

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 50.—VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

—o—

WE have but little to report this month, except the wonderful returns at the Boys' School Festival, which reached £13,400, and will probably be still increased. It is a gratifying reflexion for Freemasons to remember and to realize, that over £35,000 have been raised in 1877 for our three great metropolitan charities, and it is a fact which reflects the greatest credit on the zeal and liberality of our good old Order.

May English Freemasonry thus ever show itself before the world—liberal and large-hearted, true to its own great principles, and alive to its distinct mission.

Eschewing the follies of erratic Freemasons, and avoiding the pitfalls of political or theological discussions, may it ever keep before it its great end and object—a noble and disinterested charity.

It is impossible but, as English Freemasons, we must feel some pride in our excellent Fraternity. While some jurisdictions are convulsed with insane controversies, while others are taken up with sterile disputes, we are setting an example to the Masonic world of Unity and discipline, of benevolence and Brotherly love.

“So mote it be” for the future, as in this happy and prosperous present. May no divisions creep in amongst us; may no disputes weaken our sacred phalauX; but marching on, under our Royal Grand Master, with “loyalty and charity” inscribed upon our banners, we may continue to command alike the admiration of our cosmopolitan Brotherhood, and the respect of the world at large!

We have not yet heard the result of the appeal to the French Lodges, but we augur little good from the statement that in conse-

quence of their participation in the politics of the hour, several of the lodges offending have been “closed by authority.”

The Lodge “Orion” de Gaillac, already suspended for disobedience to the Grand Orient, has amused itself, by passing a resolution, purely political, blaming the Government of the day.

It has been forbidden to assemble, and who can blame the central authority which so punishes disobedience to the laws of the land and the constitutions of Freemasonry itself?

Just let our Brethren realize the absurdity of an English Masonic Lodge passing a resolution of confidence in this or that Government, this or that political party, and they will see at once the regrettable position into which French Freemasonry has been cast by a painful perversity and by an ill-advised agitation!

YEARNINGS.

BROTHERS, when o'er my head,
The silent dust is spread,
And this poor heart its quiverings shall
forbear,
Where'er my body stray,
Though far the grave away,
I would, dear brothers, be remembered
here!

Brothers, when tender sighs
Around me shall arise
And speak of what I did, or fain would do,
Such honest, truthful words,
As Mason's tongue affords,
I would, dear brothers, have rehearsed by
you!

OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND
PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN order fully to understand the advantages and the pleasures which are derived from an acquaintance with any Science, it is necessary to become acquainted with that Science; and it would therefore be impossible to convey a complete knowledge of the benefits conferred by a study of the various Sciences which have hitherto been cultivated by philosophers, without teaching all the branches of them. But a very distinct idea may be given of those benefits, by explaining the nature and objects of the different Sciences: it may be shown, by examples, how much use and gratification there is in learning a part of any one branch of knowledge; and it may thence be inferred, how great reason there is to learn the whole.

It may easily be demonstrated that there is an advantage in learning, both for the usefulness and the pleasure of it. There is something positively agreeable to all men, to all at least whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see anything for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made, how it works, and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from; how it lives; what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. You feel this desire, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you have a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions, that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more—in being better informed than you were before. If you happen again to see the same instrument or animal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it formerly, and to

think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you do not gratify your palate or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing, that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from Science is exactly of the like nature, or, rather, it is the very same. For what has just been spoken of is, in fact, Science, which in its most comprehensive sense only means *Knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense means *Knowledge reduced to a System*; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied.

The practical uses of any science or branch of knowledge are undoubtedly of the highest importance; and there is hardly any man who may not gain some positive advantage in his worldly wealth and comforts, by increasing his stock of information. The mere gratification of curiosity; the knowing more to-day than we knew yesterday; the understanding clearly what before seemed obscure and puzzling; the contemplation of general truths, and the comparing together of different things,—is an agreeable occupation of the mind; and, beside the present enjoyment, elevates the faculties above low pursuits, purifies and refines the passions, and helps our reason to assuage their violence.

The Sciences may be divided into three great classes: those which relate to *Number and Quantity*—those which relate to *Matter*—and those which relate to *Mind*. The first are called the *Mathematics*, and teach the properties of numbers and of figures; the second are called *Natural Philosophy*, and teach the properties of the various bodies which we are acquainted with by means of our senses; the third are called *Intellectual* or *Moral Philosophy*, and teach the nature of the mind, of the existence of which we have the most

perfect evidence in our own reflections ; or in other words, they teach the moral nature of man, both as an individual and as a member of society. Connected with all the Sciences, and subservient to them, though not one of their number, is *History*, or the record of facts relating to all kinds of knowledge.

I. MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

The two great branches of the *Mathematics*, or the two mathematical sciences, are *Arithmetic*, the science of number, from the Greek word signifying *number* ; and *Geometry*, the science of figure, from the Greek words signifying *measure of the earth*—land-measuring having first turned men's attention to it.

When we say that 2 and 2 make 4, we state an arithmetical proposition, very simple indeed, but connected with many others of a more difficult and complicated kind. Thus, it is another proposition, somewhat less simple, but still very obvious, that 5 multiplied by 10, and divided by 2 is equal to, or makes the same number with, 100 divided by 4—both results being equal to 25. So, to find how many farthings there are in £1000, and how many minutes in a year, are questions of arithmetic which we learn to work by being taught the principles of the science one after another, or, as they are commonly called, the *rules* of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Arithmetic may be said to be the most simple, though among the most useful of the sciences ; but it teaches only the properties of particular and known numbers, and it only enables us to add, subtract, multiply, and divide those numbers. But suppose we wish to add, subtract, multiply or divide numbers which we have not yet ascertained, and in all respects to deal with them as if they were known, for the purpose of arriving at certain conclusions respecting them, and, among other things, of discovering what they are ; or, suppose we would examine properties belonging to all numbers ; this must be performed by a peculiar kind of arithmetic, called *Universal arithmetic*, or *Algebra**. The common arithmetic, you will presently

* Algebra, from the Arabic words signifying the *reduction of fractions* ; the Arabs having brought the knowledge of it into Europe.

perceive, carries the seeds of this most important science in its bosom. Thus, suppose we inquire what is the number which multiplied by 5 makes 10 ? This is found if we divide 10 by 5—it is 2 ; but suppose that, before finding this number 2, and before knowing what it is, we would add it, whatever it may turn out, to some other number ; this can only be done by putting some mark, such as a letter of the alphabet, to stand for the unknown number, and adding that letter as if it were a known number. Thus, suppose we want to find two numbers which, added together, make 9, and multiplied by one another, make 20. There are many which, added together, make 9 ; as 1 and 8 ; 2 and 7 ; 3 and 6 ; and so on. We have, therefore, occasion to use the second condition, that multiplied by one another they should make 20, and to work upon this condition before we have discovered the particular numbers. We must, therefore suppose the numbers to be found, and put letters for them, and by reasoning upon those letters, according to both the two conditions of adding and multiplying, we find what they must each of them be in figures, in order to fulfil or answer the conditions. Algebra teaches the rules for conducting this reasoning, and obtaining this result successfully ; and by means of it we are enabled to find out numbers which are unknown, and of which we only know that they stand in certain relations to known numbers, or to one another. The instance now taken is any easy one ; and you could, by considering the question a little, answer it readily enough ; that is, by trying different numbers, and seeing which suited the conditions, for you plainly see that 5 and 4 are the two numbers sought ; but you see this by no certain or general rule applicable to all cases, and therefore you could never work more difficult questions in the same way, and even questions of a moderate degree of difficulty would take an endless number of trials or guesses to answer. Thus a shepherd sold his flock for £80 ; and if he had sold four sheep more for the same money, he would have received one pound less for each sheep. To find out from this, how many the flock consisted of, is a very easy question in algebra, but would require a vast many guesses, and a long time to hit

upon by common arithmetic.* And questions infinitely more difficult can easily be solved by the rules of algebra. In like manner, by arithmetic you can tell the properties of particular numbers; as, for instance, that the number 348 is divided by three exactly, so as to leave nothing over; but algebra teaches us that it is only one of an infinite variety of numbers, all divisible by 3, and any one of which you can tell the moment you see it; for they all have the remarkable property, that if you add together the figures they consist of, the sum total is divisible by 3. You can easily perceive this in any one case, as in the number mentioned, for 3 added to 4 and that to 8 make 15, which is plainly divisible by 3; and if you divide 348 by 3, you find the quotient to be 116, with nothing over. But this does not at all prove that any number, the sum of whose figures is divisible by 3, will itself also be found divisible by 3, as 741; for you must actually perform the division here, and in every other case, before you can know that it leaves nothing over. Algebra, on the contrary, both enables you to discover such general properties, and to prove them in all their generality.†

Geometry teaches the properties of figure, or particular portions of space, and distances of points from each other. Thus, when you see a triangle, or three-sided figure, one of whose sides is perpendicular to another side, you find, by means of geometrical reasoning respecting this kind of triangle, that if squares be drawn on its three sides, the large square upon the slanting side opposite the two perpendiculars, is exactly equal to the two smaller squares upon the perpendiculars, taken to-

* It is 16.

† Another class of numbers divisible by 3 is discovered in like manner by algebra. Every number of three places, the figures (or digits) composing which are in arithmetical progression (or rise above each other by equal differences), is divisible by 3—as, 123, 798, 357, 159, and so on. The same is true of numbers of any amount of places, provided they are composed of 3, 6, 9, &c., numbers rising above each other by equal differences, as 289, 299, 309, or 148, 214, 280, or 307142085345648276198756, which number of 24 places is divisible by 3, being composed of 6 numbers in a series whose common difference is 1137. This property, too, is only a particular case of a much more general one.

gether; and this is absolutely true, whatever be the size of the triangle, or the proportions of its sides to each other. Therefore, you can always find the length of any one of the three sides by knowing the lengths of the other two. Suppose one perpendicular side to be 3 feet long, the other 4, and you want to know the length of the third side opposite to the perpendicular; you have only to find a number such, that if, multiplied by itself, it shall be equal to 3 times 3, together with 4 times 4, that is 25. (This number is 5).

Now only observe the great advantage of knowing this property of the triangle, or of perpendicular lines. If you want to measure a line passing over ground which you cannot reach—to know, for instance, the length of one side covered with water of a field, or the distance of one point on a lake or bay from another point on the opposite side—you can easily find it by measuring two lines perpendicular to one another on the dry land, and running through the two points; for the line wished to be measured, and which runs through the water, is the third side of a perpendicular-sided triangle, the other two sides of which are ascertained. But there are other properties of triangles, which enable us to know the length of two sides of any triangle, whether it has perpendicular sides or not, by measuring one side, and also measuring the inclinations of the other two sides to this side, or what is called the two *angles* made by those sides with the measured side. Therefore you can easily find the perpendicular line drawn, or supposed to be drawn, from the top of a mountain through it to the bottom, that is the height of the mountain, for you can measure a line on level ground, and also the inclination of two lines, supposing them drawn in the air, and reaching from the two ends of the measured line to the mountain's top; and having thus found the length of the one of those lines next the mountain, and its inclination to the ground, you can at once find the perpendicular, though you cannot possibly get near it. In the same way, by measuring lines and angles on the ground, and near, you can find the length of lines at a great distance, and which you cannot approach: for instance, the length and

breadth of a field on the opposite side of a lake or sea; the distance of two islands, or the space between the tops of two mountains.

Again, there are *curve-lined* figures as well as straight, and geometry teaches the properties of these also. The best known of all the curves is the *circle*, or a figure made by drawing a string round one end which is fixed, and marking where its other end traces, so that every part of the circle is equally distant from the fixed point or centre. From this fundamental property, an infinite variety of others follow by steps of reasoning more or less numerous, but all necessarily arising one out of another. To give an instance: it is proved by geometrical reasoning, that if from the two ends of any diameter of the circle you draw two lines to meet in any one point of the circle whatever, those lines are perpendicular to each other.

Another property, and a most useful one, is, that the sizes or areas of all circles whatever, from the greatest to the smallest, from the sun to a watch-dial-plate, are in exact proportion to the squares of their distances from the centre; that is, the squares of the strings they are drawn with — so that if you draw a circle with a string 5 feet long, and another with a string 10 feet long, the large circle is four times the size of the small one, as far as the space or area inclosed is concerned; the square of 10 or 100 being four times the square of 5 or 25. But it is also true, that the lengths of the circumferences themselves, the number of feet over which the ends of the strings move, are in proportion to the lengths of the strings; so that the curve of the larger circle is only twice the length of the curve of the lesser.

But the circle is only one of an infinite variety of curves, all having a regular formation and fixed properties. The *oval* or *ellipse* is, perhaps, next to the circle, the most familiar to us, although we more frequently see another curve, the line formed by the motion of bodies thrown forward. When you drop a stone, or throw it straight up, it goes in a straight line; when you throw it forward, it goes in a curve line till it reaches the ground as you may see by the figure in which water runs when forced out of a pump, or from a fire-pipe, or from the spout of a kettle or tea-

pot. The line it moves in is called a *parabola*, every point of which bears a certain fixed relation to a certain point within it, as the circle does to its centre. Geometry teaches various properties of this curve: for example, if the direction in which the stone is thrown, or the bullet fired, or the water spouted, be half the perpendicular to the ground, that is, half-way between being level with the ground and being upright, the curve will come to the ground at a greater distance than if any other direction whatever were given, with the same force. So that to make the gun carry farthest, or the fire-pipe play to the greatest distance, they must be pointed, not, as you might suppose, level or point blank, but about half way between that direction and the perpendicular. If the air did not resist, and so somewhat disturb the calculation, the direction to give the longest range ought to be exactly half perpendicular.

The *oval* or *ellipse* is drawn by taking a string of any certain length, and fixing, not one end as in drawing the circle, but both ends to different points, and then carrying a point round inside the string, always keeping it stretched as far as possible. It is plain that this figure is as regularly drawn as the circle, though it is very different from it, and you perceive that every point of its curve must be so placed, that the straight lines drawn from it to the two points where the string was fixed, are when added together, always the same, for they make together the length of the string.

Among various properties belonging to this curve, in relation to the straight lines drawn within it, is one which gives rise to the construction of the *tremmels*, or elliptic compasses, used for making figures and ornaments of this form, and also to the construction of lathes for turning oval frames, and the like.

If you wish at once to see these three curves, take a pointed sugar-loaf, and cut it any where clean through in a direction parallel to its base or bottom; the outline or edge of the loaf where it is cut will be a *circle*. If the cut is made so as to slant, and not be parallel to the base of the loaf, the outline is an *ellipse*, provided the cut goes quite through the sides of the loaf all round, or is in such a direction

that it would pass through the sides of the loaf where they extended ; but if it goes slanting and parallel to the line of the loaf's side, the outline is a *parabola* ; and if you cut in any direction, not through the sides all round, but through one side and the base, and not parallel to the line of the side, being nearer the perpendicular, the outline will be another curve, of which we have not yet spoken, but which is called an *hyperbola*. You will see another instance of it, if you take two plates of glass, and lay them on one another, then put their edge in water, holding them upright and pressing them together, the water, which, to make it more plain, you may colour with a few drops of ink or strong tea, rises to a certain height, and its outline is this curve ; which, however much it may seem to differ in form from a circle or ellipse, is found by mathematicians to resemble them very closely in many of its most remarkable properties.

These are the curve lines best known and most frequently discussed ; but there are an infinite number of others all related to straight lines and other curve lines by certain fixed rules : for example, the course which any point in the circumference of a circle, as a nail in the felly of a wheel rolling along, takes through the air, is a curve called the *cycloid*, which has many remarkable properties ; and among others, this, that it is, of all lines possible, the one in which any body, not falling perpendicularly, will descend from one point to another the most quickly. Another curve often seen is that in which a rope or chain hangs when supported at both ends ; it is called the *Catenary*, from the Latin for chain, and in this form some arches are built. The form of a sail filled with the wind is the same curve.

(To be Continued.)

INVOCATIO !

COME from a distant hour !
 Come from the far away !
 Draw near in mystic pow'r,
 To cheer and bless to-day ;

Once more in olden grace
 Light up this lonely room,
 With the brightness of thy face
 Dispel its growing gloom.

Kind Fairy of the past,
 Thy loving visage seems
 A radiance to cast
 Over all darker dreams ;
 Thy glad smile has imparted,
 As in the vanish'd years,
 A life to joys departed,
 A tenderness to tears.

How pleasant still thou art
 As once thou wert of old,
 When to my trusting heart
 Thou did'st in grace unfold,
 Thy loyalty and truth,
 Thy gifts so rich and rare,
 The glories of thy youth,
 Soft promises and fair.

Oh, pleasant, pleasant dream,
 Thy face again I see,
 If a fair fantastic gleam,
 Yet all of happiness to me ;
 But, alas ! that loving vision
 Has softly, swiftly fled,
 To tell in its dark transition,
 Of hopes buried with the dead !

Come, then, and linger still
 By my weary side to-day,
 Banish each grief and ill,
 Bid doubt to haste away ;
 Under thy sway benigna,
 Under thy gentle spell,
 Mine is a Presence half Divine,
 A Trust no tongue can tell.

NEMO.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(Concluded.)

WE have now only to notice in few words, the course pursued by this new Supreme Council, which was founded in 1821, contrary to all the laws of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

In a report made in 1820, on the oc-

occasion of the new negotiations between the Grand Orient and the Supreme Council, Bro. Dupin ventured to remark that "the proof of the Masonic power remains with the Grand Orient . . . that is that which it has assumed." We should be justified on every ground in rejecting an argument which proves nothing.

The Grand Orient has acquired by regular treaties, the Philosophic Scottish Rite, the Right of Heredom, and the Rite of Kilwinning. It acquired in 1804, by a regular treaty and a money payment, the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. Forced to yield, by a schism in 1805, it reclaimed its rights in 1814, because in the terms of its Constitutions, which are the foundation of the Scottish Rite, the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, at the time in Paris, possessed the power and the right to establish a Supreme Council wherever one no longer existed.

If, then, in 1821 some discontented Grand Inspectors-General desired to resume their interrupted work, they could only join the Supreme Council, already in existence, and not create a new one without arrogating to themselves, a power which they had illegally assumed, for there could be but one Supreme Council in each kingdom.

There is another illegality which we must point out, and to which to the present time no one has defended.

The Rite of Perfection, to which Bro. F. Pyron acknowledged to be the Primitive Rite, of the A. and A. Scottish Rite, had never put forward its pretensions in the Symbolic Lodges.

Without desiring to enter into further discussions, we have proved that in 1806, in its Decree of the 27th November, the Supreme Council acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient over all the lodges and all the chapters, up to and comprising the Eighteenth Degree.

By the Decree of the 19th January, 1811, the Supreme Council declared that it resumed the jurisdiction of the Masonic bodies superior to the 18th degree, since 1804 over Symbolical Lodges or Rose-Croix Chapters. The proof is, that in 1821, when it instituted the "Loge de la Grand Commanderie," it came next in rotation to the "Grand Loge Centrale," and gave it the Number 1.

In establishing itself the Supreme Council committed an irregularity, but in constituting lodges it usurped the rights of the Grand Orient; it did that which the ancient Inspectors-General never ventured to do, and it was certainly a true remark, that "if the power is vested in the Supreme Council it is that it has taken it from the Grand Orient." It has taken it contrary to the Grand Constitutions; contrary to its undertaking; contrary to its treaties.

It was in 1821 that it assumed this illegal authority, and there cannot be found in the archives of the Supreme Council any proof of an earlier exercise of such authority.

We cannot close this declaration of the rights of the Grand Orient of France over the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, without repeating that in 1825, in 1835, and again in 1841, this Masonic power made, always in the interests of order, new overtures of fusion and alliance which were invariably repulsed. Even when, in 1841, it proclaimed that the Lodges of the Grand Orient might receive as visitors the brethren of the Lodges of the Supreme Council, and that the brethren of the Grand Orient would be permitted to visit the Masons of the Supreme Council, the latter replied in a circular, addressed to the lodges in correspondence with it, couched in the following terms:—

"Remember well that nothing is changed in our jurisdiction, our Constitution, or our Rite. The Ancient and Accepted Rite remains entirely without alteration. When you shall be "en rapport," whether with the Lodges or the Masons under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France, you will continue to associate with them with all sentiments of concord, of union, and of fraternity, that Masonry imposes upon the children of the light. Yet remember that the degrees of which it may be composed gives them a claim for honours possessed only by Masons invested under the authority of the Supreme Council."

And now again, in 1876, although the Grand Orient has expunged from its statutes and regulations all difference between the two jurisdictions in deciding that active Masons can affiliate themselves in Lodges of the Supreme Council, the

latter responded by the following declaration :—

“We do not concede to the Grand Orient the right to confer any but the first three degrees, and those above the grade of Master Mason, which they have conferred, or will in future confer, are declared void and irregular. Provisionally, each Supreme Council is authorized, for the country over which it has jurisdiction, and for the brethren belonging to those countries, to *tolerate* admission in the lodges of its jurisdiction visiting brethren raised to superior grades by other powers of the same country already existing. But this toleration is permissive, and can never be claimed as a right by a visitor who does belong to one of the confederated Supreme Councils. It depends upon the good will of the lodge visited, or of its presiding officer, who can, if he so think fit, require the visitor to remove all insignia above the rank of Master Mason. This tolerance even does not apply in foreign countries, and will be rigorously observed: that is to say, a brother not belonging to one of the confederated Supreme Councils, and not having been raised by one or the other to the supreme degrees of which he wears the insignia, cannot be admitted into a lodge of the Supreme Councils except as a Master Mason; neither can he be admitted as visitor in a Chapter or Council, because he will be considered as not being regularly possessed of the 18th to 30th degrees.”

After a similar declaration of principles made by the confederated Congress of Councils at Lausanne, we do not think that there exists a single Mason of the Grand Orient of France so little sensible of his dignity to knock at the door of the temple, depending for admission upon the goodwill of a Lodge or its President. But in the face of these pretensions and un-masonic follies it was necessary to establish, in the face of all, the incontestible rights of the Grand Orient of France, the government of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; seeing that in 1814 the Supreme Council became dormant, and the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, who formed part of the Grand Orient, alone continued the Scottish Rite, and not the Supreme Council of America, who had no jurisdiction in continental France.

It is clear, therefore, that the Supreme

Council of 1821 is a usurper against the body which with every just claim had exercised jurisdiction since 1814, and which reclaimed rights possessed from 1804, therefore when the Grand Orient resolves in its Grand College of Rites to create Lodges of the degrees of which it possesses the sole government, is it permissible for the Supreme Councils in Confederation at Lausanne, to impeach its rights? When in its quality of Supreme Council it desires to create Lodges of the Knight Kadosh, or to give the 33rd Degree to a Mason under its jurisdiction, have the Supreme Councils any right to impeach it? Moreover can the Supreme Council pass laws to govern the entire Masonic body?

When the Supreme Council says that these laws are made for themselves, it might be said to be creating a division in Masonry, for it violates the principles which should unite Masons of every degree. If the Supreme Councils decline to submit to the laws which govern Masonry universal, do they not therefore cease to form part of the great Masonic family?

In recapitulation, we would say that the Supreme Council of France, which seems to have had a preponderance in the deliberations of the Congress of Lausanne, should have remembered that the Grand Orient has always held out to it the hand of friendship, and would have inspired itself with the great principles which have laid the foundation of the Order everywhere on a firm basis. We can add without fear of contradiction, that when the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General will take one step towards a general conciliation, the Grand Orient will take two, and take them with the greatest pleasure.

WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

From the "Keystone."

V.

KELSO ABBEY, 52 miles south-east from Edinburgh, and 4 miles from the English border, was erected by King David I., in A.D. 1128, about the same period as the Abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, although

it totally differs from them in form and character, being in the shape of a Greek cross. Its architecture is an assemblage of Saxon, Norman and Gothic, the Norman predominating. The great central doorway, the tower, and parts of the east end remain. The Abbot of Kelso, in A.D. 1420, was superior to all other Abbots in Scotland. The monks were of the Tyronesian order, and practised all sorts of handicrafts. This Abbey was often injured by fire and war. In 1545 it was the scene of a fierce battle. It was garrisoned by 300 Scotchmen, when the English Earl Hertford entered it over the corpses of a large number of its defenders. In A.D. 1560 its monks were expelled, in consequence of the Reformation, at which period it was despoiled of many of its architectural decorations and carried far down the decline of ruin.

EASBY ABBEY, Yorkshire, is on the river Swale, two miles from Richmond, and 210 miles north from London. It was founded in A.D. 1152, by Rould, Constable of Richmond Castle, for Præmonstratensian Canons, who lived according to the rule of St. Austin. Their dress was entirely white. The remains at present of the buildings are the refectory, nearly one hundred feet long; the cloister court, chapter house, dormitory, &c. The several parts are ornamented and elaborate, but there is a lack of proportion in the whole. The architecture is Early English. The cloister court has fantastic Norman enrichments. One arch is embossed with cats' heads, with pendant tongues, which are curled at the ends. The Abbey gateway, still in perfect repair, was erected in the time of Edward III.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, at Lincoln, 135 miles north from London, is built in the form of a Greek cross. Its length is 524 feet, and its west front 174 feet. Its two west towers are 180 feet high, its central tower 300 feet. It covers 2 acres 2 rods and six perches of land. It is famous for its bell, known as "Great Tom," which is at least five centuries old. It was completed in A.D. 1092, by Bishop Remigius, a monk who accompanied William the Conqueror. The great central tower has a stateliness that is not surpassed by that of any other Cathedral in Europe. The west front is grand, and elaborately en-

riched. An elastic stone beam, 28 feet long, considered by architects to be a masterpiece of masonry, spans the vaulted ceiling of the nave from tower to tower. Such is the delicacy of its construction that it perceptibly vibrates when stamped on by the foot. The view of the interior, from the west door is a grand perspective of richly clustered columns, beautifully pointed arches, vaulted roof, and grand glass windows. This view is so majestic as to be only equalled by that of York Minster—which alone is a rival of Lincoln. The various and elegant sculptures between the arches in the presbytery, consist of angels playing upon divers instruments, and have given name to this part of the Cathedral, which is denominated the "Angel Choir." The Library contains one of the four existing copies of *Magna Charta*, which is exhibited in a glass case.

THE NUNNERY OF COLDINGHAM, in Berwickshire, was the oldest nunnery in Scotland. Mention is made of it as early as A.D. 661. It was inhabited by both monks and nuns, who were not so effectually separated, an old account says, as to prevent some unspiritual communications. In 1098 the monastery having been burnt, was re-founded by Edgar, King of Scotland. Among other privileges granted it was that of sanctuary for 37 days to all who fled thither—similar to the privilege enjoyed by Lindisfarne Abbey. It is related that upon one occasion, when the Danes invaded Scotland and threatened this monastery, the Abbess and her nuns cut off their noses, so as to disfigure themselves and prevent their being violated by their foes. A single aisle of the old priory remains, together with several ruined arches at the east and west ends. Several years ago, in taking down a tower, a skeleton of a woman was found, who appeared to have been immured therein.

COMBE ABBEY, Warwickshire, 87 miles north-west from London, was founded A.D. 1150, by Richard de Camville. Combe is Saxon for valley, and denoted its situation. When the "killing frost" of the Dissolution abolished the monasteries, it became the property of the Earl of Warwick, but it is now the seat of the Earl of Craven. What were originally the

cloisters of the Abbey are now built into the mansion, and on the east side of these cloisters five highly enriched arches remain. Many of the rooms in the mansion are of great extent and magnificence, the walls of which are covered with paintings of kings, nobles, and eminent men, including Chancellor Oxenstern, Charles XII. of Sweden, and Archbishop Laud. One room is called the "Beauty Parlour," from its containing portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. There is also a curious old picture of a lady with a golden drinking horn, and a Latin legend of Count Otto. While he was out hunting she offered him her horn. He was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off the hair like fire! Other noted rooms are the Hunting Parlour and Gallery, both of which contain portraits by the most celebrated masters. "The Baronial Hall and Picturesque Edifices of England," contains a remarkably handsome view of one of the grand halls in Combe Abbey.

WROXHALL ABBEY, Warwickshire, 90 miles north-west from London, was a monastery of nuns, founded in King Stephen's time. At the Dissolution it was given to Robert Burgoyne, from whose family the mansion into which it was fashioned was purchased in 1713 by Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, the celebrated Freemason, and architect of St. Paul's Cathedral. His son Christopher Wren, died in 1747, and was buried here. It is at present the residence of Mrs. Wren, a descendant of the great architect. The present structure is on the original site of the Abbey, its walls having been adapted and its western front rebuilt. The present Chapel formed part of the old cloisters and contains some monuments of the Wren family. The mansion has a castellated tower, and presents a picturesque appearance.

TIME AND PATIENCE.

From the "Masonic Advocate."

To learn to wait with time and patience, is one of the first lessons made known to a

candidate for Masonic light. Wishes are not ordinarily gratified at once—time is required, that the case may be considered, and the character of the applicant be fully investigated. Then there is a lesson in waiting. It teaches the applicant the helplessness of his condition, and lets him know that he stands without the gates as one wrapt in darkness. Light comes with time—travels with it, and can only come in time's footsteps, that is gradually and in accordance with nature.

To learn to wait the realization of our wishes is the beginning of wisdom, the true philosophy of a successful life. Advantages, blessings and good fortunes are not always hurried up. We have to wait for them, as the mariner waits for the favourite breeze to waft his vessel to her destined harbour.

We do not mean that the expectant, like Micawber, should "wait for something to turn up." No, that is not it, for where there is a definite and rational desire, there will be a corresponding anxiety on the part of the candidate for advancing fortunes to bide his time, to wait for the golden opportunity when the door of blessing shall be opened and the genii within shall bid him enter.

The exercise of patience is always necessary in waiting for anything, and more particularly is it so when one stands on the threshold of the mystic temple, prepared in his appropriate paraphernalia, and waiting for the answer to his request to enter.

All men are apt to be impatient in their expectations as well as in their disappointments. It is often true of them that they even speak out with great large complaints against somebody who may have been doing everything in their power to meet their wishes. They should learn to wait, for it will teach them practical philosophy, and they should learn to wait patiently, for in so doing they will learn to subdue the obstinacy of their dispositions, and also learn that conservativeness of spirit which is essential to Masonic life.

To wait with time and patience for the fulfilment of all our wishes is life's true theory of success, as well as the highway to happiness—personal, relative and eternal.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

CHAPTER II.

"C'est si doux d'être aimé pour soi-même."
FRENCH PLAY.

BEFORE Paesiello could leave his native country, on his foreign tour, he had to pass through a little ordeal, which, like that of the ancient mysteries, might be said to be composed both of "fire and water."

For, as with many other young men, he had not escaped what Mr. Weller senior, termed the "wiles" of the "softer sects," and he had long been on the very friendliest footing of considerable intimacy with a most charming young "compatriote;" and her very agreeable but energetic mother had come to the conclusion, to use her own expression to a dear female friend, "that the thing would do very well."

Now Paesiello resembled a good many other young men in this world, for, though he greatly admired the daughter, he had not the same hearty appreciation of the mother. Perhaps he thought her too "demonstrative," or too imperious, or too affectionate, or too interfering—who can say? Or, it may be, that not unlike some male bipeds, he did not relish interference in such a "ticklish concern," and thought that he and that "young woman" had better be left alone!

Well, for one, I hold it to be a great mistake, the over-interference and arrangement of parents, in the little affairs of the heart.

The heart is a very troublesome, difficult piece of mechanism—corporeally and spiritually—and resists interference and rejects dictation!

Young people, in my opinion, ought always to be left to themselves; and pre-supposing a certain amount of the "good things" of life, the needful "de quoi," and a healthy competence, they require, for the most part, no bringing together, no pressing, no urging onwards, no backing up!

I don't believe in "mariages de famille;" neither do I feel any confidence in

"mariages de convenance." Indeed, I am quite sure, that say what they will, and laugh as our over-facetious friends may, at the "bare idear," marriages of mutual affection are the "best things out."

When, then, Paesiello had come not only to man's estate, but to his parental fortune—when he was both master of himself and lord of his "hereditary acres"—when Dame Rumour, (if not a lying, yet an exaggerating "jade,") had considerably augmented his rent-roll and his possessions, his landed and his funded property, the mother of the young lady, with a keen eye to business, and a "good forager" as she was, thought that she would bring our hero to book, and find out the state of his finances and his affections at the same time. And so she wrote him a most diplomatic letter—as mothers can do, good souls—and asked him to a little afternoon tea, which was then just coming into fashion in that sequestered part of "Italia." She descanted in this most touching production, this most effective despatch, on her sympathy for him in his lone condition, the great interest of her daughter in him, also. She assured him how great were their friendship and solicitude for him; and asked him "currente calamo," to muffins and tea, to "Fleur d'Orange," and a "petit verre" of native "Eau de vie."

Do not be shocked, oh, Good Templars, who read the MASONIC MAGAZINE, and this story at the same time, for they did such things in civilized society at the epoch we are speaking of, some few years ago.

Accordingly at the time appointed, on the day selected, our hero, most becomingly dressed, sauntered up the "Boulevarts" until he reached the gaily-painted house. It was a domicile well known to him, with its Venetian blinds, and becoming "jalousies," and where, in the pleasant hours of his youth, he had enjoyed many a gay gathering, and received many a friendly greeting.

Oh, joyous time, of hope and fear, of gladness and grief, of disdain and anticipation, how dost thou to-day take me back to pleasant faces, and festive scenes, alas, no more!

How all seems faded and passing now into the old dark nothingness of time!

How little appears to endure of all we loved so hugely and cherished so dearly! Fond affection and laughing voices; the smiles of the tender and the true; those honest eyes lighted up with faithful sympathy; those warm affections which never failed us, which knew not coldness, and never succumbed to treachery—all are but shadows now; shadows whose ethereal flimsiness mocks alike the dreams of youth, the trust of manhood, and the weakness of old age! And yet once how pleasant thou wert to over careless and confiding beings. How little then did we any of us reckon of disappointment or delusion! How utterly impossible then appeared to be the experience of the wise and the prognostications of the prudent!

What a lot of moralizing sentences crowd in upon my pen, as I sit in my old age in my little study, recalling the souvenirs of the past, the scenes of ancient days, the "cara luoghi" of my youth. The voices, the fun, the laughter, the tears, the sorrows, the joys, the expectations, the longings, the inconsistency, and the inconstancy which throng over the awakened memory, are all before me now, as it seems to linger, not unwillingly, once again amid the "mirage" and the sweet-scented flowers of life's young morn!

But Paesiello, as he rang the bell, and looked up at the windows, was not affected by any such sentimental maunderings, such old-life feelings, but entered briskly, and was elegantly ushered in by the "maior-domo" into the presence of the young lady and her dear mamma.

What a pleasant thing it is to be warmly welcomed, to be both admired and appreciated, especially with the enthusiasm of kindly and agreeable women!

Who has not felt the soft emotion of confiding and peaceful happiness, involved in the sense of a congenial heart, of a sympathetic bosom, of a real and disinterested friendship? That amiable and confiding person, Mrs. Balasso, often says to me, of course in confidence, (though not "sub sigillo confessionis,") that "give her a congenial heart, she can bear all the ills of life. But that she finds great coldness here, and even Mr. Balasso hardly reaches her ideal of sympathetic interest."

I may observe, "en passant," that Mrs. Balasso is very sentimental, and her hus-

band says at times, looking sagaciously at me, "a little queer."

Oh, gentle reader, it is at such an hour as this—despite the warning experience of years, notwithstanding all the sadder echoes of Life's mournful monotone that we cannot believe that such apparent genuine and truthful interest is fated to yield to the chilling blasts of adversity, the deadening influences of custom and change, of heartless worldliness or human treachery!

No, we surrender ourselves to the sweet self-deceit, though we bitterly grieve, in that hour of awakening, when each "fond delusion droops and dies," when the voices of old affection are hushed for ever; when the progress of years convinces us too sternly, how brittle is friendship's chain, how worthless often are the protestations and the assurances of eternal affection.

But to return to our story from this moralizing and affecting digression.

You, good reader, can easily understand how well Paesiello was received by the mother, how amiably by the daughter, always obedient to the wishes of a loving parent.

And like many another little human "séance," (but not mesmeric, by the way), that meeting passed away, though not to the contentment of all alike.

When, at last, Paesiello found himself on the leafy promenade again, safe and sound, close to his own comfortable home, a feeling of liberty, of escape, of gladness, seemed to occupy the mind of that thoughtless young man. For he had left behind him the "songs of the sirens," and the gentle, if pressing, assiduities of a possible mother-in-law; he had been most discreet, if most "empresé;" most courteous, if most cold.

He had answered no veiled glances, and had heeded no gentle sighs; he had simply been most civil, and most considerate—but that was all!

When he had left the house, mother and daughter both agreed that they could make nothing of him; that he had not spoken a word which could mean anything; that his attentions were only those of formal friendship; and that for some reason or other, the charm was dissolved, the magical formula was all in vain!

But the mother, like a sage and sagacious

matron as she was, was determined to make one other little attempt on our disengaged hero, and so she wrote to ask her "dear young friend" to make one of a select picnic, (a "few intimate friends," she said,) to a famous fountain, and to a romantic grove!—oh, dangerous trysting-place for unsuspecting youth! For some reason or other, Paesiello had, with the "deepest regret," to announce to that anxious and affectionate matron, a "previous engagement, now of long standing;" and so, as an old friend of his father's, a jocosely and distinguished vice-master of the ceremonies, said, "he both missed his grub, and she missed her bird!"

A very unfeeling and improper remark, as all my readers will agree, but then some old boys are so unfeeling!

After this, the fair Leonora's mother—for that was the young lady's name—gave it all up, as she herself announced to their immediate circle; and indeed she ventured to hint to some female cronies of hers, that the "poor young man was rather given to dissipated habits, and that, therefore, she had not thought it right to jeopardize the future of her only child, by an union, which, however desirable on worldly grounds, did not hold out what was the only real object of her fond mother's heart—the happiness and welfare of her precious Leonora!"

It may interest our readers to hear that Leonora did not feel the insensibility of our hero very much. Within two months of this little episode she married Count Campobello, a rich and distinguished member of the aristocracy of his native land, (though a good deal older than herself,) and her mother has told everybody, as she assured Paesiello by letter, that nothing could ever exceed the happiness of "that most devoted couple."

I am afraid that Paesiello breathed a little more freely, (as they say,) as he paced his lonely gallery that memorable evening, when he knew himself to be still even "un garçon solitaire," and when he realized that for him Hymen's mystic web was as yet still to weave!

My readers will see, I hope, as everybody said, that there was "nothing in it," after all, and that as both damsel and youth were so little affected by the ending of a pleasant little flirtation, it was far better for both that thus it should be!

Perhaps there are some of my readers who might, if they dared, avow, that it had been happier for them had some good genius intervened also on their behalf, in a similar trying hour—some benevolent fairy who had not, as it were, unravelled for them the thread of the resistless Fates!

It may be that, kindly readers, be you who you may—wrinkled, and care-worn, and cross-grained now—you may, looking back with a sigh from your old arm chair to an hour when your Emma was fair and fascinating; and amiable and accommodating—not that fat and grumbling, or that lean and cantankerous old woman you have hourly now to listen to and obey.

And you may wish that "Dis aliter visum est," perhaps, oh disappointed and disgusted Doris. You may sadly dream of that fonder hour, when Henry was all attention and all affection, and not the careless, neglectful, faithless husband he is to-day. How much better it would have been for you, humanly speaking, had you married Charlie James, or Bobby Short, or even Billy Buggins.

But it is no use crying over spilt milk, and as we make our bed in this life, so have we, for the most part, to lie, whether in the body or in the spirit.

Paesiello—who was packing up, and looking on, with the happy recklessness of youth, to other days and distant scenes—did not trouble himself with such sapient considerations. For him, all life was before him, hope was fresh, and the sky was blue, the sun shone, and the flowers bloomed, and as in a most becoming travelling-suit he threw himself into his luxurious carriage, he seemed to leave care and doubt, and fears and troubles, all behind him. He appeared even—so happy was he—to be journeying to a Clime, far even from that "Morgen land" in which earth's pettiness and woes, and disagreements and "bassesse" were all unknown.

We may wish him, may we not, gentle reader, "Bon voyage?"

FLOWERS.

THERE is no season in the year
That lifts man's heart to heaven so near
As summer;

When flowers about our pathway grow,
And roses on the hedgerows blow,
Sweet summer.

And as its perfumed breath doth rise,
In silent homage to the skies
Up-stealing.

A thousand memories forth start,
Long-hidden pictures in the heart
Revealing.

Where lilac chains with scented links,
Or treasure tuft of red clove pinks,
Or heather.

'Mongst which we played, fine stories tell
Of parted ones who once did dwell
Together.

Again the feathery seeds away
Are puffed to tell the time of day,
Whilst golden

Hued cowslips into balls we twine,
Or part the horns in columbine
Enfolden !

Whilst through the woods the whole day
long,

The cuckoo sings an idle song,
Awaking

The echo of a dulcet peal,
That rang ere hearts began to feel
Heartbreaking.

And so it comes to pass that we
With half a sigh the flowers see,
Half gladness.

And round our hearts they twine and
twine,

Until their beauty makes divine.
Our sadness.

THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

II.—AUGUST.

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
Rich Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on"—

AY, and so too, in his own set time, does
Winter follow. Sad, yet wholesome
thought; for if this world were all bright-
ness and sunshine, this life all happiness

and pleasure, we should forget that there
is another towards which, whether we will
or no, we are steadily yet surely pressing
onwards; so, too, is it well, that the year
has its decadence and death, else were its
lessons incomplete; and better still that it
lives and dies, yet dies and lives again, for
in this life from death we see our second
life revealed as in the seasons' unceasing
round we view complete the circle of
eternity.

Thus ever, year by year, as the years
roll round, we read in Nature's book our
own life-story: let us ponder then awhile
over the page wide-open at harvest-tide,
and glancing over the ocean of waving
gold, glean the lesson of our lives: back
where dead Winter gives birth to living
Spring, and the sprouting corn-germs speak
to us of a life begun, a life that never
ends; tenderly at first does the bosom of
mother-earth cradle the infant blade which
bids fair to give development to the full-
grown ear; many a check does the young
plant experience, finding even in these
early days that often the cold embrace of
the seemingly adverse snow only serves as
a cloak to shield its, as yet, too precocious
growth from the otherwise fatal tooth of
the still wintry frosts; by-and-bye the
spring-tide showers and the growing heat
mature its stem, so that though sorely op-
pressed by the hot struggles of its summer-
manhood, it can yet put forth its fruitful
ear; and now it is ripe for harvest, and
with failing strength and enfeebled frame,
its honoured and gold-crowned head bows
before the sickle of the reaper Death.
Sad thought? Nay, full of joy! for does
it not go to fill the garner of the blest?
and does it not afford the seed of future
generations of the just, as well as the food
of the lessons left behind of a well-spent
life to those wearily plodding along the
homeward road. Stay! yet one other
lesson 'ere we onward pass—

"The gleaners spread around, and here and
there,
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest
pick"—

Surely they ever urge upon us anew the
counsels of Him who, as the reward of
faith and filial duty springing from our
own gleaner Ruth, bade us "Gather up
every fragment, that nothing of His be lost;"
a counsel that we truly follow as we gaze

leaves crowned with the yellow star of the common Flea-bane—its name, more expressive, perhaps, than elegant, is derived from the notion that country-people have, that, if burned, its smoke will drive away all those lively insects, whose attentions, though perhaps profitable to themselves, are decidedly a nuisance to us; besides this very problematical virtue, the plant is supposed to possess some medicinal properties, although what they are it is somewhat difficult to get at; the only thing that we can learn as a certainty is that it possesses a saltish pungent taste, and that, whilst an infusion of it by the addition of sulphate of iron turns black, a decoction of it becomes green. This said decoction, by the way, is very acid in the throat when swallowed, but to what purpose to put this knowledge further than to avoid swallowing it if possible, we do not really know.

Once fairly in the meadow, our sight is gratified by another beautiful object, the delicate lilac cup of the Meadow-Saffron, in whose reproduction Nature exhibits that marvellous foresight which renders eloquent even this her speechless kingdom. The flowers which have risen on long slender tubes in August, die away in October, without exhibiting any sign of fruit or seed; this lies buried deep in the heart of the bulb all through the winter's frost and cold, which would destroy its vitality, until the Spring, fresh decking bank and bough, calls up the broad green leaves, together with which rises the seed on a footstalk, to ripen by Midsummer and fall in due time with the other stores of Nature's economy into the lap of mother earth. In this plant we have a widely recognised remedy for the most painful ailments of mortality—the grinding rheumatism and the racking gout; but the most extraordinary thing about the medicinal properties of this plant is that, although they act like a charm against the foes of which they are such potent adversaries, no one has ever yet discovered the way in which they work so great a result. As we near the water's edge we shall be sure to tread upon the blue downy-looking flowers of the common Skullcap, and, maybe, its rarer relation, the smaller pinkish-blossomed kind. Close by is a plant with strongly-marked cha-

acteristics, square fourwinged stems and clusters of deep blackish-purple, irregular flowers; it is the Water Fig-wort. Still more surely to be found is the Common Fig-wort, with flowers like the last, only more tinged with green, and with stalks square but wingless.

And now we come to a plant whose blossom-clusters resemble in form those of the potato, only their purple and yellow colouring renders them, though smaller, more conspicuous. Talking of potato blossoms, by the way, reminds us of the amusing perplexity we once caused in the mind of a fair friend by the insertion in a bunch of choice flowers of some bloom taken from potatoes of different kinds; until the secret was divulged, and that was some few days, the rare flowers were considered a marvel of beauty, but when their name was made known—well, the usual result in this sapient world of ours of "too much familiarity;" how energetically we seek for beauty far and wide, and know not that it so exists around us that we can hardly move a step without destroying some of it; what an accurate example of this kind of mental blindness is presented to us in Molière's conception of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who had been "talking 'prose' all his life without knowing it." To return, however, to our friends the Nightshades, all of which cannot be rendered, at least as vegetables, so useful as the protégée of Sir Walter Raleigh. The common Bitter-sweet is a well known climber, especially in moist situations, whose purple and yellow clusters of flowers are succeeded by bright scarlet berries, which are very dangerous, if not absolutely fatal, in their effects when eaten. Should children have been thus tempted, let plenty of warm water be administered until medical aid can be procured; most animals, except the goat, refuse the stems and leaves of the Bitter-sweet, which are used by the Swedish peasantry to twine round their wooden pails. Another variety of this plant is found in neglected corners, the Garden Nightshade; this has white blossoms and black berries. The Deadly Nightshade is an entirely different plant, having for a flower, a deep purple bell. With this latter class must be reckoned the Henbane, which is as useful in experienced, as it

might prove deadly in ignorant hands ; it may often be found about churchyards, and has a branched stem, with hairy leaves, and flowers of a dingy yellowish white, beautifully veined with a deep purple. This gloomy tinge on these plants obtained for them from Linnæus, the name of "*Luride*," as he imagined that their dark look was an accurate index of their deadly narcotic-acrid properties. This same suspicious appearance may be noted in the white-flowered but dark leaved Thorn-apple, which is often smoked, like tobacco, for the alleviation of asthma. Another of these dangerous plants, very common everywhere, is Fool's-parsley ; of the same family as this last are many water-plants, such as the Water-parsnep and the Water-hemlock ; then there are the Drop-worts, with two or three others of a similar nature, both as to their family connexions and their undesirable qualifications as to wholesomeness. The Pepper Saxifrage, the Cow-parsnep, and the Wild Carrot all belong to the same group, although they are denizens of the shore and not the stream.

Another yellow flower, without one or other of whose varieties no locality is complete, now claims a word, we mean the Sow-Thistle, so well known to our young friends as the no less fully relished than easily found sustenance of their tame rabbits ; the young leaves of this common weed are by some preferred to Spinach, a thing that we can easily believe. This brings us to the Thistles proper, the Common, or real Scotch Thistle, the Mary's or Milk Thistle, the Plume Thistles, the Cotton Thistle, and last, but perhaps most striking, the Star Thistle, so-called, but which is in reality not really a Thistle but a Centuary ; of this last there is a yellow variety called the St. Barnaby's Thistle. Of these plants, Coles, in his "Introduction to the knowledge of plants," says "If the down flyeth off Coltsfoot, Dandelion, and Thistle, when there is no winde, it is a sign of rain." During the latter part of this month, this down, which is the winged seed, is puffed far and wide by every breath of air. Of it,—

"The schoolboy's clock in every town"—

our poet says—

"Then did we question of the down balls, blowing
 "To know if some slight wish would come to
 pass ;
 " If storms we fear'd, we sought where there was
 blowing
 Some meadow flower, which was our weather
 glass."

We must by no means omit to mention here the varied usefulness of this humble and often despised flower ; its leaves form an excellent adjunct to our salad, for which purpose on the continent they are extensively sold ; on one occasion, when a swarm of locusts had ravaged the fields in Minorca, the inhabitants of that island existed for a while almost entirely on so-called weeds, and of these the Dandelion afforded a great proportion ; nor must we pass over the valuable medicinal qualities of the extract of this plant, which is a far more wholesome remedy than, and withal quite as effectual an one as, Mercury. The Common Burdock, Hur-burr, Clotburr, or Great-burr next claims our attention, as it is considered by villagers to be a cure for rheumatism ; we should be sorry to deny its efficacy, for when its leaves have been applied to the affected part, the disease has sometimes disappeared, whether by the agency of the Burdock or no, however, certainly requires proof. Some physicians consider it not inferior to Sarsaparilla, which, too, may very well be the case. Its young shoots are sometimes eaten as salad, and sometimes cooked like Asparagus, to which they may be equal, or even superior, at least in the estimation of those who are of that opinion.

As the yellow heads of the Ploughman's Spikenard, and the lilac blossoms of the Michaelmas Daisy warn us by their propinquity to the coast, (of the wonders of which we hope to say somewhat in our next), that our walk is drawing to a close, we must turn our attention, ere we "turn in," to certain objects of others of Nature's Kingdoms. During the early part of this month, the Whame, or Burrel-Fly, is most troublesome on the coats of our equine companions, laying its eggs thereon or therein. Some of our most beautiful friends, the butterflies and moths, make their appearance during this month, such as the Camberwell Beauty, Scarlet Admiral, Painted Lady, and the little varied coloured Hair-Streaks, amongst

the former; whilst of the latter we have the Brown-tailed, and the Silver Y. Now for a few birds, before all that travel have migrated from our shores. There is that terrible fellow in an orchard, the Cross-bill, which rascal destroys more than he eats, for, after severing a luscious apple with a single bite, he merely picks out the pips. The Knot, or Red Sand-piper, reappears this month to stay with us till April, whilst the Cuckoo takes his leave; poor fellow! he has been hesitating about it for some time, but he gets alarmed for his fine voice, which has been gradually breaking like that of a hobble-de-hoy chorister, and either to save it, or the ridicule consequent upon his squeaking, he goes. Whilst, again, on the one hand, the Goldfinch's young brood now first puts in an appearance in public life, and the Swallow begins to sing, the Swift takes his far-off flight, and the Sand Martin disappears, only however, as some say, to lie up in ordinary till the Spring. The Grey Plover, or Sandpiper, now comes, and Linnets and Lapwings congregate, whilst all the birds resume their notes of Spring wherewith to bid farewell to the departing Summer. In the field the Bull now utters his shrill autumnal cry, whilst in every window pane, the flies, those torments of our Summer days and nights, gather in thick clusters, where, were it not for their undoubted use in the wise economy of nature, we would fain wish them stick for ever and a day.

We have said but little this month of the more majestic of Nature's handiworks—the Forest trees—but one change cannot escape our notice, for it forces on us a lesson that will not pass unlearned, we refer to the early change of colour in the Beech's leaf. Soon will they withered fall, and falling, as speedily decay—so we too must be prepared, our allotted task fulfilled, to droop and fade; but 'tis only for a while, for, winter past, with spring's warm glances once more fired, the trees will bud again, and so shall we, in another, and let us trust, a happier sphere—only let us look to it, that like those dead and dying leaves, which dropping, nurture the parent stem, our work of earth, left here behind, may go to form in others a newer and a better growth.

SOLOMON.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

From the "Keystone."

I AM the King whose mystic power commanded;
 I built the Temple, ruined towns supreme;
 Hiram, my architect, and Charos, my right-handed,
 Still here beside me dream!
 One as a trowel, one as a sword, was given;
 I let them plan, and what they did was well;
 My breath mounts higher, nearer unto Heaven
 Than Libyan whirlwinds swell.
 God sometimes feels it. Child of guilty kisses,
 Vast, gloomy is my wisdom; demons shun
 To take between high Heaven and their abysses,
 A judge but Solomon.
 I make men tremble and believe my story,
 Conquering, they hail and follow to my feast;
 As King, I bear down mortals with the glory,
 And with the gloom as priest.
 Mine was of festivals and of cups the vision,
 The finger writing *Mene Tekel* then.
 And war, and chariots, clarions, and collision
 Of horses and of men.
 Grand as some sullen idol's form discloses,
 Mysterious as a garden's closed retreat,
 Yet though I be more mighty than the roses,
 In moons of May are sweet.
 Take from me sceptre with the bright gold laden,
 My throne, the archer on my tower above.
 But men shall never take, oh! sweet young maiden,
 From out my heart its love!
 Men shall not take the love, oh, virgin surest,
 That as in fountains beams to mirror thee,
 More than from out the darkness of the forest
 The song-bird's minstrelsy.

A TRIP TO DAI-BUTSU.

(Continued from page 614.)

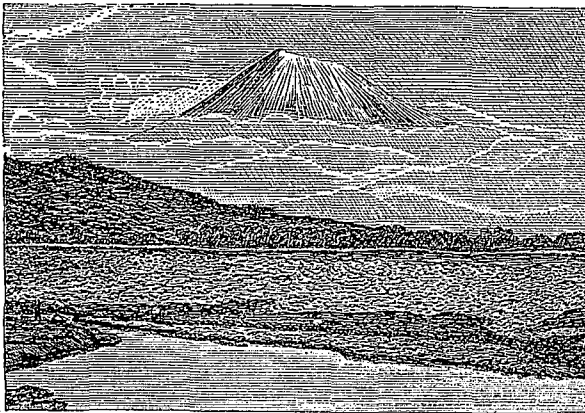
Yokoska Dockyard,
Japan,
May 29th, 1873.

SEAWARD on all sides, Enoshima presents a bold front of rocky armour, against which the waves are ever dashing, whilst its crest is crowned with the dark green shadows of solemn and stately firs. Beyond—far away across the wide expanse of waters—rises Fujiyama "The Peerless," free from snow during the heat of summer, in spite of its 13,000 feet. According to an old legend, Enoshima rose out of the sea in one night, A.D. 552, while at the same time a beautiful and shining figure of the goddess, Benzaiten, descended and took up her abode in the island. Benten, as she is more vulgarly called, is the special patroness of the island, and is represented, in the temple raised to her honour amongst the towering pine trees on the summit, wearing a jewelled cap, in the centre of which is a white snake, the head being fashioned after the form of an old man's with white eyebrows. The figure has eight hands, the left holding a ball, spear, wheel and bow; the right, a sword, sceptre, key, and arrow. The fishing village at the entrance of Enoshima is very picturesque—built at the back of the island, which thus forms a barrier from ocean storms. The one street runs straight up from the sandy causeway, rising terrace upon terrace nearly half way up the hill, by series of steps, strongly reminding one of Malta. Passing the first house we were surprised to find that we were not the only Europeans intending to sojourn in the sacred isle. Ladies and children—the most inquisitive of the "genus homo"—turned out on the balconies to have a view of the new comers. We found that we had indeed wandered into the very Brighton of Japan. Our guide led the way to the most imposing house in the place, and ten minutes afterwards we were three stories high, in a spacious grass-matted apartment, opening on to a verandah with a delightful view of the sandy beach, with its long lines of curling white, drawing nearer and nearer to each

other as the tide rose. Our boots were ordered below (for in every Japanese house taking off shoes is equivalent to our removing hats), a rickety table, and still more rickety chairs, were placed in the centre of the matted floor, and then our host, his wife and daughter vied with each other in attending to our wants. By the way, if Europeans had not made a Brighton of this charming spot, the rickety table and chairs would not have been, and we should not have been entertained "à la Japonaise pur et simple." The inner man cared for, we sallied out under charge of a new guide, to inspect the far-famed cave, a drawing and short account of which I remember seeing some years back in the *Illustrated London News*, under the heading of Moshima.

We crossed right over the hill by series of steps every few hundred yards—now up, now down, till the last lot, numbering some hundreds, brought us on to the rocks, where the billows were dashing their spray high in the air. A few hundred yards over the wall-beaten zigzag track, brought us to the entrance of the cave, by the side of which a narrow footpath is fenced off, as the sea flows in for a short distance. Just as we reach the gloom caused by the contracting sides, we come to a small establishment where we are each supplied with a tiny oil lamp. Wending our way carefully, for our lamps do not shed their pale beams quite two yards ahead, we notice that there is little beauty about the interior at present—it is all dirty, dark, drab, damp stone. After much uneven climbing and slipping, we reach the point beyond which no one, now, is allowed to go—an altar with wooden idols, and a grating in front of it barring all further progress. Before this shrine quite a number of natives, of both sexes, principally pilgrims from long distances, are paying their "devoirs." The cave has narrowed considerably, and from the constant stream of pilgrims pouring in, is getting crowded, so, seeing no opportunity of getting behind the grating, we retrace our steps and return our lamps, for which we are charged $\frac{1}{4}$ bu. (not quite 3d.) On asking our guide "How far the passage extends?" he points away towards the Peerless Mountain, and says "Fusiyama."

Considering that the mountain is about forty miles off, we are anything but credulous; but still it may be so—we would not for worlds contradict a man on his own territory, besides which our guide assures us that the cave has only been blocked recently, since two adventurous Englishmen (our guide was most positive that they owned no other country) started at the Enoshima end with a week's provisions, intending to come out at the summit of the volcano. As nothing was ever heard of them afterwards, the way was blocked lest any others should become their disciples. The rocks were lined with 7ths nude natives ready to show their daring by diving into the frothy waves, for any small consideration in the way of cumshaw thrown into the water. Some of them would rescue the smallest coin from a very whirlpool, being the place where two billows met round an enormous boulder. Twilight was, however, deepening, so we hurried on to get the step-climbing over before it became dark. We saw some fine old temples and monuments,



and just before reaching the top of the hill, we passed into a lovely, turf-covered, shaded avenue, leading under the rustic wooden archway, which in Japan denotes the road to all temples, right up to one of the most picturesque idol houses we had ever seen. Dr. Ives' aphorism slightly altered—

“Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a *public near*,”

is no less true of Japan, for the next house was a tea-house, where we paused a few moments whilst drinking a cup of *ocha*.

Reaching the village we had time to

inspect the fancywork in several shops. Nearly the whole of the women and children of Enoshima are employed making toys and ornaments of sea shells and weeds. Some of the specimens were very beautiful, flowers and birds being represented with an accuracy that could alone be gained by long experience.

Reaching our quarters, boots and coats were thrown off, and we settled down to cards, our coolie employing the time that he was not dozing, in replenishing our glasses and snuffing the long sixteens which had been provided by our landlord. Occasionally the noise of the samisen (native lute) reached us from the house opposite, with singing and laughter; but our wary old host knowing that if we only ran across for a *few minutes*, he would probably have to wait up for us till midnight, had locked all the doors and forgotten where he had put the keys, so we were obliged to rest contented, turning in, no doubt, much earlier than if we had gone out. Our hostess had brought in a plentiful supply of bedding, leaving us to

choose our own positions, and make up according to taste. Japanese houses are the most convenient it is possible to conceive. Our room consisted of a grass-matted area of about 30 feet by 20, whose walls were sliding frames of wood and paper; between the grass mats on the floor, there is a strip of polished wood with a groove—something like that on our tramways—overhead in the ceiling runs another groove, corresponding to the one below.

Into any of these, light frames of paper and wood may be fitted, run up close to each other so as to partition off any part of the larger surface, and in this way ten or a dozen rooms may be built up in a few minutes. New-comers to the country, on leaving some spacious room and returning after a few minutes, are often utterly bewildered by such changes, and the natives, especially the fair sex, are fond of such surprises, and will laugh heartily at the foreigner's perplexed looks. We slept soundly, and on turning out in

the early morning, B. and I dashed down to the sandy beach, and into the waves; but we could get no other followers. Breakfast over, we prepared for our long walk of twenty-five miles to Yokohama, our host giving each of us a fan as we said "Sai yan ara" (good-bye). Crossing the sandy isthmus, instead of keeping along the beach, we struck right inland, and though the way was sandy for a mile or so, it finally merged into a splendid highway. "The Tokaido," or Emperor's road, kept specially in repair for the Mikaido and his suite, whenever he deigns to travel this way, which, our guide tells us, is not often. The country through which we now passed, was very pretty, in many places we were treated to flowers plucked from the gardens in front of the native cottages, in others we were asked to pick for ourselves, and in one garden a young Japanese damsel offered us a young cabbage plant, evidently thinking it a rarity. However we contented ourselves with a few roses, for the native flowers, however beautiful, have not the slightest scent or odour. At 10 a.m. we reached Fusigawa,

quick double, and were perfectly naked, save a cloth round the loins, and grass shoes on their feet. The perspiration was running from them in streams. Arriving at Totsuka about 1 p.m. we halted for dinner, and a couple of hours "siesta," starting again when the sun had lost some of its power, and travelling by easy stages from tea-house to tea-house. We caught sight of Yokohama about 7.30; an hour afterwards we were washed, dressed, and sitting down to a well-earned repast. At 10 p.m. we were "All on board, sir."

CONCLUSION.

THE POPE AND MEDIÆVAL FREEMASONS.

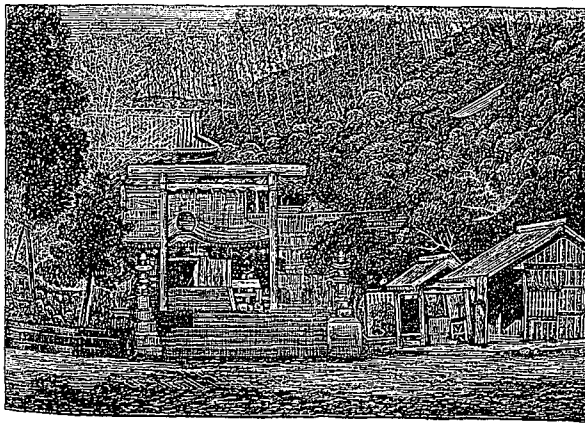
BY BRO. G. F. FORT.

From the "Philadelphia Sunday Sun."

THE conversion of Constantine the Great to Christianity, in the fourth century, gave a decided impulse to the enlargement of Episcopal authority, which at a later period developed into the Papacy. With

the protection afforded throughout the vast empire, proselyting and evangelical labours were assiduously pursued, not only within the circumscribed limits of the municipalities of Rome and Alexandria, but reached forth into the more remote provinces of Gaul and Germany. The zeal of missionary enterprise soon opened the way for the introduction of Christianity either in a greater or less orthodox form among the native

Tuetons, or burned its fiery pathway to the obdurate hearts of Gallic pagans. While Uphilas captivated the Goths with the errors of Arianism, the Romish Church, which, under the weighty pressure of Byzantine favour, overshadowed all competitors, had at an early period organized, upon the pure doctrines of Christ, a compact system of evangelical missions, whose labourers boldly advanced into undeveloped territory, and through numerous expedients, suc-



a village of considerable extent, and from which we had a good view of Fuzigama, "The Peerless," whose white summit peered far above the clouds. A long road lay before our next halting place, which was a wayside tea-house blessed with a monkey and a dog. Just after leaving, the Japanese mail passed us—a couple of coolies carrying the parcels, attached to the end of a bamboo, slung across their shoulders. They were going at a very

ceeded in converting the heathen Teutons to the new religion.

As a consequence of such enterprise it was of the last necessity that those who accorded an implicit acceptance of the Christian faith, should not only become an integral part of the Church Militant, but also have erected for their accommodation rude and temporary structures, in which the services of the Church might be celebrated, amid the solemn pomp of a rapidly increasing cumbersome ritualism. The earliest edifice so hastily put together for the purpose alluded to, were mainly the handiwork of a class of workmen in wood designated as *lignarios*, composed of inferior craftsmen, whose skill was narrowed down to the preparation of timber churches to be used for temporarily assembling the new converts. These builders as early as the fourth century may be stated to have consisted exclusively of ecclesiastical workmen, acting under specific instructions of the Head of the Church of Rome, sanctioned by imperial authority. Although colleges of artificers were still sojourning upon Germanic territory at this epoch, and pursued their avocations with many customs, and practised their skill, derived from ancient precursors, there does not appear sufficient evidence to assume that the stone workers were at this time under the control of Church government. In this age the secular authority still had need of the skilled labour of such constructors; but when a century later the great heart of the Byzantine empire withdrew along its arterial routes the vital fluids from remote provinces, and more closely concentrated them at home, then under the mighty advance of sacerdotal authority they were controlled by Church forces.

In the fifth century, as is well known, the Gothic King Theodorick, influenced by his secretary, Cassiodorus, introduced from Byzantium numerous bodies of builders, who aided him in reconstructing the public edifices which had suffered from the destruction of war. The Church of Rome having, by frequent politic subsergency, managed to maintain with increasing vigour, a foothold in the administration of civil society, quickly seized the opportunity offered, to utilise the building guilds by erecting more important edifices

than had hitherto prevailed, on newly converted territory. These artificers were exclusively composed of masons, *caementarii*, and carpenters, *lignarii*, and in the absence of that profound knowledge subsequently current among the later Freemasons, viz: as to the preparation of an entire building from stone, these two classes of craftsmen worked upon uniform plans, and possessed traditions drawn from identical sources. During the Middle Ages the guilds of Masons and carpenters were in the closest union. To such intimacy in detail was this similitude carried, that a distinguished archæologist asserts the original unity of these corporations, while our own Masonic writers of the last century earnestly insisted upon their common parentage.

These associations of builders, continually recruited and invigorated by additions from Byzantium, were used by the Romish Church, in the erection of houses of religious worship of a more enduring character than the first structures in foreign countries, of wood work, and yet, when completed on this new scheme, presented the appearance of churches built of stone and timber—a combination of material which fully accounts for the frequency of conflagrations during the Middle Ages. Down to the eight century, it may be added, the wood-workers, or *lignarii*, were made use of in the erection of churches and cathedrals. The system closely followed by the ecclesiastical authorities of those remote ages, in the rapid extension of Christianity among the Teutonic races, placed such evangelical labour under the immediate control of the supreme head of the Church—an assumption fully recognised and allowed by the temporal authorities. The earliest prerogative claimed by the Papacy, and radically incorporated into canonical law, was the exclusive administration of Church government over new converts gathered to the Faith of Christ, wheresoever the proselytes were made. An infinitely more important concession, maintained by the canons of the Church, permitted the Pope to exercise personal direction in missionary labours, and to him as the Divine Vicegerent was entrusted the undisputed privilege of systematising all plans of extending ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or rendering them

effective in such territory as the evangelising zeal of his subordinates added to the Papal See. Towards the close of the fifth century this power began to assume the appearance of more than an empty assumption. As rapidly as the increasing number of converted pagans, especially in Gaul and Germany, rendered such measures necessary for the perpetuation of congregations, substantial edifices were erected at convenient places in episcopal districts. These structures, although often of hasty construction, were built by corporations or guilds of Masons and carpenters, already organized and possessing the prescriptive right, by immemorial usage in Italy to be governed according to their own laws. Such, consequently, was the well-defined social status of these builders upon Italian soil, at the period when the exigencies of the Romish Church demanded a more elevated art-knowledge for the erection of cathedrals and chapels upon territory where the religion of Christ had vanquished the sombre rites of Tuetic deities. The organization and extension of missionary enterprise invariably contemplated the use and association of these ancient artificers in such schemes. Wherever the evangelists travelled with assiduous zeal to proselyte and convert, bodies of builders quickly followed upon their footsteps in order that temples consecrated to the new worship might rise into immediate use. Both laity and clergy, under authorization of the Roman Pontiff, eagerly affiliated with these travelling craftsmen. It would, indeed, be an unwarranted assumption to assert that at this early period of the Middle Ages the precursor of the Mediæval Freemasons were under exclusive pontifical jurisdiction, inasmuch as it can be demonstrated to the contrary that contemporary with such control, and in the seventh century when Papal influence extended, these colleges were by royal rescript recognised to possess the right of independent government. It is, however, manifestly in exact accord with the necessities of the enlarging Church in distant countries, that those building guilds, whose services were demanded and called thither, should travel in obedience to the sole undisputed power which could contract with and direct them with supreme authority which was inherent in the Pope. Such of them, then, as

accompanied the evangelists, or were sent upon their demand, maintained a direct relationship with his Holiness, and were under his sanction and patronage.

It has oftentimes been claimed that these early bodies of artificers existed throughout the vast domains of the Romish Church, under and by virtue of Papal charters or indulgences. To this day no proof of such allegation has been found. This statement is in open antagonism with other important facts having reference to the earlier Masons and carpenters, and it is believed cannot be attested. Neither charters or Pontifical indulgences were necessary to preserve this corporate existence, which was repeatedly recognised by the rescripts of the Roman Emperors, and by edicts of Longobordic rulers as late as the eighth century. There is, however, a germinal truth in this venerable tradition. As early as the era of the Merovingian kings, about the year 550, in France, there was a fully developed system practised by these rulers, of granting to individuals especial letters of safeguard or protection, which, when issued in the form of a written document, exempted the bearer from all and every local restriction. In the Cartularies of Charlemagne, several centuries later, these letters of personal protection are frequently referred to as a well recognised privilege of imperial power. The Roman Pontiffs evidently adopted this system from sheer necessity, in order that such building corporations as traversed unsettled France or Germany might present themselves with letters guaranteeing their personal safety and authenticating the claims of the travelling craftsmen to Papal protection. When the progress of civilisation and advance of solid government rendered this system unnecessary, it was certainly merged into the gradual discipline which the Mediæval Church, through convents and monasteries, assumed over the Freemasons, at which time it was universally accepted to be true, that episcopal or Pontifical authority possessed a rigid control over the craft. It can be stated with precision, at what epoch the mediæval guild of builders attempted to withdraw from Church discipline, and began to apply their skill to other constructions than sacred edifices.

Before the year 1060, modification of

the relations existing between the conventional institutions and the Freemasons had so far progressed that these builders were known throughout France and Germany as *conversi barbati fratres*, or converted bearded brothers. Under ecclesiastical and evidently Pontifical sanction, they still remained under sacerdotal control, and were unqualifiedly subjected to Church government and direction, although by express permission of episcopal authority, these *fratres* or brothers were allowed to wear the peculiar secular costume which distinguished the Masonic guild at a later period of the Middle Ages. History attests with unequivocal certainty that as early as the year 1090, the *barbati fratres* used marks of a specific character, hewn upon stones, for purpose of proprietary distinction.

In the year 1099 these craftsmen in the Low Countries had evidently advanced to an open rupture with the Church, and assumed the privilege of concealing their secret arts from the clergy. A Frisian master, by the name of Pleber, in the year alluded to, pledged his head by way of forfeit to successfully execute certain work which clerical authority deemed impossible. The enormous compensation demanded upon perfecting this exhibition of skill, induced the bishop to cajole Pleber's son into betraying the secret of the abstruse principle by which the work was accomplished, which disclosure of craft arcana—*archanum magisterium*—so enraged the master builder that he killed the bishop. The first authentic evidence attesting the decided tendency of these *fratres* to abandon ecclesiastical jurisdiction, is to be found at this period, when the Church or canonical authorities granted permission to the laity to use their skill upon the condition that the craftsmen should not be required to construct machines for the destruction of human life—*machinae mortiferae*. A century later the Abbe William of Premontre attempted to reduce the guild again to Church discipline, and issued an order that these *barbati fratres*, bearded brothers, should shave off their beards. They peremptorily refused and threatened, if the edict were made mandatory, to set fire to every cloister in the country. This order and prompt refusal marked the absolute severance of the guild of Mediæval

Masons from sacerdotal control, and with the same ended for ever the direct or indirect authority of the Roman Pontiff over the craft.

EDUCATION.

(From *Sunnyside Gill*, a Blank Verse Poem,
by GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.)

THE stunted Oak, that strives to grow
above
Thy rocky waterfall, oh Sunnyside !
But's dwarf'd for want of genial soil in
which
To spread its roots, reminds me of my race—
Those *more* than "hearts of oak"—who
might have been
Expanded like the goodliest forest tree
In beauty and in joy ; yea, might have
been
The strength and power for good in this
our realm,
Had education of the truest kind
Taught them to use their faculties aright ;
Had fostering care developed the rich
mines
Of more than gold or diamonds which lie
hid
In human souls ; but who are stunted
now—
Dwarf'd to deformity—for lack of soil
In which the roots of true nobility
In man or woman may find nutriment.

"Tis well to cultivate each yard of soil
For corn, and fruits, and flowers ; it is well
To probe the earth for minerals that may
Be fused to human use ; but it is vain
To prate of "wealth of nations" in our
pride—
Yea, bloated ignorance—if we despise,
Neglect, or scorn, the meanest child that's
born
Of meanest parents ; for there is a wealth
To be developed by all nations yet
In whose bright rays all other wealth will
pale.

HARRY WATSON ;

OR, THE SECRETS OF FREEMASONRY.

BY H. A. M. HENDERSON.

From the "Kentucky Freemason."

IN due time Harry was passed to a Fellow Craft, and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. He passed the Junior and Senior Warden's Chairs, and was Master of his Lodge. He studied the work and became expert in the conferring of degrees and well versed in Masonic history, usages and jurisprudence. At a celebration of the anniversary of St. John—the 24th of June—he delivered a Masonic oration, much to the delight of the Craft and of his wife, who was proud of the effort of her gifted husband. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Home, and at night there was a fair and concert given under the auspices of the ladies, and among those who participated none were more busy than the wife of Harry Watson. She had seen her husband's interest in the Lodge, while the husbands of her neighbours were spending their evenings at the club and in the bar-rooms. She always knew when he was absent that he was breathing the pure atmosphere and mingling in the refined and chaste associations of the Lodge-room, and that the matters which were engaging his attention were those related to an alleviation of the wretchedness of a smitten, suffering humanity.

In the meantime the old clergyman, by frequent intercourse with Harry, who kept him informed as to the benevolent works of the Order, had abandoned his hostility to Masonry, and, of his own free will and accord had knocked at the door as a poor blind candidate seeking light, the scales had dropped from his eyes and he saw the Order as a handmaiden of religion, and on that very anniversary day had opened the public exercises with prayer, which ran, as near as we can remember, thus: "O, thou Supreme Architect of the Universe, we are persuaded that an Institution that has survived the criticism of centuries of inquiring thought, survived the hostility of crowned and mitred heads, grown grander as it grew older, and which has secured the fealty of the sages, the philanthropists,

the patriots, whose path is a continued tracery of mercy, which has dried the tear of orphanage, hushed the wail of widowhood, and helped the stranger to friends, and the poor to benefactors, must command Thy fatherly approbation. Had it not been worthy of its long and prosperous career the good would have turned from its altars and the wicked long since have profaned them. Had it not been designed by Thee as an agent for promoting Thy glory among men and the good of a suffering humanity, it would, long ere this, been dashed into remediless ruin by the rod of Thy avenging power and providence. We thank Thee for an Institution that binds men in a common brotherhood, and translates into practical life the anthem—'Glory to God in the Highest: peace on earth, and good will to men.' O, Thou who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a Father of the fatherless, bless this Order which takes to its ward and protection the bereaved and dependent. Command Thy blessing on the 'Home' this great brotherhood is building. Open the hearts of our Fraternity, and of a sympathizing world that abundant means may be afforded for the completion of the noble plans drawn by the hands of master-spirits upon our trestle-boards. Enable us so to live as to meet with Thy approval when we come to die, and to secure a welcome to the hospitalities of Heaven—we ask in Thy Great Name. Amen."

From more than two hundred reverent hearts and lips there went up the response *so mote it be.*

Then was sung those tender lines of Pope—

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

At the close of Worshipful Master Watson's oration, he said: "If Providence shall spare my life and health a term of years, and continue to bless me in the future as in the past few years of my professional career, I will be able to provide for my family while living and bequeath to them a competency when dead. It is not, therefore, from any selfish motive that I make the plea I utter to-day in behalf of our 'Masonic Home.' I desire to do good, and to those who apprehend aright

doing good is quite as joy-yielding as getting good. Indeed, the Great Father has said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' The work of beneficence promotes our happiness. It places us in harmony with nature. The plan of nature is that of *giving*. The sun gives his rays constantly, generously, joyously; the ocean gives its vapours to the skies; the skies give their rains to the earth; the earth warms and waters each seed within her bosom, and sends it up in greenness and richness, and nourishes and cherishes it that it may give bread to the eater. The animals give their strength and swiftness to man, or lay down their lives for his sake. There is no chest for hoarding in all God's works; no magazine for saving sunbeams or air or rain drops or fountains. If the sun or old ocean or mother earth should turn miser, we should soon have universal death. He who is a self-centred self-contained ego is, in the nature of the case, wretched. The sun must shine and warm and light on their way a brotherhood of planets or be consumed by its own ardours. He who shuts up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him? The grandest heart would be choked with aneurism did it not send the crimson tide to the remotest artery of the body.

"That man may last but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Who none can love, none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

"If then, for no other purpose, I engage in this Masonic Charity, I am compensated by being blessed in the deed. And though I have congratulated myself on the prospect of competency while living, and independence for my family when dead, I'm not insensible to the fact that the fickle goddess of fortune may make my 'expectation vain and disappoint my trust.' No man has a lease on life. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth. The spark of accident, the brand of the incendiary may light to destruction our dwellings; the worm, the cheat, the rust, may destroy our crops; the most trusted of financiers may fail and involve us in ruin. Riches can, in various ways, take to themselves wings and fly away! a breath of mephitic air, a grain of feculent pus, a moment of exposure, may plant the seeds

of sure and speedy death, and ere a year the most prosperous and vigorous among us may be bankrupt of wealth, or laid low in the grave. Already in our 'Home' are those whose ancestors were clad in purple, and who feasted on the fat of the earth. There are those under its hospitable shelter who bear historic names. I know not in doing this work for others but that I may be providing a 'Home' for my own loved. I glory in belonging to an Order as widely diffused as the race—a brotherhood of philanthropic men—a fraternal band who will encourage me in the right, gently admonish me when wrong, protect my fair name from foul breath of evil calumny, who will watch by my pillow when my head is aching with fatal pains, who will tenderly close my eyes when death shall put out their light, who will gently bear me to burial, plant the emblematic Acacia in the enfolding turf that overwraps my throbbless breast, and take to their ward and protection the dear ones that I might otherwise leave in this cold and unfriendly world, uncared for and alone."

The speaker knew not that he spoke prefiguring words. Called East, in an important case of litigation, he was returning to his home on the fated train that went down in the death-gorge of Ashtabula. The charred remains were received and committed to the earth with Masonic rites, and in the bright morn of manhood, and when beginning to reap the first fruits of a promising professional career, he was cut down, leaving a wife and two children dependent. In a short time they were sheltered beneath the roof of the "Home," and the young widow nightly thanks God, as she gathers her two fatherless boys to her knee, that her loved and lost Harry was led by a love of "the true, the beautiful, and the good" to the altars of Masonry.

EMBOSSSED BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have been much struck with a remarkable addition to embossed books now happily, owing to Dr. Moon, in use among the blind, namely, the life of the Rev. Dr.

Morehead, with illustrations, and to which attention has been called both in the *Freemason* and *Literary Advertiser*. We think it well to add here Dr. Moon's own account of his good work for 1876 :—

"A Brief Account of the Progress and Success of Dr. Moon's Reading for the Blind during the year 1876.

"With grateful thanks to the Giver of all good, Dr. Moon presents the following summary to the kind friends who have so liberally, for many years, supported him in his work of preparing Embossed Books for the Blind.

"During the past year 5,869 volumes have been circulated, making a total of more than 103,000 volumes issued since the commencement of the work. Of those sent out last year, 2,234 were books of Scripture, and 3,635 were upon Religious, Biographical, Educational, and other subjects.

"The circulation of the books has not been confined to Great Britain and Ireland, large numbers having been sent abroad to America, Australia, India, Russia, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Portugal, Syria, &c. Copies of the Lord's Prayer, and other small portions of Scripture, have been sent as specimens to Lapland, Iceland, Greenland, to Labrador (for the Esquimaux), the Fiji Islands, and Japan.

"In addition to the large orders now on hand for the Blind of our own country, large supplies are in preparation for Australia, America, Syria, Sweden, &c.

"It is an encouraging fact that pressing applications are being received from the readers generally, for a still greater variety of books, manifesting that the Blind greatly appreciate the boon they possess in being able to read for themselves by the aid of this type.

"Dr. Moon has adapted his alphabet to 121 languages, many of which have been successfully employed by Missionaries and others, in distant lands; and it is to be hoped, that during the present year (1877), opportunities may be afforded for sending specimens in several of the other languages to the Blind of Foreign lands.

"Dr. Moon is desirous of embracing all opportunities of circulating these specimens in new countries, by the kind

assistance of Missionaries and others, who may be going abroad.

"At the conclusion of one of the meetings which Dr. Moon addressed in Manchester, during his travels last autumn, a person thanked him for the blessing and comfort which the reading of the books had afforded her cousin who had died about three months previously. From childhood she had been blind, deaf, and dumb, and 'it would be impossible,' said her cousin, 'to describe the pleasure and comfort the books had afforded. For hours at a time she would sit and read portions of the Bible, and constantly a smile of delight might be seen to pass over her face.'

"Reference might be made to numerous other instances illustrating the appreciation which the Blind manifest, and the comfort afforded them in the embossed reading, and Dr. Moon trusts that the friends who have so liberally aided him hitherto in his labours, will kindly continue to assist him in meeting the increased demands for the books."

We will only say one word more—contributions may be addressed to Dr. William Moon, 104, Queen's Road, Brighton—and that no better humanitarian work can be supported by the sympathetic and the benevolent.

TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

By Bro. EMRA HOLMES, Author of Lectures on "Public Speaking; what it is, and what it might be"; "Charles Dickens"; and "Odds and Ends of Wit and Humour."

Delivered at Ipswich, Colchester, and Saxmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

CONJOINTLY with Mr. Reynolds, he wrote and published anonymously, "Odes and Addresses to Great People." This had a great sale, and occasioned no little wonder and speculation as to the author.

S. T. Coleridge writes to Lamb, accusing him of writing the Odes. He says, "No,

Charles, it is you. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have anou'd the book. The puns are nine in ten good, many excellent, the Newgatory transcendant; and then the exemplum *sini exemplo* of a volume of personalities and extemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses, saving and except, perhaps, in the envy addled brain of the despiser of your lays. If not a triumph over him, it is, at least, an ovation. Then, moreover, and besides to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed."

On the 5th May, 1824, Mr. Hood married Miss Reynolds. The match was, it appears, not entirely approved of by her family; it was certainly an imprudent one, but the attachment was evidently strong and genuine on both sides.

Their daughter, the author of the memorials, says:—

"In spite of all the sickness and sorrow that formed the greatest portion of the after part of their lives, the union was a happy one.

My mother was a woman of cultivated mind and literary tastes, and well suited to him as a companion. He had such confidence in her judgment, that he read and re-read, and corrected with her all he wrote. Many of his articles were first dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with his references and quotations. He frequently dictated the first draft of his articles, although they were always finally copied out in his peculiarly, clear, neat writing, which was so legible and good, that it was once or twice begged by printers to teach their compositors a first and easy lesson in reading hand-writing.

The poem 'I love thee,' was written at this time.

What woman would not have been flattered by such verses.

In truth, she was a literary helpmate, and all through their wedded life he was her lover as much as her husband. Would that the same could be said of all great literary men.

His son, in the preface to the Memorials, thus speaks of Mrs. Hood:—

"My mother was a fitting companion for such a husband. She shared his troubles and soothed his sorrow, and was so much a part of his very existence, that latterly he could hardly bear her out of his sight, or write when she was not by him. We have been frequently obliged to omit large portions of his letters to her—it would have been sacrilege to alter them,—and we did not feel it right to publish what was intended for her eyes alone: the tender epithets and the love talk, so fond and yet so true. I quote here one passage as a sample of those which occur so frequently in the letters:—

"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause.

"First your own affectionate letter lately received—next the remembrances of our dear children, pledges, what darling ones, of our old familiar love. Then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought, that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence, all that is wisely or womanly from my pen."

Where a union such as this exists—and I doubt not there are many such amongst the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE—it makes a little heaven on earth.

Of late years their daughter says their mother's time and thoughts were entirely devoted to him, and he became restless, and almost seemed unable to write unless she were near.

The first few years of their life was the most unclouded. The young couple resided for some years in Robert St., Adelphi. Here was born their first child, which, to their great grief, scarcely survived its birth. In looking over some old papers, Miss Hood found, she says, a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper, and inscribed in her father's hand-writing—

"Little eyes that scarce did see,
 Little lips that never smiled;
 Alas, my little dear dead child,
 Death is thy father and not me,
 I but embraced thee, soon as he."

There is a tender pathos about these lines that cannot fail to touch the heart of every father and mother in whom the affections still live.

On this occasion those exquisite lines of Charles Lamb, "On an Infant dying as soon as born," were written and sent to Hood.

It is to be regretted that there is no record left of the pleasant days of this intimacy with Charles Lamb and his sister. It was a very true and sincere friendship on both sides, and it lasted up to the time of Lamb's death.

In truth, there was much in common between the gentle Elia and Tom Hood. Both were sensitive plants, both had the divine afflatus, and were blessed or cursed with genius, and both illustrated in their writings how nearly the fountains of laughter and tears lie together. Lamb and Coleridge were both, as the reader no doubt knows, Blue-coat boys, and the former, I suppose, would be at Christ's Hospital with that Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Hood's father, whilst he was head writing-master. Lamb was quite as fond of his joke as Hood, and there are many good stories told of him.

Lamb was in the India office, then under the Honorable East India Co., as you know, so that he was, if I may say so, a semi-civil servant. The hours were, I believe, the same as in most Government Offices (I hope they won't alter them), reasonable in length, and no doubt suggested the execrable riddle in *Punch* some time since intended to ridicule us poor Civil Servants: "Why are the fountains in Trafalgar Square like Government Clerks?—Because they play from ten till four."

I am glad to say the notion that we have nothing to do but play from ten till four, and that we are over-paid, is now pretty well acknowledged to be a fallacy, and the Civil Servants of the present day are recognized as a body of men who strive to do their duty to the State conscientiously—during their hours of business—and to spend their leisure time as well, not unfrequently, in the service of the public. I do not hesitate to say that

taking them as a whole, there is no body of men in the kingdom, educationally, the equals of the higher class of Officials who are worse paid (unless it be in the Church), and who are more deserving of the sympathy and respect of the public, than the Civil Servants of the Crown.

In every branch of literature and art they have made their mark. In all the learned societies you see their names; and I have only to mention such men as Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatic writer, art critic to the *Times*, of the Local Government Board, I believe; Edmund Yates, the novelist, and Tom Hood (son of the great man of whom I am speaking), late editor of *Fun*, who were till lately, both in the Post Office; W. M. Rosetti, the art critic, clerk in the Inland Revenue; Clement Scott, dramatic critic, of the War Office; Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, of the Treasury; Anthony Trollope, who was till recently also an Inspector of the Post Office, one of the greatest novelists of the day; the late John Forster, H.M. Commissioner in Lunacy, the biographer and friend of Dickens; the late Albany Fonblanque, the essayist, of the Statistical Department; Sir Francis Doyle, professor of poetry, at Oxford, Commissioner of Customs; Mr. W. R. Grey, the well-known essayist, controller of H.M. Stationery Office, late Commissioner of Customs; Bro. J. C. Parkinson, the journalist, late of the Inland Revenue; Sir Arthur Helps, author of some charming works, late Clerk to the Privy Council; and many others, too numerous to mention, to prove to the readers of the Magazine that what I have said as to the class to which I am proud to belong, is perfectly true, and to claim for them as a body the consideration, and, I hope, the respect and esteem of the whole British public, so long, and so long only, as they continue to deserve the same.

But I am sadly digressing. I began by relating an anecdote of Lamb, and I have nearly forgotten to tell it after all. As I said, Lamb was in the India Office, the hours were from ten till four, but it is to be feared Lamb was not remarkable for punctuality in attendance.

It appears that one of the Directors having heard of his fame as the author of "Essays by Elia," wanted to find some excuse to make his acquaintance—took advantage

of his irregularity in putting in an appearance, and stopped him one day as he came in behind time as usual, "You are late, sir," said the Director, with well-assumed asperity; it is past ten, sir, past ten."—"Yes, sir," said Lamb, nervously, with his usual stammer; "but I always leave punctually at four."

In 1826, appeared the first series of "Whims and Oddities," which had a very good sale, and took so well with the public, that a second edition followed; and some time afterwards a second series appeared, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. This was followed by two volumes of "National Tales," a series of stories, or rather novelettes, somewhat in the manner of Boccaccio, though wanting of course in his coarseness; but they are now utterly out of print. The truth is, like Theodore Hook, he was very clever in many ways, but he could not write stories worth reading. "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a very favourite poem of his own, appeared in 1827, but it did not exactly suit the public taste, and many copies remained unsold on the publisher's shelves. Hood afterwards bought up the remainder of the edition, as he himself said, to save it from the butter shops.

This very artistic poem is more appreciated now, as is the "Haunted House," another of his graver and more ambitious efforts, which has served to stamp him as a poet of no mean order. It shows a wonderful power of treating of the mysterious and horrible, and it is singularly powerful without being revolting. Without doubt, it is one of the finest poems of this gifted writer.

In 1829 he left London for Winchmore Hill, where he took a pretty little cottage situated in a pleasant garden. He was very much attached to the place, and years afterwards, was wont to find a fancied resemblance to it.

He had the rheumatic fever very badly some time afterwards, and went to Brighton, which for many years afterwards, he was in the habit of visiting, and soon got better.

Whilst their at breakfast one morning, he offered to give his wife some hints as to buying fish. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavour to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you

to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition."

Mrs. Hood, who believed implicitly everything her husband told her, eager to show off her acquired knowledge, refused to buy some plaice when the fish woman came round, averring that, of course, the fish were not fresh—when she was met by the assertion that they came out of the water only that morning. But remembering her husband's portrayal of the iniquitous falsehoods told by Brighton fishwomen, she gravely shook her head, and mildly observed, in all the pride of conscious knowledge, "My good woman, it may be as you say; but I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant red spots." "Lord bless your eyes, mum," retorted the woman, "who ever seed any without em." A suppressed giggle on the stairs revealed the perpetrator of the joke; and off went Tom Hood with a peal of laughter, leaving his too credulous wife to appease the angry sea nymph as best she could.

During one of his visits to Brighton, he made the acquaintance of an old lieutenant in the Coast Guard, from him he learned his solitary song.

Only one verse of this curious production has been retained, and it runs something in this fashion:—

"Up jumped the mackerel,
With his striped back,
Says he, reef in the mainsel and haul on the
tack;
For it's windy weather;
It's stormy weather;
And when the wind blows, pipe all hands to-
gether;
For, upon my word, it is windy weather."

Tom Hood, his daughter says, curiously enough, with the most delicate perception of the rhythm and melody of versifying, and the most acute instinct for any jarring syllable or word, and peculiarly happy in the musical cadence, of his own poetry, had not the slightest ear for music.

He could not sing a tune through correctly, and was rather amused by the defect than otherwise, especially when a phrenologist once told him his organs of time and tune were very deficient.

He used to say on the very few occasions he was got to sing, that he chose this particular song, because if he was out

of tune no one could detect him, especially as he made a point of refusing all encores.

Some one indulging in a rhapsody on music, suddenly turned upon Hood, who didn't sympathise, and said patronisingly, "Ah! you know you've no musical enthusiasm; you don't know what it is!" It was dangerous to snubb Hood, whose reply was characteristic in its quiet sarcasm. "Oh, yes, I do know it—it's like turtle soup, for every pint of real you meet with gallons of mock, with calves heads in proportion."

Hood lived about 3 years at Winchmore Hill, and here, in 1830, his daughter Fanny, the author of the Memorials, from which I have quoted so much, was born.

(To be continued.)

IDENTITY.

THE following clever parody, *Scrilner* tells us, has been going the rounds of New York City for some time. We do not know where it originated.

If you could be, as I think you are,
Some other person, as others are,
I should not muse as I gaze to night,
Seeking that distant red-rayed star:
Another were less bright.
For when two mingle their beams for
aye,
How thought will dartle and then grow
dim:
—You see how my star shoots out a
ray
Now strong and brilliant—now faint
and slim,
As stars oft have a way.
Well—one star less—were a somewhat
more;
But what that more is I cannot tell;
When they shoot, these stars, from
the azure shore—
(You note where yon crimson traitor
fell)
Is their light for ever o'er?
And you, if you could (as I think you
might),
Be another person, as others be,
Would your present being, with all
its light
Go out?—be utterly lost for me!—
What is?—and what is right?

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REFERENCE TO THE EURESIS OF THE MYSTERIES.

"They saw celestial beauty in all the dazzling radiance of its perfection, when, joining with the glorified chorus, they were admitted to the beatific vision, and were initiated into the most blessed of all mysteries."—PLATO.

"Swell loud and deep the choral song,
To Mithra's praise the notes prolong,
Ye sacred guardians of the Eternal Flame,
That pure and bright from nature's birth
Through many a circling century have glow'd,
Ere first to warm the barren earth,
His shining chariot clave the Ethereal road.
Aloft your golden censers raise,
And, while a thousand altars blaze,
With shouts the conscious Deity proclaim."

MAURICE.

THERE is one great peculiarity about the temples of heathenism, which cannot fail to be noticed by everyone who gives the subject the slightest consideration; which is, that in their construction, all natural light was carefully excluded, and the interior was profoundly dark, except when illuminated by the introduction of artificial light. The Holy of Holies in the tabernacle and temple of the Jews is a proof that there was some understood principle in those ages that "the darkness and light are both alike with God;"* and that it was in coincidence with the will and pleasure of the Deity, that the divine mysteries of religion should be hidden from the observation of profane persons. The Most Holy Place or Adytum of the Pagados of the East, was involved in darkness; whence travellers have observed that "they have more the appearance of the recesses of impure spirits, than of places designed for the exercise of religion." Indeed, the primitive temples of India were caverns, like those of Elephanta and Salsette, being places where darkness eternally reigus.

In all nations the most sacred mysteries of religion were celebrated in such sub-

terranean places, some of which were of immense size and capacity. That celebrated one at Eleusis was capable of holding as large a number as a theatre.* But the description given by Vitruvius is still more remarkable: "Eleusinae Cereris et Proserpinae cellam *immani magnitudine* Ictinus Dorico more, sine exterioribus columnis ad laxamentum usus sacrificiorum, pertexit. Eam autem postra, cum Demetrius Phalereus Athenis rerum potiretus, Philon aute templum in fronte columnis constitutis prostylon fecit. Ita aucto vestibulo laxamentum initiantibus operisque summam adiecit autoritatem."† And Aristides thought this the most extraordinary circumstance, that of all the public assemblies of Greece, this was the only one which was contained together within a single edifice.‡

Cavern temples were common in Egypt, and it is believed that they existed beneath the pyramids, branching out to vast and incredible distances. All these were necessarily dark; for which reason probably such places were considered more particularly sacred; and consequently better adapted to the occult purposes of initiation and the regeneration of the human soul.

A remarkable instance of the veneration for caverns is related by Jerome and others, who say that the heathen Romans converted the caverns where Christ was born (called in our translation of the Scriptures, a stable) into a place of celebration for the mysteries of Adonis. His words are: "Bethlehem, now our most venerable place, was overshadowed by the grove of Thammuz, *i.e.* of Adonis; and in the cave where once the Messiah appeared as an infant, the lover of Venus was loudly lamented.§ This is confirmed by Socrates,|| who says: "Those who hated the religion of Christ filled up the place where he was born with a dyke of stones, and built in it a Temple of Venus, with a figure standing upon it, by which they intended to dissipate all recollection of the holy place."

* Strabo Geog. l. ix.

† Vitruv. de Archit. Pref. ad. l. vii.

‡ Eleusin. Orat.

§ Jerome Ess. 13, ad Paulin.

|| Hist. Eccl. l. i. c. 17.

The use which the heathen made of these dark places, was to startle and impress the aspirant at his initiation into the mysteries, by the contrast from pitchy darkness to the most brilliant light. Thus we are told that on some occasions the temple at Sumnaut, in India, whose lofty roof was supported by fifty-six pillars overlaid with plates of gold, and incrustated with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, was illuminated by a gigantic lamp, whose light, reflected back from the burnished gold and jewels, spread a strong and refulgent lustre throughout the spacious fabric.

The above ceremony was intended hieroglyphically to show the sublime attributes of the Deity, which in most countries were designated by light, which was supposed by some of the learned Rabbies to be the garment of God, because David said that he clothed Himself with it; and Maimonides thought that the lustre of the heavens arose from the expansion of this garment. Eugubinus supposed that the empyrean heaven, or habitation of God, was nothing more than the exhibition of this glorious light, which he compared to the poetical Olympus, so-called, because it was supposed to shine with the admirable glory of the Divinity. Hence the general allusion, which the hierophant made to the autopsia of the initiations was, that the light was divine; the true *Oaos δάνα οίκον ἐρύχθη* of Theocritus.* And for the same reason the Chaldee oracle advises that when we see the holy fire shining upon us, we may esteem it to be a divine communication.†

The gods are depicted by the poets as shining with an effulgent lustre. When Jupiter visited Alemena, the poet says: "Cedes tota confulgebant, quasi essent auree."‡ There are so many instances of this, that it will be unnecessary to press the point further. It was an embodiment of the prophesy of Habakkuk: "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light; and he had horns or beams of light

* Idyl xxiv.

† Orac. Chalde. ap. Psell. p. 81.

‡ Plant. Amphyt. Act v, s. 1.

streaming out of his hand or side."* The aspirant was ready to believe in the supernatural nature of the autopsia, by being carefully instructed beforehand, that the Deity was about to reveal Himself in all His splendour.

On all the Egyptian monuments the Scarabeus, whenever it occurs, denotes *life*, and its absence *death*. The figure before us, therefore, as used in the initiations, symbolised the Euresis, or raising of the aspirant from a darkness resembling death, to light and life; and the Tracing Boards contain the explanations which attended this important ceremony.

Now it will be observed that *life* was hieroglyphically represented by light, and *death* by darkness; and as the anaglyph contains no emblem to indicate the latter, we are fully justified by the whole tenor of Egyptian symbolical instruction, which is always uniform and consistent with itself, in our application of the anaglyph to the Euresis of the Hermesian Freemasonry. These two, says the Geeta, "Light and darkness, are esteemed the world's eternal ways. He who walketh in the former path, returneth not; whilst he who walketh in the latter path, cometh back again upon the earth."

The Theosophic philosophers of the last century thus explained the two principles of light and darkness. The seven spirits of God are perfectly in every place; but if in any one place they wrestle not triumphantly, in that place is no mobility, but a deep darkness. Such a house is the house of flesh in man; such was the whole space of this world, when the Deity, in the seven spirits, had withdrawn itself from the devils; and had so continued if the seven planets and stars had not risen from God's spirits. But the heart of the Deity hideth itself in the corporeity and outbirth of this world; which, therefore, is in great anguish, till the heart of God will move itself again in the seven spirits of God in this world, and kindle them, and then the sun and stars will pass away to their first place, and the Light of God shall fill the body of the world, and when the anxiety tasteth the sweetness of the Light of God, all is richly full of joy, and the whole body triumpheth; which

* Hab. iii. 3, 4.

now cannot be, because the fierce captive devil keeps the house in the outbirth of this world, till the last judgment day; and then the heart of God with his fan will cleanse his floor, and breaking through, proclaim bright day."

The aphanism, or preliminary part of the initiations, was performed in darkness to signify death, which was also a name for initiation; for, as we have seen above, while *τελευται* signified "to die," *τελεισθαι* was used for initiation. The aspirant was here the representative of the Sun, in his passage through the inferior signs of the Zodiac, viz., from Scorpio to Pisces, in which the earth underwent a change from light to darkness—a real aphanism—whence the term Osirean was used to designate a person actually deceased, as well as one who underwent the aphanism of the Spurious Freemasonry. It was during this ceremony that the candidates are said, in our Scriptures, to eat the offerings of the dead, to pass into the silence of the grave, and make their bed in darkness.*

Darkness is frequently used metaphorically in the Jewish Scriptures. It is there made emblematical of everything that is evil and dangerous to man in his mortal state.† It is a symbol of ignorance,‡ of folly,§ of calamity,|| of sin,¶ and of death.** The mystical analogy might be extended to an indefinite length, both from the Old and New Testaments; but the enquiry would be out of place here, and the above instances will suffice to show the light in which the emblem was understood by the Jewish prophets. The grave was a symbol of the silence or secrecy with which they were expected to observe respecting the mysteries which were about to be revealed to them. And they were told by the hierophant that man teaches us to speak, but the gods enjoin us to silence; from whence we should learn to keep secret the rites and ceremonies of initiation.

(To be continued.)

* Ps. cvi. 28; Job xvii. 13.

† Job xxx. 26.

‡ Job xxxii. 19; Isa. xlii. 7, lx. 2.

§ Eccles. ii. 13.

|| Isa. v. 30; Esth. xi. 8; Job iii. 4-5.

¶ Isa. xlix. 9; Jer. xxiii. 12.

** Job x. 21; Ps. cvii. 10.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

WE take this amusing story from the *Philadelphia Keystone*.

My name is Jonas Perth, and I always had a great dread of mothers-in-law. When I married Anna Maria Bashford, the only thing that troubled my peace of mind was, that I had a mother-in-law. To be sure, the seas rolled between us. Mrs. Bashford was in France with a married son, and was unable to come to America just then. Maria had always lived with an aunt, and being arrived at the years of discretion, her mother sent her a lace veil and her blessing, and we were married quite as well without her presence at St. John's one fine morning. Yes, the seas rolled between my mother-in-law and myself, but I had heard so much of them—I mean mothers-in-law—that I was not quite easy in my mind.

When we were married, Anna Maria and I went to houskeeping. We hired one of a small row, let furnished at a reasonable rate. They were all alike—just the same build and exactly the same articles of furniture. Two were empty; three already occupied. We chose one of them on the advice of our landlord. He said we should have such quiet neighbours—old Mrs. Bolivar and her daughter on one side, and Mr. Briggs, an old bachelor named Briggs, on the other. They were quiet; we never saw either of them. A figure in a large black shawl and a long black veil, now and then, went in and out of Mrs. Bolivar door. We supposed it to be Mrs. Bolivar; but it might have been Miss Bolivar as well. Once in a while somebody groaned a little on the other side. Anna Maria decided that it was Mr. Briggs, who had been crossed in love, troubled by the memories of the past. From the glimpse I caught of that gentleman's countenance, I concluded that he never had any love to be crossed in, and supposed that he must have discovered occasionally that he had in some manner lost a few cents.

Nobody in either of the houses ever sat at the window, or stood at the door, or

walked in the small courtyard, where the roses of Sharon grew. We had the place all to ourselves. It was very pleasant. So gradually as Mrs. Bashford still wrote affectionate letters from France, I forgot my terrors and made myself comfortable. My mother-in-law would probably never trouble me.

Judge of my consternation, therefore, when one morning, at my place of business, I received a telegram containing these words:

"Dear mamma has come to us, hurry home!"

I read it, sat down on a tall stool, and stared at vacancy. A crisis had arrived. What should I do? How attack a trouble of which I had no experience? I did not even know in what shape it would come. I could form no conception of the style of my mother-in-law who awaited me—a large one with a cap, a small one with frizettes, a fat one like a feather bed, a lean one, all bones? Was she high-strung, and mistress of all the long words in the English language? Was she of the weeping order? Was she a wonderful house-keeper or a commanding person? What part of a woman was my mother-in-law? She had been in France. I knew a man once who had a French mother-in-law; he had suffered. Being dosed with soup, which the lady thought the only diet for the human race, and presented with water and refreshment, he had rebelled. The lady had once thrown the soup, hot, at his head, and gone into hysterics, declaring that he was an assassin!

But perhaps my mother-in-law had not become French enough for that. However, all writers combine to declare that mothers-in-law create dissensions in families, and set the wife against her lawful master; the husband once subjected, the man was lost.

I would begin by taking the upper hand, and thus keep it.

There was a way where there was a will. Thus resolving, I went home at an early hour; and as I walked up the row, whistled to keep courage up.

There was no lights in the cottage windows as yet, but as I ascended my door-step, I saw that my door was ajar, and wondering how it happened, entered without noise and closed it. A fire burnt

in the grate, and a rocking chair sat before it. Glad of a reprieve, I threw myself into the chair, lit a cigar, and began to smoke. My wife was occupied elsewhere, I supposed; but this was the beginning of my mother-in-law's advent. Ever, until now, had my Anna Maria run to the door to greet me with a kiss.

I was vexed, and I shall not attempt to deny it. Well, since she had not cared, I'd not show that I did. I closed my eyes and smoked on. Even when steps entered the room I did not open them.

"I declare," said a voice, "I smell smoke! I smell tobacco! I declare, I believe some one is smoking in this house!" Sniff, sniff. "Tobacco smoke, surely!" A match snapped. I opened my eyes, sat up, and saw a stout lady lighting the gas. My mother-in-law was a *very* big one, with a cap—a white cap—with black ribbons, and she wore black alpaca with flounces. I saw that she was one with whom I must, sooner or later, come to single combat.

Having lit the lamp, she turned toward me, put up a pair of gold glasses, and said, in a tone of suppressed wrath:

"Well, and what does this mean."

"It means that I am finishing my cigar," I said.

"And I should like to know," said she, "how you happened to come into this parlour to finish it?"

"Well, madam, your daughter has never objected to it," said I. "I've smoked many a cigar here, and I shall continue to do so. Any one who doesn't like it can go elsewhere, you know."

"The impudence!" said the old lady. "But either you are mad or I am. My daughter has not objected to your smoking. You have often smoked in this room, do you say?"

"I have," said I; "many a night I've smoked here until one o'clock, she sitting opposite me, and I got her to try a paper cigarette. Let me roll you one—it would settle your nerves."

"Heavens and earth," cried the old lady. "My daughter, whom I have brought up with such care, smoke cigarettes with you at one in the morning! Have I been dreaming? Have I been de-

ceived? But no! it's a lie—an awful slanderous lie!"

"You may ask her, madam," said I. "And more than that, I should have done as I pleased, in any case. A man is master in his own house."

"His own house?" said she.

"Yes," said I. "You don't deny, I hope, that I'm your daughter's husband."

"My daughter's husband?" said she. "Oh! is it true? Have I been deceived? Is he mad, or—Eliza! Eliza! E-e-e-liza!"

As she screamed the name, a young woman rushed into the room, looked at me, and shrieked also.

"Eliza Bolivar," said the old lady, "speak my child, is that man your husband?"

"Why, ma," said the young lady, "I never saw him before."

And now I saw what I had done. I had entered Mrs. Bolivar's house instead of my own. These were Mrs. and Miss Bolivar.

"It is an absurd mistake. Let me explain," said I.

"Not a word," said the old lady.

"Not a word. Go!"

"Not until I've explained." I said. My wife—

"I am not!" said Eliza Bolivar.

"I don't think you are," said I. "I—"

"You averred that she was," said the old lady. Wait, Eliza! I see it all. This is a burglar. It's one of their tricks to get us to leave the room while they look for the plate. But he shan't escape. Go to the window and call the police. I will hold him!"

She grabbed me by the coat collar. Eliza shrieked from the window: "Help! thieves!" Horror possessed me. I wriggled out of the coat, dashed under the old lady's arms, and rushed bareheaded and in my shirt sleeves into my own area gate. In a moment more I stood before my wife, our domestic, and a lady whom I knew to be my actual mother-in-law, and who was only Maria twenty years older, and set them to screaming, too. The street was full of boys. Mrs. Bolivar still shrieked "thieves and murder!" There was nothing for it but to explain; which I did.

"What shall we do?" cried Anna Maria.

"Your hat and coat are next door. The wretch will arrest you."

"No she won't," said my mother-in-law, "I'll settle her."

She put on her bonnet and left us. An hour afterward she returned with my hat and overcoat.

"She's a dreadful creature, said she, "but I've quieted her. I had to tell a fib. I said you were what they call between two wines in France—a little tipsy you know—and that you took her for me."

"Oh, my son," said Anna Maria's mother, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "did you think I looked like that."

I kissed her, and we have been the best of friends ever since.

Mrs. Bolivar always gathers her flowing robes as she passes me by in the street, and remarks to some invisible familiar: "*That* intoxicated person." But I don't mind. The sight of her always leads me to thank heaven that I am not in reality her son-in-law so devoutly that I have no room for any other feeling.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

She journeyed north, she journeyed south,
The whole bright land she wandered
over,

And climbed the mountains white with
snow,

And sought the plains where palm-trees
grow,

But—never found the four-leaved clover.

Then to the seas she spread her sail,

Fled round the world, a white winged
rover ;

Her small foot pressed the Grecian
grass,

She saw Egyptian temples pass,

But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The costliest gems shone on her brow ;

The ancient Belgian spinners wove her
A robe of lace a queen might wear ;

Her eyes found all most rich, most rare,

But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The throng did flock to see her pass ;

To hear her speak, and all men strove
her

Smile to win ; She had the whole

Of each one's life and heart and soul,

But—never found the four-leaved clover.

A sudden whirlwind came at last,

A little tempest rose and drove her

Homeward, bereft alone and poor,

The fair friends fled, the journeyings o'er

That never found the four-leaved clover.

"Alas !" she sighed, "All hope is gone ;

I've searched the wide world through,
moreover,

My eyes are worn with toil ; they see

But this small strip of grass—" There free

And strong it grew, the four-leaved
clover.

Forgotten Stories.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. II.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

—"Hæc in re scilicet unâ
Multum dissimiles."—HOR.

In a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowan, we became acquainted with two characters ; upon whom, as they afford a perfect contrast to each other, we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable ; Nature made the outline of their characters the same ; but Education has varied the colouring. Their mother died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of

strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned; but for all the lesser *agrémens* of society, she had nothing to depend upon but the suggestions of a kind heart and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation; who, having imbibed her notions of propriety at a fashionable boarding-school, and made a love-match very early in life, was but ill prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might have been expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful; and two or three old ladies, who talk scandal over their tea, and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised Heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate Blue.

The incident which first introduced us to them afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two ladies returning from their walk; and, as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles, and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore, of the similarity of age and person which existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the

surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel, but a clever and interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm; Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse. "This would make a fine sketch," said the first; "We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us; we passed a ruined hut, which had been long deserted by its inhabitants. "Suppose we take refuge here for the evening," said Morris; "It would be very romantic," said Sensibility; "It would be very disagreeable," said Sense; "How it would astonish my father!" said the Heroine; "How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains that we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda; "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one, hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to night," sighed Sensibility pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was aware of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal; Sense quickened her steps—Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety to their father's door. We were, of course received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up; and of course we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the two young ladies; but here again the diversity of their manners showed itself very plainly. The useful was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa-covers and the curtains; but the latter had decorated the card racks, and painted the roses on the hand-screens. The neat little bookcases too, which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed our native English worthies—Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden and Pope; on the shelves of the sister reclined the more effeminate Italians,—Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different, yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at that we paid a longer visit than we had originally intended. The conversation turned at one time, upon the late revolutions. Matilda was a terrible Radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the Holy Alliance; Emily however, declined to join in commiseration or invective, and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be, Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily smiled and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious; but we are sure the loquacity was the most interesting.

We took up the newspaper. There was an account of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our fair friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added

Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first,—“or a madman,” rejoined the second,

The storm now died away in the distance, and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful, the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine, and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain-drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played, at such an hour, on such a spot, and with such companions, we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "How very imprudent," replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh; "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr. Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated, in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister, who trembled with agitation. "Take care of this box," said Emily;—it contained her father's title-deeds. "For Heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—it was a miniature of her mother!

We have left, but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come, hand in hand to our imagination! Some, indeed, enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write Sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of age, perhaps of prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

P. C.

ON COUNTRY CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

GRAY'S ELEGY.

It is an incident worthy of remark, that the love of fame, which so powerfully actuates our hearts, and predominates in our words and actions during life, does not even desert us, when the prospect of dissolution is so immediately before our eyes, and we cannot deny that all our labours for the acquisition of worldly glory are at an end. Human nature is still desirous of attracting the attention and admiration of survivors, although she is conscious of her own impotency in witnessing it. We may, indeed, have heard many exclaiming against expense and ostentation in the performance of their obsequies; but we shall rarely meet with the man who would willingly dispense with a plain stone to mark the resting-place of his ashes, or a short inscription to attest his existence. Few—very few, can brook the idea of a stranger treading upon the sod beneath which they repose; unless it is in their power to inform him of their names and their ages;—unless they can remind him that they were once, as he is, living;—that they have passed the barrier which he must pass—mortality. The origin of this weakness,—this desire of posthumous fame, must be traced to the same principle which actuates us, and excites all our bodily and mental powers

during life—which impels one to grasp the Pike, and another the pen—which urges some to shine in divinity, and others in driving—some to study slang, and others to study sonneteering; the very same which invites the Etonian to inscribe his name on the oaken panels of our venerable schoolroom, and persuades the Churchwarden to adorn the newly painted commandments with his own important initials. But I am rambling in a most strange manner from my subject;—I will, therefore (*missis ambagibus*), return to my original topic.

The boast of heraldry and the pomp of phraseology, which so repeatedly and disgustingly obtrude themselves upon my view, in many of the sepulchral monuments of cities, are, in my opinion, calculated to inspire no feeling, save that of derision and contempt. But the uncouth, though not always unpleasing, epitaphs which we generally meet with in country churchyards, are by no means undeserving of our attention. They have a peculiarity of expression, which is strikingly opposite to the polished and elaborately elegant phrases, which designate the tombs of courtiers and citizens; and although we cannot always, upon perusing their awkward rhymes and measures, repress our laughter, their simplicity often merits and often obtains the tribute of a sigh.

Having sometimes amused myself during my rambles, by compiling (*more Peregrini*) a sort of scrap-book, in which I have inserted most of the epitaphs remarkable for their uncouth phraseology, or their elegant simplicity, I will make a few extracts from it of both species. Take the following, reader:—

"Hedied of a quinsey,
And was buried at Binsey."

This I selected from a village churchyard in Nottinghamshire, during my last Easter vacation, and added it to my collection, as an admirable instance of the observance of that Horatian canon, "*In medias res*." Analyze it, reader. How could the author have better shown his talent for brevity? A more poetical composer of epitaphs, if he had been desired to work up a tribute of respect to the manes of poor John Doley, the above mentioned victim of a quinsey, would have been seized with a fit of

inspiration.—would have flown off in a tangent, and at length started a rhapsody, four times as pathetic, six times as flowery, and ten times as long, as the foregoing distich. He would have mentioned "Elysian fields," "applauding seraphs," "morbid destruction," "fatal messengers," "sepulchral bands," and Heaven knows what beside! But he would never, when at the end of his flight, inform us what a reader would most probably wish to know; the cause of poor John's fate, and the spot of his interment. Rhyme could never have handled the subject in such a manner;—Reason goes straight to work, and develops the whole catastrophe. And I question whether the shade of John Doley receives not full as much consolation, from this plain, unsophisticated epitaph, as if his death were recounted at a greater length, together with all the aid of flowery diction and poetic hyperbole. I will select another:—

"Gentle reader, who standest by my grave to view,
I was on earth, much the same as you;
And as I am, so you must be;
Therefore I say, prepare to follow me."

We shall have some difficulty in resolving such a metre as this, as I believe we cannot meet with it in any of the British poets. There are, you see, in the first line, twelve feet;—in the second, nine;—in the third, eight;—in the last, ten. A most unwarrantable license of version! Let me see—I believe I can do it by the Antispastus.* Yes—the first line comes right. Now for the second. Pish! I can make nothing of the second! Is it dactylic? Is it tetrameter catalectic? Is it—by Jove! I must give it up, and console myself with that most infallible resource of all,—poetic license. But observe, reader, how civilly, and yet how forcibly, he admonishes you of your end. Mark, how he informs you that he has lived, as you do; that he has died, as you will. In these four lines, a string of moral precepts is contained,

* I must here inform such of my fair readers who belong not to the legion of the Blues, that the Antispastus is a figure containing 61 forms—that it is eminently useful in solving all difficulties in metre, and that it enables us to scan prose itself. I would, however, by no means recommend it in English poetry.

which many elegiac writers would have dilated into a long, uninteresting, unintelligible composition, and dignified with the name of an epitaph. Mark also the force of the words "I say." They speak volumes—they banish every shade of doubt from our minds. Scepticism itself would do well to listen to them. Take another extract:—

"Here I, the son of John and Mary Brown,
(Who liv'd until Death's scythe did cut I down)
Do lie. But when the trumpet last shall sound,
Then shall I rise above the ground."

Here again appears that amiable brevity, which designates a Country Churchyard Epitaph. It is evident, that the author of it was not a little proud of his family, and was determined that the passing traveller should know who he was. We can plainly perceive that he was in some measure infected with that most exuberant species of insanity, genealogical pride. Nor can we blame him. He tells us at once his origin,—he spares us those efforts of patience and labour, which we so often must exert, if we take upon ourselves to peruse the inscriptions beneath which the bones of many a more illustrious personage repose. How often do we, after having laboured to no purpose in discovering the various ancestors and various intermarriages which such an inscription records, give up our task in disgust! But the son of John and Mary Brown obtains a patient reading from all. Despise not his example, ye epitaph writers. Let us, after a few more specimens of the quaint, proceed to the other branch of our subject.

"Here lies a much loved son, for whom we cried,
He only grieved his parents when he died."

"To the memory of a faithful wife, a friend sincere;
Who died at Kew, and with her child lies sleeping here."

"My parents dear, shed not the tear,
Although I am dead and buried;
Give up your sorrows and your fear,
To happier shores I am ferried."

"Death smote me hard; but though in earth I lie
Some day he will be conquered, just as I."

"To the memory of father, mother, and I,
Who all of us died in one year,
Father lies at Salisbury—
And mother and I lies here."

"Her temper mild, her manners such;
Her language good, but not too much."

What a variety of sentiment and expression is breathed in these lines! could Longinus, Scaliger, or Toup, live again, how many beauties would they not discover in them—how many dissertations would they not enter into, respecting them? Their inequality of measure, their freedom of system, their multitudinous combination of ideas, are equally entitled to the disquisitions and labours of the most eminent commentators.

The more elegant epitaphs which I have met with and which I truly admire for their sweetness and simplicity, I will present to my readers without further observation. What comment is needed for such as the following?—

ON TWO INFANTS.

"The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
The summer ev'ning's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

"Just to her lips the cup of life she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and refus'd the rest,
She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sighed her little soul away."

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heav'n conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

"How sweet a thing is Death, to all who know
That all on earth is vanity and woe.
Who, taught by sickness, long have ceased to
dread

The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed!
Few are our days, yet while those days remain,
Our joy must yield to grief; our ease to pain;
Then tell me weary pilgrim, which is best.
The toilsome journey or the traveller's rest!"

I will conclude these extracts with a few beautiful lines which I picked up at an obscure village in the North of England. They are inscribed by a husband to the memory of a beloved wife.

"A tender plant, borne from the fost'ring gales
That breathe on Avon's margin drooped and died.
Yet Time shall be, sweet plant, a gale divine—
Shall thee restore. And thou, in health and
youth,
By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,
And flourish in the Paradise of God!"

My latest wish will be, that whenever I am no more of this world, my remains may be deposited in a country churchyard, and that my enlogy may be entrusted to a village poet. I care not whether my epitaph be short or long; whether it be elegant or quaint, so that it be divested of those pompous ornaments of language, those gross effusions of adulation, which too often disgrace the marble upon which they are engraved. Who can forget that our worldly glory must end with our life;—that the sculptor's art and the panegyrist's abilities are alike unable to preserve our ashes from annihilation, or our fame from oblivion?

J. H.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF
EACH OTHER.

From the "London Journal."

How little we know of each other,
As we pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears, and tempta-
tions—

Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.
We can only see things on the surface,
For few people glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!
The man who to day passes by,
Blessed with fortune, and honour, and titles,
And holding his proud head so high,
May carry a dread secret with him
Which makes of his bosom a hell.
And he sooner or later, a felon,
May writhe in a prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
That woman of fashion, who sneers
At the poor girl betray'd and abandon'd
And left to her sighs and her tears,
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her
face,
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of shame and dis-
grace.

How little we know of each other !
 Of ourselves, too, how little we know !
 We are all weak when under temptation,
 All subject to error and woe.
 Then let blessed Charity rule us,
 Let us put away envy and spite—
 Or the skeleton grim in our closet
 May some day be brought to the light.

A Review.

Proverbs in Porcelain, and other Verses.

By Austin Dobson. Henry S. King & Co.

Mr. Austin Dobson is well known as the author of some very facile verse, and as a most successful sonneteer in the always pleasant school of his great master, W. M. Praed. On his merits we need not now descant; they are well known to all who study the "outcome" of our modern Parnassus, as being neither few nor doubtful. He has much of the older "Minnesinger's" sweetness of expression and flow of rhythm, with a great deal of his wonderful art of mingling fun and pathos in his stirring lines. And so we will take as No. 1 of the examples we propose to quote from a very pleasant book of verse, "A Chapter of Froissart." And we do it for this reason: that as our young men do not read, and do not like Froissart, the sooner they learn to study and to appreciate that famous chronicler the better for them and us. They may learn something in his neglected pages, of the good Knights, generous, chivalrous, and loyal, how brave they were in action, how stern in duty, how full of pity for the vanquished foe, and above all, how devoted to their "ladye love." All good lessons then, and which, as it seems to us, we want in this age, all of us, to re-learn, so to say, and lay to heart, when, as some one has wittily said, our mouths are full of brass, and our hearts are stuffed with cotton, when truth and honour and right and chivalry, seem to us but idle words:—

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.

(Roman de Grand-père.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.

This age, I think, prefers recitals

Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,

And startling titles ;

But, in my time, when still some few
 Loved "old Montaigne," and praised
 Pope's "Homer"
 (Nay, thought to style him "poet," too,
 Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John, was less ignored. Indeed,
 I can re-call how Some-one present
 (Who spoils her grand-son, Frank !) would
 read,

And find him pleasant ;

For,—by this copy,—hangs a Tale.

Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
 Where men knew more of "morning ale"
 Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
 'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversa-
 tion"

It stood ; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
 With fond elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there
 All through one hopeful happy summer,
 At such a page (I well knew where),
 Some secret comer,

Whom I can picture, Trix, like you
 (Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
 Would sometimes place for private view
 A certain token ;—

A rose-leaf meaning "Garden Wall,"
 An ivy-leaf for "Orchard corner,"
 A thorn to say "Don't come at all,"—
 Unwelcome warner !—

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid ;
 But then Romance required dissembling,
 (Ann Radcliffe taught us that !) which
 bred

Some genuine trembling ;

Though, as a rule, all used to end
 In such kind confidential parley
 As may to you kind Fortune send,
 You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip
 on !

We had our crosses like our betters ;
 Fate sometimes looked askance upon
 Those floral letters ;

And once, for three long days disdained,
 The dust upon the folio settled ;
 For some-one, in the right, was pained,
 And some-one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
 Of fixed intent and purpose stony
 To serve King George, enlist and make
 Minced-meat of "Boney,"
 Who yet survived—ten years at least.
 And so, when she I mean came hither
 One day that need for letter ceased,
 She brought this with her !
 Here is the leaf-stained Chapter :—*How*
The English King laid siege to Calais ;
 I think Gran. knows it even now,—
 Go ask her, Alice.

While many of us will admire the wit
 and pathos of the preceding happy verse,
 they will equally be charmed with the
 succeeding, though under the euphonious
 title of "Old Clo'."—

"OLD CLO'."

"On revient toujours
 A ses premiers amours !"

When I called at the "Hollies" to-day,
 In the room with the cedar-wood presses,
 Aunt Deb. was just folding away
 What she calls her "memorial dresses."
 She'd the frock that she wore at fifteen,—
 Short-wasted, of course—my abhorrence ;
 She'd the "loveliest"—something in "een"
 That she wears in her portrait by Law-
 rence ;

She'd the "jelick" she used—"as a
 Greek," (!)
 She'd the habit she got her bad fall in ;
 She had e'en the blue "moiré antique"
 That she opened Squire Lavender's ball
 in :—

New and old they were all of them
 there :—

Sleek velvet and bombazine stately,—
 She had hung them each over a chair
 To the "paniers" she's taken to lately
 (Which she showed me, I think, by mis-
 take).

And I conned o'er the forms and the
 fashions,
 Till the faded old shapes seem to wake
 All the ghosts of my passed-away "pas-
 sions ;"—

From the days of love's youthfulest
 dream,

When the height of my shooting idea
 Was to burn, like a young Polypheme,
 For a somewhat mature Galatea.

There was Lucy, who'd "tiffed" with her
 first,
 And who threw me as soon as her third
 came ;

There was Norah, whose out was the worst,
 For she told me to wait till my "berd"
 came ;

Pale Blanche, who subsisted on salts ;
 Blonde Bertha, who doted on Schiller ;
 Poor Amy, who taught me to waltz ;
 Plain Ann, that I wooed for the
 siller ;"—

All danced round my head in a ring,
 Like "The Zephyrs" that somebody
 painted,
 All shapes of the sweet "she-thing"—
 Shy, scornful, seductive, and sainted,—

To my Wife, in the days she was young . .
 "How, Sir," says that lady, disgusted,
 "Do you dare to include ME among
 Your loves that have faded and rusted ?"

"Not at all !"—I benignly retort.
 (I was just the least bit in a temper !)
 "Those, alas ! were the fugitive sort,
 But you are my—"eadem semper !"

Full stop,—and a Sermon. Yet think,—
 There was surely good ground for a
 quarrel,—
 She had checked me when just on the
 brink
 Of—I feel—a remarkable MORAL.

How very cheery and agreeable is "The
 Last Despatch," n'est ce pas ?

THE LAST DESPATCH.

Hurrah ! the Season's past at last ;
 At length we've "done" our pleasure.
 Dear "Pater," if you *only* knew
 How much I've *longed* for home and you,—
 Our own green lawn and leisure !

And then the pets ! One half forgets
 The dear dumb friends—in Babel.
 I hope my special fish is fed ;—
 I long to see poor Nigra's head
 Pushed at me from the stable !

I long to see the cob and 'Rob,'—
 Old Bevis and the Collie ;
 And *won't* we read in "Traveller's Rest" !
 Home readings after all are best ;—
 None else seem half so "jolly !"

One misses your dear kindly store
Of fancies quaint and funny ;
One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot* ;—
The Mayfair wit I mostly know
Has more of gall than honey !

How tired one grows of "calls and balls !"
This "toujours perdrix" wearsies ;
I'm longing quite for "Notes on Knox" ;
("A-propos," I've the loveliest box
For holding *Notes and Queries* !)

A change of place would suit my case.
You'll take me ?—on probation ?
As "Lady-help," then, let it be ;
I feel (as Lavender shall see),
That Jams are *my* vocation !

How's Lavender ? My love to her.
Does Briggs still flirt with Flowers ?—
Has Hawthorn stubbed the common
clear ?—
You'll let me give *some* picnics, Dear,
And ask the Vanes and Towers ?

I met Bell Vane. "He's" still in Spain !
Sir John won't let them marry.
Aunt drove the boys to Brompton Rink ;
And Charley,—changing Charlie,—think,
Is now "au mieux" with Carry !

And no. You know what "No" I mean—
There's no one yet at present :
The Benedick I have in view
Must be a something wholly new,—
One's father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you !
Good-bye to Piccadilly ;
Balls, beaux, and Bolton Row, adieu !
Expect me, Dear, at half-past two ;
Till then,—your Own Fond—MILLY.

What a fair and beaming satire on the
young man of the day—if friendly and
amusing—do we find in—

DORA versus ROSE.

"The case is proceeding."

From the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever yet met is
Like mine : I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers ;
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly ;
'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—
Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
For a soft celebration in rhyme,
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
Somehow with the tune and the time ;
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
And behold I am writing upon it
The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
Is all overscrawled with her head),
If I fancy at last that I've got her,
It turns to her rival instead ;
Or I find myself placidly adding
To the rapturous tresses of Rose
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma ?
For Rose I would perish (pro tem.) ;
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
(Whatever might offer to stem) ;
But to make the invidious election,—
To declare that on either one's side
I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,
I cannot decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
My sole and my final resource
Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
Some feat of molecular force,
To solve me this riddle conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora and Rose.

(Afterthought.)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose,—
Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
As the claims of the others are equal,—
And fight—in the main—is the best,—
That I might . . . But no matter,—the
sequel
Is easily guessed.

We might prolong our extracts, but we think well to stop here to-day, strongly recommending "Proverbs in Porcelain" to all our readers, concluding with the poet's own admirable "Finis"—

"WHEN FINIS COMES."

(TO A. K.)

When *Finis* comes, the Book we close,
And somewhat sadly, Fancy goes,
With backward step, from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage . . .
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!

There is so much that no one knows,—
So much un-reached that none suppose;
What flaws! what faults! on every page,

When *Finis* comes.

Still,—they must pass! The swift Tide flows.

Though not for all the laurel grows,
Perchance, in this be-slandered age,
The worker, mainly, wins his wage;—
And Time will sweep both friends and foes
When FINIS comes!

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE
AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

Author of *Shakspeare, his Times, and Contemporaries*," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and the Vicinage," "The Visitors' Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

Dr. ROBINSON'S *Messiah*, a blank verse poem, published a few years ago, and dedicated by permission to the Marquis of Ripon, then "Lord President of the Privy Council, and Grand Master of the Freemasons of England," has reached a second edition. The work is of too theological a nature for fully noticing in the MASONIC MAGAZINE, further than to say that Dr. Robinson is well known as one of the most

prolific of Yorkshire bards; and that his blank verse does not halt, the opening passage of the volume, which is really Masonic, will show:—

"Eternal, uncreated Power! Whose word
Call'd into being this vast universe,
With all that it inhabits; and Who still,
With never-failing skill and wisdom, guides
The planets in their course; Who giveth light,
The sun to rule by day, the moon by night;
Who regulates the seasons; sending rain,
Or hail, or snow, or heat, as seemeth best
To thy Almighty Wisdom, which hath sworn
'Seed-time and harvest-time shall never fail,'
Help us to worship Thee aright. Oh! fill
Our hearts with fervent gratitude for all
Thy mercies, ever new and numberless.
And, whilst we praise and bless Thy holy name
For all Thy gifts, and humbly bend the knee
In fervent adoration at Thy throne;
Our highest, noblest, warmest notes of praise
We render Thee."

Mr. W. M. Egglestone, who is already favourably known as a collector of local historical waifs and strays, is now preparing for publication *Stanhope Memorials of Bishop Butler*. The work is to treat of Stanhope Church, the Early Life of Joseph Butler, his residence at Stanhope, his Curates, Clerk, and Sexton, and much other matter which will interest the reading public in general, and Weardale folks in particular. Dean Stanley has gone so far as to pronounce Bishop Butler "the greatest prelate who ever filled this see of Durham—the greatest theologian, in some respects, that ever adorned the English Church." But theology is ground which I must not now tread on.

I have, some time ago, directed attention to the rapid progress of the cotton manufacture in the United States. Mr. Edward Atkinson, a Boston manufacturer, thus deals some sturdy blows at that unprincipled adulteration which has eaten into the vitals of our English cotton manufacture, and is fast ruining our credit among all nations: "It has never been assumed that American goods, as now made, would meet the demand of all markets supplied from England, but only of those markets which call for *pure* goods. If it pays to furnish sour flour, pipe clay, chloride of magnesia and barytes, held together with some fibres of cotton, we have an abundance of such materials; but, aside from other considerations, the profit of using them is doubtful."

The certainly very singular island of Ascension—so called from being discovered by João de Nova Galego on Ascension Day, 1501 (which the British have held since 1815, and which is now in commission as one of her Majesty's ships!!—a tender to the *Flora*, the guard-ship at the Cape of Good Hope, though 520 miles from the nearest land, Matthew Island) is thus described by Professor Sir Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., who visited it on the 27th of March of last year: "Ascension is certainly a strange little placé. It is purely volcanic, and though there is now no sign whatever of volcanic activity, the cones of tufa are so fresh, and so defined and vivid in their different shades of brown and red, and the lava beds are so rugged, apparently utterly unaffected by atmospheric action, that the impression is irresistible that it is a lately-formed heap of cinders and ashes, probably resting upon slumbering fires. The island is irregularly oval in form, about seven and a half miles long by six wide; the position of the central peak is latitude 7° 56' 58" S., longitude 14° 20' W. It is directly in the path of the south-east trade, so that there is an exposed weather side, with abrupt cliffs and precipices and unsafe landing, and a lee side where there is the settlement and anchorage. As in almost all these volcanic islands in the path of constant winds, during the period of eruption the scoræ and ashes have been driven to leeward of the centre of action, and has produced a bank, which now forms good holding anchorage ground." Nature is there gradually clothing the immense cinder heap with life; and the Professor remarks that if the inhabitants "could only irrigate, bit by bit, for a few years, till enough of vegetable soil had been accumulated to make the surface a little more compact and retentive," he feels sure that "the wilderness would soon blossom like the rose." Let us hope that the time is fast coming when the immense energies now devoted to war, will be universally applied to the peaceful arts, so that the sublime precepts of Freemasonry may be more universally practised over the whole habitable portion of the globe. So mote it be!

There are now 843 young women employed as clerks in the Telegraph Room

at the General Post Office, and 278 others in various parts of London, making a total of 1,121 in the Metropolis alone.

The following pretty little poem, on "Woman's Love," is from a neatly-got up volume, entitled *Echoes of Life*, by Charlotte Phillips, printed for private circulation:—

"As the green ivy to the oak tree clings
 In wild luxuriance 'neath its sheltering leaves,
 A beauteous mantle o'er the stem it flings,
 And gives support, while it support receives.
 Just such is woman! oft she may appear
 To lean on man for help and fostering care;
 Yet is she sent to beautify, to cheer
 His hours of loneliness, perchance to bear
 His wounded spirit up, when some wild blast
 His drooping head hath rudely overpast."

At a time when cremation is likely to be revived again, at least in certain circles, the following extract from an excellent volume, entitled *Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland, collected during a Tour in the Autumn, 1797*, written and illustrated by George Holmes, the grandfather of our literary brother, Emma Holmes, and published seventy-six years ago, will be read with interest:—
 "The ancient Irish burned their dead, and deposited the ashes in urns, of which many have been found, containing bones, ashes, and a jelly-like consistence, which was probably flesh. At Killimeille, near Duggannon, on the top of a hill, were two circles of stones joining each other, forming a figure of eight, each about twenty yards in diameter, being repositories for urns. The person who farmed the ground, wanting stones to build a house, drew the most of them away. Within one of the circles were found three urns, in three several holes, covered with flat stones; around them were set six large stones, and others thrown upon the top. On the same hill, eastward of these circles, was discovered the altar on which they used to burn their dead, overgrown with green sod and earth. On uncovering it, it was found to be of unhewn stone, eight feet long, and four broad; the coals and bones fresh among the stones, and the stones burnt with fire. At the east end of this altar there was a pit, which was likewise overgrown with soil, which on opening, was found to be the receiver where they swept in all that remained on the altar after burning. On searching deep, the substance was found to be all

alike, black and greasy. It had tinged the hill in a straight line, from the pit to the bottom of the hill."

The *New York Mercury*, of June 9th, gives the following account of the removal of a man's tongue by a surgical operation: "E. B. Whittelsey, an agent, 50 years of age, living at 57, Jay Street, Albany, was recently subjected to a surgical operation of the most difficult nature. It consisted of the removal of the entire tongue by means of the galvano cautery, and necessitated the tying of the lingual arteries on both sides, and the laying open of the lower jaw in the median line. This was done to enable an operation to be performed, upon an epithelial cancer on the tongue, which prevented the patient from talking and eating anything but liquid food. The patient was first put under the influence of ether, and then both sides of the neck were cut through to the bone, and the submental and coronary arteries tied. The lower jaw was divided, and a protractor being put in, the sides were forced apart, and the tongue taken off with a wire, which had been heated by a galvanic battery and applied to the roots. The next thing to do was to bring together the sundered chin, which was accomplished by drilling holes on each side of the chin and wiring it together, all of which was successfully performed, the whole operation being accomplished in two hours."

Mr. R. T. Gaskin has produced an excellent song, entitled "God bless our Friends at Sea," which has been admirably set to music by Bro. William Stonehouse, a worthy P.M. of the old Lion Lodge at Whithy. The price of song and music is only threepence, and the entire profits are to be devoted to the Orphan Home of the Port of Hull Society. The music must be heard to be appreciated; but I give the words by Mr. Gaskin, in the hopes that many a Mason will not only buy the song and music, but also have them sung and played at his own fireside, as I have the happiness of having them done at mine:—

"The storm but slept—again it wakes
And smites the yielding trees,
While swiftly fly the fleecy flakes
Before the rushing breeze.
Hark to its anguish'd, wild refrain,
And melancholy wail,
As though sad spirits fled their pain,
And rode upon the gale.

My fire I stir, and rouse the flame,
To comfort you and me,
And softly breathe the well-loved name
Of friends upon the sea.

"God bless them all, both far and near,
Where'er they meet the gale;
And whether 'neath the northern star
Or southern cross they sail,
While they old England's red flag float,
The banner of the free,
Still may their gallant barks be taut,
The breakers far a-lee;
And while the driving tempest raves
My latest prayer shall be:
O, Thou who rul'st both wind and waves
Guard all our friends at sea.

"Then when the wrathful gale is o'er,
And hush'd the thund'ring main,
Our friends shall find the welcome shore,
And grasp our hands again;
They'll tell how in the stormy night,
Drench'd by the flying foam,
Nor cheer'd by kindly star or light,
They thought of us at home.
Ah! then no more of winds afraid—
Our pleasant task shall be,
To say how in the storm we pray'd,
'God bless our friends at sea.'"

The music of Bro. Stonehouse is, as I said before, admirable, and the only word in Mr. Gaskin's sweet song which I seem to boggle at, is that of *red* as applied to the banner of England. Campbell, in his noble naval ode, "Ye Mariners of England," states that our "flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," but this is far from being historically correct. The poem was first printed in 1802, having been written at Hamburg with a war with Denmark looming in view. Looking back a thousand years from then will bring to view the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy, when one thinks more of the three saxes, or crooked swords, of Essex, the bear of Northumberland, and the red dragon of Wessex, than of any union-jack or national standard, both as yet long undreamt of. Then the bird of Odin, the jet-black raven of the Danes, flutters for a while before the mind's eye, to give way to the Norwegian golden lion rampant of Canute, and the white falcon of the later Anglo-Saxon kings. William the Conqueror brought his two leopards (not lions) from Normandy; and his grandson, Stephen, brought the sagittary from his father's capital of Blois. Henry the Second added the golden lion of Bordeaux, the capital of his wife's duchy of Guyenne, to the two Norman leopards. Richard the First

bore a white cross in the Crusades ; that of France being red ; Germany, black ; Flanders, green ; and Italy, yellow. And when this Richard Cœur de Lion foolishly assumed the fictitious title of king of Jerusalem, he also assumed the dormant lion of Judah ; hence, when his tomb was discovered in 1838, in the cathedral of Rouen, a dormant lion was found sculptured at the feet of his recumbent effigy. *Dieu et mon droit* (God and my right) was first given by Richard as a parole when besieging Gisors in Normandy, then adopted as his motto, and has ever since been that of our royal arms. Henry the Third added another leopard to the Norman two ; and it was not until the accession of James of Scotland to the throne of England that the three leopards were changed to three lions. The Scottish heralds claim for their red lion rampant, an antiquity dating back beyond the Norman conquest of England. When Henry the Fifth assumed the title of King of France, he hoisted her blue flag, but instead of strewing it with those fleurs de lis of gold, which had given it the name of the *oriflamme*, he changed the white cross of Cœur de Lion for the red one of France. It would make too long a Note to go into all the minute changes that have been made from time to time in our national arms, the roses, the hawthorn, the swan of Boulogne, the silver horse of Hanover, and such like ; suffice it to say, that our union jack, formed in 1801, to commemorate the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under one parliamentary government, is a blue flag, bearing the red cross, which Henry the Fifth may have been said to have stolen from France, generally known now as the cross of St. George, with the saltier or red cross of St. Andrew of Scotland, and the white cross of St. Patrick of Ireland.

Mr. William Adams, of Hull, has issued the fourteenth edition of *The Sailor*, a poem by Edward Anderson, for several years the master-mariner of the *Jemima*, in the Lisbon trade, though originally occupied as a shepherd on his father's farm, on the Yorkshire wolds ; and after his retirement from the sea, a bookseller, who died at Hull in 1844, and was buried at Kilham. There is a sixpenny edition of the poem printed at Beverley ; but the

Hull edition, which is a shilling, is not only printed on better paper, but contains much information not to be found in the former. Both are deficient of a short memoir, which I would advise Mr. Adams to affix to his next edition, although the poem itself is almost a biography. To me, the most valuable part of *The Sailor* is its topographical and local historical information, and I hope in another Note to glance at the poem as illustrating the former condition of the Yorkshire wolds.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FRITZ AND I.

WE take this amusing little specimen of German-American patois from the *New York Dispatch*.

MYNEHEER blese heb a boor oldt man
Vot gomes from Sharmany.

Mit Fritz, mine tog, und only frendt,
To geeps me gompany.

I have no money to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down ;
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz and I,
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some people gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oud,
Und say—you don't got peesnes here
To sdrowl der schtreets aboutt.

Vots dot you say—you puy mine tog
To gife me pread to eadt ?

I vas so boor as never vas,
But I vas no tead peat.

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leetle tog
Dot vollows me aboutt,
Und vags his dail like any dings
Ven'er I dakes him oud.

Schust look at him, and see him schump,
He likes me pooty vell ;
Und dere vas somedings bout dat tog,
Mynheer, I wouldn't sell.

Der collar—nein—'tvas someding else,
Vrom vich I gould not bart,
Und if dot dings vos dook away,
I dink it prakes mine heart.

Vot vas it den, about dat tog
You ashk, dats not vor sale ?
I dells you vat it ish mine frendt,
'Tish der vag off dat tog's dail.