

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

## FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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### Monthly Masonic Summary.

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We have not a great deal to report this month as regards Freemasonry at home. It is like a yacht in mid-channel, running along with a favouring breeze, all sails set. May its fair weather continue!

Abroad, the aspect of Freemasonry is not comfortable, or re-assuring, especially in France and Belgium.

The "libres penseurs," (and an advanced party,) have apparently obtained a great predominance in the Lodges, and the Grand Orient of France has, in its recent sitting, by a large majority, erased the name of God from the Constitutions. Henceforward the Profession of French Masonic Belief rests on a political cry, and a nihilistic sentence.

Without saying too much, or speaking too hastily, we are inclined to think that, by its recent perverse agitation, as well by its last suicidal decision, the ruling section of the Grand Orient has un-Masoned, (if we may use such a word,) French Freemasonry. That is to say, in our humble opinion, it has severed itself deliberately from the Great Masonic Family, and ceases to be, "ipso facto," either a legitimate "pouvoir Magonique," or a lawful Grand Lodge!

It has no Grand Master, and it has erased the recognition of the Most High!

According to our insular and perhaps prejudiced view, "c'est le commencement de la fin." We can have no hope

for French Freemasonry working and resting on so rotten a foundation, and with such unsound principles of action.

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TO BRO. S. B. ELLIS, W.M.,  
SHEFFIELD.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL.

FRIEND, though we never met, and ne'er  
may meet,

Yet bound together with "the mystic  
tie,"

There seems a friendship that can never  
die

Between thyself and me; and I will greet  
Thee with a verse, such as my Muse can  
give,—

No "sugar'd Sonnet," such as Shaks-  
pere threw

Broadcast amongst his friends,\* like  
glittering dew

Thrown from an angel's wing; yet it may  
live

When thou and I are both beneath the sod,  
Prized by our children's children, just  
to prove

The Merchant and the Poet both could  
love

The Beautiful, through all the works of  
God;

And, through the teachings of Freemasonry,  
They felt their souls from worldly fetters  
free.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley, Aug. 24, 1877.*

\* Francis Meres, M.A., in his "noted school-book," *Wit's Treasury*, published in 1598,—Shakspeare's thirty-fifth year—says:—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," &c.

## THE BIBLE—ITS AUTHORITY.

From the "Michigan Freemason."

How does Masonry regard the Bible? This is the important question which is now forcing itself upon the Craft in this jurisdiction. We do not wish to agitate this matter: it is already agitated. What appeared in the *Freemason* several months ago was in answer to questions, and a wish to have this matter so settled that Masons could not but know just how Masonry regards the Bible.

Masonry lays this volume upon her altar, and on it she obligates her members. She teaches in her Ritual that "the Holy Bible is the inestimable gift of God to man." Now, if this be true, Masonry does regard the Bible as of divine origin—that it came from God, and is of inestimable worth as a priceless gift from Him to his needy creatures. If this be true, Masons should respect the Bible, should read it, and never speak disrespectfully or sneeringly of it. If Masonry thus regards the Bible, the scepticism which we sometimes meet with in members of the fraternity, does not come from the inculcations of Masonry—far from it.

But more, Masonry places the Bible among the indispensable articles of furniture with which she decorates a lodge, and without which no lodge can be opened for work. When at work in the E.A.D., it is opened at a certain place in the Psalms; when in the F.C., at another place in Amos; and when on the M.M., at still another in Ecclesiastes. Now Masonry is said to be the same the world over. Query: Suppose the Koran, or a volume of the Bedas to be substituted for the Bible, at what places would the Deacon open those volumes when at work in the different degrees; and when giving the lecture on the E.A., coming to the furniture of the lodge, how would he get along with that portion which teaches the candidate that the *Holy Bible is the inestimable gift of God to man*, that on it we take our obligations, &c.? If Masonry is identical in all parts of the world, is this language to be used in reference to other books than the Bible? And if so, does not Masonry indorse the Koran as a revela-

tion from God? How are these questions to be answered?

But we are told that "Masonry is found in all parts of the world, and among people who never heard of the Bible, and who believe none of its teachings." How astonishing! Wonder if that is really so? We have heard just such affirmations, quite often, but as yet we have never been convinced of their truthfulness. That a few Masonic Lodges have been organized among heathen nations is true, but they who organized them were of the civilized, Christian nations, and we have no proof that the Bible was not there quite as soon as Masonry, and that it prepared the way for our modern speculative or moral Masonry is quite probable. At least there is no proof to the contrary, or we know of none, save the mere assertions of parties who have read but little, travelled less, and are illy qualified to be witnesses in the premises.

"Who never heard of the Bible, and believe none of its teachings!" What! believe none of its teachings? Then they do not believe in God; for the existence of one God is a cardinal doctrine of the Bible. "In the beginning, God created the Heaven and the Earth," is the very first declaration of that Holy volume, and he who believes not in God is an atheist, and an atheist cannot be a Mason. By hypocrisy and falsehood he may so far impose on our brotherhood as to gain admission, kneel at our altar, and take our vows, but in so doing he is false to himself and to Masonry. It is an easy thing for a certain sceptical class to make such unguarded assertions as the above, when they do not seem to appreciate the full meaning of their declarations. We quite recently heard the Bible denounced as a lie by one who had not only taken all the lodge degrees, but also those of the chapter and presided as W.M., and at the present time is acting as Secretary of his lodge. We could not but wonder if these brethren esteemed that order very highly, which makes the Bible—the Book of Revelation—our spiritual and Masonic trestle-board. And when we hear these denunciations of the Bible—the Great Light of Masonry—by those whom our lodges place in offices of honour, we sometimes inquire of ourselves, how long will it be before these

leaders will go one step further, and, with Atheistic France, banish both Bible and God from the Fraternity.

While we have no desire to see aught which tends to sectarianism admitted into the Craft, yet we do wish to see the Ancient Landmarks respected by the leading members, and we moot the matter that all may investigate it with candour, and be prepared to act wisely. Occasionally these matters have been brought up for the action of Masonic bodies, and they may come up again and again. Indeed, France is at this time cut off from communication with the Grand Masonic Jurisdictions of the World on account of her repudiation of God and the Bible, and we are grieved to say that we have quite too many Masons of the French type in our midst.

To show the action taken by a few of our Sister Grand Bodies, and also to show how the matter has been viewed by leading members of the craft, we give a few quotations as follows:

"Resolved, that this Grand Lodge is clearly of the opinion that a distinct avowal of a belief in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures should be required of every one who is admitted to the privileges of Masonry, and that a denial of the same is an offence against the Institution, calling for exemplary discipline."—*Ohio*, 1856.

"The only declaration of faith necessary on the part of the candidate, before initiation, is the profession of belief and trust in God. But we also say, that a man who declares his disbelief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Bible, cannot be made a Mason."—*Brown, C. F. C., Fla.*, 1858.

"Resolved, that the Grand Lodge of Texas declares that a belief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures is an indispensable pre-requisite for Masonic admission; and the Grand Lodge does not mean to exclude the Israelite, whom it does not regard as being disqualified for the mysteries of Freemasonry."—*Texas*, 1857.

"No Christian doubts the authority of the Bible, and in this country we need not trouble ourselves much about any other class of people. We place it upon our altars as the Word of God—the initiate is practically taught so to regard it—and we

take it, and enjoin others to take it, as the rule and guide of our conduct. This is enough. If any offer who are not willing so to recognize and take it, we are not bound to receive them. Every Lodge is the judge of the fitness of its own candidates. Let this suffice, and 'remove not the ancient landmarks which our father's have set.'"—*C. W. Moore*.

"It is clearly settled that in the first degrees of Masonry religious tenets shall not be a barrier to the admission or advancement of applicants provided they confess a belief in God and His Holy Word."—*Res., Ohio*, 1820.

"By the usages and principles of our Order, he who does not believe in and acknowledge the Bible as the rule and guide of his conduct, ought not to be received into our Order."—*Hubbard, Ohio*, 1853.

"Resolved, that Masonry, as we have received it from our fathers, teaches the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, and that the views of candidates on this subject should be ascertained by the committee of inquiry, or otherwise, as well as their other qualifications and fitness to be received into the order."—*Res., Iowa*, 1855.

"It is the sense of this Grand Lodge that no man can become a Mason unless he can avow a belief in the principles contained in the Holy Bible, and that the demand for such belief does not conflict with the universality of Freemasonry."—*Res., Neb.*, 1858.

It is understood, of course, that the Grand Lodge of Michigan has decided that a candidate need not avow his belief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, yet the eminent author of that decision has also placed himself right on the record, by declaring, in no ambiguous terms, that his decision was never designed to convey the impression that brethren of the Craft have a license to treat the Bible with contempt. "Grand Lodge, in no shape nor manner, has ever sanctioned, and never will (as I know from the culture, character, and intelligence of its members) give countenance to any brother who will speak contemptuously of the Bible." "I say, most emphatically, that a brother who speaks contemptuously of the Bible is not a Mason. He may have passed through the forms and ceremonies, taken the

obligations, and promised obedience, but with all this done, he is not a Mason; and a brother who knows of the existence of such a moral leper, claiming to be a Mason, should prefer charges against him, and, if found guilty, the Lodge should at once purge the Temple of his contaminating presence."

Good enough. Let us act upon this suggestion. A brother who has so little regard for himself and the fraternity as to speak contemptuously of the Great Light of Masonry, our spiritual and Masonic trestle-board, and before the brethren denounce it as a lie, let him be at once called to account, and dealt with as above. A few such examples would be wholesome.

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#### OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 102.)

THE *Comets* belong to the same system, according to this manner of viewing the subject. They are bodies which move in elliptical paths, but far longer and narrower than the curves in which the Earth and the other planets and their moons roll. Our curves are not much less round than circles; the paths of the comets are long and narrow, so as, in many places, to be more nearly straight lines than circles. Formerly they were supposed to shine by their own light; but it is now considered pretty safe to conclude that they, like all other heavenly bodies in the Solar System, receive their light from the Sun's rays only. As they approach or recede from the Sun, they are more or less brilliant. The appendage called a tail being always formed on that side of the nucleus most distant from the Sun, seems to show that it is an illumination produced by the Sun's rays. The discoveries lately made by the Spectroscope also tend to confirm this conjecture. The time of the revolution of Comets in their orbits round the Sun, varies from three to several hundreds of our years. They, like our Earth and Moon, wheel round the Sun in boundless

space drawn by the same force, acting by the same rule which makes a stone fall when dropped from the hand.

The more full and accurate our observations are upon those heavenly bodies, the better we find all their motions agreeing with this great doctrine; although, no doubt many things are to be taken into the account beside the force that draws them to the different centres. Thus, while the Moon is drawn by the Earth, and the Earth by the Sun, the Moon is also drawn directly by the Sun; and while Jupiter is drawn by the Sun, so are his moons; and both Jupiter and his moons are drawn by Saturn; nay, as this power of gravitation is quite universal, and as no body can attract or draw another without being itself drawn by that other, the Earth is drawn by the Moon, while the Moon is drawn by the Earth; and the Sun is attracted by the planets which he draws towards himself. These mutual attractions give rise to many deviations from the simple line of the ellipse, and produce many irregularities in the simple calculation of the times and motions of the bodies that compose the System of the Universe. But the extraordinary powers of investigation applied to the subject by the modern improvements in Mathematics, have enabled us at length to reduce even the greatest of the irregularities to order and system; and to unfold one of the most wonderful truths in all science, namely, that by certain necessary consequences of the simple fact upon which the whole fabric rests—the proportion of the attractive force to the distances at which it operates—all the irregularities which at first seemed to disturb the order of the system, and to make the appearances depart from the doctrine, are themselves subject to a certain fixed rule, and can never go beyond a particular point, but must begin to lessen when they have slowly reached that point, and must then lessen until they reach another point, when they begin again to increase; and so on for ever. Nay, so perfect is the arrangement of the whole system, and so accurately does it depend upon mathematical principles, that irregularities, or rather apparent deviations, have been discovered by mathematical reasoning before astronomers had observed them, and then their existence

has been ascertained by observation, and found to agree precisely with the results of calculation. Thus, the planets move in ovals, from gravity, the power that attracts them towards the Sun, combined with the original impulse they receive forwards; and the disturbing forces are continually varying the course of the curves or ovals, making them bulge out in the middle, as it were, on the sides, though in a very small proportion to the whole length of the ellipse. The oval thus bulging, its breadth increases by a very small quantity yearly and daily; and after a certain large number of years, the bulging becomes as great as it ever can be: then the alteration takes a contrary direction, and the curve gradually flattens as it has bulged; till, in the same number of years which it took to bulge, it becomes as flat as it ever can be, and then it begins to bulge, and so on for ever.

And so, too, of every other disturbance and irregularity in the system: what at first appears to be some departure from the rule, when more fully examined, turns out to be only a consequence of it, or the result of a more general arrangement springing from the principle of Gravitation; an arrangement of which the rule itself, and the apparent or supposed exception, both form parts.

The power of Gravitation, which thus regulates the whole system of the universe, is found to rule each member or branch of it separately. Thus, it is demonstrated that the figure both of our Earth and of such of the other bodies as have a spinning motion round their axis, is determined by gravitation combined with that motion: they are all flattened towards the ends of the axis they spin upon, and bulge out towards the middle.

The great discoverer of the principle on which all these truths rest, Sir Isaac Newton, certainly by far the most extraordinary man that ever lived, concluded, by reasoning upon the nature of motion and matter, that this flattening must take place in our globe; everyone before his time had believed the Earth to be a perfect sphere or globe, chiefly from observing the round shadow which it casts on the moon in eclipses; and it was many years after his death that the accuracy of his opinion was proved by measurements

on the Earth's surface, and by the different weight and attraction of bodies at the equator, where it bulges, and at the poles, where it is flattened. The improvement of telescopes has enabled us to ascertain the same fact with respect to the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

Beside unfolding the general laws which regulate the motions and figures of the heavenly bodies forming our Solar System, Astronomy consists in calculations of the places, times, and eclipses of those bodies, and their moons or *satellites* (from a Latin word, signifying an *attendant*), and in observations of the Fixed Stars, which are innumerable assemblages of bodies, not moving round the Sun as our Earth and the other planets do, nor receiving the light they shine with from his light; but shining as the Sun does with a light of its own, and placed to all appearance, immoveable, at immense distances from our world, that is, from our Solar System. Each of them is probably the Sun of some other system like our own, composed of planets and their moons or satellites; but so extremely distant from us, that they are all seen by us like one point of faint light, as you see two lamps, placed a few inches asunder, only like one, when you view them a great way off. The number of the Fixed Stars is prodigious, even to the naked eye they are very numerous, about 3000 being thus visible; but when the heavens are viewed through the telescope, stars become visible in numbers wholly incalculable: 2000 are discovered in one of the small collections of a few visible stars called *Constellations*; nay, what appears to the naked eye only a light cloud, as the *Milky Way*, when viewed through the telescope, proves to be an assemblage of innumerable Fixed Stars, each of them in all likelihood a sun and a system like the rest, though at an immeasurable distance from ours.

The size, motions, and distances of the heavenly bodies are such as to exceed the power of ordinary imagination, from any comparison with the smaller things we see around us. The Earth's diameter is nearly 8000 miles; but the Sun's is about 850,000 miles, and the bulk of the Sun is about 1,200,000 times greater than that of the Earth. The planet Jupiter, which looks like a mere speck, from his vast dis-

tance, is nearly 1200 times larger than this Earth. Our distance from the Sun is above 92 millions of miles, but Jupiter is 475 millions, and Saturn 872 millions of miles distant from the Sun. The rate at which the Earth moves round the Sun is 66,000 miles an hour, or nearly 140 times swifter than the motion of a cannon ball; and the planet Mercury, the nearest to the Sun, moves still quicker, about 106,000 miles an hour. We, upon the Earth's surface besides being carried round the Sun, move round the Earth's axis by the rotatory or spinning motion which it has; so that every 24 hours we in England move in this manner nearly 14,000 miles (persons living on the equator about 24,000 miles) besides moving round the Sun about 1,550,000 miles. These motions and distances, however prodigious as they are, seem nothing compared to those of some of the comets. The distance of the Fixed Stars is yet more vast—they are supposed to be about 400,000 times further from us than we are from the Sun, so that a cannon ball would take between four and five millions of years to reach one of them, supposing there was nothing to hinder it from pursuing its course thither.

The tables which Astronomers have formed of the motions of the heavenly bodies are of great use in navigation. By means of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and by the tables of the Moon's motions, we can ascertain the position of a ship at sea; for the observation of the Sun's height at mid-day gives the *latitude* of the place, that is, its distance from the equinoctial or equator, and these tables, with the observations of the satellites, or moons, give the distance east and west of the observatory for which the tables are calculated—called the *longitude* of the place: consequently, the mariner can thus tell nearly in what part of the ocean he is, how far he has sailed from his port of departure, and how far he must sail, and in what direction, to gain the port of his destination. The advantage of this knowledge is therefore manifest in the common affairs of life; but it sinks into insignificance compared with the vast extent of those views which the contemplations of the science afford, of numberless worlds filling the immensity of space, and all kept in their places, and adjusted in

their prodigious motions by the same simple principle, under the guidance of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator.

The application of Dynamics to the pressure and motions of fluids, constitutes a Science which receives different appellations according as the fluids are heavy and liquid like water, or light and invisible like air. In the former case it is called *Hydrodynamics*, from the Greek words signifying *water* and *power*, or *force*; in the latter *Pneumatics*, from the Greek word signifying *breath* or *air*; and Hydrodynamics is divided into *Hydrostatics*, which treats of the weight and pressure of liquids, from the Greek words for *balancing of water*; and *Hydraulics*, which treats of their motion, from the Greek word for certain musical instruments played with *water* in *pipes*.

The discoveries to which experiments upon the pressure and motion of fluids, aided by mathematical reasoning, have led, are of the greatest importance, whether we regard their application to practical purposes, or their use for explaining the appearances in nature, or their singularity as the subjects of scientific contemplation. When it is found that the pressure of water or any other liquid upon the surface that contains it, is not in the least degree proportioned to its bulk, but only to the height at which it stands, so that a long small pipe, containing a pound or two of the fluid, will give the pressure of twenty or thirty tons; nay, of twice or thrice as much, if its length be increased, and its bore lessened, without the least regard to the quantity of the liquid, we are not only astonished at so extraordinary and unexpected a property of matter, but we straightway perceive one of the great agents employed in the vast operations of nature, in which the most trifling means are used to work the mightiest effects. We likewise learn to guard against many serious mischiefs in our own works, and to apply safely and usefully a power calculated, according as it is directed, either to produce unbounded devastation, or to render the most beneficial service.

Nor are the discoveries relating to the Air less interesting in themselves, and less applicable to important uses. It is an agent, though invisible, as powerful as Water, in the operations both of nature

and of art. Experiments of a simple and decisive nature show the amount of its pressure to be between 14 and 15 pounds on every square inch ; but, like all other fluids, it presses equally in every direction, so that though, on one hand, there is a pressure downwards of above 250 pounds, yet this is exactly balanced by an equal pressure upwards, from the air pressing round and getting below. If, however, the air on one side be removed, the whole pressure from the other acts unbalanced. Hence the ascent of water in pumps, which suck out the air from a barrel, and allow the pressure upon the water to force it up 32 or 33 feet, that body of water being equal to the weight of the atmosphere. Hence the ascent of the mercury in the barometer is only 28 or 29 inches, mercury being between 13 or 14 times heavier than water. Hence, too, the motion of the steam-engine ; the piston of which, until the direct force of steam was applied, used to be pressed downwards by the weight of the atmosphere from above, all air being removed below it by first filling it with steam, and then suddenly cooling and converting that steam into water, so as to leave nothing in the space it had occupied. Hence, too, the power which some animals possess of walking along the perpendicular surfaces of walls, and even the ceilings of rooms, by squeezing out the air between the inside of their feet and the wall, and thus being supported by the pressure of the air against the outside of their feet.

The science of *Optics* (from the Greek word for *seeing*), which teaches the nature of light, and of the sensation conveyed by it, presents, of itself, a field of unbounded extent and interest. Newton made the astounding discovery that a beam of light which we call white, is composed of all the colours blended in certain proportion ; he caused a ray of light to pass through a prism of glass, and thus he analyzed the beam by showing the spectrum on a screen beyond. Since that time the marvellous instrument called the Spectroscope has been invented, which goes one step further inasmuch as it analyzes the spectrum, showing that each colour contains more or less dark or light lines dependant upon the materials inflamed to produce the illumination. The value of

the discoveries which continue to be made with the Spectroscope it is impossible to estimate.

To a man who, for original genius and strong natural sense, is not unworthy of being named after this illustrious sage, we owe the greater part of *Electrical* science. It treats of the peculiar substance, resembling both light and heat, which, by rubbing, is found to be produced in a certain class of bodies, as glass, wax, silk, amber ; and to be conveyed easily or *conducted* through others, as wood, metals, water ; and it has received the name of *Electricity*, from the Greek word for *amber*. Dr. Franklin discovered that this is the same matter which, when collected in the clouds, and conveyed from them to the Earth, we call *lightning*, and whose noise, in darting through the air, is *thunder*. From the time of Franklin Electricity has been studied and experimented upon by scientific men in all parts, and the results have been overwhelmingly successful, in fact they may be said to have revolutionized the whole world by the invention of the Electric Telegraph. Step by step improvements still continue to be effected, and it seems that the wonders to be accomplished in this branch of science must be unlimited. The observation of some movements in the limbs of a dead frog, gave rise to the discovery of *Animal Electricity* or *Galvanism*, as it was at first called from the name of the discoverer ; and since which has given birth to improvements that have changed the face of chemical philosophy ; affording a new proof how few there are of the processes of nature incapable of repaying the labour bestowed in patiently and diligently examining them.

In order to explain the nature and objects of those branches of Natural Science more or less connected with the mathematics some details were necessary, as without them it was difficult immediately to perceive their importance, and, as it were, relish the kind of instruction which they afford. But the same course need not be pursued with respect to the other branches. The value and interest of chemistry is at once perceived, when it is known to teach the nature of all bodies ; the relations of simple substances to heat and to one another, or their combinations together ;

the composition of those which nature produces in a compound state ; and the application of the whole to the arts and manufactures. Some branches of philosophy, again, are chiefly useful and interesting to particular classes, as surgeons and physicians. Others are easily understood by a knowledge of the principles of Mechanics and Chemistry, of which they are applications and examples ; as those which teach the structure of the Earth and the changes it has undergone ; the motions of the muscles, and the structure of the parts of Animals ; the qualities of animal and vegetable substances ; and that department of Agriculture which treats of soils, manure, and machinery. Other branches are only collections of facts, highly curious and useful indeed, but which any one who reads or listens, perceives as clearly, and comprehends as readily, as the professed student. To this class belongs Natural History, in so far as it describes the habits of animals and plants, and its application to that department of Agriculture which treats of cattle and their management.

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### A BIRTHDAY.

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SAD is the flight of years,  
 All mixed with human tears.  
 The hours leave us here ;  
 Old day dreams disappear ;  
 And one by one dear shades flit by,  
 Whose memories never die !

Ceaseless the march of Time ;  
 Glad Hope and Trust sublime,  
 Affection's grace and glow,  
 Its glamour and its flow,  
 Its countless pleasant ways,  
 Die with our dying days.

How strange to know and feel  
 The truths our hearts conceal ;  
 The things we love the most,  
 Our earthly pride and boast,  
 The dearest things of earth,  
 Fade often in their birth,

Faces and forms most fair,  
 And gifts most rich and rare,  
 The coming silvery voice,  
 Which bade our hearts rejoice,  
 The kindly winning smile,  
 Desert us for awhile.

We look in vain to-day  
 For the lov'd one past away,  
 For generous faith and trust,  
 For the mind so clear and just,  
 For the tenderness of truth,  
 For the grace of age and youth.

'Midst heavy falling tears,  
 We miss the love of years,  
 We miss the trust which never waned,  
 We miss the wit which never pained,  
 We miss the grave and classic brow,  
 Sadly, sorely, truly, now !

But Hope is whispering still,  
 Through the hours of human ill,  
 Through joys and heavy cares,  
 Through trouble resignation bears,  
 " Believe that all is for the best ;  
 The weary one's at rest ! "

NEMO.

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### WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

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*From the "Keystone."*

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#### VI.

In the present article we conclude our description of the principal Abbeys and Cathedrals of Great Britain. The subject has been developed at greater length than we intended, but no edifice has been included that is not in truth a Wonder of Operative Masonry.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, Cambridge, sixty miles north from London, is the finest Gothic edifice in England. It was founded by King Henry VI., in A.D. 1441. Walpole calls it "a work sufficient alone to ennoble any age." Its striking features externally are, the immense buttresses that support it, the height and magnitude of the



building, the open-worked battlements around the entire roof, and the finely proportioned pinnacles and towers. The interior is yet more impressive. The vast and arched roof of solid stone, is unsupported by a single pillar, and its pendant stones seem to hang in the air, as if "art had weaned them of their tendency to gravitate." The famous architect, Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, was accustomed to go once a year to view the roof of the Chapel of King's College, and is said to have remarked, that if any man would show him where to place the *first* stone, he would build such another. Many of these stones in the roof weigh a ton each, are over a yard in thickness, and elegantly carved with roses and portucullises. Their erection was a remarkable architectural feat. The length of this superb edifice is 316 feet, its breadth 84 feet, its interior height 78 feet, and the height of each of the four corner towers, 146 feet. The interior is a splendid example of Florid Gothic. The painted windows, each 50 feet high, are marvels of beauty, rich in orient colours and imagery. Over one hundred Scriptural events are superbly delineated. A German Master Mason, named Klaus, or Kloos, is said to have built King's College Chapel, but an extant original indenture for the erection of the miraculously vaulted roof is executed by "John Wastell, Master Mason of the Works, and Henry Semerk, one of the Wardens." This was in 1508, in Henry VII.'s reign, and the cost of the roof was to be £1200. Another indenture, in the archives of Caius College, dated the 16th year of Edward IV. (1477), recites that "John Wulrich" was "Maistr Mason of the Werkes of Kyng's College." The entire interior of the Chapel is a mass of Gothic points and paneling, surmounted by airy and exquisite fan-like tracery.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL, 174 miles north from Edinburgh, in Morayshire, once rivalled Melrose Abbey in the splendour of its Gothic architecture. Its present ruins attest its symmetry, beauty, and massive character. Its length is 289 feet, transepts 120 feet, and height of the two western towers (between which there is a magnificent doorway), 83 feet. Bishop Moray founded it in A.D. 1224, on the site of an old church, and built it in the form of a Passion cross. Its front is well preserved

with two massive and lofty towers. The portal is ornamented with fluted pilasters, and above it there is a fine lancet arched window, 28 feet in height. In 1538 it had a central tower and spire, 198 feet high. This has since fallen. In 1565 the revenue of Elgin Cathedral was £1675, besides payments in kind.

In the Chapter house adjoining the Cathedral there is what is termed the "apprentice's aisle," having been built, according to the legend frequently repeated with reference to similar structures (notably in the case of Roslin Chapel), by an apprentice in the absence of his master, who, from envy of its excellence, murdered him on his return—which legend originated, in all probability, in the mysteries of the Lodges of travelling Freemasons, who in the Middle Ages traversed Europe, warranted by Papal Bulls, and with ample privileges to train apprentices in the theory and practice of Masonry and architecture.

In 1568 the lead that covered the roof of this Cathedral was stripped off by the Regent Morton, and shipped to Holland, to raise money for the payment of his troops. Scarcely had the vessell carrying it left the coast of Scotland, when it, together with the crew and cargo, went to the bottom—an evidence, as then thought, of the judgment of Heaven upon those who were instrumental in carrying away treasures despoiled from God's House.

WALSINGHAM ABBEY, in Norfolkshire, 110 miles north-east from London, was founded in A.D. 1061, by the widow of Richoldis de Favarches, for Augustine Monks. Its shrine soon became the most popular in England. Foreigners from all parts of the world made pilgrimages to it, guided, as they fancied, by the light of the milky way, which the monks of Walsingham persuaded the people was a miraculous indication of the route to their monastery. Kings and queens were among these pilgrims, and singularly enough, Henry VIII., in the second year of his reign, made a pilgrimage to it, walking barefoot from a distance of three miles, and presented a valuable necklace to the image; and yet the same quondam worshipper and royal pilgrim, not many years after, directed the identical image of "Our Lady of Walsingham," to be taken from its shrine and burnt. Roger Ascham,

when he visited Cologne in 1550, remarked: "The Three Kings be not so rich as was the Lady of Walsingham." Among the numerous attractions at this Abbey was some of "the Virgin's milk." The monks stated that all other portions of the Virgin's milk had fallen to the ground, while this was taken directly from her breast! All good pilgrims kissed the receptacle of the sacred milk. There were also here two Wishing Wells, and whoever drank of their waters, the monks asserted, might obtain under certain restrictions, whatever they desire. There are some fine architectural remains of this Abbey, including the east end of the Church, in Decorated Gothic, with a beautiful arch, 50 feet high; the walls, windows, and arches of the refectory; and a Norman arch, with zig-zag mouldings. A part of the cloisters are incorporated into the modern mansion known as Walsingham Abbey, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Warner.

**BECTIVE ABBEY**, on the river Boyne, in Meath, Ireland, was a great Cistercian Monastery, founded by Murchard, King of Meath, in A.D. 1150, and endowed with a rich demesne of 245 acres of land. The Lord Abbot of Bective, who, with his monks, came from Mellifont Abbey, was one of the fifteen Abbots in Ireland that sat as a spiritual peer in Parliament. The ruins, with their yellow battlemented walls, now present the appearance of a noble castellated mansion, rearing aloft its turrets and gables, while the lichen and ivy-clad cloisters are extremely picturesque. The Earl of Bective has enclosed the Abbey grounds with a wall, so that they are less wasted than most of the ecclesiastical remains in Ireland. The body of the murdered Hugh de Lacy, in 1186, was interred in Bective Abbey, while his head was buried in St. Thomas's Church, Dublin. A fierce controversy arose between these two Abbeys for the possession of the entire remains of that unfortunate man. The Pope was appealed to, and awarded the corpse to the monks of St. Thomas, who accordingly have since possessed it, and the saint now lies buried in peace, instead of in pieces.

**MELLIFONT ABBEY** stands in the cup of a small valley near the Boyne, 5 miles from Drogheda, Ireland. This Abbey (whose name signifies the "Honey Fountain"), was

founded in A.D. 1142, by O'Carroll, Prince of Orgiel, the great Church reformer of his day. It was the first in point of time, and also in beauty of design and finish, erected in Ireland by the Cistercians, the leading Church founders of the middle ages. Its locality, once musical with the busy hum of bees, became resonant with the measured cadences of the matin and vesper bells. The relics of St. Malachy, the second Irishman canonized by the Pope, were interred in it, and thenceforth it became the mother-church of many of the Bishops of Ireland. It was intensely national. In 1322 it was determined that no person should be admitted into the Abbey before he had taken an oath that he was not of English descent. The present ruins consist of a fine portal, part of St. Bernard's Chapel (Early English architecture), the Baptistry (Saxon), and the crypts beneath the Abbey. At the Dissolution, when it contained 140 monks, the Abbey was given to Sir Gerald Moore, ancestor of the Marquis of Drogheda, who has his residence here.

**BEAUCHIEF ABBEY**, in Derbyshire, 135 miles north-west from London, was founded in A.D. 1183, for Præmonstratensian or White Canons, by Robert, Lord Alfreton, one of the four Knights who assassinated Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and who erected this Abbey by way of expiating his crime. It is situated near the borders of Yorkshire, amid the sweet scenery of Abbeydale. The west end of the chapel remains, and in it divine service is still performed. Although a considerable structure, Beauchief (sometimes denominated Bello-Capite) Abbey was never wealthy. At the Dissolution, when it was given to Sir William Shelly, its revenue amounted to £157. On a hill near by its ruins, Beauchief House, an Elizabethan mansion, was erected, out of materials furnished by the demolition of the Abbey.

**READING ABBEY**, at Reading, in Berkshire, 50 miles west from London, was a mitred Abbey, and one of the richest in England. It was founded A.D. 1121, by King Henry I. for 200 Benedictine monks. Its Abbot took precedence in the House of Peers next after the Abbots of St. Alban's and Glastonbury. The body of King Henry was buried here, while, by a strange fancy,

his brains, heart, eyes and tongue were buried at Rouen. In 1539, at the Dissolution, the Abbot, "a stubborn monk," together with two of his friars, was hanged drawn and quartered, for refusing to deliver up the Abbey to Henry VIII. Its revenues then were equivalent to £20,000 value as estimated in 1806. Its remains consist of a portion of the great hall, once used for parliaments, now used as a school-room; some battlemented gateways, and the Abbey mills, which exhibit arches that were coeval with the Abbey itself. These relics of seven centuries ago, although forming but a broken skeleton, are full of interest.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY, in Fifeshire, 18 miles north-west from Edinburgh, was founded by Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, in A.D. 1080. King David I. in A.D. 1124, introduced into it the Benedictines, or Black Monks, and raised it to the dignity of a mitred Abbey, when it became one of the most extensive and magnificent monastic establishments in Scotland. Matthew of Westminster says: "Its boundaries were so ample that three potent sovereigns, with their retinues, might have been accommodated with lodgings here at the same time without incommoding each other." When King Edward of England invaded Scotland, in 1303, he resided in the Abbey, and set it on fire when he left it, because the nobles of the kingdom assembled there and devised plots against him, thus "converting the Temple of the Lord into a den of thieves." The last Abbot was George Durie, in A.D. 1530. Its revenue was £2,513 Scots. The ruins that remain indicate its former grandeur. The Abbey was cruciform and of Norman architecture. It was long the place of sepulture of Scottish Kings. Here were interred Malcolm Canmore, its founder; Alexander I.; David I., the founder and generous patron of so many Scotch Abbeys; and Sir Robert Bruce, the saviour of his country. In 1818, Bruce's tomb was discovered, and in it his skeleton, wrapped in lead. The Fraternity, with its beautiful window, is extremely striking, as are also the massive pillars, thirteen and a half in circumference, which support the old Church. The new Abbey Church—the present parish Church—is a splendid edifice, in ornate Gothic style, with elegant

perpendicular windows. On the four sides of its tower, in capital letters four feet high, are these words: "King Robert the Bruce," surmounted by royal crowns.

THORNEY ABBEY, Cambridgeshire, 85 miles north from London, was founded by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in A.D. 972, for Benedictine Monks. The remains, which are incorporated into the present edifice, were erected in 1128. When the Abbey was dissolved by Henry VIII. the greater part of it was destroyed, but the west front and nave were preserved, and have been used since as a Church. The architecture of the front is pointed, and above the large window are nine statues of saints placed in Gothic niches, between two octagonal towers. These towers rise from the ground, and give majesty to the entire front. Thorney Abbey derived its name from the multitude of thorns which once grew in its vicinity. At the Dissolution it possessed a revenue of £500. Since Edward VI.'s time it has been a part of the Duke of Bedford's estates, and the present Duke owns 19,000 acres of the surrounding lands.

PAISLEY ABBEY, at Paisley, 8 miles west from Glasgow, Scotland, was founded A.D. 1163, by Walter, High Steward of Scotland, for monks of the Clugniac order of reformed Benedictines. It was at first a Priory, but was afterwards raised to the rank of an Abbey, and richly endowed, so that it became one of the most opulent in the Kingdom. It was burned by the English in 1307. The present Abbey was built about 1450, and is 265 feet in length. The interior of the nave is magnificent. Ten massive, clustered columns divide the aisles from the body of the fabric; from these columns spring pointed arches, with graceful mouldings. The northern transept, although ruinous, is a fine relic of monastic grandeur. It does not appear that there was a southern transept. The "Chronicon Clugniense," or "Black Book of Paisley" was a history of the times, kept by the monks of this Abbey. The original is now in the King's Library of St. James. Majory, daughter of King Robert Bruce, who was killed while hunting, was buried here, in 1316. The Abbey is now the property of the Marquis of Abercorn. According to the inscription on a stone of Melrose Abbey, John Moreau, its architect

in 1136, was also the architect of Paisley.

KIRKWALL CATHEDRAL, at Kirkwall, or the largest of the Orkney Islands, is north of the mainland, and the most perfectly preserved Cathedral in Scotland. Rognwald, Count of Orkney, laid its foundation in A.D. 1138. It is a massive pile, 226 feet in length, by 56 in breadth, with lofty towers, and is almost the only unimpaired specimen of the stately monuments of ecclesiastic grandeur which adorned Scotland prior to the Reformation. The roof is entire, and supported by 28 pillars, each 15 feet in circumference. The western doors are magnificently pointed, as is also the great east window. The edifice is built of red sandstone, and has completely escaped the fury of the devastators of the Reformation era.

HOLY CROSS ABBEY, Peebles, Scotland, 27 miles south from Edinburgh, was founded by King Alexander III. It was one of the four in Scotland called Ministries, and was erected for seventy Red or Trinity Friars. The entire edifice was a hollow quadrangle, one side of which was occupied by the Abbey Church, 164 feet long, while the cloistered residences of the Friars formed the other three sides. It was used until 1784 as a parochial Church, and afterwards as a school house. Only a fragment of the Abbey now remains. Like many others of the ecclesiastic edifices of Papal times, it at a later day became a mere stone quarry, and piece by piece was carried away and built into other structures. Its present remains, however, are now carefully preserved.

In our next issue we shall supplement this series of papers with an account of the exact connection of the Freemasons of the Middle Ages with the erection of these splendid Cathedrals and Abbeys, and give a sketch of the origin and wonderful character of Gothic Architecture.

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#### MASONIC ODE.

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EMPIRES and kings have passed away,  
 Into oblivion's mine;  
 And tow'ring domes have felt decay,  
 Since auld lang syne.

But Masonry, the glorious art,  
 With Wisdom's ray divine;  
 'Twas ever so, the Hebrew cries,  
 "In auld lang syne."

Behold the occidental chair,  
 Proclaims the day's decline—  
 Hiram of Tyre was seated there  
 In auld lang syne.

The south proclaims refreshment nigh,  
 High twelve's the time to dine;  
 And beauty decked the southern sky  
 In auld lang syne.

Yes, Masonry, whose temple here  
 Was built by hands divine,  
 Shall ever shine as bright and clear,  
 As in auld lang syne.

Then brethren for the worthy three,  
 Let us a wreath entwine,  
 The three great heads of Masonry  
 In auld lang syne.

Rememb'ring oft that worthy one,  
 With gratitude divine;  
 The Tyrian youth—the widow's son  
 Of auld lang syne.

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#### THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

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

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#### CHAPTER IV.

"She wore a wreath of roses,  
 The night that first we met."  
 HAYNES BAYLEY.

PAESIELLO, after a short distance on the road, recovered both his tongue and his spirits; for, like most of us, the hour of parting for him was an hour of trial, more severe even than he had expected. The separations of life are often among our greatest troubles here below!

To bid adieu to a familiar face, or a well-known spot—to say "good-bye," with the irresistible feeling that we shall never meet again on earth, is not unfrequently a very painful "thorn in the flesh" to us all alike. We keep up until the actual hour

strikes; but when once the Rubicon is passed, when we "burn our boats" and our "bridges" at the same time, then there come over the "lone spirit," as Mrs. Balasso so touchingly says, "a sense of isolation and the reality of separation." Some of us, as Time has winged its flight of lazy or stirring years, have known well what it is to bid farewell to loved faces and pleasant homes, to the "Lares and Penates" of long and eventful years; to that dear old friend we never more shall greet; to that cherished abode we never more shall inhabit; and with choking sensations in the "larynx," and with watery eyes have nerved ourselves to the severance, or have stalked gloomily and grandly away!

Paesiello was too "insouciant" to feel as much as I have sketched but hastily, and his depression was, as with youth generally, short-lived, and accordingly he proceeded with mingled "sang-froid" and gaiety to talk over the events of his sojourn at Venice, the virtues of Donna Isabella, and the charm of the recalcitrant Petronella. Don Balthazar gravely assented to his remarks, and re-echoed his ejaculations, but continued to smoke peacefully all the while, evidently being a firm believer in the soothing properties of Raleigh's "soft narcotic," and the virtue of a sedative cigarette. I have known in life many other persons with whom a cigar, or even a pipe, had the most tranquilizing effect, yes, under circumstances of no ordinary turmoil or excitement, grief or grumbling.

My young friend Poppleton—a very knowing and energetic youth—has often confided to me his experience of the matter. He says, and I don't venture to contradict his outspoken opinion, that a pipe or cigar is an antidote for a "fella" to nearly all the evils and most of the troubles of life. At least, he declares, it "infuses" into you a calm, sagacious, benevolent spirit; it is the best armour, he assures me, against the voice of a talkative sister, the complaints of an injured wife, and the remarks of an excited fiancée, the objurgations of an indignant mother-in-law. He assured me also he found it the best recipe for tranquillity and a contented disposition amid duns and debts, rows by day, "tracasseries" by night, and that

as far as his experience goes, (which I may observe is not very far,) it is the most useful, the most silent, and the most friendly of friends.

I am not a smoker myself, and cannot possibly, therefore, enter into the spirit or vapour of Pottleton's glowing eulogy; and to, say the truth, the only use that I have myself ever seen for tobacco was in malaria-haunted countries, where the smokers certainly had the "pull" over the non-smokers! I leave, however, the settlement of the "cloudy warfare" to those who, like young Pottleton, admire so hugely the use and taste and smell of tobacco.

I may observe, "en passant," that as opinions always do differ in this world, Miss Pottleton, my young friend's charming sister—a blushing "ingenue" of sweet sixteen—holds a very decided and different opinion on the subject. For she tells me in her confiding outspokenness, that in her opinion, most of the young men who smoke so much to-day have positively in consequence "evaporated into thin air all the brains in their heads, and all the feelings in their hearts." When such sagacious doctors differ, who can hope to decide?

Paesiello and his party reached Verona early next morning, and proceeded to instal themselves in the "Capulet and Montague Arms." Paesiello was full of Juliet and her nurse, Romeo and the friar, and so made up his mind to loiter on a spot so full of interest to all those who like archæology and antiquity, fortifications and sentiment.

As Verona is rather a dull town in itself, Paesiello, who had brought with him some letters of introduction to a distinguished Veronese family, (a descendant of a Capulet, by the way,) found, as others have found, that with pleasant society we are quite independent of the "Genius Loci," the charms of scenery, the gossip of the "cicerone," or the associations of the past. In the agreeable family of Don Manfredi he found all that was most pleasant to the lover of ancient romances, and juvenile sympathies, the past and the present, venerable souvenirs, and modern "agremens."

Don Manfredi's family consisted of his wife, a distinguished and stately Veronese,

and himself, who was "nobilis" in every sense of the word, a gay son, a blooming daughter, and a plump sister in law.

Under these bright auspices Paesiello saw Verona thoroughly, and grew sensible and sentimental alternately.

Indeed, he often said in after years he enjoyed his visit to Verona very much indeed. It is clear from his manuscript that he had much to affect and amuse him, if something also to "bless and to bore" him, a fact which seems to belong to the whole of our mundane existence, go where we will, be what we may. I must now confide a little secret to my readers.

Paesiello and Mdlle. Manfredi would, I think, have done very well together, (despite a certain Don Pomposio,) had not the maiden aunt, a stout good-looking "old gal," (Paesiello so termed her in after years,) of forty-five—to use a classical expression—determined "to put her oar in."

No doubt she was wise in her generation, and can hardly be much blamed. At least, the words of my pen will be as light as words can be. When women get to that age, (such is my experience of the matter,) they naturally think that they have no more time to lose, and therefore opine that "all is fish that comes to their net."

It is this constraining motive which makes them often seem inconsiderate and unfeeling to the young, with whose proceedings they interfere, or amid whose little game they intrude themselves.

They are like a Winchester Eleven playing a losing game at Lords, as in better days; or like the angler making another cast for that most obdurate salmon; or like the man who is quite certain that Turkish Bonds will turn up trumps to-morrow, and who ruins everybody with the greatest calmness in the world; or, in fact, like any other appropriate illustration my readers like to coin or make use of.

Maiden aunts at forty-five, says young Pottleton, "are like rats in a barn, desperate, reckless," and "will have a nibble at the odorous cheese!" And so Donna Elisinda—for that was, as the German's say, the "Jungfer's" name—thought when she saw Paesiello that "her clock had struck," and that he was just the very hero her ardent imagination had

always painted! What mattered it to her that her fair niece and the young man appeared to be getting together? How did it concern her that they were both at that happy time, when it seemed so natural to look on from a sunny present to a roseate future, when all looms so bright and pleasant and promising, and life's dull cares, and life's sadder heart-aches, are alike ignored and unknown?

Surely she had, she thought, prior claims on the attention of that foolish and inexperienced young man—hers were attributes and excellencies far beyond those of a giddy girl!

Paesiello soon found, as his "sejour" at Verona lasted longer, perhaps, than he at first intended, that do what he will, go where he might, be it picnic, be it an evening party, with the graceful maiden came—the buoyant and inevitable unmarried aunt—who had for him the deepest sympathy, and had the greatest concern alike in his plans and prospects, his proceedings and his pursuits.

It was in vain that Mdlle. Manfredi and he tried to enjoy each other's society, the maiden aunt—who was a great stickler for propriety—thought that her niece required a chaperone, and poor Paesiello found that she monopolized all the conversation, took all his compliments to herself, and made it evident to all around that she considered he was paying his attention to her and not to her niece.

On one memorable afternoon, when they had all started to a Roman amphitheatre, something occurred which so alarmed our hero, (though what it was he does not clearly tell us, and the allusion to it has been carefully crossed out,) that he left Verona the next morning I am somewhat myself inclined to think, from a passage nearly obliterated, as far as I can make out the words, that on this occasion Donna Elisinda, who had indulged in Badminton and champagne cup—for these are ancient drinks—proposed herself to Paesiello.

Something must have happened of the sort, for this one thing is clear, that Paesiello was excessively nervous the rest of the party, left them when he returned to Verona, and bade farewell to them all, in a most touching letter, next morning, without seeing them again, over which

Mdme. and Mdlle. Manfredi cried, while Donna Elisinda called him a "young fool." With respect to this amiable and energetic woman I may mention that she soon after married an old widower with a big chateau, and a comfortable income. Poor old man, I pity him much!

In Pasciello's diary the following little passage occurs, (not erased), which may throw light upon this veritable episode, and which I have thought it right to reproduce as a proper warning to ambitious and unscrupulous maiden aunts who might be disposed to interfere with the "running" of their younger and less-experienced nieces:—

"Don Balthazar remarked that he thought I had done quite right, as though he had not the slightest objection to Mdlle. Manfredi, (for she was a very dear little girl,) he could not stomach that she-dragon of forty-five."

What an improper speech, and what an unfeeling man Don Balthazar must have been!

"Antonio said to me while dining, 'Maesta, I think you have had a lucky escape, *cospetto*. They say in the hotel that Donna Elisinda is a "Tartar," and will lead any one a pretty life. I think the young countess charming, but they say she is engaged; but as for that maiden aunt, oh! signor, you have had a great deliverance. I always think that a man is in the greatest danger when a self-willed woman makes an attack upon him. That is the way Mrs. Antonio got hold of me, and in such cases there is nothing for it, master, but to beat a retreat, and come to Rome, where, if you are troubled with your wives or admiring female friends over much, you can complain, (I fear Antonio was an old rascal,) to Monsignore the Cardinal Governor, and to the Inquisition!'"

Oh, happy times, when that amiable institution was in full, free, and vivacious swing! An ungrateful world has long since put an end for ever, no doubt foolishly and perversely, to its "*peine forte et dure*," to its flames and fires, its dreadful dungeons, and its broiling episodes.

We shall therefore meet, in the next chapter, with our hero, not at Phillippi, but at Rome.

(To be Continued.)

## THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

IV.—OCTOBER.

"Here is Autumn again! and she whispers to me, Saying—'Child of Dust, I am coming to thee!' Here is Autumn again! and her voice is now rife With a calm farewell to the summer of Life. Joy's day goes down with a shortening sun; The visions of Hope fade—one by one; The pearls of Mirth—pure, rich, and fair, Have dissolved in the tears of Pain and Care. Wrinkles are stealing where dimples have been In locks that were golden, the silver is seen. Autumn is coming! Ay! so it *must* be; She will whisper to all as she whispers to me; But like the brave Robin our spirits should try To be pouring a Song to our God—not a Sigh."

—AND we shall succeed too, if we do but read Autumn's lessons aright. True it is, that the flowers are well-nigh all faded and gone; true it is that there will be a long dreary winter before we shall see them again; true it is that there will be many a dark cold day before we taste again of the genial warmth of Spring; but what matters it, so long as we know that the Spring will come again in God's good time, with all its sweet delights, all its sights the fairer and the fresher for the dreary waiting through which we have patiently, because trustfully, passed. Not but that Autumn has beauties too, and beauties especially her own. Witness the changed and changing leaf. The forest may be very lovely, dressed in the vivid, tender green of early Spring, lovely too when clad in the uniform soft colouring of Summer's prime, but what can equal the varied gorgeousness of Autumn's tints?—here the vivid crimson, there the burning gold; here the glowing orange, there the rich, warm, russet-brown; here the still-green frond, and there the leaf in its last stage of withered black; what a splendid whole! We know a spot whose beauty at this season defies all adequate description. Travellers may search for Nature in her most striking aspects in the cold North, the torrid South, the rosy East, or the crimson West, but nowhere will they find her in lovelier mood than in a narrow rift in the Mendips, just above Shepton-Mallett. This gorge is situated in a little parish called Ashwick, and is worth a

journey to see. We remember viewing it one Autumn afternoon, a little before sunset, from the summit of a crag, on one side of the little ravine, called the Raven's Rock, and the tree-covered slope, on the other side of the little trout stream, visible with its waterfall in the depths below, clad in all the lovely tints of Autumnal decay, and viewed through that shimmering atmosphere that shines so blue in the Autumn afternoon, gave us a realization, for once in our lives, of all the glories of our childhood's Fairy-Land. Fair reader, go and behold Autumn there, and tell us if you will ever again sigh for the departed Summer.

Whilst Autumn thus asserts the reality of the intrinsic beauty that she possesses, does she speak to us in a mournful strain, if even her tones be solemn? We trow not. Does she not point us to rest after labour; the reward of a well-spent life; to that "hoary head which is a crown if it be found in the way of righteousness?" And if those leaves do "fall dry and withered to the ground," do they not speak to us of a purpose fulfilled, a

"Something attempted,  
Something done,  
That has earned a night's repose!"

And yet further, do they not lead us to think of the joyful re-awakening of such in the Spring-time beyond the grave? Let us welcome then the voice of Autumn, which, although it bids us think of our own "Sear and yellow leaf," yet tells us to prepare to change the crown of hoary age for that other "crown that fadeth not away."

But, putting altogether aside the lessons that the Creator thus deigns to teach us by the time of the falling leaf, all created Nature, from the smallest to the greatest, benefits in some material way even by this season of decadence and decay. The shedding of the leaves and their resolution into their component parts, is the natural process whereby the bosom of Mother Earth is continually refertilized, and it is from this very fact of nothing being lost, but even death itself affording material for fresh life, that we may draw our most strongly enforced lesson—Nature-taught—of the resurrection of our own earthly tabernacles of these mortal bodies.

But apart, again, from even this provision for a future year, as well as its lessons respecting our own future, Earth and her inhabitants may well rejoice, for this is the great season of ingathering of Winter store for all those denizens of field and wood that neither emigrate nor hibernate. Time was when the "Lord of Creation" himself gladly hailed the falling shower of meat, but now, although he in his civilization has developed more convenient ways of gratifying his more fully developed tastes, there are yet myriads of creatures to which Autumn is a gladsome time.

"The fowls of the air sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, yet Your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Witness the coral-red berries to which the snowy blossoms of May have given place on every

"Hawthorn in the dale."

Who does not remember the "Haws" of our childhood, and if we forget them the birds do not. The Hawthorn—Dutch *Hoeg-dorn* (Hedgethorn), German *Hage dorn*—is esteemed the best shrub for hedges on account of its quick growth when young (whence known in Agricultural Counties as "Quick"), as well as of its bearing frequent clipping. Planted alone, it often attains a good size. Its name of "Whitethorn" calls to mind another of our boyhood's favourites, the "Blackthorn" or Sloe. The wood of both these shrubs is a great favourite for light walking-sticks and whipstocks. The fruit of the Sloe is a small black plum, which, however, by reason of the beautiful bloom by which it is covered, appears of a bright blue colour. Its taste by no means accords with its looks, for it is frightfully acid, and so rough as to be swallowed with difficulty; a good frost, however, renders it not only endurable, but really pleasant eating. Amongst the rural poor, the Sloe is a most valuable neighbour for its fruit, buried in bottles underground, or packed away in jars of coarse sugar, affords many a good pudding in the winter. In days gone by too, even if not now, the bush has had a high commercial value, for many is the pipe of Spanish Port that has been yielded by its berries; nor has the Teatotaller been less indebted to its branches than the most inveterate winebibber, for its leaves have



probably yielded as much and as good Tea as its berries have Wine.

The Bullace Plum is a close ally of the Sloe, differing but little from it more than that its fruit is greenish-red or yellow instead of bluish-black.

Our childish companion of the Haw is the Hip, which is the fruit of the Dog Rose. These Hips, when beaten to a pulp in a mortar, yield the Conserve of Rose, which is so useful to the Druggist as a vehicle wherein to administer his more nauseous, if health-giving, preparations.

Another fruit yielded at this season is that of the Barberry, which yields a most delicious preserve and jelly. This shrub although, in addition to being thus useful as well as ornamental, it forms from the nature of its growth a capital hedge, is seldom thus employed, for the Agricultural mind views it with distrust, imagining that its presence is conducive to "rust" or "blight" in corn. That the Barberry is subject to a growth of orange-coloured fungus is true; that corn is somewhat similarly affected is also true; that the two may sometimes exist side by side is not to be denied; but that the "rust" of the Barberry comes from the "rust" of the corn is quite as likely as, but not more so than, is the truth of the counter proposition.

Another useful berry-bearing neighbour is the Elder. Who that has lived in the country is ignorant of "Elder-berry Wine?" Who that indulges in "Tarragon Vinegar" can aver that he has not tasted the flavour of Elder shoots? Every part of the plant is useful; its flowers, in infusion, are useful to induce perspiration; when distilled with water, they yield a pleasant lotion for the skin; whilst, too, from its blossoms a cooling ointment is prepared; its leaves bruised and rubbed on the body protect it from the attacks of those wretched little creatures that cause us such exquisite torture in harvest-time. The wood makes popguns for our little ones, and, when old, is an excellent substitute for boxwood; whilst its pith is invaluable to the man of Science, for of it are made those almost weightless balls which are used in electrical experiments.

Of the rest of the berries, save the Blackberry, of which excellent jam and "cheese" is made, we must not pause now

to speak; nor of those which, like the Privet, are useful only to the birds; but we must just notice the Juniper, which if it yield the flavour of the much abused (we mean in deed, not word,) spirit known as "Gin," gives also to the physician a medicine most valuable in dropsy. The beautiful and aromatic wood of this shrub is in much request for fancy turnery.

Whilst noticing these fruit-bearers, we must not pass over the nut tribe, for what more useful or agreeable to man, in its humble way, than the Hazel. Without his well stored nut, where would be the charm to our pretty and vivacious little friend, the Squirrel, of "his hollow tree?" But we fancy that this hard-rinded fruit affords amusement to the mandibles of a more highly developed (if allied more closely in disposition to the "monkey" tribe) animal than the Squirrel. Very useful too, to this said animal, in a later stage of his (or her) growth is this self-same nut—

"Among the bonie winding banks,  
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,  
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,  
An' shook his Carrick spear,  
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,  
Together did convene,  
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,  
An' haud their Halloween.  
Fu' blythe that night,  
The auld guidwife's weel-hoarded nits  
Are round and round divided,  
An' monie lads' and lasses' fates  
Are there that night decided:  
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,  
An' burn thegither trimly;  
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,  
An' jump out-owre the chimlie.  
Fu' high that night."

Very useful too, in a variety of ways, are the stems of the Hazel. Crates and hampers, bonds of faggots, hoops, and garden baskets are all formed of its wood; nor must we forget its utility to the fisherman who despises the ignorance of the bluff old sage of Fleet Street, who so graphically described a fishing-rod as "a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

Other shrubs there are which, although perhaps affording no food to man, yet by reason of their beauty are in this wellnigh flowerless season quite as useful in their way as those that gratify another taste; such are the berry-bearing tribe of Guelder Rose, Cornel Wood, the Wayfaring, and

the Spindle Tree : there are, perhaps, no more beautiful objects in nature than the waxen clusters of berries borne by this group of shrubs.

From fruit-bearing shrubs we pass to nut-bearing trees like the Chestnut, the Beech, and the Oak. Many eat the fruit of the first ; a few that of the second ; none, unless compelled by famine or the most inscrutable and insatiable appetite of the *genus* "boy," that of the last. But it was not always so, at least if we are to believe the historians who assure us that our ancestors delighted in Acorns. If so, all that we can say is that either our taste has sadly altered, or that we have lost one great secret of the culinary art, which, if they could recover it for us, ought to make the fortune, in these days of dear food, of the Masters of the Schools of Cookery.

As this consummation of culinary research does not seem very likely to be reached, we must just notice a field wherein our food-supply really might, by dint of a little research, be very considerably enriched, we mean that of the Fungus tribe, which at this season is generally very prolific. Not to mention the gourmand's Truffle, or even the much esteemed Mushroom, there is many a similar plant which might be, nay is, at all events on the Continent, turned into a dish no less appetising than nutritious. In the market of Rome alone, from which, by the way, our own, and almost only, Mushroom is rigorously excluded, the annual value of the Fungi sold for food is said to be about four thousand pounds. Once more then whilst counselling the increased use of these esculents as an addition as agreeable as economical to our tables, let us give a word of warning as to the care requisite to exclude those kinds which are unwholesome. For this purpose many so-called rules have been promulgated, all probably equally worthless ; we mean the discolouration of silver by the poisonous kinds, the difference of colour when cut, and the like. In reality there seems to be no other exact guide than an actual knowledge of the properties of the various kinds, although we have found one test, and that a simple one, very valuable—most of the wholesome kinds if sprinkled with salt will turn black. The difficulty of framing any reliable law is enhanced from the curious fact that the

properties of the various kind vary with the differences of climate and other circumstances of growth ; the effect, too, of precisely the same kind is variable even in the same person. So too are the poisonous effects variable, being sometimes irritant and sometimes narcotic ; these opposite effects having been produced in members of the same family by the same dish of so-called Mushrooms. Fatal results are very rare, especially when remedies are promptly administered ; of such remedies the best are Emetics and Castor Oil. So peculiar in their growth and habits, at one time bordering upon the seaweed tribe from flourishing in watery liquids, at another approaching very closely to the lichens in their parasitic growth ; on the one hand, again, demonstrating their vegetable origin by drawing their nourishment exclusively from that in which, (and not to which,) their root is fixed, and not from their surroundings ; and yet, at the same time, on the other hand, going far to give the lie to this imputed connexion, not only by the vast amount of Nitrogen contained in their tissues, but also by their actually taking in Oxygen and giving out Carbonic Acid, a property belonging of right to the animal world ; that some naturalists have well-nigh determined to accord them a kingdom of their own.

This half-link as it were between the great systems of Nature, bids us next cast our gaze on a few denizens of the air which yet brave the cold and still sport amongst the shrubs and trees that we have been noticing. Amongst the Butterflies we shall still see a few of the latest bred Admirals and Peacocks, for these frail creatures, although not able to face exposure to rough weather, can yet bear the cold ; the Queen of Spain Fritillary still flits about on sunny days, with a few of the rare Hair-Streaks, and in the neighbourhood of Dover may be found the beautiful Clouded Yellow Butterfly or *Edusa*. Amongst the Moths are noticeable the Feathered Thorn, the Dotted Chestnut, the Autumn Green Carpet, the Pearly Underwing, the Turnip, and two species of the Quaker Moth—the red and the yellow line—mostly found in the Ivy and the Yew. Of the Birds that leave us are the Landrail, Waterrail, Redstart, Hobby, Redshank, and Sandpiper ; whilst to take their

place there are arriving such Waterfowl as the Dabchick or Lesser Grebe and the Teal. Redwings, Fieldfares, Woodpigeons, and the Royston Crow return; Rooks come back to their nesting-trees, Hen Chaffinches assemble, and we now see those last lingering emigrants of the Swallow tribe, our friends, the House Martins. The fine frosty mornings make apparent the threads of gossamer that fill the air, whilst they have a contrary effect upon the Tortoise, which buries itself in its Winter quarters underground; lucky fellow if the bad fate does not befall him that did one belonging to a friend of ours—that of being accidentally cooked by the heat of a large heap of manure unconsciously placed over his unknown burrow.

And now we must say "Good-bye" for some few months to our friends the flowers, or to such of them as still linger, amongst which we may notice the Wild Chamomile and Geranium, the Grey Speedwell and the Wall Rocket, or narrow-leaved Wall Mustard; last, but by no means to be despised, is our faithful, if humble friend, the Dead Nettle, in its varieties of the Spotted, and the Red, with its sisters, the Bee Hemp, the Yellow Dwarf Hemp, and the Common Hemp, all allied more or less to the typical acquaintance of Aarom Hill, of whom he says:—

"Tender-handed stroke a Nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:  
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues o'ey you well."

These different varieties do not bear so very strong a family likeness to one another, but it will astonish some of us to learn that a member of the same family is the Hop. A very useful plant is this, as well as an ornamental one, even in its wild state, for its young shoots, boiled, furnish a most delicate vegetable, not unlike Asparagus. The use of the cultivated variety is too well known to need description, suffice it to say that the glass of foaming "October" to which it gives flavour and keeping qualities, is an excellent exemplification of this present life of ours, in which, if it is to be useful and productive of lasting good results, the bitters

must be duly blended with the sweets. In the young shoots of the Common Stinging Nettle, boiled, many country people find a wholesome and not unpalatable vegetable; whilst "Nettle-tea" was one of the most potent medicines known to our grandmothers, being as well a preventive of, as a cure for, the spring-tide blood-eruption known as "Nettle-rash."

One other lowly way-side friend we must notice in passing, the Good King Henry, or Mercury Goosefoot, with its inconspicuous green flower-spikes, and its large, deep green triangular leaves, not unlike Spinach in appearance, and then a sad "Farewell to Flowers":—

"Farewell! farewell! bright children of the sun,  
Whose beauty rose around our path where'er  
We wandered forth since vernal days begun,  
The glory and the garland of the year.  
Ye came, the children of the Spring's, bright  
promise:  
Ye crown'd the summer in her path of light.  
And now, when Autumn's wealth is passing from  
us,  
We gaze upon your parting bloom.—

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sweet flowers, adieu!

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THE TRUE MASON.

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Inscribed to Ill. Bro. Charles Roome, 33°,  
by his Friend and Brother,  
F. G. TISDALL, 33°.

No Mason is he who is dead to the wailings  
Of those whom misfortune has placed  
under ban;  
Who is harsh, unforgiving toward other  
men's failings,  
Or does any act that debases the man.  
He may seem a good brother in sight of  
his fellow,  
Be high in his order and learn'd in its  
code;  
But still his pretensions are truthless and  
shallow,  
And he is no Mason in sight of his God.  
But he's a true Mason whose soul ever rises  
Above the small honors and glories of  
earth;  
Who all the poor glitter of tinsel despises,  
And loves to be measured alone by his  
worth.

With the Square and the Plumb-lead as  
emblems to guide him,  
From the line of strict duty he scorns to  
depart ;

With the Rule and the Compass both ready  
before him,  
He rears a true Temple of God in his  
heart.

His thoughts are as pure as the snow when  
it falleth ;

His zeal is enlisted on rectitude's side ;  
No fear of men's scoffing, his courage ap-  
palleth,  
As he stands the oppressed and the  
friendless beside.

At the cry of misfortune his love is  
awakened ;

Large-minded, he succours, with naught  
of display ;

The widow, the orphan, the hungry and  
naked,

From his portals are never sent empty  
away.

In precept though firm, he is soft as a  
mother,

Who seeks in affection her offspring to  
mould ;

More apt by example to win a lost brother,  
And waverers keep in the Good Shep-  
herd's fold.

Un sullied by contact with lusts that sur-  
round him,

Large-hearted, he loves with a God-like  
regard ;

He lives a rich blessing to all who are  
round him,

And dies to receive the true Mason's  
reward.

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## THE MASONIC LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

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*From the "Keystone."*

WE are in the midst of a season of bloom.  
From the clover, that modestly raises its  
blossoms but a few inches above the earth's  
surface, to the chestnut tree, that shoots its  
branches high into the air, and is covered  
with a mass of flowery sprays, all Nature  
is blooming. The wild rose opens its

petals by the road-side and in the wood-  
lands ; the water-lily floats miraculously in  
the mill-ponds ; and countless blades of  
grass cover the earth and carpet it with  
verdure. There appears to be no inanimate  
Nature, for each flower and tuft of grass,  
every bush and tree is vigorous with life.  
And man is everywhere appreciating it.  
In the public parks and rural districts, by  
mountain, brook and seaside, the Summer  
holiday is being heartily enjoyed. Whether  
it be for but a day's excursion, or for a week  
or month's stay "out-of-town," every one is  
sharing in the spectacular feast which  
Nature bountifully offers to every eye.

We would call the reader's attention to a  
few flowers and shrubs in this connection  
that bear a Masonic, a mystic, or a sacred  
character. There is an abundance of these,  
and at this flowery season we cannot do  
better than concentrate thought upon a few  
of the most conspicuous of them, for they  
suggest recollections and reflections that  
are at once entertaining and instructive.

The *Lotus*, or water-lily, is perhaps the  
most noted of mystic flowers. It was  
revered in all the secret systems of the East.  
In India, Java, China and Egypt this "im-  
mortal plant," as Ovid calls it, with its  
majestic form, its heart-shaped leaves, and  
its resplendent flower, is commemorated in  
the sacred writings, in the hieroglyphics,  
in the architecture of the temples, and in  
divers other works of art. In our lodge  
rooms, wherever Egyptian architecture is  
exemplified, there we find the sacred *Lotus*.  
We observe it when we are at labour, and  
it is becoming that we should be familiar  
with its mysterious significance.

The *Lotus* was the Rose of Ancient  
Egypt, and the favourite flower of the  
country. It was sacred to Osiris and Isis,  
and symbolized the residence of the gods.  
According to Homer, Jupiter and Juno  
made their couch upon the blooming cups  
of water-lilies, and the horses of Achilles  
regaled themselves upon them. Ulysses,  
in his wanderings, visited the land of the  
*Lotus-Eaters*, and his companions were de-  
tained through the magic influence of these  
flowers, and what appeared to be their  
fruit, on the African coast, where this  
people dwelt. It seems that whoever par-  
took of them never wished to return to his  
native land. The Arabs have wrought this  
poetical idea into their estimate of the

Lotus, which they call the "fruit of destiny," and say it is to be eaten in Paradise. In this connection the reader will recall Tennyson's exquisite poem of the "Lotus-Eaters."

Hindustan appears to have been the birth-place of the Lotus, and the Sanscrit hymns and legends are full of it. From India it, with its mystic character, was transplanted to Egypt. No plant exceeded it in sacredness. The Egyptian priest gathered it with the most solemn ceremonies, and bound it around the altars, and the virgin priestesses wore it in their hair. It was the Lily of the Nile, the Rose of Egypt. In its consecrated bosom Brahma was born, and on it Osiris delighted to float. Among the Chinese it symbolized female beauty, and they call the small feet of their women "golden lilies." Mysteriously floating upon the water, it represented to the ancients that "Spirit of God" which the book of Genesis, in the Great Light of Masonry, informs us "moved upon the face of the waters" at the Creation. We do well to contemplate this floral gem of the East, this choicest flower that decks the land of the Sun.

*Cusa Grass*, next to the Lotus, has a mystic significance. It, too, is of Indian origin, having had its earliest home in Hindostan. Its long tapering leaves were symbolical of acuteness of intellect, and its blood-red flowers were used in the priestly sacrifices. According to Sir William Jones it derived its name, Cusa, or Cusha from Cush, the father of the Hindoo race. The Cushites, or Ethiopians, under the name of Shepherds, afterward invaded and ruled Egypt for some generations.

It was an Indian custom to bite a blade of the Cusa grass in token of submission, and it was also used in the preparation of the candidate for the sacred mysteries, to enable him to rightly pronounce the holy word. As among the Jews, so in India, this holy word was never pronounced aloud, but always inwardly or inaudibly, and only after the strictest vigils. We are reminded by this of the Lost Word of Freemasonry, and of its substitute in the Blue Lodge, and its recovery by the companions of the Royal Arch.

According to the Menu, one of the sacred books of Hindostan, "if one has sat on cushions of Cusa, with their points toward

the east, and is purified by rubbing that holy grass in both hands, and be further prepared by three suppressions of the breath, he may then fitly pronounce Om." This word was the original of the Egyptian word Ou, the sun. From the Egyptian mystics it has descended to the Royal Craft of to-day.

An Indian legend relates that Cupid was bound to his bride with a wisp of the sacred Cusa grass, and that the priest who united them had his vestments fashioned out of its leaves arranged in *triple* cords.

The *Myrtle tree* is sacred both in Scripture and mythology. In Zachariah's famous vision, he beheld a horseman riding among the myrtle trees; and in Isaiah's prophecy, in the last days we learn that instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, when peace and universal joy shall fill the earth. Hence the myrtle is an emblem of peace, and in mythology, also of love and beauty. The first temple erected to Venus was surrounded by a grove of myrtles.

The *Rose*, from the beginning of the world, has been a symbolical flower. It has always been the emblem of the highest good and the chiefest beauty. Poets have sung its virtues endlessly. Among the Egyptians it was an emblem of silence, and this is its Masonic signification. We find it chiseled often by the operative Masons of the Middle Ages upon the walls of the great abbeys and cathedrals which they erected. Fort, in his "Antiquities of Masonry," traces the phrase "sub rosa" to a Masonic origin. He says: "At the feasts of the Northern people, a garland of flowers, with a rose prominently in the centre, was suspended from the ceiling above the table, as a symbol that everything that might be done or spoken by the participants in the banquet should be held strictly secret." In the Gothic code, the rose was an emblem of secrecy, and was so considered by the mediæval Operative Masons.

The *Clover*, humble though it be, from the remotest antiquity has been revered. Its *triple* leaf was considered symbolical. In Ireland, St. Patrick chose it as an emblem of the Trinity, and the famous shamrock of Ireland is only the ordinary white clover. Hope was personified, in ancient times, by a little child standing on tiptoe

and holding a trefoil clover in his hand.

But lest we tire the reader's patience with these floral mysteries, even in the midst of this season of bloom, we forebear further mention of flowers and their occult significance. This symbology, however, should possess a charm for the Freemason, since much of it has a present force in reminding him of momentous truths. The nearness of man and nature to God, and the immortality of the human soul, are facts in the divine economy that even blades of grass and flowers of the field, the forest and the fen may impress upon the mind and heart.

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## MY LORD THE KING ;

### A MERE STORY.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers ;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance ;" "Another Fenian Outrage ;" "Annabel Vaughan ;" "The Path of Life, an Allegory ;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER III.

#### A DREAM AND A REALITY.

SWEET Maid Marian's sleep was disturbed that night.

She thought the old days of knight-errantry were come back again, and she was Queen of the Tournament. A strange knight came forth into the lists, and with proud lance in rest, unhorsed each combatant, and claimed the victor's crown ; and as he knelt before her to receive the champion's meed, he raised his vizor, and she saw his face. The grey eyes and the drooping moustache brought back the memory to the stranger of yesterday, and she awoke full of sweet, sad thoughts.

Again she slept, and dreamed of a great peril and disaster, a something vague, mysterious, unknown, a dread of pending evil, whereof no recollection remained save a dim feeling of obscurity and gloom. There was a rush of many waters and the

thunderous plunging of some mighty mill-wheel, and many faces full of fear, and one pale face with a heavy, drooping, tawney moustache—and some one said, "Marian," and she thought it was he with the pale face, and so she awoke.

"Marian, are you not up yet?" and Mr. Mauleverer is tapping at the door of the ladies' cabin, seeking his daughter.

"No, papa ; I won't be long, though."

Half an hour afterwards, our heroine comes in to breakfast, and is mildly censured by her father for being so late.

"Well, papa dear, I am afraid I overslept myself ; and I have had such queer odd dreams."

"You have certainly been very lazy. Here's Mr. Mennell up two hours ago, and we have been all on the look-out for land. Captain Wrightson says we shall see it in about an hour, he thinks."

After breakfast they go on deck and eagerly scan the horizon, and by 10 o'clock a dim faint line of cloud is pointed out as being the Dutch Coast.

Marian is very quiet this morning, the natural pensive loveliness of her face is heightened by the tender melancholy of her eyes, and the expression of thoughtfulness on her countenance. She has been sitting some time looking dreamily into the ocean. The glory of yesterday's autumn splendour is repeated in the lovely weather of to-day. There is a majestic languor on the sea—a sense of perfect serenity and repose—which added to the cloudless beauty of the sky, fills the heart of sweet Maid Marian with a sense of thankfulness to the Almighty for the goodness and excellence which surrounds her, and which she so keenly feels that her eyes fill with tears as she surveys the scene. Harry, who has been conversing with Mr. Mauleverer, hastily approaches her with kind inquiring eyes as if to ask the cause of his fair companion's evident emotion ; but she, with a woman's instinct, anticipates his questioning, and hastily brushing the marks of trouble from her face, looks up smiling, and bids him "Good morning !"

"I declare, Miss Mauleverer, you are like an April day, all smiles and tears," our hero rejoins, as he returns with meaning courtesy her salutation.

"Yes, it is very silly of me, I know, but if ever I see very lovely scenery, hear very elo-

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quent language, or listen to beautiful music, my eyes fill with tears quite involuntarily. I am sure I don't know why; I cannot help it."

"I hope you had pleasant dreams."

"Do you? Thanks. I had one very nice one, but the other was horrid."

"What were they about, if I may take the liberty of asking?"

"Well, the first was about a tournament, and ——" and the young lady suddenly stopped short, remembering that her listener was the hero of that dream.

"Well; and were the knights all gorgeous and brave?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you anything about that one," Marian says, saucily, with her clear, low, ringing laugh, like rippling water.

"Why not?"

"Oh, never mind; and I can't tell you about the other either, for it was all so dreadful and vague, and indistinct;" and she put her pretty hands up to her face as if to hide some frightful vision.

Then they talked of their trip, and Harry learned that they intended stopping in Antwerp only for a day or two, and then going on to Brussels, thence to Cologne, and so up the Rhine.

Having gone that way into Switzerland from Mannheim, a year or two since, with some young Oxford students, he was well able to suggest objects of interest which Marian would delight to see, and so they conversed very happily until they at length found they were rapidly approaching the land. Another hour, and they were making their way into the mouth of the Scheldt, and Mr. Mauleverer called to Marian to come up on to the bridge to watch a shoal of porpoises playing close to the shore—an interesting sight for a landsman. Harry gallantly escorted her up the steep steps, and there they stand holding on to the light hand-rail which spans the bridge, and noting with pleasure and interest the low-lying land covered with woods, the picturesque churches and villages which they pass, and the great dykes which line the shores and save Holland from destruction. They have just stopped to take on board the Dutch pilot, who is to take them into Antwerp, and Marian is standing close to the extreme end of the bridge to get the first glimpse of Antwerp Cathedral—the

tower and gilded clock being visible many miles away.

The word is given to "Go ahead!" and the sudden movement of the vessel precipitates Marian into the water.

"Ease her!" "stop her!" shouts the Captain as a wild cry rises from the startled passengers. "Man overboard!" roars one of the crew, divining the cause, but not the sex of the poor victim. In a minute the vessel is stopped, a life-buoy and line are thrown overboard, and the pilot-boat is hastily let off from the stern of the vessel to pick up the drowning maiden.

Hastily divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat and hat, and coolly handing his watch to the pale and bewildered father, Harry, without a moment's hesitation, dives into the water and swims eagerly towards Marian. But the play of the steamer's screw in the water had separated the boat from her by the waves it made, and poor Marian had sunk twice before our hero could come up to the spot where she had been vainly struggling but a minute or two since. A moment more and he caught her, and then the boat got to them, and he placed her in. *All was still now; no more struggling; it seemed to be all over.*

And as Harry takes her up tenderly in his arms, climbs up the ladder into the ship, and pauses not a moment till he had laid her upon the couch in the ladies' cabin, he curses the day that brought such sorrow upon them all.

"Quick! where is the stewardess? Where is Johnson—he knows how to deal with these cases?"

"Why the d——l doesn't some one come?" shouts the Captain, hastily following down stairs to render what assistance he can. There she lies, as if she were only asleep, but a slight foam is oozing from the mouth, and a piece of dank seaweed is entwined in her hair. The stewardess, under the direction of Mr. Johnson, hastily undresses her, after closing the door and opening the little window wide to let in every breeze. They get hot water and flannels, apply the strongest remedies for full an hour, and *yet no sign.*

Meanwhile the vessel is steaming slowly up to Antwerp; Marian's father is sobbing like a child, and Harry is trying to comfort him with tears in his own eyes.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"Bettare, Monsieur. Mademoiselle is better."

The speaker is a little French doctor, who is just coming out of one of the rooms in the Hotel de l'Europe, in Antwerp, and the inquirer is our friend Harry Mennell.

The Hotel de l'Europe, a first class house, as all the world knows, is situate close to the Cathedral, whose gigantic tower and spire, carved like ivory work, overlook the Square, which is planted with trees, and ornamented with a splendid statue of Rubens, whose wondrous pictures of the crucifixion adorn the sacred fane under whose shadow it stands.

It is a week since the accident related in the last chapter, and Harry had been laid up for two or three days himself with a severe cold, caught through sitting in his damp clothes—heedless of self—trying to comfort Mr. Mauleverer when he would not be comforted, and waiting hour after hour at the cabin door to hear some tidings of his daughter.

It was fully four hours before they got into Antwerp, and then they took poor Marian to the hotel, where she had lain ever since, sometimes delirious, sometimes sensible, but very weak and languid. It was during this time that Mr. Mauleverer first became aware of the danger his daughter was in of becoming seriously attached to the young stranger who had saved her life, when, in one of these unconscious moods, he heard her repeat to herself, "Harry Mennell, what a pretty name!" as if speaking to some one, and then, after a pause, "He loves me; he loves me!" Presently she came to herself, and then she burst into tears, for she was very weak.

"Well my darling, are you better to day?" said Mr. Mauleverer, coming noiselessly to her side, and speaking in low, gentle tones. "Yes, father; thank you. How pretty these chimes are," she added, as the Carillon broke out in the Cathedral belfry, and the melody of a hundred tongues in sweet, musical cadences came floating on the breeze. "When shall I get better, papa, and be able to go and see the Cathedral; we can just get a peep of it from the window, can we not?"

"Oh! very soon, dear, I hope. Only be patient, there's a darling."

"Papa," said Marian presently, whilst a soft blush came over her pale cheek, flitting away ghost-like almost ere it came. "I hope Mr. Mennell was no worse. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, my dear, I have seen him," replied Mr. Mauleverer gravely. He is all right now, I believe, and was asking after you only to day."

"Shall I see him, father? I should like so much to thank him for saving my life!"

"Well, yes, my dear, I daresay you will see him; when you are better."

Then there was a silence, and presently Marian said, "Do you think the angels sing like that?" as the beautiful chimes broke out again upon the evening air. "It sounds so like the music of heaven, doesn't it?"

"I don't know, darling."

"Perhaps I shall know soon. I have been very near death, have I not, father? I don't think I should mind it now, except the leaving you."

"Don't talk like that, dear. You are going to get quite well again, soon. And now I must go down to the table d'hôte, and you must try and sleep a little."

At the *table d'hôte*, a day or two afterwards, Mr. Mauleverer met an Oxford don, fellow of Exeter, Mr. Mennell's college, a former friend of his in the old days; and Harry Mennell, (who was not staying in the house, but who always dined there, in order to make an excuse to ask after Marian) saluting Mr. Mauleverer as he passed to his seat, caught the eye of Mr. Wendover, and returned the slight salutation of that gentleman with a haughty bow.

Harry had been concerned in a little practical joking at Mr. Wendover's expense, and the latter had been the occasion of his rustication for the third time, and of his finally leaving Oxford.

"Do you know that young man, Mauleverer?" asked his companion.

"Not much," said the other.

"Good family, I believe; little money, I fancy; got rusticated three or four times at Oxford, but he *may* be a different man now." "By the way," he continued, "I hope I'm not saying anything against a friend of yours."

"Oh no; I thought him an agreeable



fellow-passenger that's all I know about him."

"Well I know nothing *ill* of him. I dare say he's good at heart; and when he has sown his wild oats, he'll do, I dare say; only he was *decidedly fast* at Oxford.

Then the conversation dropped, and Mr. Mauleverer grew very grave.

"How is Miss Mauleverer, to-day, sir?" said Harry, as they left the table.

"Well, she is not so well, thank you."

Perhaps, when she is better, you will permit me to pay my *devoirs*?"

"Yes; certainly," replied the other, somewhat stiffly.

Harry's sensitiveness would have prevented him ever intruding himself upon Mr. Mauleverer ever after that, and he half resolved not to ask again after Marian, when he was only likely to meet with rebuffs. But, then, he *loved* her; and so the next day, and the next, and the day after, he stole up to the room to ask after Marian; and every day a choice bouquet of flowers was brought in "for *Mademoiselle, and Monsieur did not leave his name.*"

I don't think Mr. Mauleverer would have let Harry Mennell come to see Marian, but in this one thing she was imperious, and would take no denial.

"Why, I am sure, papa," she said; one day, "I shall begin to think you fancy I am in love with Mr. Mennell, if you don't let him come."

Then Mr. Mauleverer let him come; but determined not to leave them alone together again. The meeting was very pleasant, nevertheless, to those two. Her sweet eyes looked their thanks; and when she murmured, in her low, musical voice, her gratitude to him for saving her life, he felt he would have braved ten thousand deaths to win her for his own.

She said quite bravely and aloud, so that her father might hear: "You must come and see me again, Mr. Mennell."

Mr. Mauleverer did not press his daughter's invitation; but Harry, bending down, whispered:—

"I will come again, to-morrow."

When he got back to his hotel that evening, a telegram was handed to him: it ran thus:—

"From Rev. M. Chaplin, to H. Mennell Esq., Antwerp.—*Your mother is dying; come home at once.*"

The Gipsy King was, luckily, going that night; so, without a moment's delay, he posted off to the steamboat, and having packed up his things, was soon on board; not, however, before he had written a note to Marian, explaining everything, and giving his address in England.

As he strode on board and saluted the captain, one of the men came up to the latter, and said.

"I took your message, sir, to Mr. Mauleverer, and he said he was sorry to say as how the young lady had had a relapse."

When Captain Wrightson came down into the cabin, he found Harry with his head upon his hands, *weeping as if his heart would break.*

"Cheer up, old fellow; cheer up," said the captain; "it will be all right yet!"

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## SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

(For the "Masonic Magazine.")

LONG waiting for the morn's delaying gleam,  
All night in fev'rish tossings, fruitless spent,

At length, I trace Creation's first intent  
In ev'ry day's great corresponding scheme.  
First, God says—"Be there light," though faint  
its beam,

'Ere yet one risen smile the sun hath lent;  
Second, Heav'n's ray unfolds the firmament;

Third, land, sea become visible—wood and stream;

Fourth, moon, stars fade before th' uprisen sun;

Fifth, birds their chirp renew—fish seek their bait;

Sixth, beasts, ev'n reptiles, shake off sleep anon;

Last, man doth rise; and so I rise more late.

Seventh, there is rest; for the whole work is done.

So God, each morn, a new world doth create.

THE ZEND AVESTA AND  
MASONRY.

BY W. R. MURRAY.

WHILE we are of the opinion that Masonry rests on its divine principles, and not on its antiquity, we are willing and happy to investigate, as far as lies in our power, and all things that will give us light concerning its origin, symbols, and history. We do this not to strengthen our faith in its teachings and good effects, but that we may acquire knowledge, and be able to speak intelligently concerning it, and thus impart light, whenever required, to those who have not the time or inclination for research. We were an attentive listener at the lecture given by Ill. Bro. Pike, in Kane Lodge, and were under the impression that he wished to convey the idea that a Mason might obtain light in the Zend Avesta concerning our symbolism and faith. The Avesta (scripture) and Zend (commentary) translated into the Persian idiom by the Magi or Priests of Zoroaster, is not, in my opinion, to be relied on. Its origin and that of its reputed author, is buried in obscurity, and we do not see how we can discover things hidden from those who claimed to be wise men four thousand years ago. The prophet Jeremiah mentions a chief of Magi among the retinue of Nebuchadnezzar. The earliest accounts we have from the Greeks are from Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo; after these come Armenian writers, of the 5th century. With many of the ancient Magi, Zoroaster was not a real personage, but an idea—the word, after many changes in its translation, meaning a speaker or teacher, which might be one person or one thousand. These teachers, or Magi, consolidated the spirits of good into one Grand Ruler, to whom they gave the name of Ohuramazda. The original Zend Avesta was said by Pliny to consist of 12,000,000 verses, and an Arabic author says 12,000 cowskins or parchments, all destroyed by Alexander the Great.

The modern nations of Europe came in contact with Zoroastrianism in India, and in 1700 some ancient manuscripts were brought to England; but Mr. Hyde, the great Oxford scholar, failed to read them,

in fact had no key to them. Here is where the sceptical find strength. In 1754, Anquetil Dupperon, a young Frenchman, sailed in one of the French India company's ships for Bombay, in search of a key to a language that had been lost for more than a thousand years, incited thereto by a few leaves of manuscript found in the Bodleian Library. The French government came to his assistance by furnishing him with money to buy manuscripts, and a pension that he might devote his time to study. He prevailed upon the dustanes or priests, to introduce him to the holy mysteries or rites, and sell him one hundred and twenty of their sacred manuscripts. He translated into French the Zend Avesta, and on his return to Europe compared his manuscripts with those at Oxford, and claimed they were identical.

The English scholars treated the whole thing as an imposture, Sir Wm. Jones ridiculed it, and Richardson, the Persian lexicographer, declared the whole thing a spurious fabrication. Later Dane and some German writers sustained Dupperon. The Honovar of Zoroaster is said to contain the following: "I believe thee, O God! to be the best thing of all—the source of light for the world. Thee, Thee, Holy Spirit of Mazda!" and more in the flowery language peculiar to Orientals. The Vohu mano (the good mind) led the people to good deeds, and to worship the Holy Mazda, who gave the sun, moon, and stars their path. The Akem Mano (the naught mind) gave bad men to perdition, bodily and mentally—thus we have a dualism in the Ahuramazda. The Ahuramazda had as his angels, or ministers, six beings, representing different agents, by whom he governed the world. One of the books of the Zend contain prayers to be said over food prepared for an angel. We give but a faint idea of the books or chapters of the Zend, some of which relate to Astronomy, and rules for the conduct of man, many of them excellent, no doubt. Where is our light in all this? Take us from the Bible, and the system of Masonry founded upon it, and we lose our footing, and sink into a maze suitable to Magi and superstition, but at variance with the faith which has sustained the craft from the time of our first Grand Master, who arranged the brethren in such manner by

his wisdom, "that neither envy, discord, nor confusion, prevailed among the craft while at work." Our God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and of Jacob, as we know Him, through His Divine Word, is the rock on which we stand, and all the mystic law of the Magi and modern disquisitions give us no more knowledge than that God is God, while the Bible enables us to know Him as the God of love and mercy, our Protector and Guide. He implanted in us a desire for knowledge, and gave us reason that we might find it. We think we know him better after an hour in the study of Nature than in years wasted over musty manuscripts, coming from people who never knew Him as He has revealed to us through His sacred Word. "Tools and implements have been selected by the *fraternity* to imprint upon the mind wise and serious truths." Nothing mystical, nothing far-fetched in this—perfectly plain and simple; and why not as satisfactory to us as though we derived them from Zoroaster, or Zarthustra, of whom men had no real knowledge 4,000 years ago! How much can we know of him now?

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TOM HOOD.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt."

By Bro. EMMA 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 Sacmundham, and rewritten for the MASONIC MAGAZINE.*

At the end of 1838 we find him writing a long letter to his friend, Mr. de Franck, in which he says—"that he had been publishing some letters on the state of the law of copyright, which made a stir in the literary world of London, and an M.P. borrowed his ideas and made a flourish with them in the House. Moreover, a fellow attacked me," he writes, "and some others, for our infidelity, whereupon I took up the cudgels in a long poem,

which delighted an old gentleman so much that he called it Hood's sermon!"

The poem alluded to is known as an "Ode to Rae Wilson," and is one of the finest pieces of satire in the language. I regret that space will not allow of my quoting it; but I cannot pass it by without telling the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE what he said as to the reality of his belief in God and godliness, of which he says—(alluding to his opponent's piscatorial name no doubt)—"It would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults—pre-disposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all."

Tom Hood, the younger, in a foot note to this letter, speaking of the character of his father's writings, says—"My father seems to have been almost persuaded, by the popular demand on him for fun rather than serious writing, that he was not possessed of a serious as well as a comic vein; but when after his death his serious poems were published, the world discovered it had lost a poet indeed. Is there anything more pathetic than the 'Bridge of Sighs,' anything more profoundly melancholy, in its absolute simplicity, its tale of common life, than the 'Song of the Shirt!'"

Of his wit and humour you have had examples, of that true pathos which characterises some of his poems, I have given you illustrations enough. I suppose few will now dispute the fact that he was a true poet worthy of a place in our Walhalla. As to his religious belief, I will make one more quotation from the interesting "Memorials," and I have done.

"It has always been a popular misconception," says his son, in the preface to the work I am quoting, "that men of letters as a rule are freethinkers. It is my own earnest belief that the higher mental organization, and refined sensibility of men of letters, render them almost to a fault reserved in expressing a religious faith, for the very reason that they feel it so deeply and solemnly.

"My father's religious faith was deep and sincere; but it was little known to a world ever too apt to decide by hearing professions rather than by scrutinizing actions. Those to whom his domestic life was every day revealed felt how he lived

after the divine requirements: for he did justice, sacrificing comfort, health, and fortune in the endeavour; he loved mercy with a love that was whispering into his ear, even as he was dying, new labours for his unhappy fellows; and he walked humbly with his God, in a faith too rare to be made a common spectacle. As regarded other people's opinions, he was most indulgent:—

“Intolerant to none,  
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear;  
E'en the poor heathen's homage to the sun  
I would not rashly scorn—lest even there  
I spurned some element of Christian prayer.  
An aim, though erring at a world ayont.  
Acknowledgment of good, of man's futility,  
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed  
The very thing some Christian's want—  
humility.”

This spirit is the very essence of Freemasonry, and Hood was a man who ought to have been a Mason.

In a similar spirit he bids us:—

“Ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect,  
One truly Catholic, one common form,  
At which unchecked,  
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.  
Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,  
One bright and balmy morning as I went  
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,  
If hard by the way-side I found a cross,  
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot,  
Where nature of herself, as if to trace  
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base  
The blue, significant ‘Forget-me-not!’  
Methought the claims of Charity to urge  
More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,  
The pious choice had pitched upon the verge  
Of a delicious slope,  
Giving the eye much variegated scope.  
‘Look round,’ it whispered, ‘on that prospect  
there,  
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue,  
But,—(how the simple legend pierced me thro’!)  
‘Priez pour les malheureux!’”

But I must haste to the close. I should have liked to have written of his friendship with Charles Dickens and other great men. Writing to his friend, De Franck, who had translated “Eugene Aram” into German, and sent through him a copy to the late Prince Consort, I came across the following excerpt:—

“Didn't you enjoy ‘Pickwick?’ It is so very English! I felt sure you would. ‘Boz’ is a very good fellow, and he and I are very good friends.”

On the death of Theodore Hook, in 1841, Hood became editor of the “New

Monthly,” and he was also one of the early contributors to “Punch;” though, by the way, he was advertised in the first No., before he knew of the existence of the famous “Charivari.”

On the 3rd May, 1845, Tom Hood died. His dying words proclaimed the true Christian, and not the scoffer at religion such bigots as Rae Wilson and others would have him to be.

O Lord! say, “Arise! take up thy cross, and follow Me!”

“Dying—dying,” his last words were, as if glad to realise the rest implied in them. At first there was some idea that he should be buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, but this was abandoned when it was found that £200 in fees must be paid for the honour. So he was laid in Kensal Green Cemetery. Eighteen months afterwards his faithful and devoted wife was buried by his side. Husband and wife, who, during their troubled and sorrowful lives, had never since their marriage been so long divided before, were soon reunited.

In 1852, Eliza Cook, in some sweet lines, told the fact that no tomb-stone marked the poet's grave.

Macaulay, Lady Morgan, Barry Cornwall, Dr. Mackay, Macready, De Quincey, Miss Mitford, and the late Duke of Devonshire took up the idea warmly, and wrote strongly in favour of the public monument. Mr. Longfellow also wrote, saying, “Poor Mrs. Hood, and the children who have lost him, they will have forgotten the stranger who called one October morning with Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by them. But I remember the visit, and the pale face of the poet, and the house in St. John's Wood.” On the 18th July, 1854, the monument by Noble, the sculptor, was unveiled at Kensal Green, in the presence of many of his friends and admirers, Lord Houghton, then Mr. Monckton Milnes, delivering an oration on the occasion. A generous subscription was entered into for the widow and children, and in 1847, the pension granted to Mrs. Hood, by Sir Robert Peel, who heartily appreciated the genius of Tom Hood, was revived by Lord John Russell in favour of the children. Amongst the names of noblemen who honoured themselves by honouring him, I note that of the late Lord Stanhope, himself a great

historian and a gifted man of letters, the father of the present Earl, the late popular member for East Suffolk, and Lord of the Treasury; but Hood himself, no doubt, would feel that those who contributed most to his monument, like the olden story of the widow's mite, were the donors of trifling sums from Manchester, Preston, Bideford, and Bristol—"from a few poor needle-women," "from seven dressmakers," "from twelve poor men." It was the people's tribute to him for he sang, the "Song of the Shirt."

FINIS.

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MAIMOUNE.

FORGOTTEN POETRY.

From the "Etonian."

CANTO I.

"Marriage is—Gad!—a cursed bore"—GOLIGHTLY.

In those fantastic days, when elves and fairies

Held high command o'er sublunary things,

And teased us mortals with as mad vagaries  
As ever sprung from bard's imaginings,  
Playing strange pranks in cellars and in dairies,

Riding the Nightmare o'er the breast of kings;

Souring good beer, cow-milking, and cream-skimming,

And thumping clowns by night, and pinching women.

When madcap Oberon reigned in all his his glory,

Now holding king-like quarrels with his Queen;

And now with Puck upon the promontory,

Seeing such sights as since were never seen;

There liv'd, renown'd in Oriental story,  
A mighty King—we'll call him Fad-ladeen,

Because his name's not mention'd by the Lady

Whose tale I borrow, Queen Scheherazade.

Fame says he reign'd with wondrous approbation,

(Especially of courtiers and bashaws;)

In times of peace was mild in his taxation,  
And made some very creditable laws;

Indeed, in their invidious situation,

Few Monarchs ever gain'd so much applause;

In private life, a truth I can't evade is,  
He was a perfect devil with the Ladies.

He had a most inveterate aversion

To matrimonial fetters; and he swore,

In oaths befitting so sublime a person,

That 'twas unworthy of the crown he wore,

And inconsistent with the State's exertion

To wed a number that exceeded four;

And so, to give his royal conscience ease,

He had four Wives, and sixty Mistresses.

It seems that this arrangement was ill-made, for

He had no issue, save an only son,

Whom twelve long years he had devoutly pray'd for,

To all his country's Gods;—when all was done

This single boy would have been cheaply paid for

By the oblation of his father's throne;

For in all lands, from Araby to Arragon,  
The sun ne'er saw so wonderful a paragon.

I don't intend to give a long narration

Of his surpassing beauty, for I hate

Your curst, detail'd minute enumeration

Of cheeks, eyes, noses, lips, hair, shape,  
and gait.

It is enough that he became his station,

He look'd, and walk'd, and spoke, and drank, and ate,

As for a Hero of Romance 'tis meet

To look, and walk, and speak, and drink,  
and eat.

You may suppose the youngster was a pet,  
E'en from his cradle, a spoil'd child

indeed;

The self-will'd tyrant of the Haram; yet

It seem'd no spoiling could with him succeed.

'Twas very rarely he was known to fret,

And very quickly did he learn to read;

At four years old, I've heard, he wrote  
some verses

To a lame, humpback'd daughter of his Nurse's.

And years passed swiftly o'er him, and  
he grew

In stature and in strength ; his Tutors  
swore

(And I believe that it was strictly true)

His Royal Highness knew a vast deal  
more

Than the most erudite of all their crew ;

In fact, they found it an exceeding bore,  
Whether for pleasure or for pride he task'd  
them,

To answer half the questions that he ask'd  
them.

He was a great proficient in Astrology ;

The best Accomptant in his sire's  
dominions ;

Had dipp'd in Mathematics ; in Theology

'Twas thought he held heretical opinions ;

But this was doubtful ;—in all sorts of  
knowledge he

Was an adept, but on the Muse's pinions

'Twas his delight to soar ; when mounted  
on 'em, he

Cared little for political economy.

An earnest lover of the Muse was he,

And did her bidding for her own sweet  
sake ;

Nor Fame he sigh'd for, nor aspir'd to be

A star among the great ; but in the lake

Which flows around the dome of Poesy

He long'd the fever of his thirst to  
slack ;

And drink the Music in his soul, which  
springs

From her deep, holy, lone imaginings.

No proud intents, no purposes sublime

Had he, nor care for glory not to die ;

No aspirations over Fate and Time,

Nor longings after Immortality.

He was no builder of the lofty rhyme,

His own glad thoughts were all his  
Poesy ;

He call'd his Album, in quaint terms of  
praise,

His "register of comfortable days."

And thus, from all his bosom's best  
affections,

And sweet emotions, not unmix'd with  
pain,

From Childhood's hopes, and Boyhood's  
recollections,

And many a roving thought that cross'd  
his brain,

Season'd with here and there some grave  
reflections,

He fram'd a sort of desultory strain.

Of course, at Court his rhyming gain'd  
much credit

From all who had, and some who had'nt  
read it.

And thus his boyhood slid in smiles away,

And he was nigh upon his sixteenth  
year,

When, as it fell upon a certain day,

He had a summons straightway to  
appear

Before his Father ; as he went, they say

His young limbs shook with an unusual  
fear ;

He had a strange presentiment, no doubt,

That some infernal mischief was about.

His gracious Father had it seems discern'd

(He was a Prince of infinite sagacity)

Or it may be, by long experience learn'd

(Which much confirm'd him in his  
pertinacity)

That youthful blood with headstrong  
passion burn'd,

And play'd the deuce with Princes ; so,  
to dash it, he

Forgot his own antipathies, and swore

His son should marry, and run wild no  
more.

He had moreover, as his subjects thought,

Some more conclusive reasons of his  
own ;

The King of China would have dearly  
bought

Just then a close alliance with his  
Throne ;

And had a most enchanting daughter,  
sought

By the East's proudest, yet the Maiden  
shone

Unmated still, and fancy-free, enshrin'd

In the pure brightness of her vestal mind.

She had seen fifteen summers ; Youth  
had wrapt her

In its most radiant loveliness ; no glance  
Of her wild eyes ere shone without a

capture,

E'en through her veil ; and oh ! to see  
her dance !

Why 'twould have kill'd our British beaux  
with rapture,

And caus'd a "great sensation" e'en in  
France.

Her voice or Music wander'd through  
men's ears,  
And, when most mirthful, fill'd their eyes  
with tears.

Badoura! fair Badoura! would thy charms  
Might float before my bliss-bewilder'd  
vision!

Would I might once enfold thee in my  
arms,  
And fancy thou wert mine in dreams  
Elysian!

I think I then could laugh at Care's  
alarms,  
And hold the bluest devils in derision;  
For ever could we live (my Muse and I)  
On the remembrance of that ecstasy.

I own it has not been my boyhood's lot  
To fall in love so often as is common;  
My early flames were speedily forgot,  
Replac'd but slowly; though the name  
of woman

Has always occupied a decent spot  
In my affections, and I'm sure that no  
man

Can write more highly than I wrote of  
late  
Of the enjoyments of the married  
state.\*

But, though I grieve extremely to declare  
it, I

Feel bound to tell what I esteem the  
truth:

That female beauty is, in fact, a rarity  
E'en in the gay, unwrinkled cheeks of  
youth.

In number, as in charms, there's a disparity  
Between the plain and pretty, and in  
sooth

I meet, at present, with few female eyes  
Whose smiles remind me much of Paradise.

Yet have I dwelt, for many a pleasant  
week, in

A land whose women are the boast of  
fame;

Hail to the peerless belles around the  
Wrekin!

Hail to each wedded and unwedded  
dame!

Though really (unpoetically speaking)  
With *three* exceptions, whom I dare not  
name,

I wouldn't give the value of a gooseberry  
For all the beauty that I've found in S——

Oh! gentle Lady, with the dark-brown hair  
Braided above thy melancholy eyes,  
And pale thin cheek so delicately fair,  
And voice so full of woman's sympathies;  
Woe for thy beauty; the fell demon, Care,  
Too soon hath made thy tender heart his  
prize;

Too soon those smiles, which ever and  
anon  
Threw sunshine o'er thy loveliness, are  
gone.

Lonely art thou amid the fluttering crowd  
That throngs the gay and gilded  
drawing-room;

For aye enwrapt and darken'd in a cloud  
Of cheerless and impenetrable gloom.  
The heartless glances of the gay and proud  
Which dwell so rudely on thy beauty's  
bloom,

Pass thy pale cheek unheeding, and despise  
The dimness of thy sorrow-speaking eyes.

Yet when perchance a happier maid hath  
woken

The sweetness of some old-remember'd  
air,

Whose touching music to thy heart hath  
spoken

Of the old days that were so passing  
fair:

I've seen the spell that hangs around thee  
broken

By rising visions of the things that  
were;

And thy faint blush and gushing tears  
have told

That crush'd affections have not yet grown  
cold.

But oh! to be most lovely and most  
lov'd,

In thy calm hour of dreaming solitude;  
When I have tracked thy footsteps as they  
rov'd

Through the thick mazes of the tangled  
wood;

Or to sweet sadness by thy story mov'd,  
By thy fair side, in mute attention,  
stood,

Still in thine eyes my lovesick bosom  
sunning—

But where the d—— is my fancy running?

(To be Continued.)

\* Godiva Stanza, XLII.

## Our Archaeological Corner.

### BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOLY TRINITY, ALDERSGATE STREET.

In the fifty first year of Edward III., Anno 1377, a Guild, or Fraternity was founded in St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, in honour of the Body of Christ, and of the Saints Fabian and Sebastian. Its founders were "Phillipus at Vine. Agnes, *u'vius*, and Joh'es Bockynge," and in their time, fifty-three "brethren," and twenty-nine "susteren," entered into the fraternity. Afterwards, in the 24th of Henry VI., Dame Joan Astley, (some time nurse to that King) and others obtained a Licence to refund it in honour of the Holy Trinity; and under that appellation it remained till the 21st of Edward VI., when it was suppressed, and its endowments, valued at 30*l.* per annum, granted to William Harris, alias Somers.

In a Chartulary and Account-Book of this Guild, which is still extant,\* called a "BLAKE REGISTRE BOKE," are copies of all the deeds, grants, wills, evidences, and other wrtings, concerning the "lyvelode of the breth'hode," [brotherhood] together with the statutes of the fraternity, and other interesting particulars.

"These entries," says Mr. Hone,† "shew that the landed property of this Brotherhood consisted of Houses in Aldersgate-street, the Barbican, Lamb-alley, Fan-church-street, and Long-lane; one of these was held on the annual payment of a rose, others in fee. They were proprietors of the *Saracen's Head Inn*, and the *Falcon-on-the-Hoop Brewery*. In the fourteenth year of King Richard II., Sir Rauff Kesteven, parson of St. Botolph, and the two churchwardens, granted a lease for twenty-one years to John Hertysorn, of the Saracen's Head, with the appurtenances, at the yearly rent of ten marks; the appurtenances were two houses adjoining on the north

side, and were included in that rental as worth eight shillings each by the year, and one on the south side, was valued at ten shillings. 'In the xxj yer of kyng Harry the vj<sup>te</sup>,' the brethren received, 'For the rent of ij yere of Wyl'm Wylkyns, for the Sarresyn head, v. *li.* vjs. viij*d.*—paynge by the yer lijs. iij*d.*.' and 'of the Faucon on the Hope, for the same ij yer, vi. *li.*; that is to say, paynge by the yer iij, *li.*;' but the same year they demised the Falcon Brewhouse to Robert Halle and John Walpole, brewers, for four years, at eighty-four shillings per annum. Six years before, there is, in the Churchwarden's Accounts, an item for 'kerving and peinting of the seigne of the Faucon, vis.'"

It appears, from the statutes of the Guild, that the Priest, or Chaplain, was allowed ten marks annually "for his lyfode," and also "a dowble hood of the colour of the breth'hode." He was charged "for to do his masse," winter and summer, by five o'clock, "sayinge by-fore masse, duly, a Memoric of the Trynytee;" and ordered to "be meke and obedient vnto the qwer' in all divine seruyces d'vrynge hys time, as custome is in the citee amonge all othe' p'stes." On the Sunday next after "alle Sowlen day," he was to read openly, "stondynge in the pulpyte all the names of the brethren and sisters, "that ben on lyue;" commencing with this address:

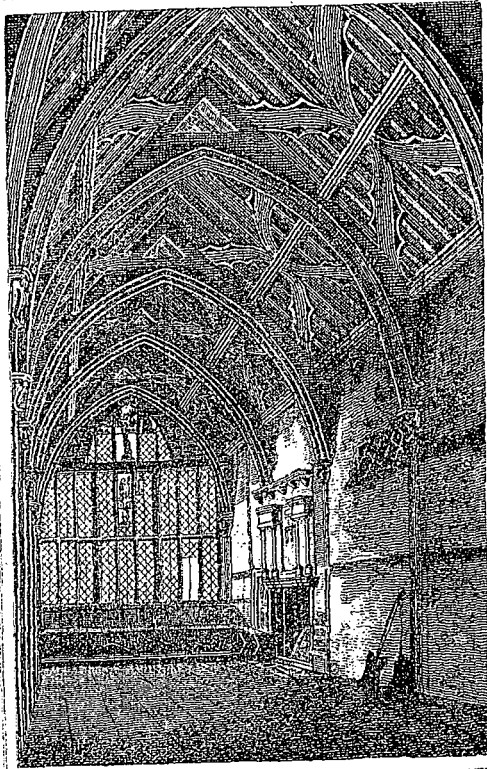
"Gode bretheren and susteren; it is foreto weten and known, that the begynnyng of this Bretherode of grete deuocion, eu'y ma' paynge a peny, forto fynde *nij tapers*, about the Sepulchre of C'ste at Estre, in the Chirche of Seynt Botulph, withoute Alderesgate. Aft' that, throug'e more gretter deuocio'n & sterynge vnto the worschippe of God, it' was yturne in'to a frat'nyte of *The Holy Trynyte*, nougt with stondynge the fyndynge eu'y yere, the may'tenyng of the foresayde *xij tapers*; of the which breth'hode thes were thei, &c."

It has been remarked, that in the Romish Church, "*thirteen Candles*" are an allegory of Christ and the twelve Apostles; and that, in one of its Ceremonies, the twelve denoting the twelve Apostles, are extinguished, at intervals, during successive parts of the service, until one only is left, which represents Christ deserted by

\* Vide Hone's "Ancient Mysteries Described," pp. 77 8.

† "Ancient Mysteries" &c., p. 80





HALL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

*As remaining in 1790*

The<sup>s</sup> Hist. Ed<sup>d</sup> Chance & C<sup>o</sup> London.

the disciples, and in the end that one is put out to signify his death.

In the warden's account of this Brotherhood for the tenth year of "King Harry the vi<sup>th</sup>," there is the following charge: "Item, to the wexchaundeler', for making of the Sepulcr' lyght iij tymes, and of other dyners lyghts that longen to *The Trinite*, in diu's places in the chirche. lvijs. xd."

From the utter omission, in the *Register Book*, of any notice of the Scriptures, it may be inferred that this Brotherhood never possessed them; for although their entire property, at different periods is recorded, nothing is mentioned of the kind, except the "Myssall." They had, however, a "Rolle of velom' cou'ed with a goldeskyn, contenyng diu'se Pagent's paynted and lemenyd with gold," that is to say of "The Holy Trinite, Seynt Fabyan, and Seynt Sebastyan, and Seynt Botulff; and the last Pagent of Terement [Interment] and gen'all Obyte, of the brether'n and suster'n that be passed to God."

The *Common Hall*, and lodgings of the Priest, &c., belonging to the fraternity (consisting of eight messuages or tenements), was on the west side of Aldersgate-street, near Little Britain. The present Trinity Court occupies a part of the site of the old buildings, and some portion of the Hall still remains at No. 166, Aldersgate-street, where the Silver-street Chapel Sunday School is now established over a Scale-makers' workshop. The annexed print represents the interior of the Hall, as it appeared in February, 1790.

We take this from "Brayley's Londiniana."

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FOR EVER AND FOR EVER.

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I USED to think you very fair,  
 And, oh! so very simple,  
 Because you had a childlike air,  
 And such a saucy dimple!  
 I used to think you loved the birds  
 And lived among the flowers,

And that you meant the whispered words  
 You said in twilight hours;  
 And, oh! I thought you would be true,  
 Although you were so never;  
 And yet I will be true to you  
 For ever and for ever.

I wonder if you quite forget  
 The days we spent together,  
 Or if you think with vague regret  
 Of tangled grass and heather.  
 I wonder if your eyes are still  
 As blue as when we parted—  
 I saw them turn away and fill,  
 And thought you broken hearted.  
 Ah, well! you were a sad coquette;  
 But I'll forget you never;  
 I'll keep your rose (it is treasured yet)  
 For ever and for ever.

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Forgotten Stories.

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BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

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No. IV.  
 CALUMNY.

"Protinus, ut moneam, si quid monitoris, eges, Tu,  
 Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto.  
 Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,  
 Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures,  
 Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum."

AMONGST several kind and friendly precepts of Horace, from which I have selected the lines which appear at the head of this subject, a source of admonition presents itself to our view, which might be serviceably applied to all ranks of life, and deserves the notice of all generations. Were all inclined to bestow that sufficient portion of attention upon it which it merits, to resist that malicious propensity against which it so forcibly warns us, how seldom would the violations of friendship occur which frequently afflict mankind! How many enmities and jealousies, which have been formented by wilful slander, or a careless freedom of speech, would, in a great measure, sink into oblivion!

The vice of calumny can never be too harshly stigmatized, or too vehemently

condemned. It is unworthy of the man of honour, and contemptible to every follower of virtue, generosity, and honesty. We should preserve our tongues from it, as from the touch of pollution; and banish it from our hearts, as the enemy of candour and happiness—as the bane of friendship and peace.

Calumny, when merely exercised and encouraged for purposes of wickedness, denotes the heart from which it proceeds to be of the blackest nature, and competent to the performance of any actions degrading to a man and to a Christian. The foe who attacks our characters and our reputations in secret—who excites the opinions of mankind against us by false tales and dark insinuations—can, in no respect, be deemed less pernicious than the assassin, who, under cover of night, aims his dagger at our breast,—than the serpent, which corrupts our blood with its venom, while it lurks beneath our feet. That foe, when we unguardedly trust ourselves to its power, and confide ourselves to the seeming candour and sincerity so readily assumed by him, is occupied, at the very interval when we are most defenceless, in framing or executing some project for our ruin and misery. We can avoid the fangs of the rattlesnake; for, by the noise which accompanies his motions, we are informed of his approach;—we can shelter ourselves from the fury of the tempest, for the distant thunder and the gathering clouds forewarn us of its attack. But calumny assails us in secret; and, while her features wear the semblance of piety and friendship, the venom of malice and iniquity gushes from her heart.

Yet, although the calumniator must be held in the light of one utterly lost to all sentiments of virtue and conscience, we should not refuse our advice and pity to some, who, notwithstanding they are equally culpable with those infected with the above-mentioned vice, are perpetually liable, without any wicked intent, to involve their friends, and all who are acquainted with them, in misery. It is of those I speak, who heedlessly and incautiously relate whatever remarks they may have heard, and aggravate them by fabrications of their own, merely intending those remarks as an embellishment of con-

versation, and as a source of amusement for themselves and their hearers. The folly of such conduct must be observed by all who are inclined to bestow one serious thought upon it. When we behold the conflagrations which arise from a single spark—when we hear of the wrecks which proceed from one trivial instance of neglect—and the deaths which have been caused by a wound, trifling and insignificant in its origin,—how plainly must the danger and the sorrows, which spring from such heedlessness and folly as this, present themselves to our minds! Can we be ignorant, while we are amusing our companions at the expense of one who is absent, by relating his words and actions in a manner which we should think dishonourable in his presence, that many of his enemies may hear us, and succeed, by our own animadversions, in the accomplishment of their own purposes? Are we positive that many to whom we are addressing ourselves may not, in their turn, inform him of our cowardly and ungenerous attack, at a time when he is unable to defend himself, or answer our remarks? May we not excite quarrels between him and his friends, or lessen the good opinions of many of his acquaintance? May we not offend those who are most dear to him, and are confident that our assertions are unfounded and unkind? Such consequences as these must all, in the hour of consideration, occur to us.

But, as I have said before, a person may be the cause of much enmity and unhappiness, while he little imagines or intends it. He is encouraged by the laughter and applause which his attempts to please others receive, and is so deluded by them, that he finally suffers the most unguarded expressions to escape from his lips. But, unless he is kindly warned by some friend of his error, he will inevitably bring down misery upon himself and those connected with him; and, should he escape an unhappy end, which most probably awaits him, will be despised and shunned, as the propagator of mischief, and the pest of society.

Edward Overton was the son of a gentleman in the South of England, who possessed a handsome property, and was connected with several respectable and opulent families in that quarter. He was the youngest of

several brothers and sisters ; and, being gifted by nature with talents far superior to the generality of mankind, became naturally an object of delight and admiration to his indulgent parents. But little did they, when applauding and encouraging those sallies of wit and brilliant remarks, which shone forth even in his earliest days, foresee the misery which their son might some day be subjected to, from his propensity of ridiculing the faults of others, and disclosing their errors. Many, indeed, would have suspected the consequences which might ensue from that freedom of speech ; but his parents were so wrapt up in the admiration of his sprightliness, that he was suffered to indulge in this pernicious gratification, without the most distant restrictions, and to exercise his satirical qualifications, without fear of punishment or displeasure from his parents.

The origin of his future misfortunes and errors may be traced even to the nursery. At the most tender age, it was his amusement to irritate his sisters against each other, and disturb the sports of his brothers, by scattering amongst them the seeds of enmity. Ann was enraged against Elizabeth, because, according to Edward, Elizabeth had reported her intention of demolishing Ann's babyhouse ; and Elizabeth forgot the love which she owed to Ann as a sister, having heard, from the same authority, that Ann made complaints of her to the nurse. In like manner, Henry was angry with Richard, and Richard looked upon Henry in no very favourable light, each having heard the other's strictures upon himself, together with sundry embellishments and additions, from the lips of Edward. But the author of these quarrels and heart-burnings escaped the punishment he deserved : and, when he had disturbed the little group with various intestine divisions, was highly gratified with the effects of his heart, and congratulated himself upon his malevolent ingenuity.

It is needless to follow him through his schoolboy exploits, as they much resembled those of his childhood, though perhaps more conducive to mischief in their end. Suffice it to say, that, after passing some years in that situation, embroiling his companions in several disputes, and sometimes receiving a sound drubbing for his

pains, he entered upon the stage of life, attended by the best wishes and expectations of his parents, though not without the apprehensions of some of his friends.

Being undetermined as to what course of life he should pursue, he concurred with the wishes of his father, by directing his attention to the bar, and pursuing those attainments, which might qualify him to embrace a profession whence his friends were induced to hope that he would be happy and successful. Sanguine indeed was that hope, from those acute talents which he naturally enjoyed—from that unbounded versatility of genius which shone forth in all his sentiments, and enlivened all his observations.

He accordingly stationed himself at the Temple, and applied himself diligently to law. All his prospects seemed favourable ; and his former errors lay dormant beneath the application and perseverance with which he followed that study. He allowed no trifling amusements to interfere with his labours ; and carefully avoided all idle and dissipated society, so repugnant to that course of life which appeared to him most eligible. But at length he became acquainted with a young man, who was his neighbour at the Temple ; but who, whatever might be his good qualities, was entirely deficient in the application and abilities which characterized Edward Overton. Their acquaintance, which at first consisted in mere respectful civility, was gradually and unfortunately for Edward, extended to an intimacy. I say unfortunately ; for had no temptations been thrown in his way, no inducements to change his present tranquil and secluded life for one of pleasure and relaxation, those errors, which so strongly prevailed in his earliest days, would have vanished, and given way in every respect to the reason which governs the mind when it has arrived at full maturity.

We shall not be much inclined to wonder, on hearing, that through the persuasions of young Caernside, his new acquaintance, he in some measure began to waver in his original good resolutions ; and that finally he consented to enroll himself in a club of young men, of which Caernside was the principal director and supporter. They were mostly of his own age and profession, and had instituted this

Society, as some relief to the monotony of their studies. We do not wish to accuse them of any wilful misconduct or want of principle; but, in strict morality, they might deserve some censure, from the freedom with which they attacked the characters of their absent friends, and from the satire in which they occasionally indulged with equal severity, though not with equal veracity, against the deserving and the undeserving.

Edward Overton was, as might be expected, a valuable acquisition to their body. His originality, his satire, his pungent wit and the real quaintness of his remarks, highly delighted his auditors, and contributed greatly to the joviality of their meetings. He knew, and alas! knew too well, the influence his talents had obtained over them; and was led on by the fatal desire of applause, and the solicitations of his companions—nor should we omit his own self-admiration—to those habits which afterwards so deeply involved him in misery.

His studies were now entirely neglected, that his days might be passed in sauntering about and picking up any casual reports which might meet his ear, whatever might be his authority, that he might relate them to the Club at night; and, by sundry of his own improvements, render them a subject for the diversion of his companions. Then was, indeed, his hour of gratification, then his reign of glory and triumph. But how dearly did he purchase that fame! How often, even at the risk of his honour and character, did he intrude himself into the company of those with whom he could claim no acquaintance; and gain possession of secrets and observations, in a manner from which honour would recoil in disdain. Nay, so totally did he forget all virtuous and upright sentiments, that he was more than once detected in listening to the private conference of persons, and committing it to paper;—an indelible stigma upon him through life, had not the injured parties most kindly forgiven him, on account of his father's respectability, and his own youth; and concealed their discovery from the world.

Now was the time that his parents began to lament their foolish indulgence. Many were their admonitions, and frequent his renewals of penitence. But this fatal habit

had so completely overpowered him, that all his exertions were in vain; nor could they rescue him from that strange infatuation, to which must be attributed all his future shame and ruin.

His first exploit of mischief was to embroil two of his own companions in a duel, who, whatever were their actual differences, might lay the consummation of their quarrel principally to his charge. Their mutual dislike proceeded from a love affair, in which the affections of both rested upon the same object. But Edward heightened that dislike, by relating to each, in the other's absence, some insult which was offered, or intended to be offered to him, by his rival. The consequences need not be related. A duel was agreed upon in the heat of their passion. Fortunately, however, the blood of neither was shed; and, upon the interposition of the seconds, after their first onset, the affair was amicably adjusted. But the author of it, on a close examination of all the circumstances, was detected, and expelled from their society, of which he could no longer be deemed a worthy and honourable member.

Why did he not at this warning desist? Why should not the dishonour, which he incurred from this evil propensity, entirely check its farther progress? Alas! he only departed from the scene of his disgrace, and his enraged associates, to stir up dissensions in his own family!—his affectionate family—which, notwithstanding his pernicious qualities, received him in its bosom. During six short months, which he passed beneath his father's roof, he caused differences between all his relations; disturbed even the love and harmony of his worthy parents; and weaned the affections of his eldest sister from her lover;—all by his false representations, and the subtlety of his plots. Let us for a moment view the scene of domestic misery, which his idle and deceitful tongue created. A feud, which embittered the ties of consanguinity—a coldness of manner, so diametrically opposite to the warmth of affection formerly manifested in a most delightful manner towards each other by his parents—the separation of two worthy and innocent hearts, which caused the death of his intended brother, and clouded the happiest days of his sister's life with the

blackest despair :—all, all these miseries owed their birth to the disgraceful folly and cruel indiscretion of Edward Overton !

His unhappy father, although nearly sinking beneath the accumulation of distress heaped upon him by an unworthy son, had still the resolution, after having settled upon that son a handsome income, to dismiss him from the home whose joys and endearments he had eternally blasted. Yet, while he despaired of working any reformation upon his heart, he nevertheless, with some of the most tender and affecting admonitions which parental love could utter, bade him farewell for ever.

Edward Overton, whatever might be his failings, and great indeed they were, was by no means destitute of feeling. He saw clearly, and felt acutely, the miseries which he had wrought upon the very persons who deserved his most earnest attention, and most affectionate sincerity. Often did he repent ; and fervently did he desire to cast himself upon the pity and forgiveness of those whom he had so deeply afflicted. But could he return to that roof, could he enter those doors, could he look upon those countenances, once so happy, when any other feeling than that of horror, melancholy, and self-reproach ? His wishes were in vain ; nor could he endure the thought of turning his footsteps to that home, whence he had banished happiness, tranquility and love.

For the space of a year he gave himself up to solitude and remorse ; entirely relinquishing society. But the impressions of woe gradually faded away, and he again appeared in the world. None of his own friends indeed would form any connexion with him ; but they kindly spared those strictures upon his character, which he had so frequently and so illiberally distributed against others. Hence his dangerous qualities were little known ; and, from his superior talents, elegant education, and gentlemanly appearance, he was much admired and esteemed in all the circles of his new acquaintance.

He chanced to meet, at an evening party, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments ; and, being somewhat captivated with her appearance at his first introduction to her, requested the favour of her hand in a dance, which constituted the principal evening's amusement. The

favour was not denied him. He imperceptibly admitted sentiments, which, once entertained, quickly led to an attachment, and his feelings soon convinced him of it, when, at the close of the dance, after handing her to the carriage which was to convey her home, he left the assembly with emotions which his breast had never before known.

Having obtained her permission on the preceding night to visit her father, and inquire respecting her safe arrival, he proceeded in the morning to her abode. Mr. Williams was so much delighted with his conversation and engaging manners, that he requested him to renew his visits frequently. We need not doubt that the offer was accepted—that he soon became an inmate of the family—and that finally, having discovered his affection to the daughter and the father, he was successful in all his hopes, and received a promise of the hand of Emma Williams in marriage.

It may not be improper here to give a short account of the family to which he was about to connect himself. Mr. Williams was a man of large property, which depended chiefly upon an extensive mercantile firm in Liverpool. His wife had been dead for many years ; and Emma was the sole hope, delight, and consolation of his declining life.

Every arrangement was proceeding in a most favourable way for the completion of their nuptials, when Edward Overton chanced one morning to enter a coffee-house, where he passed much of his leisure time in reading the news, and sundry other trivial employments, by which the idle beguile a tedious hour. He was loitering in solitude, and scarcely knowing in what manner he might dissipate ennui, when he fancied that he heard the voices of persons holding a serious conference in the next room. His culpable curiosity was immediately excited ; and thinking that he now had found something to divert his attention, he applied his ear to the thin wainscoating which separated him from the unknown speakers. The subject which one was explaining to the other seemed to contain a secret of the greatest importance and mystery. The words which he could collect appeared to be relative to a large mercantile concern, which was pronounced in great danger, and

which, should any of the creditors discover its peril, would be inevitably ruined by their demands upon it. The person, however, who was giving this information, expressed a hope which Mr. Fitzgerald (as he styled the principal director), had induced him to cherish, that if their embarrassments could be concealed for a few months, they might regain their former prosperity. He concluded by desiring his auditor to preserve the secret with the greatest caution; and declared his satisfaction in having been able to entrust it to him with such security.

Edward Overton departed, and in the course of the day published at a large party, with his usual folly and carelessness, the tidings which he had so dishonourably gained possession of in the morning. Several persons, on hearing the name of Fitzgerald, and the danger of his firm, immediately took the alarm, and spread the news on all sides. The consequences, as might be expected, was dreadful. The unhappy merchants, unable to release themselves from their embarrassments, or to answer the demands of their creditors, were immediately pronounced bankrupts: and a house, which had long surpassed all others in wealth, in reputation, and the number and respectability of its directors, was reduced to disgrace—to a mere nothing by the babblings of one pernicious and heedless man.

It were enough to think of this with the most heartfelt sorrow. But as yet the reader is uninformed of the whole effects of Edward's indiscretion. What shall we say,—what must be our feelings, on discovering that the father of Emma Williams, although the circumstance was unknown to Edward Overton, was deeply concerned in the affairs of that ruined firm, which once bore Fitzgerald's name? He, consequently, was also plunged in the general misery and calamity. On hearing, therefore, the fatal discovery of that secret, which but one day before had been entrusted to him with such circumspection; on perceiving the adversity and wretchedness to which he and his daughter must necessarily be reduced; and, above all, on discovering that he was betrayed by Edward Overton—the friend of his bosom, the affianced husband of his child,—a shock was inflicted, which nearly proved

fatal. But for Emma's sake he struggled against this painful trial; and through the aid of a mind whose natural strength was increased by true Christian fortitude, and the consolations of religion, gradually overcame the pressure of his woes.

Having collected the wrecks of a once splendid fortune, he retired from a world of tumults and vicissitudes, to the tranquility of a country life. Happiness at length began again to smile upon him and the innocent Emma, who was united to a lover far more worthy of her affections than the imprudent Edward. The father and his children lived beneath the same roof, and enjoyed in their retirement the sweets of affection and peace, undisturbed by the misrepresentations of falsehood—untainted by the breath of calumny.

But the days of Edward's happiness were at an end. Neglected by his friends, deserted by his acquaintances, and detested even by those to whom he had given his despicable and officious information, he also buried himself in seclusion. Alas! how different was his from that delightful retirement, which those which he had so cruelly injured now enjoyed! His was an attempt to fly from the scoffs of the world, and the odium which he had incurred as a talebearer. He could not, however, avert the pangs of conscience, or dispel the gloom of melancholy, which hung over him from day to day. So truly miserable was his life,—with such horror and shame did he look back upon the past, that death itself would have been a relief. But the Divine retribution had ordained it otherwise, condemning him to expiate his sins, and to feel the miseries which he had inflicted upon others, by a tedious life of anguish and remorse. No years diminished the care which preyed upon his heart; and this dreadful punishment of calumny was extended to his latest hour.

Further comment upon this tale is unnecessary. May those under whose observation it chances to fall, should they at any time perceive the impulse of slander rising in their breasts, for once recall to memory the sad example of Edward Overton; and be warned by it from those pursuits which allure us into the tracts of unhappiness, and betray us to the shackles of perpetual woe.

## Architectural Gleanings.

## FOUR WELL-KNOWN ABBEYS.

*(Continued from page 118.)*

Of all the four Abbeys which we are describing, that of Dryburgh is much the most picturesque and beautiful for its situation. It stands on a semicircular level space, round which the Tweed sweeps at the foot of wooded hills. As the visitor comes in sight of the ruins, it may be after a hot walk from St. Boswell's in a powerful afternoon's sun, and after a morning at Melrose, he will probably sit on the wooden bench and contemplate the scene. Here, he may say to himself, is all the charm of solitude. Here one feels at home, with a pure early English building to look at; here are lancet lights with nook-shafts and dog-tooth, and a great south transept window of five lancet lights. Here all is seen intermingled with the fresh green of the beach and of the ash, and we have glimpses of ivy-clad ruins of some magnitude, not belonging to the church itself. For here, as we shall see, we have all the most important monastic buildings left, except the Church itself, a great part of which is gone. Dryburgh is too far from the haunts of men to have served as a convenient quarry, or, by its entire demolition, to have afforded desirable space for building. Much, however, is gone for ever; what remains, we will endeavour to describe.

The east end of the choir is nearly all gone, but enough of it is left to show that the sanctuary has extended eastward beyond the ends of the choir-aisles, as at Melrose (see below). The north aisle of the short choir, of one bay only, alone remains, forming a chapel which now serves as the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott and of his family. The north transept also standing, and very short, has only one eastern chapel. All this fragment of choir and transept is very fine Early English work; whether it be really of a date subsequent to Edward the Second's burning, or whether it was built previously, and survived that catastrophe, we are not able positively to affirm. Of the south transept little is left but its south end, rising above the top of the dormitory, the roof of which has encroached

upon the lower part of its window of five lancet lights, which is so conspicuous a feature in all views of the Abbey. We have also the stone stairs leading to a semicircular-headed doorway to the dormitory, as at Melrose. Of the nave very little is left but the foundations of the piers and the west end, denuded of its facing-stones. The west door-way remains, a semicircular arch with filleted rolls and hollows containing square flowers, probably of the 14 or 15 century. In the south aisle lies the apex of the west gable just as it has fallen, consisting of eight or nine courses of stone still adhering by the mortar. At the east end of the south aisle is a great semicircular doorway with deeply-cut mouldings and shafts capped by square abaci and transitional volutes, doubtless belonging to the original structure. It leads by a flight of steps into the cloister quadrangle, which is on a much lower level than the church. This enclosure, with the buildings connected with it, may now be described. In the north wall we observe the fine doorway just mentioned, a tall semicircular-headed doorway about the middle, and another near the west end; both these are blocked up. In the east wall, beginning by the great door to the church, is a remarkably fine example of a book closet, with grooves for shelves, rebate for folding doors, and marks of two hinges on either side. It has a segmental arched top, quite plain, so that the doors would be flush with the wall. Its width is about six feet, its height four or five in the middle, and its depth about three feet, and the thickness of shelves  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The upper one has not come quite to the front, and has been for smaller books, ranged under the arch with the tallest in the middle. The space from the bottom of the closet to the lower shelf is 23 inches, and from this to the upper shelf 16 inches. Would that we could see the goodly tomes that once were here preserved. We have been thus particular in the description of this book closet, because it is an arrangement regularly seen, and interesting as connected with the little studies of the monks ranged along the north walk of the cloister, so that they sat with their faces to the morning, noon, and evening light. But we do not know of any other example in nearly so perfect a



state. Next to this is a semicircular arched doorway to St. Modan's chapel, adjoining the south transept and under the dormitory. It has a plain waggon-vault, and is lighted by two small semicircular-headed windows with a vesica over them, at the east end. The altar remains, on two steps, but robbed of its slab. There is a very large ground-piscina at the south end of the altar, and a wall-piscina with a single plain hemispherical basin, in a plain semicircular recess in the south wall. A stone bench runs all round the chapel. There are doors to the transept and to a turret stair as well as the one from the cloisters. The chapel is encumbered by modern tombs.

The passage or slype adjoining on the south has a plain waggon vault, and is spacious, as at Durham. The east end is built up with imitation of old work to make it into an enclosed burial-place, but in Morton's plan it is shown open at both ends, as it should be. The opening from the cloisters is by a large semicircular arch.

Next we find the entrance to the chapter-house with its two lateral openings. The doorway is semicircular, and deeply recessed, with three shafts on each side, capped by square abaci and transitional volutes, the innermost member being a dog-tooth moulding running along each side and over the arch. The lateral openings consist each of a pair of pointed lights divided by a shaft, under a plain semicircular arch. The chapter-house itself is six feet below the cloister level in order to be got under the dormitory, a very peculiar arrangement. It must have been entered by a flight of wooden steps, for there are no indications of stone steps. It is a plain rectangular apartment, with a simple waggon vault, lighted only by three lancet windows at the east end, and by one at each side where it projects from under the dormitory, and has over its eastern portion a building which seems to have been the library or scriptorium. This building has mortise-holes in its east wall as if for shelves, and is now occupied by a modern roof placed immediately over the vaulting of the chapter-house. The connection of this library, or whatever it is, with the adjoining buildings is not easy to discern. Either it has encroached on

the dormitory, or a passage from the transept stairs has afforded access from the church both to it and to the dormitory, in which latter case the dormitory did not extend further north than the south side of the chapter-house. The chapter-house has had a poor Norman wall-arcade all round, which now remains only at the east end. We next come to another semicircular doorway, which has led to stairs between cloister and dormitory, and passing through it we find ourselves in a fine lofty once vaulted apartment running north and south under the dormitory, with widely splayed windows on the east side and a fire-place on the west. The original windows, of simple Norman character, have been taken out, and ill-shaped pointed ones, with diverging mullions and plain transoms, inserted. In the middle is a row of columns for the vaulted roof, the springers of which remain on the side walls. At the north end is a segmental arch, which has carried the dormitory stairs. In the south-east corner there seems to have been another stair to the dormitory in the thickness of the wall; it is lighted by a loop and two circular holes. At the south end is a door into a passage, under the dormitory, to the south of which is another similar vaulted place, a good deal ruined, but retaining its Norman windows on the east side. The apartment next to the Chapter House is generally called the Prior's Hall, but it is much more likely to have been the "calefactory," or recreation room of the monks, where they were allowed a fire and other indulgences. We cannot say what the similar room to the south of the passage may have been. These buildings are constructed on so lofty a scale that they do not strike one so much as a sub-structure to the dormitory as it does as an attic over them, so low is it in proportion. Nothing remains of it but its north end encroaching on the transept window as above mentioned, and part of its low east wall, with its row of small windows. The south end of the dormitory and any buildings which may have been connected with it are destroyed, but there is an artificial water course passing this way which has doubtless served as the great sewer. It has been cut so as to bring some of the water of the Tweed straight across by the south of the Abbey

buildings, instead of by its natural bend round the north side. It appears to have come by the porter's lodge, kitchen, and south end of dormitory. All along the east side of the cloisters may be seen the hooked stone corbels, holes for roof timbers and springings of groining.

On the south side of the cloisters has been the Refectory. Its side walls have disappeared, but its two ends are standing. The east end is simply a dead wall; the west has a radiating rose window like that at the west end of the nave at Jedburgh. Here also, we find a square locker, probably for mazer-bowls and plate, and the hatch by which provisions were served from the kitchen, through the buttery. At the west end of the refectory outside, are traces of these buildings, and when the ivy is cut there may be seen a roof-mark running up to the rose window. By an unusual arrangement, which however we find at Durham, the refectory has a vaulted sub-structure, which seems to have formed cellars, with a passage along the south side, and another from the cloisters to the south, which would pass under the dais, and correspond in situation with the dark passages from the south-east corner of the cloisters at Westminster, Durham, etc. In the west wall of the cloisters we have, near where the entrance to the refectory has been, a fine segmental headed recess for a lavatory, in which a modern stone bench has been placed. The recess is about half fairly in the west walk, and half facing the south walk. It corresponds in situation with the lavatory at Westminster, except that as there is no passage out of the cloisters here, it is placed nearer to the refectory. In this wall again the hooked corbels and holes for roof timbers show very well. Facing the book-case is a small door leading to vaults, which have been under a range of buildings on the west side of the cloisters, now destroyed, probably the Abbot's lodgings. There are some remains of a porter's lodge with a bridge over the watercourse, and a garderobe, the upright drain of which remains. Such are the remains of Dryburgh, certainly not inferior in ecclesiological interest to those of Melrose, and very superior in their surroundings. Morton's view shows the cloister court planted as a flower garden. It is now, with much better taste, laid down with grass. But the air around

is fragrant with the breath of flowers, shrubs, and especially those of a very fine large kind of syringa, described by the guide as quite a *by-ordinal* kind of shrub. The trees and shrubs about the place are allowed to run almost wild, and so they greatly add to the beauty of the scene. The birds that sing among their branches are the only creatures that enliven what would otherwise be a silence as of death, in a summer's afternoon. At night, no doubt as at Melrose, there are times

"When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the deadman's  
grave."

aye, over the very grave of him who wrote those lines.

J. T. F.

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#### CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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24th July, 1790.

I CANNOT give you a stronger proof of the loyalty and attachment of the Deputies from the Provinces than the following circumstance will afford you:—

"Some of the orators of the Palais Royal having, on the 14th, presumed to censure the form of that day's proceeding, particularly in the dignity that attended the Monarch—his being seated on a throne, and his not quitting the throne to take his oath of allegiance to the Sovereign, the Nation, they were immediately seized by the Deputies, carried to the Corps de Garde, and from thence conducted to prison, where one has since put a period to his existence.

"The Keeper of the Chatelet had received a sum of money to open the prison-gates on the night of the 13th, but being discovered, or rather apprehending that he was so, he stabbed himself, and in his agony confessed his purpose; he has since been constantly delirious."

The Duke of Orleans lives neglected, unheeded, and despised. It is reported (but I believe it to be one of those reports which a fertile imagination invents, and then propagates), that he will soon bid a final adieu to a country where others have

reaped the advantages of his guilt, and he may serve as one more lesson to all men of distinguished rank, who put themselves at the head of a popular faction, that they will, when they are no longer necessary, be reduced to a level with those whose distinction they have been the means of.

I send you a Memoire of M. Neckar, who, thus, from time to time, recalls himself to public obliquy, and produces himself to notice, that every step he descends to contempt and obscurity may be apparent to the world entire.

The state of their finances are, at this moment, more embroiled than ever—so small is the amount of the declarations for la contribution patriotique, that you may be assured the ensuing week will be witness of a decree authorizing the Municipalities to tax each individual according to his *apparent expense*, and giving him redress only on the declaration and justification of his whole property.

“Les Assignats” are again prorogued to an indefinite term, yet their necessity is every day more apparent. To obtain even small sums of money, it is first necessary to purchase at a loss of 2 per cent., Billets of 200 livres for those you possess above that sum; you must then purchase money at the loss of 4 per cent., which, with the interest on the assignats, amounts to near six; nor has any effects been perceived from the large sums of money the Federation was to bring to the capital. The only money that now circulates is that which is employed to secure Mons. Baillie his election as Mayor of Paris; and, however extraordinary it may appear, the sums expended proceed either from the Royal Treasury or from the purse of M. Neckar.

Paris daily is losing its inhabitants, and all the superior classes threaten to quit it. The accounts of the Deputies of the Provinces is not more favourable. In many districts the peasants have consented with reluctance to remit, till after the harvest, the repartition of lands which they demand. Every manufactory is destroyed, and the Commandant of the Deputies of Lyons assured me that all its richest inhabitants were securing their property; that during four winters they had struggled to maintain their manufactories, but that now they could expect nothing but total ruin, and consequently

must be at the mercy of a starving populace.

It appears, by a calculation of the Committee of Finances, that the property of the National Debt is divided in the following manner: half to Paris, a fourth to the provinces, and the other fourth to foreigners.

The journey to Paris has opened the eyes of the Provinces, not only in regard to the National Assembly, but to the Republican projects and domineering principles of the City of Paris, they begin to imagine they have been sacrificed to her safety and to wants, and they already begin to distinguish the Nation of Paris and the Nation of France.

The popular entertainments have passed not only quietly, but even sadly; joy seemed the lot of few. After a dinner, that was given by one of the districts to the deputies, they proceeded in form through the principal streets; an old officer, carrying the King's picture, was elevated on a kind of triumphal car. They obliged all they met to pull off their hats, and cry, “Vive le Roy!”

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## 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.

(Continued from page 81.)

THE Euresis was accompanied by a brilliant light, to convey, in a more striking manner, the idea of a resurrection, or return from death to life; and accordingly we find in the anaglyph before us, no lotus flowers, no burning torches, no altar tomb with its recumbent figure, or other funereal emblems, which might tend to throw a reasonable doubt over the correctness of our interpretation. In some instances, indeed, the point within a circle is said to have been esteemed an emblem of death,\* but it very rarely

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\* See Brown's Hydriotaphia, p. 26.

occurs in this sense, although the application would evidently be to the aspirant in the pastos—Noah in the Ark—or a dead corpse placed within the coffin for interment.

It may be further observed that the Aphanism represented the darkness of Hades, and the Euresis the light of heaven, or the divine lights *τα Θεια φωρα*, called *μακαριαν ορα*, a beatific vision; and hence many of the caverns of initiation had an upper story admirably fitted up for the Autopsia, which was denominated heaven, the prototype of the Elysian fields, thus described by Virgil:—

The fields are verdant, and with heaven may vie,  
With ether vested, and a purple sky,  
The blissful seats of happy souls below,  
Stars of their own, and their own sun they know.

It was a dome, and the sun, as the representative of Osiris, was placed in the centre of the roof, which being by some process brilliantly illuminated, exhibited an appearance so superb, as to induce a candidate to declare that he saw the sun shining at midnight with a most glorious lustre; while around this principal luminary the planets were arranged in their several spheres; the constellations were depicted on the walls, and the Zodiac was conspicuously displayed on a broad belt encompassing the whole.\*

It was in reference to these abominations that the Lord predicted of Egypt, "When I shall put thee out, I will cover the heaven, and make the stars thereof dark; I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God."†

In the Tower of Babel the lower vaults were constructed for the celebration of the funereal part of the ceremony, and the upper story being reserved for the Euresis, was called heaven. This fact is recorded in the Pentateuch. The builders said, "Let us build a tower whose top may" (not "reach to," which is not in the original, but) "be for heaven;" that holy place where the sublimest mysteries of religion were intended to be made complete. This construction of the passage becomes more evident when we con-

sider that Nimrod did not select a hill or mountain for his tower, which would have been the most reasonable mode of proceeding if it had been intended to reach to heaven; but the very lowest place he could find, even a place which Abydenus asserts was so deeply covered with water as to be called the sea, and Nimrod was obliged to drain it before he could lay the foundations.\*

In like manner the pyramids of Egypt may have been intended to represent Elysium or heaven. Mr. Wathen, in his account of the great pyramid at Conjeeram, in India, appears to have been forcibly struck with this fact, although ignorant, as he probably was, of its application to the mysteries of religion. He says, "The tower, or most elevated part of this building, consisted of fifteen stories or stages; the floor of the lowest of these was covered with boards somewhat decayed, and was about twenty feet square, having much the appearance of the belfry of a country church in England. A ladder of fifteen rounds conducted us to the next stage, and so on from story to story, until we reached the top, each stage or floor diminishing gradually in size to the summit. Here our labour was most amply repaid, for never had I witnessed so beautiful and sublime a prospect. It so far surpassed every idea that I had or could have formed of its grandeur and effect, that I was almost entranced in its contemplation. I forgot all the world beside, and felt as if I could have continued on this elevated spot for ever." The vaults beneath these places were the dreary regions of Tartarus, the allegorical Infernum, in which was celebrated the mourning for the lost Osiris.

The building of Babel, and the confusion of tongues, by which the architects were dispersed, were not unknown to the heathen. Cyril, against Julian, quotes these words out of Abydenus: "Some say that the first men who sprung out of the earth, grew proud of their great strength and size, and boasted themselves to be superior to the gods. To show their superiority they attempted to build a tower where Babylon now stands, and their presumption was allowed to go on until they had got to an incredible height, when the gods with the help of boisterous winds,

\*Porph. de aut. Nymph. p. 254, Apul. Metam. l. i.

† Ezek. xxxii. 7-8.

\* Euseb. prep. evan. l. ix.

threw it down upon them, and the ruins are called Babylon. Before this time men had but one language, but now the gods divided it; and then there was war betwixt Saturn and the Titans."

Light and darkness were remarkably identified with the religion of Persia, the benevolent Creator of heaven and earth being termed LIGHT, and the evil being DARKNESS. These were the principles in which Cyrus, the future conqueror of Babylon, and the liberator of the Jews, had been educated; and it was to convince him of the superior power of the True God, that the prophet introduces him as saying, "I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God besides me. I guided thee, though thou hast not known me; that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none besides me. *I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things.*"\*

It is a curious fact mentioned, Porphyry,†, that the Egyptians painted their statues black to denote the invisibility of the Divine essence; and made the crocodile an emblem of the deity, because that creature, by the help of a pellucid membrane descending from his forehead, was able, as they believed, to see with closed eyes. Now man living, as it were, in the confines of heaven and earth, his celestial mind being united to a body of gross flesh and blood; his understanding receiveth instruction through the gates of the outward senses, and is, in an especial manner, assisted by the phantasms which Light pictureth in the brain. This frame of man renders him covetous in his speculations respecting the help of some external and visible object; and although they knew that proverb of the Arabians, which said, "Shut up the five windows that the house may be filled with light;" yet they must have a visible deity to represent Light; and that deity was Osiris, the representative of the sun.‡

This is further indicated by another fact, viz., that the scarab was a symbol of generation as well as life; and the candidate, when he arrived at the final period

of initiation, was pronounced by the hierophant to be *born again*; or, as it was more forcibly expressed in the Dionysian system of Spurious Freemasonry, *διφύης*, or twice born; the first time carnally, from his natural mother, and now again spiritually, in the Euresis of the mysteries; and sometimes *τριγυῖος*, or thrice-born, to signify his farther elevation to the highest point of perfection the Greater Mysteries could confer.

These three degrees of regeneration correspond with the three superior Sephiroth, and the three celestial spheres, and were coloured scarlet, sky blue, and green, to represent the three elements of initiation, fire, air, and earth.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE REFERENCE TO THE GENERAL RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

"Some think that the souls of those who die, return again; others, that though they do not return, yet they do not die, but go to a more happy place."

MELA.

It has been asserted by some great and learned writers that there is no specific revelation of a future state in the Mosaic law. But it was a doctrine fully received by all the learned Jews, and is, at least, indirectly stated, not only in the book of Job (which from the internal evidence of its highly poetical style, indicative of the first ages, and in the absence of all other testimony, I should pronounce to have preceded the writings of the Jewish law-giver), but throughout the prophetic writings. It was understood by the patriarchs, and was strikingly exemplified in the three visible translations of Enoch, Elijah, and Christ.

Jacob knew that the God of Abraham and Isaac was his God also by peculiar promise, and was not satisfied with any reward which might have a reference to this life only. He confessed himself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, declaring that he looked for a better country, that a heavenly.\* Job expressly asserted his belief in a Messiah, who should raise him from the dead at the last day.† The

\* Isa. xlv. 5-7.

† Euseb. de præp. Evan. l. iii. c. 7.

‡ Ten. Javl., p. 25.

\* Heb. xi. 16.

† Job, xix. 25.

Targum, or Chaldaic paraphrase of Oukelos, whose authority is undisputed, translates Deut. xxiii. 6: "Let Reuben live in life eternal. Let him not die in the second death."

David Levi, a learned Jew of modern times, contends that his ancient brethren were well acquainted with the doctrine of the resurrection and a future state in the days of Isaiah; nay, he adds, "I am confident that these doctrines were taught by Moses." And we have the authority of Jesus Christ for the same opinion, for He attributes the want of faith in the Jews to their ignorance of the writings of their law-giver. "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me; but if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my word.)\* His answer, also to the insidious question of the Sadducees concerning the seven brethren who had married one wife: "ye do err, not knowing the scriptures,"† plainly implies that the doctrine which they denied, viz., the resurrection of the dead, was contained in the Scriptures.‡ The Samaritans rejected all the sacred writings, except the books of Moses; and yet from that single source they gathered such knowledge as convinced them of the certainty of a future state.§

However this may be, the anaglyph before us contains an indisputable reference to the triumph of *eternity* over *time*; which forms indeed a prominent doctrine in the Hermesian writings. They contain metaphysical treatises in the form of dialogues between Hermes and Thoth, which throughout speak of the pre-existence of the soul, its transmigrations and final beatitude.||

The symbol of Time is confined within certain concentric circles; or, in other words, within the operations which form the limits of time; while eternity is represented by the unlimited space in which the compound figure of the deity is placed. It is therefore, to be considered as an emblem of the resurrection and a future state,

\* John v. 46, 47.

† Matt. xxii. 29.

‡ See "Tomline's Theol.," Part. III., Art. 7.

§ John iv. 14-42.

|| I do not intend to assert that these were actually written by Hermes, but that they contain a digest of the doctrines ascribed to him.

symbolised equally by the Euresis of the mysteries, and by the ear of corn which is placed on the tablet as a permanent hieroglyphic of the Hermesian Spurious Freemasonry. The aphanism was celebrated in darkness, and the Euresis in light. Darkness was an emblem of death, and death was a prelude to resurrection. And hence darkness and light, the prototypes of night and day, were sometimes symbolized by a black and white worm, which is represented as continually gnawing the root of the tree of life. It will at once be seen, therefore, in what manner the doctrine of the resurrection was inculcated and exemplified in these remarkable institutions.

It is clear from Origen and others,\* that the Egyptians possessed a knowledge of the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and a future life of happiness or misery. Thus Porphyry, in Eusebius, says it was the general belief that "souls were immortal; and that those which have belonged to pious and just persons were taken up to heaven; although their bodies were subjected to various torments." And Strabo considers this to have been the first principle of their theology. They believed that this present life is but the *life of embryo existence, a mere conception*, but that death is a generation or birth into *true life*.

This is fully evidenced by the custom of embalming the corpses of their deceased friends. Diodorus Siculus asserts that "the Egyptians deem this life as of very inferior consequence; but they have a great value for a quiet resting-place for the body after death. Hence they consider the habitations of the living as mere temporary places to repose in during the short journey of this life; while they call the sepulchres of the dead everlasting dwellings, and therefore bestow upon them great care and incredible expense.

Their belief in a future state is confirmed by the practice of allowing a superb funeral to the bodies of the just, who were represented under the form of Osiris, and esteemed worthy of divine honours, as deified mortals; while those of the wicked were excluded from funeral rites, and cast disgracefully into neglected ditches, and

\* Orig. Cont. Cels. l. iv. Diog. Laert. in Proem.

other polluted places, as an indication that their souls would be subjected to eternal punishment, when the world, and all that is therein shall be burnt up; for it was a prevalent doctrine amongst the Egyptians that the present state of things shall be destroyed by fire, and the doctrine was transferred from them to the Greeks and Romans. Seneca affirms that "the stars shall run upon each other; and everything being on a flame, that which now shines regularly, shall be finally extinguished by a burning fire." And Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, adds; "it is decreed by fate that sea, and earth and heaven shall burn, and the vast frame of nature perish by fire." Numerous evidences of this fact might easily be produced.

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#### NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

MR. GARNIER'S remarks on the building of King Solomon's Temple I will give in another Note; but I trust I have already quoted sufficient to show that the author of *The Parish Church* has attentively studied Church Symbolism; and, if he at times rides his hobby-horse rather hard, I feel inclined to say with Sterne:—"So long as a man rides his hobby-horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him, pray, Sir, what have you or I to do with it?" Nevertheless, in great or in little things, the pursuit of Truth is always a sacred duty, and however one may differ in opinion on some points with Mr. Garnier, it is impossible not to be pleased by his able little book.

THE editor of *The Freemason*, who does his spiriting gently enough to please even Prospero himself, expresses a hope "that the generation which will succeed us will be as famous for their love of Masonic literature as their punctual attendance at a good dinner, and that while they do not neglect

the wants of the body, they will also bear in mind the as important needs of the mind." To this every true Freemason will say, *So mote it be!* But why not for the future fearlessly blackball, not only every sensual, but even every merely sensuous man, who seeks for admission to the mysteries and privileges of the Craft? It is fearful to think of the many men who, on their initiation among us, unabashed, make promises which they never mean to keep, and console their consciences with the too true, but still very unsatisfactory excuse, that they are as good as many others who push themselves into notice on all Masonic occasions, except those when anything is likely to be done for the good of humanity.

Dr. Rabuteau advocates the making of bread with sea-water, as being not only excellent in flavour, but beneficial to health, on account of the chlorides it contains.

I am glad to see that Mr. Joseph Pope, a retired army staff surgeon, in a paper read at the Domestic Economy Congress in Birmingham, stated that the notion that is still held of the possibility of hardening children by exposure and cold bathing could not too soon be abandoned. I have all my life seen the folly of stupid mothers sending their poor spindle-legged children without any covering from the ancles up to the thighs, in the coldest winter months, under the pretence of hardening them, and then putting them into trousers just when they have got used to the exposure, if they did not die of cold-engendered disease before it was done. If they were Highlanders, intended to wear kilts, I could understand it. But we shall never have a better world until our women are more truly educated.

Of the beauty of the autumnal tints on the leaves of the American forests, Mrs. B. Leith Adams remarks:—"Can any one imagine what they are until their delighted eyes have rested on a scene that seems like a bit of fairy-land? The exquisite masses of colour; the maples, gold and rose, and mottled in both colours; the soft amber moose-wood; the deep glowing crimson of one towering monarch of the woods, the flame-coloured pile of another, the tender pale cinnamon shade of the beech, the vivid rose of the Virginian creeper and the common briar; who can describe all this, the glory and magnificence of the garb in which the

year dies; the perfect loveliness of the form death takes, ere it is covered with the pure white shroud of the glistening snow?" And she adds:—"The silence of the woods in winter is most impressive: to the unaccustomed ear it has something almost awful about it. The migration of the summer birds has taken place, and with the first frost of October the last warbler has disappeared. The cross-bill, the pine-finch, and the faithful robin remain, but in those vast woods what are a few feathered inhabitants such as they? Perhaps a little squirrel stirs in the crystallised branches, or a ruffed-grouse rustles into his burrow in the snow; but, as a rule, the silence is such as makes the sense of hearing ache. Now and then a sharp report is heard, like a pistol shot in the distance. It is the trees splitting from the intensity of the cold, and from this cause the stems of the black spruce and the birch may often be seen furrowed almost the entire length of the trunk."

At Oswaldkirk—that is, the kirk or church dedicated to St. Oswald—in Rydale, a hen recently laid so many eggs in a nest that had done duty for a brood of young blackbirds, that they betrayed the secret by dropping on to the ground when over full, for the nest was in an old ivy-covered tree. It was at Newton Grange, in this parish, that Roger Dodsworth, the industrious Yorkshire antiquary, was born, well-nigh three centuries ago.

A quintuple rainbow has been witnessed by two professors of the missionary college of Santa Quiterra, in Portugal. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 were close together, and Nos. 4 and 5 were also together, but separated from No. 1, the principal.

Mr. C. Roach Smith, Hon. M.R.S.L. has just published a second edition of his *Remarks on Shakespeare*, [I am following his spelling] *his birthplace, etc.*, which was first written for private distribution in 1868, and the portion of which relating to the great bard's country experience has been superseded by our author's *Rural Life of Shakespeare, as Illustrated by his Works*, which I hope to notice in a future Note. It would be a poor book, pamphlet, poem, or anything relating to the greatest intellect we know of, that had no charms for me; and Mr. Roach Smith writes too sensibly not to please any true Shakspearean. I like

our author's spelling of the poet's name much better than my own, seeing that the derivation most undoubtedly is from the shaking of a spear.

No doubt Spenser had this in mind when he sung,—

“Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,  
Doth like himself heroically sound.”

Ben Jonson, when he writ,—

——“He seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.”

And the Heralds' College, when they granted the family arms—*Or, on a bend sable a spear of the first*; and for crest—*A falcon displayed argent, holding a spear in pale or*. Even poor Robert Greene's cantankerous allusion to the greater dramatist who was eclipsing him, as “an absolute Johannes Factotum,” who was “in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in the country,” was an evident pun upon the martial name of the gentle Willy. I have, in my *Shakspeare, his Times and Contemporaries*, given my reasons for adopting the shorter spelling used by the poet himself, but will not quarrel with those who follow the general manner of his contemporaries, and never reply to the nasty attacks I have sometimes had to endure for supposing that the author of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Lear* might possibly know how to spell his own name. Spell the name as you like, say I, only let his unrivalled writings live within the chambers of your brains! “From the obscurity in which his life is shrouded,” says our author, “the coeval remains of Stratford-upon-Avon have far greater importance than they would have possessed had Shakespeare received from his contemporaries notice such as has so frequently been lavished on inferior men. We cannot look upon him through biographers, through correspondence, or through any of the influences which, at the present day, secure immortality to thousands; but we may in the streets of Stratford, and in the highways and bye-ways of the neighbourhood, in the fields, meadows, and villages, see objects which must constantly have been before his eyes: the impress of many of these objects is reflected most vividly throughout all his works.” And he very truly remarks:—“The whole vegetable kingdom seems also to have been searched by him with attentive eye and reflective thought; so that although



similes, metaphors, and allusions to plants and herbs, are occurring throughout his works, they are in most cases, if not in all, strikingly correct and appropriate." This is a confirmation of what I wrote a quarter of a century ago, when I stated:—"All his writings are fragrant of the country. The sweet song of uncaged birds, and the gurgling of limpid brooks,

'Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge'

chime through all his productions, like silver bells in the air at eventide. He has known every sweet wild-flower of his native land, and, what is better than all, he has loved them, too: for all his dramas are redolent of their beauty and perfume." Of our gifted Bro. David Garrick, Mr. Roach Smith remarks:—"Garrick, with all his abilities, and they were great, did not always show sound judgment. He was generous and warm-hearted, and no one before him, on the stage, had evinced so keen an appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare. Still he consented to give the plays, not from the original text, but from Tate's edition, which would have never been used, one would have supposed, by any manager of taste or of power to understand and feel the full force of the plays as written by Shakespeare; and Garrick never fully estimated propriety in costume. At the same time we can but ask, how it was he could have consented to place upon the stage such tame and witless plays as he produced in abundance with those of the great dramatist? It is obvious that both Garrick and the drama had to be judged by a public that could tolerate and be pleased with what would not be thought upon at the present day; a public that could relish coarse language, unrefined and often immoral sentiment, and gross vulgarity unrelieved by a spark of wit." We must remember that the actor has to live, and if he only performs the plays that come up to his own conception of a perfect drama, he is very likely indeed to starve. The false theatrical taste brought in with the Restoration, and the gross ignorance of the general public, would have left even our great Thespian brother, David Garrick, to have played to empty houses, had he attempted a pure Shakspeare. Even now we are only just beginning to restore him to the stage. How much Mr. Roach Smith and myself, and every other true Shakspearean,

owe to Bro. Garrick for our appreciation of the great bard, it is impossible to determine. He did his work well, considering the circumstances by which he was surrounded; let us be thankful for the noble impetus he gave to Shakspearean study, and do our parts with equal earnestness to carry onward the glorious cause of genuine English literature.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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### LET THERE BE LIGHT!

BY BRO. LINNECAR.

LET there be light!—the Almighty spoke—  
Refulgent streams from chaos broke,  
T' illumine the rising earth!

Well pleased, the Great Jehovah stood,  
The Power Supreme pronounced it good,  
And gave the planets birth!

In choral numbers Masons join  
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

Parent of light! accept our praise,  
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays—

The light that fills the mind!  
By choice selected, lo! we stand,  
By Friendship joined, a mystic band,  
That love, that aid, mankind!

In choral numbers Masons join  
To bless and praise this Light Divine.

The Widow's tears we often dry,  
The Orphan's wants our hands supply,  
As far as power is given;

The naked clothe—the prison'er free—  
These are thy works, sweet Charity!

Reveal'd to us from Heaven!

In choral numbers Masons join  
To bless and praise this Light Divine!

—*Freemason's Repository for 1797.*

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### ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, GIVEN IN LAST MONTH'S NO.

*Initials, RASTY.*

*Finals, MASON.*

*Words:*

1. Requiem.
2. Arcadia.
3. Sinless.
4. Torpedo.
5. Yarn.