the South Sea Islanders, who, finding everything to their hand, take it, and develop nothing, but from generation to generation remain just where they always have been, and would be, were it not for the wave of civilization carried to their shores by the tide of commercial enterprise.

These differences of social station and extent of possessions being a recognised fact, it follows that, to say nothing of those who are unfortunate in the scramble for wealth, or of those who by reckless speculation or improvident extravagance fall from a position of plenty to that of indigence, there must always be a large number of people, whose time being fully occupied in working for others, can lay by little or nothing for themselves.

This is not, of course, the case with all; for some have, by dint of extra intelligence, or perseverance in some fortunately chosen path of labour, reversed the above-mentioned process, and risen from poverty to affluence; but the number of such cases is so small, that it need not be taken into calculation in the consideration of that part of the subject with which we are now dealing, namely, all those classes without capital.

Now it is obvious that, at some period or other, the great mass of the best and most industrious of the class we have just spoken of, must necessarily, from sheer inability to work longer, if not at an earlier period from illness, be reduced to that dead level of poverty, reaching which they can no longer support themselves, but must instead be supported by those who in time gone by have been maintained or even enriched by the fruits of their labour; how they are to be supported we may now briefly consider.

Our present system known as the "Poor Laws," is, for every conceivable reason, probably as bad as could by any possibility be devised; it is degrading and wanting in the principles of common humanity,

besides being, as we humbly conceive, thoroughly ineffectual. Witness the sad revelations so frequently dragged into light at Coroners' Inquests, of the man or woman poor, aye even to the death, but self-respectful even to self-destruction. Witness the starvation of many a poor fellow-creature, who perishes rather than submit to the degradation of the conditional pittance doled out to them by our "Law." Why many a poor man, not too particular with which *brand* of the "Law" he shall be marked, prefers the comparative luxury of the felon's cell to the oft-times brutal meagreness of the Workhouse Ward. *Work-house*, indeed; for a poor old creature whose body is already bent double with work, and whose mind is well-nigh as crooked by reason of ceaseless toil? Can it be that in this vaunted land of Christian charity the *Work-house* is your sole haven of *rest*? Too true, alas! it is that this is in most cases the only relief allotted to those who have spent lives of toil in our behoof, and to those who, less fortunate than ourselves, early falling out of the race, have unwillingly become pensioners on our charity. But there is Out-door Relief, says one of our gentle readers, to whom we reply: "Did you ever in your hour of sorest need apply to an officer, who—

"Dressed in a little brief authority
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
Heaven
As make the angels weep"—?

Try it, friend, and tell us whether, if even you should be sufficiently fortunate to obtain the miserable dole, it be not so seasoned with a sense of infamy that you would not rather almost perish than again court such an ordeal. But in many places you will not get it at all, but you will be offered the "House-test," with which precious invention our sapient *Guardians-of-the-Poor* have determined to sift out now, and make a clean sweep in the future of, pauperism altogether, for

———— "Statesmen, they
Who are so restless in their wisdom,
they
Who have a broom still ready in their
hands
To rid the world of nuisances . . . have
them pronounc'd
A burden of the earth,"——

which, like "Poor Jo," must be moved on"—*where*, it matters not.

Matters not?—

"Can we reflect unmoved upon the round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies
By which, on Christian lands, from age
to age,
Profession mocks performance. Earth
is sick,
And Heaven is weary of the hollow
words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk
Of Charity."—

Let us then look pityingly upon our
poorer brother and—

"Deem him not,
A burden of the earth,"—

but—

"In him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity
Else unremembered."—

And here let us at once be understood
to be pleading only the cause of the really
poor. For those lazy rascals, who never
have worked and never will, the treadmill
is the best and indeed the only provision
to be made; but, for the old, the sick, and
the unfortunate, we hold it to be not only
a religious, but even a political, duty to
make provision.

Legislate! Of course we must legislate,
but it must be with a view to the mitiga-
tion of human misery, not that crushing
down and burying out of sight and out of
mind of its miserable victims, that we so
vainly attempt at present. The English
heart is soft enough to be touched by the
urgent need of pocket-handkerchiefs and
flannel nightcaps, felt by the inhabitants of
"Borria-bhoolah-gah," but for the starving
fellow at his doorstep? Well, hear our
truly English poetess—

"We are busy in helping the far-away
slave,—

We must cherish the Pole, for he's foreign
and brave;

Ouralmsgiving record is widely unrolled—
To the east and the west we send mercy
and gold;

But methinks there are those in our own
famous land,

Whose thin cheeks might be fattened by
Charity's hand;

And when John Bull is dealing his
generous shares,

Let him 'Trouble his head with his own
affairs!'"

When then we have quite "strained out
the gnats" let us just give a look to "the
camels," and try whether we cannot al-
leviate some of the fearful misery that
exists amongst us, and let us manage to
do it without robbing the recipients of
their self-respect, or placarding their names
as malefactors against the public weal as
a certain so-called "Charitable" Com-
pany, with apparently a *very* limited
liability (*i.e.*, of doing good) has just
been doing—the best motto of which said
Company would probably be the disagree-
able answer of the canvassed miser:—
"What I give, sir, is Nothing to Nobody!"

What we would advocate would be Alms-
houses for the aged, which might be es-
tablished, or rather re-established, for
they used to exist in every parish; in
which poor old couples might spend their
declining days in the peaceful enjoyment
of each other's company without ever
making the sad, but alas! now too fre-
quent, discovery that "Those whom God
hath joined together" their law-appointed
"*Guardians*" ruthlessly "put asunder."
For the sick, have an Infirmary in con-
nexion with these Almshouses. And to
those in temporary distress afford tem-
porary relief, without that enforced
breaking up of their homes, and despoiling
of their household goods, which effectually
prevents the recipients of parish-relief
from ever again starting in life, and trans-
forms them into life-long paupers.

Orphans and deserted children should
be boarded out in families where they
would be well treated, and there is doubt-
less many a childless couple who would
gladly take to their bosoms one of those
poor waifs of humanity, that are kept like
caged birds till all childishness, if it ever
existed, is gone for ever, and there is en-
gendered instead of independence, a
slavish tolerance of restraint, which but
too surely, sooner or later, brings back to
the workhouse board those who have
been workhouse bred.

All these institutions could be as well supported by the rates as the existing ones, whilst they would be ten thousand times better managed by neighbours resident in the place, than by a central "Board" chosen, but too often solely for their *board*-like qualities.

On the question of privately bestowed alms we dare hardly venture to lay down a rule, for we have known an instance where the reception by "a tramp" of a casually bestowed coin was the very last action performed in this world by the poor dying wretch who sought and obtained it. If, however, we dare not venture to give advice of ourselves, we may quote the words of one far wiser than ourselves—

"Never turn thy face from any poor man; and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee."

Nor let the mite be despised, for—

"Blessed are they who from great gain
Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
But holier still shall be his part
Who gives one coin with pitying heart."

Nor need we, for our lack of resources wherewith to carry out our charity, despair of recognition and reward; for if not *here*, we shall *there*, where intentions, not results, are weighed, find that—

"Having done good by stealth
We shall rise to find it fame."

So much for relieving the wants of our poorer neighbours, which we but too often consider not as a, but the, Charity demanded of us by our Universal Father. No! charity has a wider scope than this, great though this be—

"The Heart, the Heart! Oh! let it spare
A sigh for other's pain;
The breath that sooths a brother's care
Is never spent in vain."

Indeed, it matters little what task is taken up by our neighbourly hand, for any and every action intended to benefit our neighbour is a manifestation of that reflexion in our own souls of the greatest attribute of our Almighty Father, who Himself is Love. Jeremy Taylor says—

"He who gives alms to the poor takes Jesus by the hand; he who patiently en-

dures insult and injury, helps Him to bear His Cross; he who comforts his brother in affliction gives a kiss of peace to Jesus; he who bathes his own and his neighbour's sins in tears of penitence and piety, washes his Master's feet. We enter into his heart when we express Him in our actions."

In this way, then, should every talent committed to us be pressed into this gentle service and, hand as heart, brain as breast, pen as purse, be utilised in the great cause of Charity. In this way, and to this end, have these few papers been written, and we trust that our brethren will see that every subject that can possibly concern us here can, equally with the few that have been thus slightly touched upon, be viewed from the Masonic standpoint of Moderation and Charity. Let every Mason then, as time and opportunity offers, apply himself to the humanizing task, remembering the injunction to the Craft—

"If man's warm passions you can guide
and bind,

And plant the virtues in the wayward
mind;

If you can wake to Christian-love the
heart,—

In mercy, something of your powers
impart."

Should seeming failures at first attend our efforts for good, let us not be disheartened, but examining ourselves, prove "what manner of spirit we are of:" calling to mind the beautiful picture of progression in the work of Love, presented to us by Eliza Cook in her "Address to the Freemasons," (delivered at the festival of the Royal Benevolent Institution, 1848) where she shows us the striving of a man, rich but good, to enter Paradise—

"His wealth was ready, and his hand was
kind,

When friends might sue, or rigid duty
bind.

* * * * *

And coldly good, he measured out his
span,

An honest, moral, true, and prudent man."

But this was not enough, and he was
bidden—

"Good as thou art, go back to human
dust;

Man, to be Godlike, must be *more* than
just."

To earth he returned, and commencing his work anew, he found—

“ His love *began* with mother, wife, child, friend ;

But there he found affection must not *end*,

His gentle sympathy now turned to heed
The stranger’s sorrow and the stranger’s need.

* * * * *

He burst the bonds of Duty’s narrow thrall ;

His soul grew wider, and he felt for *all*,”

Again he tried to enter Paradise, but this time with far more humility than before ; but he was not long in doubt, for—

“ Fear not, the Angel-warder cried, I see

The plume that now will waft thee on to me :

Thy wings have now the feather that alone

Lifts the created to the Father’s throne.

’Tis Mercy, bounteous Mercy, warm and wide,

That brings the mortal to the Maker’s side ;

’Tis dove-eyed Mercy defies the dust—

Man, to be God-like, must be *more* than *just*.”

Onwards, then, brethren, ever onwards and upwards : up the rounds of our glorious ladder, whose foot is firmly planted on the Almighty Architect’s unchanging law ; whose rounds are a succession of every moral and social virtue ; progressing from Faith, onwards through Hope, upwards to Charity ; forming what our laureate calls—

“ The great world’s altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.”

Brethren, our task is done. Briefly we have endeavoured to show that in every social question, there is a point of view from which every Mason should regard—be it a matter of dispute between class and class, a point of moderation, where both sides, having left their animosities behind, can meet to adjust in an amicable manner their differences—be it a question of class-misery, a point of vantage, whence that misery can be traced to its true cause, and that cause removed. Then just as we have

briefly endeavoured to show that there is such a point, have we, with all diffidence, ventured to intimate whereabouts that point lies, and wherein it consists : and yet once again we venture, whilst laying down our pen, to reiterate that that “whereabouts” is Brotherly-Love, and that that “wherein” is Charity.

That this may be the spirit in which these our efforts are received is our sole final request, for—

“ Should this our work, our leisure’s best resource,

When through the world it steals its secret course,

Revive but once a generous wish suppress,

Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest ;

In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,

Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy ;

Blest were our lines, tho’ limited their sphere,

Tho’ short their date, as theirs who traced them here.”

“ FINIS CORONAT OPUS.”

“ THE DYING GLADIATOR.”

BY BRO. T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

RECITATIVE.

FOR Roman pleasure and duty’s call
In deadly combat I fight and fall,
Thus vanquished by the sword of strife,
Behold ! ye gods I give up Life.

SONG.

Hush ! hush ! see in the circus there,
Gladiators with deadly glare,
Whose glittering blades mid loud applause,
Comes thudding blows and then a pause.
They parry, fall, and rise again
With precious blood, the ground they stain,

Quick as lightning, their sword it flies
Whilst echoing plaudits fill the skies.
With gaping wounds, a gory sight,
Again I stand and thrust and fight,
Mid deafening shouts of savage men
At last I fall for ever then ;
No sorrow marks the madd’ned throng,
The Victor’s cheer’d both loud and long ;
My head it droops, and with a sigh,
My life it ends, I die, I die.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Continued from page 595.)

Paris, July 16, 1790.

THE two events which were most dreaded in this country and have caused for some time the anxious suspense of Europe, have passed, and like a dream have not left a consequence behind.

The Duke of Orleans arrived on the Sunday morning, and made his *debut* in the Assembly. He was much applauded by the Enragés, and as he spoke low, an Aristocrat, who cried out *plus haut*, was silenced.

I send you his speech and the justification of his conduct, which was published some few days before his return to sound the inclinations of the people. They have seen his return with indifference, convinced that the fetters of the Militia are not to be broken, but all the higher orders of society, all the Bougeoisie are loud in their execrations. The Aristocrates, from real principles their opponents, because they hope by calling aloud for the punishment of a puppet, which is now become useless to prove that although they have received the profit they have not participated in the guilt.

Without the walls of the Assembly he met with many insults. The sentinel at the Palace at first refused him admittance, the Guards cried out *aux armes* as he passed, and *Serrez vos Rang*s. The King was not yet returned from a Review of the Paris Militia; a M. de Colmas, an officer of the Marine, on seeing him enter the apartment, went up to him, and turning him round with a twist of the elbow, said *que fait ce Jean—ici*.

He is now quiet in Paris, and causes no more sensation than if he had remained in London.

The King received him in his closet with M. de Montmorin, but did not speak to him in publick. The Queen was more gracious. Monsieur very cold, and the criminal himself so awkward that he was happy to speak even to the Grooms of the Chamber.

The next event, that of the 14th, passed as quietly as those who had the most to

fear could wish. I refer you to the papers for the particulars of the ceremony. This Act, like some poisons, has produced a contrary effect, and, instead of destroying for ever the hopes of the Aristocratic Party, has, on the contrary, revived every expectation.

I dared not venture to the long confinement of the Champs de Mars, altho' I had a ticket for the places reserved for the Nat. Assembly. I went to see pass the Procession, which was by no means brilliant. A vast number of undisciplined Militia and shabby looking people in black, could by no arrangement make a fine procession. The musick played, and some few sung a bad vaudeville with the chorus of "c'a irra." The veterans of the troops, for all the Deputies of the Army deserved that title, looked mournfull and disconsolate, the far greatest part amongst them were without their *swords*, or arms of any kind, and had more the appearance of prisoners than the participators of a triumph. The Garde du Corps of the King, Monsieur, and le Comte d'Artois, marched in the center, and were applauded by all but the people, and even by some of those.

I must not forget that M. de la Fayette rode between the two ranks, but had no fixed place in the procession, he was much applauded. I should strive in vain to give an idea of the affected humility and *suave* complacency which reigned in his countenance, how low he bowed to every window, how gratefull for every burst of applause, how many friendly nods, how many smiles of thanks he returned to every blackguard whom he passed. I beg you to take down your Shakespere and turn to Richard the second, and read the account of the entry and conduct of Bolingbroke, as also the account he afterwards gives of his conduct to Henry the fifth.

Mons. Bailly affected the pompous dignity of a Roman Consul, but his figure is not consular, his dress is not Roman, his bows are not gracefull, and he received no more applause than so bad an actor deserved.

In the evening I went to the Thuilleries to see the King return, but arrived just too late. I, however, met M.M. de Caraman, who had accompanied the Royal Family by invitation; for all that yet remains of nobility in this country,

male or female, and who are attached to the good cause, were invited to accompany their majesties. They told me, that since the event was to take place, and that there was no escape, everything had passed as well as they could wish. That the King had been royally received and royally placed. That himself and the Queen were received with the loudest acclamations, that feeble attempts were made to cry vive la Nation et l'Assemblée nationale, but without success.

However, on this head accounts are various, and perhaps all equally true, for so large was the theatre, so vast the space, that the eye could not distinguish, or the ear determine from one end of the amphitheatre to the other. Certain it was that all that surrounded or approached the royal quarter were as loud as they were unanimous. The *enragés* are desperate, and the humiliations they intended are returned upon themselves. You may be assured it was a long time debated whether the arm chair in which the President was seated should be *above*, equal, or below the Throne; at last the fear of giving greater offence to the Deputies from the Provinces prevailed, and the arm chair was placed a step lower. The same reason obliged them to alter the colour to blue from violet as at first intended. The King was as fine as gold, embroidery and diamonds could make him. I blame him for not putting on his hat. He took the oath on his throne and pronounced it in a very audible voice, but as *Modéne* says such oaths are only binding while one has not force to break them, and he took at his *Sacre* an oath more sacred, more religious, and more binding because it was voluntary.

The Aristocrats are convinced, and I believe in great measure they are right, that the Deputies of the Provinces are shocked at the conduct and acts of the assembly, that they demand the plenitude of the executive power should be restored to the King, and that they are, above all, scandalized at the indecent intemperance within the assembly, and the violence with which all those whose opinion does not coincide with that of the majority are silenced.

No act of condescension which could awaken loyalty or excite affection has been

wanting. I send you the address which was presented on Tuesday, when the Deputies passed in Review, and the answer which is much admired.

The general purport *only* was given by the *Garde des Sceaux*, the paragraphs were arranged by the king himself.

The Deputies of Brittany have wounded in the most sensible manner their comrades of the assembly, who have been the firmest supporters of Democracy. They arrived last Monday to the number of 500, and had chosen for their commander an officer of the regular troops, who accompanied them, and whose age and loyalty alike inspired their confidence. They passed thro' the *Thuilleries* and asked to see the King and Queen, who appeared at the window; not content with that, the commander asked if it was impossible he should be introduced to the King. His Majesty immediately descended to the garden, the instant the veteran saw him approach, he took off his sword, flung himself at the King's feet and said: "Sire, Je viens aux noms de mes camarades vous dire que nous sommes venus pour jurer une fidélité éternelle à notre roi, et de n'obéir qu'à lui."

Altho' openly, the *enragés* dare not avow doubts of the King's hearty concurrence, he and all that are attached to him are constantly watched. In an unguarded moment an expression escaped him, when none but his surgeon and the Queen were present. This expression, which I believe was the one I sent you last week, was soon after known, and as it could only be by one quarter, the King was violent in his indignation. In vain did the surgeon protest he had not opened his lips on the subject. On his return home, he accused a sister who has passed her life with him, and from whom he conceals nothing, of having betrayed him. She maintained her innocence, but recollected that while he was speaking a servant, who had lived with them some time, passed thro' the apartment. Partly by prayers and menaces he confessed that he received, (but would not give up his patron), 200 livres a month to relate daily everything which passed in the family. This surgeon is much in the King's confidence, is dailey with them, and called on *Madame de Vaudémont* to tell her his history and to caution her against her servants.

The Prince de Condé and the other great houses have plastered over the arms which were on the gates of their hotels, so that they look like little sentinel boxes.

As the Queen was getting into the carriage, Wednesday, the Poissardes said "notre Reine vous nous regardez pas de bonne Avril." She turned round and smiled. She was perfectly mistress of herself, the whole day was uncommonly fine, and looked very cheerfull, the propos of the Poissardes must therefore have been determined before hand.

As my whole letter has been chit-chat, I cannot conclude it better than with a bon mot of Madame, which you may perhaps not have heard. The first time the King saw her after the titles were abolished, he said "Bon jour, Capét," she immediately answered, "Bon jour Capot."

THE OCEAN.

BY BRO. J. A. R.

SOME of the early philosophers referred all things to water, and not without reason. It is the agent of all terrestrial activity, the universal percolator and solvent, the transferer of atoms from body to body, of soils from place to place, and of land itself into the silent bosom of its own depths. Its tides and currents, its evaporations, its circuits, as clouds, rain, and mists, and its subservience to heat and atmospheric pressure, render it the universal fertilizer.

The tides are constantly flowing and ebbing, ebbing and flowing—never at rest. Once in every thirteen hours the tide taps at the door of every wharfinger on the Thames and other rivers, and asks, "Is there anything to go up, or is there anything to go down the river to-day? for I am just ready to take it." So punctual a servant is the tide that we may place implicit reliance on its return at a proper time. It is necessary, however, to watch its movements, for, unless kept within bounds, it will take unbounded liberties, and not only tap at the door, but sometimes enter

the premises, and perhaps destroy the contents, if it does not carry them away. Some people attribute the changeable character of the tide to its having formed an intimate connection with the Moon, for when the Moon is in its infancy, or when it is full grown, the tides are always the most rampant, and are called springs; and they are especially so at the time of the equinoxes in March and September. When the Moon is at either her first or third quarter, then the tides are least active and are called neaps.

The ocean rises and falls alternately, and its depth is observed to be greatest at any given place a certain time after the Moon has passed the meridian of that place; after which it decreases until it reaches a certain point, when it again gradually rises. As there are two tides in each lunar day, and as the Moon comes to the meridian later each day, so the tides are on an average fifty-two minutes later each day, the interval fluctuating at different times of the year.

At the London Docks the spring tides rise about 24 feet from low water; the neap tides about 18 feet. At Chepstow, in the Bristol Channel, the tide sometimes rises 50 feet. At the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, 60 or 70 feet. At Anapolis, 100 or 120 feet. In the middle of large oceans the tides are much less. The spring tides in the middle of the Pacific only rise four or five feet, and the neaps two or two and a half feet.

In the Mediterranean the tides are scarcely observable in consequence of the entrance being too contracted to admit of sufficient influx and reflux from the Atlantic to materially alter the level, excepting for a limited distance within the Strait of Gibraltar. The same cause operates with regard to the Baltic and also with lakes.

There is an upper current constantly flowing into the Mediterranean through the Strait of Gibraltar, and in all probability an under current flows out.

Contrary currents passing along, side by side, are not uncommon. In the Cattegat, or northern current, it flows out of the Baltic along the coast of Sweden, while a southern one enters the Baltic along the coast of Denmark. When two opposite currents of about equal force meet one another, they sometimes, especially in

narrow channels, turn upon a centre and assume a spiral form, giving rise to eddies or whirlpools, such as the Maelstrom off the coast of Norway, and others of a like nature.

Towards the close of the 15th century, before Europeans were acquainted with the existence of America, two bodies belonging to an unknown race were cast by the Gulf Stream on the coast of the Azores, and pieces of bamboo were brought by the same current to the shore of the small island of Porto Santo. By these circumstances, Columbus is said to have been strengthened in his conjectures with respect to the existence of a western continent.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150 millions of square miles, the whole surface of the globe at 197 millions, and its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to that of the highest mountains, or about four miles.

Seas and lakes in warm latitudes contain more salt than those in cold latitudes. It is assumed that excessive evaporation tends to make the proportion of contained salt more considerable, since it is only the water that is carried off by the process of conversion into vapour.

The degree of saltness in particular parts of the sea varies from temporary causes. The violent tropical rains have an effect in diminishing it, especially near the coasts, where an increased volume of fresh water is brought down by the rivers. The Baltic is at all times less salt than the ocean, and when a strong east wind keeps out the North Sea, its waters are said to become almost fit for domestic uses.

The bitterness which exists in sea-water, from the surface to a certain depth, is considered to be owing to the vegetable and animal matter held there in a state of decomposition.

The luminosity of the ocean, which at times gives it the appearance of liquid fire, arises entirely from the presence of small insects.

The temperature of the sea, owing to water being a bad conductor of heat, changes much less suddenly than that of the atmosphere, and is therefore not subject to such extremes. In fact the temperature of the sea never, under any latitude exceeds 85 or 86 degrees Fahrenheit. The

freezing point of salt water is 28½ degrees, fresh water, 32 degrees.

The Dead Sea is exceedingly cold, and is said to contain no living creature. The aspect of the mountains, the terrible ravines, the romantic forms of the jagged rocks, all prove that the surrounding country has been the scene of some terrible convulsion of nature, and that the sea, which occupies the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, Adan, Seboim, and Segor covers the crater of a volcano. This lake has no visible outlet, notwithstanding the River Jordan pours into it six millions and ninety thousand tons of water daily.

The sea generally is of a bluish-green colour. The Arctic Sea is ultramarine and transparent blue to olive-green or opaque, in stripes caused by animalculæ and medusæ in countless myriads. In the Gulf of Guinea the water is white, and round the Maldives, black. In other places it is red and purple.

Objects may be seen in the Arctic and West Indian Seas at a depth of 150 feet.

The most curious phenomenon of all is that of springs of fresh water rising up in the midst of the sea. Humbolt mentions that in the Bay of Xagua, on the southern coast of Cuba, springs of this kind gush up with great force at the distance of two or three miles from the land, and in the south of the Persian Gulf there are many others of the same kind.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(Continued from page 552.)

In 1814, the members of the Grand Orient of France, invested with the 33rd degree, asserted their right to constitute a Supreme Council, seeing that Count Murairé himself acknowledged that the members of the old Council were dispersed. He claimed that their rights had been preserved by the Supreme Council of America, but he completely ignored the Constitutions of the Rite. It was not lawful to have in

any kingdom but one Supreme Council, and Count Muraire himself had repulsed the claim of the American brethren, who desired to be acknowledged by the Supreme Council of France.

Since it is certain that the Supreme Council of France was dispersed and its functions had ceased, and that the Sovereign Grand Inspectors had themselves reconstituted, in the midst of the Grand Orient of France, the question is decided. We see, however, that the Supreme Council of America would have maintained the rights of the Supreme Council of France. It had been established by Bro. de Grasse Tilley, in virtue of his constituent power for the French Windward and Leeward Islands, and this brother was constituted Grand Commander for life. When he resigned his position as Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of France in favour of Prince Cambacérés, he retained that of Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of America, and it was in that capacity, on his return to France, after his captivity in England, that he resumed the direction of the work of this Masonic authority, which now had no active existence on the Continent.

How, then, could Count Muraire, speaking in the name of the Supreme Council of France, maintain that a Supreme Council whose jurisdiction was limited to the American Islands, had maintained the rights of those whose jurisdiction was exercised in another country, and which had there asserted its authority.

We see from these facts how the French Supreme Council was administered and what it did.

In the month of June, 1816, the Supreme Council of America presided over by Count de Grasse Tilley, held in the locality of the Prado, an assembly-general for the celebration of the fête of the Order and the inauguration of a statue of Louis XVIII., but the Grand Commander being compelled to leave Paris to avoid claims for the payment of debts contracted during his captivity, the government of the Supreme Council of America devolved upon upon Bro. de la Hogue, Lieutenant-Grand Commander.

Under the direction of this brother the scandals were such, and the traffic in the degrees were so shamefully carried on, that

out of his retirement Bro. de Grasse Tilley thought proper to revoke his appointment and to place in the position Bro. the Count de Fernig. This fact abundantly proves that the functions of the Supreme Council had ceased, for the Constitutions do not give to the Grand Commander the power to depose his lieutenant. Thus a faction, under the direction of Bro. Maghellen, separated itself and founded the second Supreme Council of America.

Bro. de Grasse Tilly fulminated against the dissentients, who decided to submit to his authority, paying his debts, and enabled him to resume his titles.

The peace was not of long duration. Maghellen's faction attracted to its side Count General Allemand, and the turmoil began. Count de Grasse Tilley removed the head quarters of the Supreme Council to Pompei, while the dissentients maintained their position at Prado.

There now existed for the second time two Supreme Councils of America located in Paris, of which one was called the Supreme Council of Pompei, and the other the Supreme Council of Prado; the discussion between these two Supreme Councils was most courteous. In a circular of the 15th August, 1818, Bro. de Grasse Tilley declared the Supreme Council located at Prado to be schismatic, and to give more authority to the faction which directed it, he did what he had already done for the Supreme Council of France, he gave in his resignation, and nominated as his successor the Count de Cazes, Minister-General of Police, and favourite of Louis XVIII.

The Supreme Council of America established at Prado, on its part passed judgment on the Sovereign Grand Commander Count de Grasse Tilley, and on the 17th September, 1818, declared him to be deprived of his title; degraded him from the title of Mason; signalized him as a traitor to the Order; interdicted his entrance into the lodges of the Scottish Rite; and ordered that the sentence should be printed and circulated to the number of 7,000 copies.

On the 24th October, following, it denounced more traitors to the order in the persons of Bros. Fernig, Quezada, and Beaumont; degraded them from their rank and titles, and ordered that their

names should be burned between the two columns by the serving brother.

This is what the Supreme Council called maintaining and feeding the sacred fire of Scottish Rite Masonry.

In 1819 the Grand Orient endeavoured to stay this shameful persecution and these Masonic scandals; overtures were made to the Supreme Council of Pompei, in the interest of all; the propositions of the Grand Orient were more than reasonable, and they can be read in their entirety in the "History of the Three Grand Lodges," by Rebold; but the Supreme Council, relying, in its illegal existence, upon the protection of the Minister of Police, rejected every proposition for yielding the supremacy which appertained to it in virtue of the sublime knowledge of which it was the depository.

It was in consequence of this refusal that the Grand Orient thought proper to publish the important circular of the 31st March, 1819, by which it declared irregular every Masonic association, and all Masons, except those of the Grand Orient, and decreed that no lodge under its jurisdiction should either admit them or hold communication with them.

From this time the two portions of the Supreme Council ceased almost simultaneously their union, and the Supreme Council established by the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, in the midst of the Grand Orient of France, remained the only regular authority. Besides the Supreme Council of America had no reason for its existence in Paris, for the reconciliation, since 1815, had opened to them the means of return to their homes.

The proof of the truth of the facts which we have just recounted, and the error of Count Murair, who pretended that the Supreme Council of America had been the continuation of the Supreme Council of France, is, that when the dissentient members who had taken part in the latter, desired to retrace their steps, it was done under the presidency of Count Valence, Lieutenant Grand Commander, and not under that of the Count de Cazes, who was afterwards nominated Sovereign Grand Commander of both factions by the Supreme Council of America.

It was not till after the demission of Prince Cambacérès that the Count de

Valence could be nominated Sovereign Grand Commander, and after a dormancy of seven years. So far from acknowledging that the Supreme Council of America had been its successor, the Supreme Council of France, in 1821, deigned to receive it, appreciating the disinterested and truly Masonic sentiments which, in soliciting its reunion, the Supreme Council had given such honourable evidence.

How, then, does the Supreme Council explain what Rebold calls an interregnum of seven years, Clavel a putting in dormancy, Findel an illegality, and Count Murair a dispersion.

By its return, says the latter, the Supreme Council recovered its position, its rights, and with them its ancient possessions. It would be more just to say that by its return the Supreme Council recovered the position by the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, who, not having been dispersed, had preserved and unfurled the flag of the Scottish Rite in the midst of the Grand Orient of France, which was not at all incompatible.

It was in violation of the Charter of Constitution that the dispersed Grand Inspectors-General reunited themselves and erected a second Supreme Council, side by side with that which was at that time duly performing its functions, and raised, illegally, altar against altar.

The consequence of this action resulted in the Grand Constitutions of 1786, which the Supreme Council, reunited in 1876, at Lausanne, have considered as the Constitutional Charter of their origin, and which they invoked to repulse, notably, the Supreme Council of Louisiana.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DENIED HIM MASONIC BURIAL.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

(From the "Masonic Jewel.")

[IN Galesburg, Ill., Dec. 22, 1875, Dr. J. M. Morse, an old and esteemed citizen, was stricken with apoplexy, and died be-

fore assistance could be called. Sunday, Dec. 26, 1875, the First church of Galesburg refused the use of its tabernacle for the performance of Masonic services over his remains.]

We all remember the actor who died—
A man who had lived an upright life—
How his corpse was turned out of a gilded church

In the face of a stricken, heart-broken wife ;
His trade was a sham, so the preacher said,
And his profession should bury its dead.

Only last week a physician fell
While trying to answer a sick man's call—
Died in his path, with no lips to tell
How the cares of others weighted his fall ;
His years had been spent for the sick here and there,
But the church refused the poor sick man a prayer.

He sat, it is urged, in a Mason's Lodge—
An order as old as the church itself ;
A brotherhood bound in fraternal love,
With no room for sectarian creed or self :
A Mason whose ritual grew from the Word
Of God as it came through the blessed Lord ;

An order that teaches good will to man,
Regardless of colour, opinion or race—
Inculcating Charity, Faith and Hope,
And help never measured by time nor place ;
That comes between widows and orphans and want,
And maketh no show of religion or cant.

Its lessons are taught within sacred walls,
Good for the street, the home and the store ;
Lessons of faith to be wrought every day—
God asks nothing and wants nothing more ;
Where obscurity bows with men of renown,
And the wealth of the pew is unknown.

Within these walls our buried brother sat ;

We fancy we see where his feet have trod ;

Here, where we know of the life he lived,
He made his bargain with man and with God.

He helped the sick and gave to the poor,
But a Christian church turned his corpse from its door.

He died at the merry Christmas time,
When the church had set up its typical tree,

Bringing good cheer on Christ's natal day,
Who said, "Suffer all to come unto me."

On a broken branch hung a badge all grim,
With the words, "A Mason—no Christ for him."

In the dead man's home St. Nicholas came,
With these words on a wreath of immortelles,

"A brother who lived for his fellow men
Has gone to his reward. Ring out the bells !

There is no church nor creed," the legend said,

"Nor sect, where God awakes the blessed dead."

The grave is but the entrance, and the paths

Adown the dark and shadowy way
May lead through church or Mason's Lodge, or both,

If we sow seeds for heaven day by day ;
And, if the harvest yields the promised crown,

It must be formed from actions all our own.

He sleeps on the edge of the town he served,

And there, in May, the flowers will come—

And Nature's incense and the tuneful bird
Will ask no church what prayers to hum ;

And the stars that look from the silent sky

Will bless the prayers that never die.

A TERRIBLE CATALOGUE.

OUR contemporary, the *Standard*, in its issue of March 30, contained a very striking communication on the subject of Adulteration under the above head,—and as some of our readers may not see the *Standard*, and as the subject itself is a most important one, being one of our great social evils, we think it well to reproduce its most sapient portions, for the information and edification of those who peruse the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

As the *Standard* puts it, let us now “accompany the hapless victim of adulteration through twelve hours of his life, bearing in mind the warnings that have been extended by doctors and analytical chemists, and we shall see what profound gratitude a man ought to feel for being in existence at the end of that time.”

Some of us “talk of the perils of travel and the dangers of war, and the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease have been twitted with their condition as opposed to that of the sailor; but the said gentlemen, if we are to believe analysts and sanitary authorities, are in much greater danger every hour of their lives than those who go to sea.”

Let us now attend to the warnings of this able writer in the *Standard*:—

“His bed-room, besides not allowing him the proper cubic space requisite for one man, has properly no ventilation at all, and what with the gas burning the night before, and his own consumption of oxygen, the air has become very impure, and the sooner he gets out of it the better.”

Let us begin with his breakfast:—

“He takes tea in the morning, and what does he imbibe under that name—a decoction of sycamore, horse-chesnut, plum, and sloe leaves, sand and starch, coloured and faced with plumbago, Prussian blue, gypsum and Chinese yellow, and flavoured with sulphate of iron, catechu, and arsenite of copper. He pours milk into it, but that is worse and worse, for it contains water (and we shall see what water is presently), treacle, sugar, salt, annatto, chalk, white carrots, dextrine, and sometimes even cerebral matter. Annatto, by the way, which is also used to sophisticate

cheese, is itself adulterated with Venetian red, sulphate of lime, lead, and copper; but that is a mere matter of detail. This mixture—can the reader call it tea now?—is sweetened with sugar, which, if it be not loaf, contains sporules of fungus, grit, and woody fibre, and a pleasing insect, the *acarus sacchari*, of the same family as that which causes the Caledonian to bestow a benediction on the Duke of Argyll. A sausage is on the table, into the composition of which we would rather not enter, unless it were purchased at a shop which can be depended upon, or, better still, made at home; the subject would be too painful. Then there is bread and butter. The bread may contain mashed potatoes, alum, plaster of Paris, and bone dust, while the butter is compounded of water, animal fat, and curd. An anchovy toast may be suggested as a relish, and if made of the paste, our friend may possibly contentedly enjoy all sorts of fish other than anchovies, coloured with Bole Armenian and Venetian red. Here we may leave breakfast, merely noting that it is possible to reach a lower depth of nastiness in certain potted meats, and that even cocoa is adulterated also. Starting as cheerily forth as may be after such a breakfast, our victim sallies out to work or to play as the case may be.

“The victim of misplaced confidence has now arrived at the hour of lunch. For that meal the cook has provided what looks like an appetising curry; but let the taster beware. The curry powder probably contains ground rice, potato, flour, and red lead and salt, while the Cayenne pepper used to render it more pungent is a charming compound of mustard-husk, deal sawdust, red lead, and bisulphuret of mercury. The pickles, too, with which he stimulates his jaded appetite contain sulphate of copper, and the vinegar with which they have been made, may gain colour from burnt sugar and piquancy from sulphuric acid and corrosive sublimate. With lunch he indulges in a glass or so of malt liquor. His beer may gain its bitter from quassia, wormwood, camomile, and even strychnia, and age from alum, carbonate of lime, and sulphate of iron. Should he venture on stout or porter, he imbibes liquorice, treacle, opium, cocculus indicus (possess-

ing a highly poisonous alkaloid, called picrotoxin), tobacco, grains of Paradise, capsicum, sulphuric acid, and cream of tartar; so that, on the whole, he had better put aside the tankard. When we add that a light custard may conclude the meal, the powder from which it is often prepared containing turmeric and chromate of lead, we may leave him to digest his luncheon if he can.

"As the hours wear on towards dinner he possibly indulges in a cigar. In doing so, strange to say, he will probably be safe. In fact, the time consumed in smoking a weed will probably be the only "unadulterated" spot in his day. For, despite common rumours concerning cabbage leaves and the like, cigars are rarely adulterated. They may be, and often are, very bad tobacco, with refuse leaves and sweepings inside them, but they are ordinarily tobacco of some kind or another. Nor, by the way, do Manillas, as is popularly supposed, contain opium. But supposing a pipe is preferred to a cigar, the adulterator has the smoker on the hip in the case of cut and roll tobacco, which may and does often contain leaves of dock, cabbage, coltsfoot, endive, elm, oak, rhubarb, peat, seaweed, and potato, which are further improved by liquorice, logwood, treacle, oakum, oatmeal, bran, beetroot, dregs, nitre, Glauber and Epsom Salts, potash, lime, Fuller's earth, Venetian red, and sand. It is just possible that with the weed our victim may bethink himself of a "brandy and soda." The thought is a rash one. Soda water, in nine cases out of ten, contains no soda at all, but is simply water into which carbonic acid gas has been pumped, the said water being primarily unfit to drink, and from various causes impregnated with lead, copper, tin or zinc. The brandy he puts into the "split soda" he shares with a fellow sufferer is very often a spirit obtained from either corn, sugar, molasses, beetroot, or potatoes, with oak dust and tincture of grape stones to give the taste of old spirit, and improved by cherry laurel water and grains of Paradise. And as all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten Lady Macbeth's naughty fingers, so no amount of effervescence will ever render "two brandies and a split soda" wholesome. They ought rather to be termed "two headaches and

a split indigestion." Nor is the unhappy man any more fortunate if he is a teetotaler, and, forswearing wines, and spirits clings to water. Water, as we are told on good authority, may contain the *materies morbi*, the germs of the disease itself. It is commonly polluted with sewage water, decomposing organic matter, is impregnated with sewage gas and lead, and is a fertile source of typhoid fever, dysentery, and cholera. That being the case, the living organisms revealed in it by the microscope, the merry microzymes and annelidæ, may be looked upon as trifles light as air, and the man would be absurdly particular who would object to swallow the Cyclops quadricornis, or Lynceus longirostris, or to drink the fluid wherein the Daphnia quadrangula or water-flea roamed at its own sweet will.

"It is time, however, for the warrior who has to face such perils as these to go home to dinner. To dinner! If he knew what the words portended he would as soon as order a "small and early funeral," and notify to his friends that he desired their attendance at his obsequies. The danger lurks, it must be said, not so much in what he eats as in what he imbibes. He may possibly escape if he only eats the plainest food and does not touch *entrées* and dishes with sauces in them. But he may fall a victim to tinned oysters, to preserved peas, rendered tasteful by copper, to pickles and other similar delicacies, while he may be pleased to hear that his cheese is likely to contain animal fat, bean meal, Venetian red, and sulphate of copper, and arsenic in the rind, while the much-prized mould is a fungus. As to the wines, we have spoken of sherry, and others are no better. Champagne is often made of the juice of rhubarb, gooseberries, apples, and pears, while port is sophisticated with brown sugar and raw spirit, elderberries, logwood, beetroot, litmus, and rhatany root; has flavour given to it by sawdust of oak, as containing tannin, and bouquet by sweetbriar and laurel water, while it also contains carbonates of soda, potash, and lead. After dinner a cup of coffee is *de rigueur*, and that is probably worse than anything taken previously, for coffee is adulterated with roasted wheat, potato, beans, mangel-wurtzel, acorns, burnt sugar, baked horse

and bullock's liver, and lastly and mostly by chicory, which in its turn is adulterated with (in addition to the foregoing pleasant adjuncts) sawdust, carrots, ferruginous earths, Venetian red and umber, and burnt blood. At dessert, by the way, if bottled fruit has been partaken of, the acetate of copper has probably been enjoyed; and as to coloured confectionary, sometimes seen on the table with the fruit, it contains Prussian blue, arsenite of copper, chromate of lead, and a variety of other things forming a very long catalogue. In the evening a glass of spirits and water may be "indicated," as the doctors say, and the victim has a choice of brandy or of whiskey, rum or gin. Of the first we have spoken. Whiskey commonly contains fusel oil, two drachms of which killed a rabbit in two hours, while as much as an ounce of it disposed of one in four minutes. Rum—the liquor of our sailors—often contains cayenne, cocculus indicus, and lead, while gin is made tasty by alum, sulphuric acid, which makes weak gin "bead" on the glass and seem stronger, acetate of lead, tincture of capsicum, white vitriol and laurel water and almond cake, which contain Prussic acid. On the whole, therefore, the tumbler had perhaps better be avoided. We have now brought our bewildered Briton to the end of his day, and it may be asked will he not feel very unwell after all the impurities he has taken into his system, and if so, is it not in the power of medicine to restore him? No doubt it might be, but alas, how is he to obtain pure physic wherewith to repair his shattered constitution. The drugs are there, but they are adulterated like everything else. Supposing he takes a little quinine, it is made more bulky by salicine, gum, starch, chalk, sulphate of barytes, siliceous matter, stearine, and sulphates of magnesia and soda. Magnesia again contains lime, kaolin, and barytes, while opium is mixed with starch water, liquorice, gums, clay sand, and gravel. Or supposing he takes a pill. His colocynth is deprived of its strength by wheat flower and chalk, and his calomel, which ought to take rank with trial by jury as the palladium of the British constitution—using the word in a physical sense—is rendered partially inoperative by chalk, white lead, fine pipeclay, and sulphate of

lime. We have only named one or two drugs, but those are sufficient to show that if we are rendered ill by the adulterator the doctor who attempts to put us right will find his skill baffled by the impurities of the drugs he prescribes. Our friend, then, had better go to bed trusting to the healing power of nature, and not take any physic at all.

"We have now conducted the victim of adulteration through his day, judging it from the standpoint of the analytical chemist, and the only wonder is that the end of the twelve hours' journey does not find him reposing beneath a monument which shall tell of its virtues, and at the same time expose the roguery which brought him to so untimely an end. According to the authorities on adulteration the question is not "What to eat, drink, and avoid," but everything ought apparently to be avoided. The list we have given is by no means an exhaustive one. We have only lingered on the outskirts of the great field of adulteration which lies before the inquirer, and those who choose to enter it armed with test-tube, retort, and microscope, will find ample work for investigation. At the same time we cannot help having a feeling that all our comestibles and potables are not quite so black as they are painted. It is still possible, we are glad to say, to find places where unadulterated articles can be bought, and even those tradesmen who still cling to their evil habits are gradually beginning to find out that honesty is after all the best policy, and that adulteration has its penalties as well as its profits. The reader may therefore enjoy his modest modicum of food, and drink without fearing a nightmare scenically arranged under the superintendence of Dr. Hassall. But he will do well to forget that and other ingenious analysts at meals altogether, for according to them—

"Life can little else supply,
Than just to swallow poison and to die."

Whether we may all agree or not entirely with this grave indictment, we must all feel that there is a great deal of truth in this amusing description of a Briton's daily food, and that many of us will gladly give up so-called political reforms, for those social improvements,

those radical changes of our control and arrangement of the food supply—of our people,—which would give us wholesome and genuine articles of consumption, and do away with the curse—for it is a curse to all classes alike, and especially the humblest—of adulteration.

FREEMASONRY—ITS PERSISTENCE AND WORK.

BY BRO. JAMES LAIRD, GRAND ORATOR
OF NEBRASKA.

From the "Keystone."

To the Grand army, halted before the glittering minarets of famed Cairo, and speaking from the shadow of the gigantic pyramids of ancient Egypt, Napoleon, pointing to those lofty antiquities, exclaimed: "Soldiers, from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." So we as Masons, may exclaim, standing within this temple dedicated to the living arts, not forty, but fifty and eight centuries look down upon us. Thus standing in this unseen audience of the ages, do we come to the discussion of the element of persistency of Masonry, which makes possible the grandiloquent assertion of its antiquity, and gives thereto the firmness of truth. According to accepted chronology, we are in the five-thousand eight hundred and seventy-six year of Masonic light.

To me as a Mason, this length of life is full of great meaning. Remember, we are not speaking of the endurance of a name, of a style of architecture, of a school of art, of a system of mythologies, but of an idea, of a moral substance, so perpetual in its nature, and so uplifted in its living breathing life, that it casts a shadow which continents and ages can neither obstruct nor efface. It is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," the influence of a great force, which, while it may have given birth to heroes and martyrs, to reformations and civilizations, has never been too high to stoop to the unfortunate;

but year on year, and age on age, in the name of Brotherhood, has bowed itself to uplift those trodden under foot of men.

The fact of years in stones and monuments, excites an idle curiosity—but what shall express the awe and reverence with which we *feel*, not hear, but *feel*, the presence in our minds and lives of a series of principles, whose embodiment amounts to the realization of the universal idea of moral grandeur, and which were originally formed in the rugged battles of fate where strength was born, and which by virtue of their own sovereign power, called to their council men whose adherence to the grand and simple faith of Brotherhood, has given to the awakened mind of all ages universal formulas of right, and founded in every Lodge at once a temple and an empire. It is not strange to the thinking man or Mason that the principles of Masonry should have arisen almost with the dawn of time and intellect. But to those who have read its history, and the history of the world, it is a matter of wonderment that it, or any other institution dedicated exclusively to humanity, should have survived the buffetings of the dark ages, the preceding superstitions and idolatrous ones, and the succeeding persecutions of priests and kings, that pursued it for centuries with a brutal and deadly hate. Truly, no bantling order, cast upon the rocks of antiquity, and mothered like those fabled Roman kings, by the she-wolf's care, and often fostered, if at all, by men wild as the hawk and fox, could have power to have run the race of centuries, and hold as its own eternal patrimony, principles so soft and gentle, so grand and true, that they may have served to lead by the hand, mailed and embruted man, out from the clamorous age of iron into the calm one of peace.

Time, that destroys the vouchers of most systems, by the indomitable persistency of our ancient brethren, has been forced to spare those of ours. The belief of to-day becomes the tradition of tomorrow, and in another day, that tradition once so sacred to man, has drifted clear of earth and hangs a mist of clouds in the far heavens of antiquity, where crowned mythology guards her million gods, whose once substantial realms of faith and belief have vanished into fable.

Again and again the tempest of restless mind has swept the fields of opinion, and blown away doctrine and creed, and church, and state, and law, like chaff. But, from this chaos, Masonry has always arisen, holding in its lion's grip the guarantees of a better life for all, to come from the adoption of and adherence to its immortal principles, full of aspiration, trust, hope, and the relentless purposes of good. These it has for ever persistently maintained, sanctioned, and made venerable to all men. And these it renews and re-creates perpetually, and by these its principles, impartial as the sunshine and the sweetly falling rain, and its untiring devotees, is, and has been, itself always maintained, high above ignominious fall, eternal amid its true arts and worshippers, without other change than that of exalted progress.

The spirit of tragedy, strong in men, delights in the flow of blood. The mind tires of the invisible combats between time and principle, between permanence and the powers of change, between persistency and the demons of decay, and clamours for the sounding strife and the crimson blood, with which all the old faiths are baptized. Be it so? From Masonry's riven breast has flowed the rich red tides that bear her ancient peaceful glories on, unto the many-voiced, unfathomed time. So long as this Craft was content to toil, smoothing with incessant labour the rugged brow of primæval time, its history runs on in calm and ever strengthened tides; but no sooner does it lift its bowed head, than at once against it are aimed the bulls of popes and the edicts of kings. For nearly a hundred years the mad skies of Europe shook with the thundering maledictions of the Romish church, launched against our Order; and the inquisition, and the rack, fattened the soil of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, and the other nations of Europe, with Masonic blood; and throughout the whole world, save only modern England, grandest of all the sceptered States, on every side, rose against this knightly Order of the square and cross, the dark walls of superstition. But from that epic age of this society, as from that of all others, the spirit of a sublime resistance sprang from out the horrors of persecutions as might

a bright and purple flower from the midst of a pool of blood. The cumulative and persistent force of principles embodied in this Fraternity, gave it, even in those times of violence, a force that broke upon the hollow edicts of kings and priests with resistless power. In the ebb and flow of the vast forces of civilization then at work, the narrowness of those times was broken up and destroyed, even as pleasure boats upon a summer sea, overtaken by the tempests, are rent in pieces, and their painted fragments given to clothe the nakedness of the rocks. The blow that was to have struck Freemasonry dead, and left it a lifeless relic upon the shores of history, but served to start the great Craft from its inertia, and open for it an era equal to that of the whole earth, where to-day it walks amid the desolation of its enemies, and from their ancient thrones proclaims no more ignorant judgments of madness, but the high and mighty council affirmed by our ancient brethren and re-affirmed by the immortal God: "As you would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them."

The triumphant endurance and extension of Freemasonry demonstrates that intelligence is not opposed to bigotry as bodies to bodies; ten little bigotries are not stronger than one great intelligence; intelligence and bigotry is a thing of the mind, and minds are opposed to minds in a highly different manner; one man that has a higher wisdom, a hitherto unknown truth, is stronger, not then ten men that have it not, or ten thousand, but than all men that have it not, and such an one, or such an institution, stands among men and nations armed with an ethereal power, as with a sword out of heaven's own armoury, sky-tempered, and which no buckler and no tower of brass can withstand.

We are talking of persistency as a quality. All truth is Masonic. Let history speak: The Barons persisted, and the great charter was proclaimed; Luther persisted, and the Reformation arose; Washington persisted, and America was free; our Masonic brethren of old persisted, and we stand to-night in the conscious train of their great days and victories behind. The majesty of unnamed

martyrs fills the imagination with glory ; the past sheds its light on our advancing order, and we are henceforth attended by an invisible escort of heroes.

In discussing the Work of Freemasonry, we stand upon the solid earth. Before our path has lain among abstractions and memories and ideals—not unlovely, but high and sometimes distant and difficult of analysis. Principles of morality, qualities of brotherly love, powers of endurance, appeal to our imagination and awaken the slumbering poetic sense, as might the first sight of stars and planets, that, in the great nights, go sailing down the soft blue seas of Heaven, like celestial ships upon its bosom, bearing their freight of burning beauty on to the unnamed ports of an unknown eternity. But we are no longer workers in dreams, but stern and angular realities. The path of our ancient renown runs backwards, and our faces are fixed towards the rising sun. The bed of our past glory affords no repose for the aggressive spirit of to-day. We, of the Nineteenth Century, have fallen heir to an immense estate—wide as the millenium. The legacy of *HARD WORK* is ours; and this that might be counted the adversity of the weak, is in truth the triumph of the strong.

And now, what is modern Freemasonry? A statement of its objects will be the best argument of its work. Masonry is a moral principle working through an organization of Lodges for the realization of the God-thought of peace on earth and good will to men. It is the combination in one Order of three sovereignties—that of right over force; of intelligence over prejudice; of brotherhood over self-hood. It is the gospel of social rights; a charter of manhood, a religion of to-day, a charter of humanity. "It aims to efface from among men the prejudice of caste; the conventional distinctions of colour, origin, opinion, and nationality; to extirpate private and public discord; to mitigate the rigours of life, and to arrive by free and pacific progress at one formula of eternal and universal right, according to which every human being shall be free to develop every faculty with which he may be endowed, and to concur, with all the fullness of his strength, in the bestowment

of happiness upon all, and thus to make of the whole human race one family of Brothers united by affection, wisdom, and labour."

(To be continued.)

COUSIN WILL.

BY PHILIP MORSE.

From "Scribner's American Monthly."

I STROLLED last night in musing mood,
Reflecting on my lonely state ;
Till, wearied out at last, I paused
And leaned upon a garden gate.
The old moon's mellow radiance hung
In golden mists among the trees,
Faint odours, borne from distant flowers,
Ebbd idly on the evening breeze.

As thus I stood, absorbed in thought,
I pressed against the gate too hard,
It opened with a sudden jerk,—
I found myself within the yard.
A form came gliding down the walk ;—
Soft arms embraced me, as, perplexed,
I stood one blissful moment, while
A sweet voice soothed my ear ; the next
It rose into a shriek, then sobbed :
"Oh sir, how could you keep so still !
When all the time I *know* you knew
I thought you were my cousin Will."

* * * * *

These stars are moons, or rather months ;
Just five have flitted since that night,
And two of these have calmly shone
Upon our wedded life. It quite
Surprises me to think of it.
And she is queenly, tall and fair,
With lustrous eyes, and such a wealth
Of—well we call it auburn hair.

* * * * *

"So late" I've just come from the club ;
My wife sits silent, but a light,
Unseen before, lurks in her eye.
Once more I muse on that calm night
When first she met me at the gate,
And wonder, while her eyes flame still,
If ever I, in days to come,
Shall wish it *had* been cousin Will.

THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

*From the "Michigan Freeman."**(Continued from page 602.)*

On the morrow Brother H—, the tall old man with the white hair and beard, at whom the reader had a passing glance in the Lodge, surrounded by his brethren took his seat in the morning express train eastward. By his side was seated the little Eda Arthur; no entreaties, dissuasions, injunctions or commands could move her from her purpose of "going to her father," as she said she was in accompanying Brother H—. Hands were shaken, blessings were pronounced, adieus were exchanged, the bell was rung, the cars were off, and soon out of sight and hearing.

A few days passed. In the valley of the Shenandoah lay the belligerent forces of the Federal and Confederate armies. A battle was inevitable. It had been expected from day to day for more than a week. The forces on either side had been massing for a decisive blow. The day had at last arrived for the fearful collision of arms. The order of attack had been given, and Stonewall Jackson was advancing upon the left wing of the federal line. His line of battle was well formed and bristled with arms. The stout infantry stood shoulder to shoulder within musket range of their enemy. A battery in the rear of the line had already opened its thunder of fierce defiance. A low hum of whispered voices arose from the serried ranks like the growl of a beast of prey. Stonewall Jackson dashed swiftly along the front of his line, while the huzzas of twenty thousand soldiers arose like a fierce battle-cry. He turned the left wing of his line, and, guiding his fleet charger to the rear, took position near its centre, surrounded by his staff. A moment more and the whole line is to receive the order which will precipitate the whole mass of armed warriors upon the masses of the federal line, there to grapple in the death struggle.

At this juncture a new feature was

added to the fierce aspect of war. From a group of copse-wood lying directly between the belligerent forces, appeared the tall, straight figure of Brother H—, leading little Eda Arthur by the hand. She was draped in snowy white. Brother H— was clothed in white gloves and apron. In his left hand he carried his hat, while with his right hand he held the little hand of Eda. His white hair and flowing beard glistened like silver in the noonday sun. Like the angel of peace he slowly approached the confederate ranks. How grand was the effect upon the rude soldiery of both armies! How stood the genius of peace and war in juxtaposition—venerable age and innocent childhood had joined hands and had interposed between weapons of death! How beautiful the effect. The ingenious fancy could fill up the procession with invisible angels as these two advanced amid the surroundings of war and the appointments of death! The heads of the rough soldiers were uncovered and bowed in deep homage as Brother H— and Eda approached the centre of the line. The dense column silently opened. Bro. H— and Eda passed through, and it as silently closed again. After they had gained the rear, they directed their steps to where General Jackson sat upon his panting steed in the midst of his staff. He dismounted and advanced a few paces to meet Brother H— and Eda. The rough soldier extended his hand in friendly greeting to Brother H—.

"Brother, what brings one like you here at such a fearful moment as this?" inquired the war-worn general.

"Humanity," replied Brother H—.

"What can I do for you?" asked General Jackson.

"Now, Eda, do your errand," said Brother H—, turning to the child at his side.

"Is my father still living?" inquired Eda. His name is Captain George Arthur."

"Yes, my child, he is still living," replied the soldier, in a voice as gentle as a child. "He is likely to live, although severely wounded. By my order my own surgeon has given him especial care and attention. A brother of the mystic tie never appealed to me in vain."

"I came," rejoined Eda, "to take my father home to mother. You will let me, won't you?"

"Yes, my sweet child, you shall take your father home, and may God protect you both!" He called an orderly, and, hastily writing on a small piece of paper which he handed to him, said:

"Here, detail the men, procure an ambulance, take George Arthur, a prisoner in the hospital, and Captain of Company A, Seventh Regiment — Infantry Volunteers, deliver him and this old man and child under a flag of truce within the federal lines. That is your passport."

As Brother H— and Eda moved to follow the serjeant, General Jackson advanced to Eda and said:

"Little angel, let an old soldier kiss your hand." Eda extended her hand. The rough old man knelt upon his right knee, and raising her hand in reverence toward his lips, Eda suddenly withdrew it, and, clasping her arms around the neck of the brawny and sun-tanned old man, kissed his rough cheek, burst into tears, and wept upon his shoulder. Stonewall Jackson wept. He remained kneeling with his head bowed several minutes after Eda had separated from him, while every one of his staff turned away in respect to his emotion. Within an hour after this touching incident the din of arms, the smoke of war, the confusion of battle, mingled with the gush of blood and the shriek of death, swept over this sacred spot, where peace and war, childhood and age had met in holy embrace. Whatever may have been the faults or political errors of that war-worn soldier, this incident of gentle tenderness drapes his memory in a white-robed sanctity. Angels bowed their heads in reverence above him while he thus knelt upon that battle-field, encircling innocent childhood with his war-clad arms.

It was a joyous day when Charity Lodge marched in procession to the depot of S—, to receive and welcome Brother H—, Eda, and Captain Arthur home.

"You will not blame father for being a Freemason any more, will you, mother?" whispered Eda to Mrs. Arthur, as she embraced her child after an absence of twelve days.

Our Archaeological Corner.

ANCIENT COINS AND THEIR USES.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

From the "Masonic Journal."



AUGUSTUS CAESAR.

THERE is his portrait. That is exactly the way he looked. If anything in the antique world is genuine it is these coin-portraits. For in those distant days when a new emperor was inaugurated, the first thing was to put his face upon the money of the empire, and stamp it by millions and millions and send it out broad-cast through the land. Not only so, but every year as the emperor got older his portrait upon the coins was changed to correspond with his looks. Not as the English do, who stamp the likeness of their queen upon the money of 1877 as she looked in 1837—a thing that would make a Roman mint-master laugh.

Observe the simplicity with which his portrait is arranged. There is no crown or coronet upon him; he is not even bearded; his hair is bushy and natural; but let me tell you, good reader, that head you see there was *level*. Augustus Caesar took charge of Rome when it had been exhausted by fifty years of civil wars; exhausted in finances; devastated by an unruly soldiery, and its great men exiled and butchered,—he took it with a strong hand and made it strong. He found it *brick* and made it *marble*. He gathered round him some of the greatest poets and historians the world ever saw. I need only name a Virgil, a Horace, an Ovid,—so that to this day his reign is styled "The Augustan Age" for its literary celebrity.

The inscription is, S.P.Q.R. CAESARI AVGVSTO. That is Senatus Populusque Romanus Cæsar Augusto—"The Senate and Roman People to Cæsar Augustus." This intimates that the coin was struck by command of the senate, and is therefore of copper (bronze). Gold and silver money was always struck under the direct authority of the emperors, but the copper (bronze) money by the senate.

This was the man who was emperor at the birth of Jesus. Crowned B.C. 31, he continued to reign until his death, A.D. 14—a period of 45 years. It was his decree "that all the world should be taxed," which brought Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, so that the future Redeemer was born, according to the prophecy, "at Bethlehem of Judah."

On the other side of the coin appears a soldier with helmet and armour bedight, bearing in his left hand a staff. The attitude of the hero is superb. With his right hand he sustains a cavalry standard, styled in Latin a *vexillum*.

The legend or motto will appear to the reader a little complicated. But let us lay it straight on paper :

VOT P SVSC PRO SAL ET RED
IOM SACR.

Now to fill out the abbreviations :

VOTA PUBLICU SUSCEPTA PRO SALUTE ET
REDITU JOVI OPTIMO MAXIMO SACRUM.

Turn that into newspaper American, and it means, "The public vows made for his safety and return, to Jupiter the Greatest and Best."

We learn from Pliny that it was the custom of the people to address prayers to the deities for the safety of their rulers and, when they were absent, for their return. The safety of the emperor, it was thought, involved the safety of the nation.

That Augustus made himself popular by his wonderful power of government cannot be doubted. The prosperity of the vast empire, its rest from civil commotions, the enormous increase of population, the spread of knowledge, may all be attributed to the work of the man of Actium, and when next the reader hears "Julius Cæsar" played at the theatre, and observes with what contempt Cassius styles him "Young Octavius," and underrates him in

comparison with Mark Anthony, he will see how little judgment of character was displayed by Cassius. "Young Octavius," who afterwards took the name of his uncle "Cæsar" and was styled "Augustus" by an obsequious senate, became in fact the founder of the Imperial System under which Rome subsisted for four hundred years.

Look once more upon the lineaments of Augustus Cæsar, and wonder at the skill with which an engraver 1,900 years since transferred them to enduring metal, as you see in my specimen.

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 Whitty Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

It is said that a hundred and fifty tons of horse-shoe nails are made weekly in the United Kingdom; or seven thousand eight hundred tons a year. The exports are about two thousand five hundred tons a year.

Some of our local luminaries have made the wonderful discovery that "whenever a distinguished visitor from Russia comes to this country the weather is quite in keeping with that which prevails upon the banks of the Neva." Do those enlightened editors really believe that "a distinguished visitor from Russia" has any effect upon the weather here when he "comes to this country?" If so, they should try to induce our government to procure a visit from some distinguished Russians in the sultriest days of any unusually hot summer, and beg of them all to remain "upon the banks of the Neva" when the weather is cold enough without them. But if said enlightened editors really do not believe that the Russian visitors bring the cold weather from the banks of the Neva with them, it is too bad of them to try to persuade their

readers so, seeing that those readers buy the papers to read truth and not superstition and falsehood—to be enlightened, not misled.

It is said that fifteen millions of steel pens are manufactured weekly in Birmingham, for which fifteen tons of steel are required every week. From the ironstone in the mine, to the pen in the hand of the writer, what glorious triumphs of mind over matter!

At a late meeting of the Linnean Society, a communication was read "On Deep Sea Anemones (*Actinaria*) dredged from on Board the *Challenger*; with a Description of certain Pelagic Surface-swimming species," by Mr. H. N. Moseley. "The occurrence," says the *Athenæum*, "at great depths of representatives of ordinary shallow water forms of actinia is of profound interest. A species of *Edwardsia*, from 600 fathoms, has undergone but trifling modification from the littoral form. The *Cerianthus*, from 2,750 fathoms is dwarfed, but uncommonly like its shore brethren. Thus, it appears, one kind is found in shallow water at the Philippines, under the full glare of the tropical sun, while another species of the same genus exists at three miles' depth, where solar rays never penetrate, and the water keeps at freezing point. The fact of the deep-sea anemones retaining vivid colouring in their dark watery abode is a point of special value as connected with certain other generalizations. The new genus *Corallinomorphus* likewise possesses interest."

What a rich satire on England in the Nineteenth Century the future historian may compile from the advertisements inserted in our leading periodicals! A photographer advertises, that "having succeeded in gaining the information from Madame Rachael of how to make all beautiful for ever, and he being determined to use it even under the most unfavourable circumstances, no person may be afraid of not securing good Photos under his manipulations," at five shillings a dozen! Dog cheap, if only the article could be relied on. Hundreds of knavish shopkeepers are unblushingly announcing their own as the very cheapest house in the kingdom. Patent medicine-mongers inform a credulous public that, for a mere pecuniary acknowledgment, they will cure all possible com-

plaints under the sun. But these are all modesty itself compared to the blatant blowing of their own trumpets now practised by some of the anonymous "gentlemen (?) of the press," in asking for fresh engagements for their prostituted pens. For myself, I wish that it was compulsory on every writer, like the printer, to append his name to all his published pieces, or otherwise to adopt some registered signature, and to stick to it, by which public opinion might help to hold him in check. Honest authorship would have all to gain, and nothing to lose, by such a course. Verily, ours is an age of shams!

I am glad to see that Mr. William Molyneux, F.G.S., in his interesting little book on "Burton-on-Trent, its History, its Waters, and its Breweries," does not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that the few principal military ways, of which the routes are given by Antonius, etc., were the whole of the Roman Roads in Britain. Every careful antiquary will be able to give proof of some, perhaps secondary, roads of undoubtedly Roman origin at least—but more probably old British ways, adopted and repaired by the Romans—not to be found in the Itineraries. "I cannot but think," writes Mr. Molyneux, "that considering the enormous aggregate population of Britain during the principal part of the time it was under the Roman rule, there must have been in its more prosperous condition, a vast number of towns, villages, and other places of ordinary occupation to contain it, of which there is no existing historical, or even traditional, record to denote the site. In the present day every village in Britain has its highway, and there can be no question, that in this respect at least, we are not so much in advance of the Romans to be justified in assigning to them a different condition in respect to the means of communication between the various places in their occupation, whatever may have been the character of such places, or their position in the country. Probably the prevalent opinion which restricts the Roman Roads to the great trunk or military ways of the more important cities and stations, established by them for military purposes, is due to Antonius and others having ignored all save these great permanent ways and the

stations connected with them, in their 'Iters,' which were written by them at different times, and assumed to be semi-official descriptions or tables of the Roman military power in Britain; but between the lines of these great roads lay extensive tracts of country, which, from the frequent finding therein of Roman remains, were doubtless thickly peopled, although probably by a mixed population, occupied more in agricultural than in mechanical pursuits, and dwelling in villages nestling round Roman villas or camps, and readily accessible by regularly constructed roads, stretching outwards from the great thoroughfares which intersected Romanized Britain from one end to the other." This rational view of the subject, I readily endorse. The fact is, the Roman occupation of Britain, and its effect on the subsequent civilization of the island, are even yet very imperfectly understood: nay, by the mass of the people, not understood at all.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

BRO. J. H. JEWELL, P.M. NO. 1223.

In faith, the Architect designs
 The temple that he fain would raise,
 Help'd by the Mason's mystic rites.
 Though Cowans stand aloof and gaze,
 Admiring brethren all approve,
 As one by one the columns rise,
 'Till the grand structure stands complete
 High towering upward to the skies.
 In Hope, the craftsman takes in hand
 The work requiring ornate skill;
 He decks the Temple with high art,
 Adorning all with right good will,
 And ever as the work proceeds,
 Dictated by the Master mind,
 The Bible, Compasses, and Square,
 In love and truth are all combined.
 In Charity the Brethren join,
 And lend a willing helping hand
 To every upright perfect work,
 The worthy Master doth command.
 Thus by united strength and skill,
 In true proportions raised on high,
 We see the temple wherein dwells
 Bright faith, fond Hope, and Charity.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES
 OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS
 FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REFERENCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF
 NOAH FROM THE ARK.

(Continued from page 599.)

It was the chief intention of Almighty wisdom and justice to purge the world of its moral corruptions by the destruction of the main agent which produced them. And hence arose the doctrine so much insisted on in the heathen mysteries, of purification by water. It was received as orthodox by every people under heaven, and "sacra non tractanda illotis manibus" was a maxim that could not be violated with impunity. The multitude of usages which sprung out of this doctrine are almost as ancient as the Deluge itself. Various legal purifications by water were enjoined on the Jews by divine authority, and repeated ablutions amongst the heathen were equally necessary before initiation could be conferred. Thus Menippus, in Lucian, when he was initiated into the mysteries of Zoroaster, says, "Ad Tigridem me fluvium duceus, purgavit simul atque abstersit faceque Lustravit και σκιλλη," meaning that he was purged with water and the juice of a sea onion; and a festival was holden in Sicily called Σκιλλον Εορτη.

The Egyptians, says Herodotus, were in like manner enjoined after their initiation to purify themselves with water twice every day and night for a prescribed period of time, in reference to the Deluge, and hence this element was esteemed to contain some portion of divinity, and was regarded with the most extravagant adoration, and not only the Nile and the Ganges but in other countries—Britain, for instance—all running streams, particularly those which took a direction from west to east, were accounted sacred. And they taught in the Spurious Freemasonry that these ablutions were enjoined to commemorate the awful destruction of the

earth and all that it contained, as a punishment for the sins of its inhabitants.

To render the divine purpose complete, it was requisite that all means of escape should be cut off, which would be effected when the waters rose a few feet above the summit of the most lofty mountains, and beyond this it was unnecessary that the machinery should extend. The waters therefore gradually advanced till they attained the elevation of more than 20 feet above the highest hills. By whatever cause this accumulation was occasioned, the consequence would be the breaking up of the fountains of the deep. The water contained in the atmosphere being left without support, would descend in impetuous rains; while the waters of the ocean, those from which fountains originate, and those contained in the solid earth itself, would rise from the very centre and meet the waters which descended from above. Thus the breaking up of the fountains of the deep and opening the windows of heaven would accompany each other, as Moses tells us they actually did, for, according to him, they both happened on the same day. In this manner the Flood would come on quietly and gradually, without the violence to the globe which some theorists are obliged to suppose.*

Mr. Tytler says, "we are persuaded that any person who will try the experiment how much water a given quantity of earth contains, and from that experiment will make calculations with regard to the whole quantity contained in the bowels of the earth, must be abundantly satisfied that, though all the water of the Deluge had been thence derived, the diminution of the general store would, comparatively speaking, have been next to nothing. But it was not from the bowels of the earth only that the waters were discharged, but also from the air; for we are assured by Moses that it rained forty days and forty nights.

By this arrangement not only were men and animals totally destroyed, but sufficient depth was allowed for the Ark to float in safety, free from all obstructions, even supposing it to have drawn half its height, or fifteen cubits of water. Nor can we reasonably believe that it exceeded this point, for, after the waters had gradually progressed until the proposed result

was obtained, they remained stationery until the destruction was complete, and then decreased with equal steadiness and precision.

Count Bjornstjerna has advanced the startling hypothesis that all mankind were not destroyed at this period. He says: "It does not appear to agree either with the statements of Scripture, or history, or geology, that the human race, with the exception of the Noachidæ, has been extirpated by that cataclysm, since the Scripture makes mention of the cities of Babel and Ninevah already existing in the third generation of Noah; the building and peopling of which, though never so small, could not possibly have been accomplished in the short space of three generations, if there were no other men upon the earth than the posterity of the eight persons who were saved. The olive leaf brought by the dove also proves that the flood did not reach the heights on which the olive tree grows, because the latter, in this case, in the long space of 150 days, during which the Deluge prevailed, must necessarily have been destroyed. Thus men might also have saved themselves upon heights which were not reached by the flood."

This is but the revival of an old opinion, that all the hills were not covered. Cardinal Cajetan entertained an idea that one of the mountains of Paradise was not overflowed. Bellarmine was persuaded that those mountains only were overflowed where the wicked dwelt; and Nicholas Damascenus affirms, as we are informed by Josephus, that the hill *Baris* in Armenia, saved many who fled thither for succour. But these conjectures are at variance with Holy Scripture, and therefore cannot be entertained.

It will be unnecessary to cite *Plautus*, or *Horace*, or *Macrobius*, or *Virgil*, *Martial*, *Stattius*, *Pliny*, or any other ancient author, heathen, or Christian, to prove the origin of the Roman custom of ablutions; a single quotation from the great Latin epic poet *Virgil*, will be sufficient to my purpose:

—————*corpusque recenti*

Spargit aquâ;

because it refers to the bathings actually used when *Eneas* was initiated into the

* *Encyc. Perth v. Deluge.*

* *Theog. of the Hindoos, p. 153.*

Spurious Freemasonry. In the caverns of initiation, water was indispensable, and was used in the utmost profusion. Indeed, the Mithratic cavern was denominated *κατ' ἐξοχην*, the cave of the Naiads, or water nymphs; and it was intersected in every direction with copious streams of the purifying element, to shadow out the lustration of the earth by a general deluge.

A striking emblem of the ark of Noah was a Cup; and it referred by implication, to the deluge. With this in view, the Baotians made libations to Cabiri during their mysterious orgies; whence the Cup of the Sphere is placed on the back of a serpent, because this important ceremony succeeded the regeneration. Amongst the Greeks, the Cup was dedicated to Bacchus (who was the same as Noah), the patron of the Dionysian mysteries. The symbol was so highly esteemed as to have a separate degree attached to it, called "The Rite of the Scyphus." In Egypt the Cup was an emblem of purification, and its sacred character probably originated in the Cup of Joseph, to which a spirit of prophesy appears to have been attached. Lucian ridicules the Egyptians for making *ποτηριον*, a cup, or the ark, into a god.

It is by no means clear that the trees of the forest were overwhelmed and destroyed; indeed the most probable supposition is that they were not. For if vegetable life had sustained a total annihilation during this extraordinary convulsion of nature, how do we account for the branch of olive which the dove brought to the ark on its second excursion? It was not gathered from a decayed tree which floated on the waters, because this would have been no criterion that they had subsided; and might have been acquired at the bird's first mission as well as at the second. Nor could it have been plucked from a tree lying prostrate on the ground, because, in the first place the waters prevailed for a whole year, during which time all vegetable life would have been extinct, if plucked up by the roots and cast forth on the face of the liquid element; and consequently, a green olive leaf could not have been found; and again, admitting that the earth had been reduced to the soft pulp already mentioned, the specific gravity of the timber would have sunk it far beneath the surface. The branch was

evidently fresh from the living tree; and therefore Noah had presumptive evidence that the waters were rapidly subsiding, because the tops of the trees shot above the surface, and seven days previous the dove "found no rest for the sole of her foot." He therefore waited other seven days; and the same experiment proved that the waters had entirely receded, leaving the surface of the earth dry.

The dove was an universal symbol in every institution, whether of true or spurious Freemasonry which existed in the world, and signified *a divine token*, on which account it was figured to be the bearer of ambrosia to the celestial deities;* and it was adopted by Semiramis as the insignia of Assyria and Babylon. In the true system this emblem holds a conspicuous place.

Peace adds to olive boughs entwined
An emblematic dove;
As stamped upon the Mason's mind,
Are unity and love.

In a degree called "the Ark and the Dove," this event is explained as follows: "Masonic tradition informs us that the circumstances which originated this degree, occurred at a period immediately antecedent to Noah's leaving the ark. To ascertain whether the waters had subsided, and the earth was in a proper state to receive him, Noah sent forth a dove, under the idea that it might be a means of ascertaining whether the soil had resumed the exercise of its prolific powers. The dove left the ark and did not immediately return; but one day as Noah was standing near the window of the ark, from which nothing but the heavens was visible, he saw some object in motion at as great a distance as his eye could reach; and as it drew nearer to the ark he discovered it to be the dove bearing in her mouth the branch of an olive tree. In joy and gladness he exclaimed, *Lo she cometh!* and stretched out his hand to receive her into the ark.

The Mosaic record contains no hint of the destruction of vegetable life. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the solid state of the ground in which trees and plants were rooted, had not been materially im-

* Hom. Od. xii. 63.

paired in that part of the globe ; and if one region escaped, it is not improbable that others might also remain unchanged during this awful visitation, even should it be true, which it is far from my intention to assert, that the foundations of the earth were shaken by the resistless operation of eternal fires, its axis changed, and its highest mountains forced up from the depths of the sea.

"Such a dissolution," says Berrington,* "is actually, in fact, inconsistent with the present state of the earth, which shows us that such a dissolution was not made. It is granted that there were vast alterations caused in the earth by that inundation ; the very breaks in the rocks, and parts of the mountains overturned by its force, demonstrate that there were great convulsions in many parts of the earth, yet the present situation of those fragments and breaks convinces us that they were not all dissolved, but only altered in their local position."

De la Prynne's theory is that, "the antediluvian world had an external sea as well as land, with mountains, rivers, etc., and the deluge was effected by breaking the subterranean caverns and pillars thereof by dreadful earthquakes, and causing the same to be, for the most part, if not wholly, absorbed, swallowed up, and covered by the seas we now have. This earth of ours arose out of the bottom of the antediluvian sea ; and in its room, just as many islands are swallowed down, and others thrust up in their stead."

Count Bjoinstjerna doubts the correctness of this theory. "I admit with Cuvier," says he, "that the surface of the earth has been the subject of a great and sudden revolution, the date of which cannot go much farther back than five or six thousand years ; but I question the very possibility that this revolution has sunk or caused to disappear all those lands which were then inhabited by man, made dry the former bottom of the sea, and formed of this, the land which is now inhabited. On the contrary I think that the last great deluge overflowed the present parts of the world, and not a continent was sunk to the bottom of the sea."†

When Noah emerged from the Ark, or

exchanged darkness for light, as was imitated in both the true and the spurious Freemasonry, as it rested upon the summit of Ararat, a constellation of symbols, preserved in the mysteries, were displayed to sanctify the oath of the Almighty,* that the earth never more be destroyed by a flood. The dove and olive branch, the rainbow, and the cubical altar, were signs which the Noachidæ and their posterity always held sacred, and preserved them with great care in their secret institutions. The respect paid to these emblems by the first postdiluvian race of men, was so devoted that when a new institution was substituted by the Cabiri, at the construction of the tower of Babel, and perhaps at a still earlier period, they were not lost sight of, but transmitted with such fidelity that they existed in the Spurious Freemasonry of every nation under heaven ; and still flourish as invaluable appendages to the true system, with a lustre that time will not be able to abate.

In the Spurious Freemasonry the ark of Noah was symbolized by a bull, depicted with horns like a crescent, and on his back a dove. It is remarkable that in our own country, the candidate who had been admitted to the highest degree, was denominated the Bull, as a title of distinction ; because he was now esteemed, like that animal, to be consecrated to the sun. And the Druids hallowed every thirtieth year, when Saturn entered into the sign of Taurus. In Egypt, during the month Athyr, when the Sun was in Scorpio, the priests, amidst the celebrations, decorated a golden image of a Bull, and covered it with a robe of sable linen, in commemoration of the mourning of Isis for the loss of Osiris ; or in other words, of Noah enclosed in the Ark ;† and it must be borne in mind that as the symbol of Osiris was a Bull, so that of Isis was a Cow or heifer. In a word every ancient nation esteemed the bull or cow sacred in reference to the escape of Noah in the Ark.

Faber says that the moon and the ark were worshipped in conjunction during the initiations ; a kind of idolatry which he thinks arose out of the circumstances

* The oath of Jupiter, by Styx, and those of heathen nations by their sacred rivers, may all be traced to this awful prototype, the oath of God when the Ark rested on Ararat.

† Plut. Isid. et Osir. p. 366.

* Creaton p. 401.

† Theog. of the Hindoos p. 146.

before us: "When the two great superstitions were united, and when Noah began to be adored along with the sun, the Chaldean astronomers having observed the resemblance of a crescent to a boat, thought that the waning moon was no unapt symbol of the Ark. Hence they were revered conjointly; and hence we find that the very same goddess was sometimes a personification of the one, and sometimes of the other. This I apprehend to be the only key that can unlock the hidden meaning of the mysterious polytheism of the ancients. The mysteries are in fact nothing more than a mythological account of these events; and they will be found throughout to refer at once to the catastrophe of the deluge, and the impious rites of that Sabianism which was united by Nimrod with the irkrite superstition."*

(To be Continued.)

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.
And some, far out on the deep mid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming
glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall
side,
That holds through the tumult her path of
pride.
And some—oh, well may *their* hearts
rejoice!—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice:
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis
gone.
And some, in the camp, to the bugle's
breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing
heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be
won.
And some in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,

* Eab. Cab. vol. i. p. 16.

As it heavily calls them forth to die
When the bright sun mounts in the
laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the din from the city borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this checker'd earth:
Each unto light hath a daily birth;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or
sweet,
Are the voices which first our up-springing
meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the
call,
Which from the dust shall awaken us all:
One!—but to sever'd and distant dooms,
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs?

A LONDON ADVENTURE:

OR, THE TRUE STORY OF THE INGENUOUS
ENGLISHMAN, THE FRIENDLY GERMAN, AND
THE CONFIDING AMERICAN.

From "Scribner's American Monthly."

As an honest traveller is bound to relate all that befalls him, illustrative of the manners and morals of the people among whom he sojourns, even though he himself does not appear to the best advantage in the narrative, my conscience will not permit me to withhold from my reader the following bit of adventure, though the simplicity of John Bull, about which I have had something to say, may not be made so apparent by it as the credulity of Jonathan.

It was an attempt on the part of two sharpers to play upon me an old London confidence game, which gave me my only chance to see John Bull as a rogue. In this character he proved no bungler, but a most consummate actor. Indeed, the circumstance revealed to me more clearly than almost anything else, how much we have got to learn of this people, and how "mellow" and considerate John can be even in the character of a London highwayman.

For some reason or other, the confidence-men have always taken a shine to me. About the first time I went to New York,

Peter Funk sold me a watch, though I saw what he had done in a few moments afterward, and went into the next place where watches were being slaughtered, and advised the innocent bidders standing about (!) not to purchase, as things were not what they seemed, and privately showed some of them my own timekeeper! And in very recent years, during a half-hour's walk on Broadway, I have had at least three long-forgotten acquaintances rush up to me with extended hand and hearty exclamations of surprise and delight. But on these occasions I have always been able to command Bret Hart's famous smile, which I have found as effective as a policeman's badge.

The London confidence-man found me one night at a public place of amusement, and, of course, knew me at a glance. He was a German (my visor always goes up when I see a German), and was a curious spectator of things in and about London, like myself, and expected soon to visit America. I hardly know how we got acquainted. I think some incident in the crowd, as we stood near each other in the area, caused us to exchange glances and then remarks. He evidently "took to me at once. Travellers are quick to know travellers, and always find themselves in sympathy; they are in one boat, while the stay-at-home world is in another. We were soon exchanging notes about London and other matters, and after the performance was over, walked out of the theatre together. We were a good deal jostled by the crowd, but an empty pocket is never afraid of being picked, and the frail creature who did her share of the jostling, and who declared we looked enough alike to be brothers, played her part well but to little purpose. We did not separate till we had exchanged cards, and my delightful German had made some inquiries about my hotel, he was not suited where he was, and was on the lookout for a chance to improve his quarters, and as he had an especial liking for Americans—"they were so much more like Germans than the English were,"—and had many questions to ask about that country, he should be delighted to stop beneath the same roof with me, if the locality suited him, etc. etc.

Accordingly, next day, at 12 m, he

called around. We had lunch together, and much interesting conversation. He proved extremely well-informed about England and the English, and was extremely entertaining. He had much to say about a London friend of his, a banker, who had lived in America, and whom I ought to know. After an hour spent in this way, he proposed a walk, and said, if I wished it, he would present me to his friend.

To this, after some hesitation, I assented, and we set out for King's Cross, a part of town I had not yet visited. After walking about half an hour, during which time my companion beguiled the way with a very lively account of a steeple-chase he had recently taken part in through his friend the banker, at his suggestion we stopped at one of the numerous ale-houses for some refreshment. It was not a very inviting looking place, and I felt disposed to take our ale standing at the bar, American fashion, and pass on; but my German was not going to be so coolly matter-of-fact as that, and led the way to the coffee room, which, however, we found locked; but one of the bar-maids handed him the key, and we went in. It was a dingy, unused-looking room, with leather-cushioned benches around the sides, and tables in front of them. It struck me that there was some incongruity in our being in such a place. It seemed better adapted to some secret nocturnal revel. The two windows were high, shutting out all view of the street, and admitting but a scanty light. I sat down on a chair near the door, feeling a little constrained; but my companion passed over to the further corner of the room, and set down with such a hearty, masterly air that I followed him, and had soon aimed a blow at my lamentable reserve in a bumper of ale. While I was engaged in looking over some admirable Berlin photographs which my friend handed me, he made an excuse to go out. Not long thereafter there entered the room a man who drew my attention by his bewildered, excited manner. He took off his hat, mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and rushing around the room, gave each of the three bell-hangers a violent jerk.

"The worst part of town I've been in yet," said he, seating himself on my side

of the room. "Can't even get a little Scotch whiskey 'ere. I went into a place just below 'ere, and, because I very naturally mistook the landlord for the waiter, I was insulted. 'Ow should I know?" said the injured unsophisticated Englishman. "I saw a man standing there with an hapron on, and says I, 'Waiter, bring me some Scotch whiskey and 'ot water, and he swelled up and said, 'I'm not the waiter; I'll 'ave you to know I'm not the waiter; I'm the landlord!'"

"All the same," said I. "I thought you was, and I want some whiskey."

"But you can 'ave no whiskey 'ere; I'll not be called a waiter in my own 'ouse.' So I told him to go to the devil and left the room;" and the ingenuous creature appealed to me if it was not a shame and an outrage, and I replied that it most assuredly was.

"I wonder if they know 'ow to treat strangers any better 'ere," he said, looking about the room.

Just then a waiter appeared, and the beloved "'ot Scotch" was soon before him.

He was a fine specimen of a young Englishman, with a round, fresh face, bright eyes, full rosy lips, a beard that had wanted the razor for three or four days, and withal an expression singularly boyish and ingenuous. He was well dressed in gray cheviot clothes, and wore the inevitable stove-pipe hat.

"It's the first time I've been up to London, and I 'ope it's the last," he continued. "I've seen enough of it."

Just here the German re-appeared, and was presently as interested as I was in the new arrival upon the scene, whom the Scotch whiskey was making more and more garrulous and confidential.

With the utmost naïveté he went on to complain how queerly he had been treated in London.

"I did not get through my business till day before yesterday, when I thought before I left town, and as my case in court had come out so well that I would go out and 'ave a little jollification. Mr. So-and-so, our lawyer, made me give him most of my money before I went out; but I kept back a few bank notes that he didn't know I 'ad. As I was walking on the Strand a lady came rushing up to me and said:

"'Ow hare you, Mr. Jones?"

"Pretty near it," said I. "My name is not Jones, but it's Johnson. All the same; no harm done, Miss," and was going on, when she said:

"Is that the way you leave a lady?"

"Leave a lady?" said I, a deal surprised at her manner.

"Yes," said she, 'leave a lady; that is not the way Mr. Jones would do.'

"Pray, how would Mr. Jones do?" said I.

"Why, he would have taken me in and treated me to a bottle of wine."

"Oh; if that's all, you shall 'ave two bottles," said I. "Come on."

"So we went into a place there, and blow me if she didn't drink nearly two bottles of wine. I was amazed; I never saw a lady drink so, and they charged me outrageously for the wine,—a guinea for the two bottles. Why, our wine at 'ome don't cost us half that.

"Then she asked me to take her to some rooms. I forget the name; it began with ha,—Hargyle Rooms; that's it, and as I didn't mind having a little fun and not to refuse a lady, said I, 'Come on,' and away we went.

"Gentlemen," said the innocent creature, "you are strangers to me, but I trust you'll never mention what I am now telling you; I wouldn't have my sister Mary know it for a hundred pound."

We assured him he need have no fear of us, and urged him to proceed.

"While at the Hargyle," resumed he, "the girl (for I am convinced she was not a lady) wanted me to dance with her, but I could not dance, so she danced with two or three other gentlemen, and then came to me and asked me to get her a pair of gloves. I thought this a little hodd, but offered 'er 'alf a crown, and told 'er to get them 'erself. This she refused; said she never paid less than a crown for her gloves; would'nt be seen with a pair that cost only 'alf a crown; and, as I did not like to appear mean, I said, 'Come out with me, you shall 'ave the gloves.' I gave her a sovereign, and she told me to wait outside while she went in the shop and got the gloves. I paced up and down in front of the place for 'alf an hour, and then went in to see what 'ad become of her, and get my change. The shop-girl

laughed, and said she'd been gone 'alf an hour; so I see I 'ad been sold, and went straight back to my 'otel.

"Luckyly," he continued, "I got a note changed when I paid for the wine, or I should 'ave given her a five-poun' note, and so lost it all."

The tone and manner in which this narrative was delivered were irresistibly mirth-provoking, and we laughed immoderately at the poor fellow's greenness.

"Here," said I to myself, "is a specimen of my unsophisticated Englishman of the very first water. He is as fresh as a new-blown rose and never ought to let go the apron-string of his sister Mary."

My German said something about the danger of going about London with much money in one's pocket.

"I'm not afraid," said the verdant "and I always carry my money right here too," taking out from the breast pocket of his coat a loose package of Bank of England notes. "'Ow am I going to lose that with my coat buttoned so?"

But my friend assured him he might easily lose it; that he had better have left it with his lawyer or his banker; that he himself never carried but a few pounds about him, and no prudent traveller ever did—and, on appealing to me, I added my testimony to the same effect, declaring that I seldom left my hotel with as much as a five pound-note in my pocket.

"But I 'ave enough more," said the complacent idiot, "if I lose this. You see, me and my sister Mary have just come into a little property,—about £17,000,—that is what brought me up to London; it's an unpleasant subject, a family quarrel, but right is right, and what the law gives one, that he may call his own, mayn't he? Well, the law has just given me and me sister Mary, me father's estate, which me elder brother George had held since me father's and mother's death. This is 'ow it 'appened. The old family nurse, when she came to die, let it out that me brother George was born out of wedlock,—that is before me father and mother were married, and so was not the legal heir of the property. The old doctor was referred to, his dates were looked up and compared with the parish records, and the nurse's story was confirmed. So we went to law about it, and the case has

just been decided in our favour in the Court of Queen's Bench. It makes bad blood, but I shall not treat me brother George as he has treated me and sister Mary. After he has had time to cool off and think it over, I shall go to 'im and say, 'Ere George, you are me brother, I cannot forget that,—'ere take this sum and set yourself up in business.'"

We both applauded this good resolution and urged him by all means to carry it into effect.

"But George did not do just right with the property," he went on; "you see, part of it came from uncle William, and uncle William in his will provided that £500 of it should be disbursed among the poor, not the Hinglish poor only, but the poor of different nations. This brother George did not do. But this I shall do without delay, and to get this £500 well off my 'ands, according to my huncle's will is now my chief concern. Hof course, I cannot go around looking up the poor,—the needy cases,—and must mostly depend upon others to do it for me. I shall spend £100 of it among the poor of my own town and neighbourhood, and shall 'ope to meet trustworthy gentlemen now and then, whom I can rely upon to distribute a portion of it among the poor of their countries. I gave £50 of it yesterday to a gentleman of my 'otel, from Glasgow, to spend among his poor."

"A stranger to you?" said I, with reproof and astoundment in my look.

"Oh, yes; but then he showed me that he had money of his own and did not need mine; that was all I required him to do."

The German and I exchanged glances as we finished our second ale, when the former said, speaking my own thought:

"Well, you'll have little trouble in finding people to take your money on such terms. I, myself, would very gladly be charitable at some one else's expense, and the late war has made many poor people in my country."

"Very well," said the confiding stranger, "show me that you have £100 of your own, and I will give you another hundred to disburse among your poor and take your receipt for it, requiring you only to insert an advertisement in *The Times* giving the names and dates, etc. All I want is

to be able to show that my uncle's will has been complied with, and that I 'aven't spent money that didn't belong to me."

How the bait took! Whose benevolence would not have snapped at it? Is it in human nature on its travels to let such golden opportunities slip? And would it not instantly occur to one that if this fool and his money must part so soon, that it was the duty of an honest man to see to it that the money went into the proper channels?

"And I too," said I, not without a feeling of shame, as if I was about to be in some way a party to the robbery of this simpleton; "I, too, will bear your alms to some of the poor of my country, and see that they are judiciously bestowed."

"What poor have you in your country?" said he.

"Plenty of them," said I,—*"the freedmen, for instance, whom I see much of, and who are much in need of help."*

"All right," said he. "Satisfy me that you have money of your own and do not need mine, and you shall have a hundred pounds."

"I carry no money with me," I replied, "and you will have to come round to my hotel."

"Neither have I a hundred pounds," said my companion, "but I have some, I hardly know how much," and he proceeded to take out and unroll some Bank of England notes.

"Show him what you have," said he to me, significantly; "don't let him think you are penniless."

"Oh, I have only a little change," I said, "not more than two guineas in all," and with embarrassment I produced it in my open palm.

"Put up your money, gentlemen," said the verdant. "I have no doubt you are both responsible men, and can easily satisfy me that you are fit persons to act as my agents in this matter."

"Come to my hotel," said the German, and I can show you five times the amount, or to my banker, whose place is near here."

"Yes," I joined in, "meet us this afternoon or this evening at my hotel, and we will show you that we are all right."

"No, I must leave town to-night; my sister Mary will be expecting me."

"Then," suggested the German, "let's arrange it now. Where do you need to go," he inquired of me, "to get the money?"

"To my hotel and to my bankers, both," I said.

"Where is your banker?"

"On Lombard Street."

"Well, that will suit me, too, as I know a banker there, and can get all the money I need."

The Englishman would pledge us in another glass before we started, though I barely tasted my ale, the two glasses I had already imbibed having had a very strange effect upon me.

"Here is a sovereign," he said, "to pay for the cab; this is to accommodate me, and I insist upon paying."

The German took the gold, called a cab, and we were off, it being agreed that the Englishman should wait there till we returned.

"It is the most astonishing performance I ever heard of," said I. "Can it be possible that such a fool can be at large twenty-four hours in London without being robbed?"

"He runs a great risk," said my companion, "and we had better keep an eye on him till he starts for home, or else telegraph to Mary to come and look after him."

I found my banker, a man who had known me long and intimately in this country, in his private office, and I spread out my adventure before him in the most animated style. I felt it necessary to do this because I wanted to ask the loan of £50 for a few hours, but before I had got to that point, he said he could let me have the money if I did not happen to have it by me; it was by all means my duty to accept the offer the stranger had made, etc., etc. He called his partner, a native Londoner, and related the singular circumstance to him; he opened his eyes very wide but said little. As I was leaving, my banker said:

"You don't suppose this an attempt to rob you, do you!"

"Oh, no," said I, "that is out of the question."

When I regained the cab, my companion was not there; I supposed he had not

returned from his banker's yet; but I presently saw him emerging from behind a near cab, whence it instantly occurred to me that he had been watching my movements. We got in and drove toward my hotel. Presently a feeling came over me precisely like a bucket of cold water, that there was a skilfully played game to rob me. But no; it could not be; the thought was too ugly; I put it from me, —I was not going to give up that hundred pounds so easily. But the feeling would come back in spite of me, and gradually the scales fell from my eyes. With what a rude shock I came down from the seventh heaven of delight, whither the drugged ale and the benevolent impulse had sent me, to the unpalatable reality. I suddenly noticed it was raining and that London looked its dismalest. I glanced at my companion, and quickly understood a peculiar look about the eyes he had had all that day—a sort of strained, furtive, half-excited look, such as one might have when playing a risky and desperate game. I recalled, too, how he had approached from behind that cab, and remembered that I had seen his legs beneath it as I came out of the bank. I recalled, also, with what caution and skill the Englishman had played his part, and the many little touches he had given it, such as only a real artist would think of. Well, said I to myself, this is my simple, pastoral Britisher, is it? But how well he knows his business! What a master workman, and how juicy and human!

My companion talked gayly, but evidently noticed a change in me. When we reached the hotel, he invited himself up to my room, to see my quarters, etc. As I was moving about, under one pretence or another, I caught his eye in the glass intently watching me. Having taken the bank notes from my trunk, that I had come up for, we went down. I lingered in the hall long enough to tell the porter—a stout, soldierly looking fellow—that I wanted his services about an hour, and that I wished him to take a cab and follow us, and when we alighted to alight also and enter, but a few moments later. I was determined to see the play out, but I did not want to be alone in that room again with those two men.

As we rode along my thoughts were

busy. What should be done? Did I want to cause the arrest of these men, and have myself detained as a witness? I thought not—that would spoil the farce; it would not be the least bit of an artistic finish. I was in their toils, but did not want to break out too rudely. I would give them a good hint, which I knew such artists would appreciate more than a kick, so, turning to my companion, I said:

"Do you know, I believe this a plan to rob us?"

"It can't be, can it?" he replied, with an alarmed look.

"Yes," said I, "it is; that fellow has accomplices, and he means to get our money. Do you go armed?" I continued.

"No," said he, "do you?"

"Always; an American carries a pistol as much as he carries a jack-knife, and he isn't afraid to use it either."

"So I have heard," said the German, looking wistfully out of the carriage.

"But *you* wouldn't shoot a man, would you?" he inquired.

"Let him try to rob me," said I, "and you will see whether I will or not."

Just then the cab stopped at our destination. As we got out I saw another cab stop about half a square from us. My companion made an excuse to step across the street, and I passed into the hall. Our simpleton was still there, apparently mellowed than ever over his "'ot Scotch." He asked where my friend was, and as he did not immediately appear, said he would step out and hurry him up. The porter had by this time entered the room, though the bar-maid had tried to stop him, and ordered some ale. He glanced at me significantly as the Englishman went out, and I felt pretty sure the play was over. We sipped our ale and waited, but no one returned. I went out and looked, but could see nothing of either of them.

In about twenty minutes a large man opened the door, looked in as if he expected to find some one (I knew at a glance that it was the "banker" friend of the German, who had come to play his part), and then hastily withdrew. We tarried some time longer, but it became apparent that my two confiding friends had unceremoniously deserted me, or had gone off and divided the poor fund between them.